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VILL UNDRAPED MOVIES BE THE NEXT SCREEN VOGUE?

HOLLYWOOD

DEC -1 1933

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January

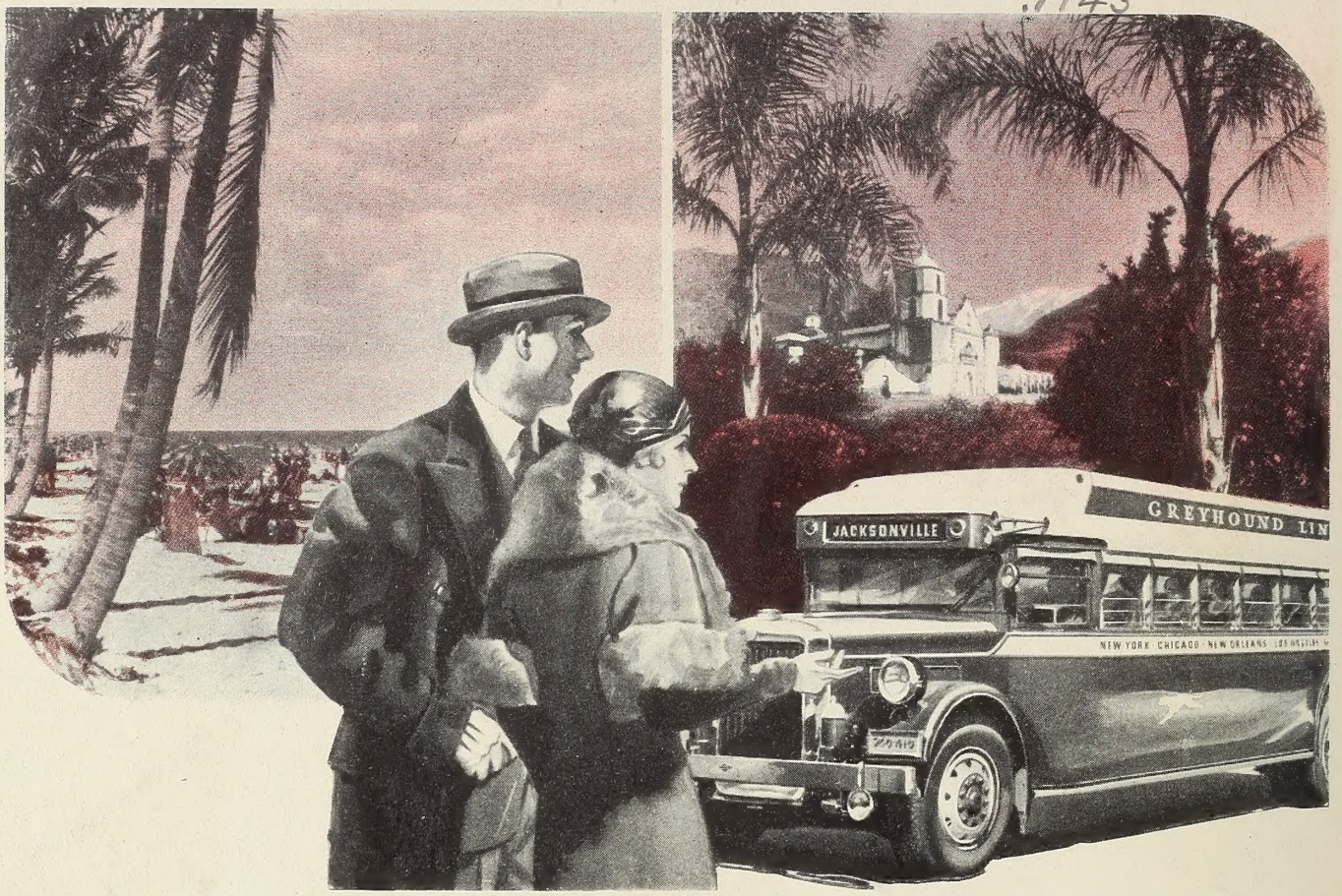


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Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today!

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SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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WHAT'S *NEW* on the SCREEN

A PREVIEW OF THE LATEST PICTURE OFFERINGS

THESE ARE PLEASANT days and nights for your reviewer as he makes the endless round of previews to bring you advance information on the new pictures you will see soon on the screens of your home town theatres.

When a reviewer sees the type of entertainment the studios are now turning out, his job no longer seems work—even if he gets paid for it. Consider the splendid pictures you must plan to see.

Bombshell

● Jean Harlow's new picture which kids Hollywood and the stars deserves the highest rating. As a Hollywood star in this brilliant, and at times cuttingly satiric story, Jean reveals herself as one of the screen's most outstanding comediénnes. Lee Tracy has a perfect part as her high-powered publicity man and others in the cast, which includes Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Ivan Lebedeff, Isobel Jewell and Pat O'Brien, acquit themselves capably.

Havana Widows

● A gold-digging theme motivates *Havana Widows* with Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as the two chorus girls who shoulder the pick and shovel and trek to Cuba when the breaks turn against them in New York. Their first success is to dig the price of the southern trip from Allen Jenkins.

There's plenty of comedy as the picture swings into uproarious action. The supporting cast includes Guy Kibbee, Lyle Talbot, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly, Ralph Ince and Maude Eburne.

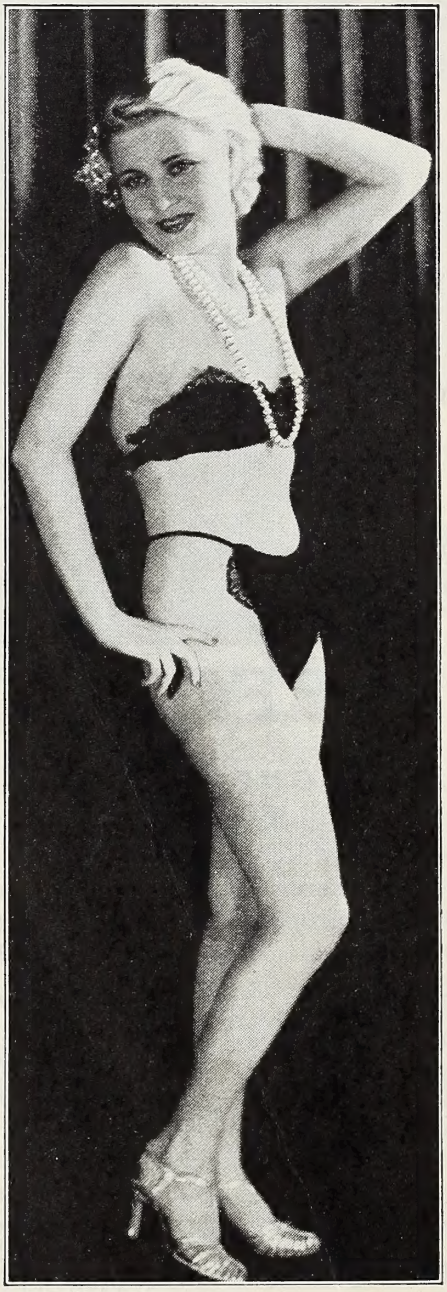
Eskimo

● For the person who craves a distinct change in his movie diet, we recommend *Eskimo*. An epic of the Northland and its native people, the film will appeal to all persons of every age and walk in life.

The story tells of the life of Mala, a mighty hunter, and is unforgettable in its faithful realism. The beauty and horror of the Arctic has been captured and brought to the screen in a way that holds and compels the interest from beginning to end.

The leading rôle is brilliantly portrayed by Ray Wise, the young Eskimo of *Igloo* fame, and other members of the all-Eskimo cast are excellent. Subtitles translate the words spoken in the Eskimo tongue.

The picture scout's tipoff on what is worth seeing in current and future films



***Jeanette Loff, after a lengthy absence from the screen during which time she sang with Buddy Rogers' orchestra in New York, has returned and will be seen in* Ladies Must Love *and* Mating Time**

The House on 56th Street

● Chalk up another hit for Kay Francis in the rôle of a woman who counts no sacrifice too great to make for her daughter. As a Floradora girl, she is sent to prison for murder, of which she is innocent. After twenty years she returns to find her husband, Gene Raymond, dead, and becomes associated with Ricardo Cortez, a gambler. When her daughter, who does not recognize her mother, kills Cortez, Kay assumes the blame. Then follows a sensational climax. Margaret Lindsay, William Boyd, John Halliday, Sheila Terry and Hardie Albright are other members of the cast.

College Coach

● An exposé of the football racket, the theme of this picture which deals with the hiring of football players and other commercializing of the sport by college authorities, may or may not meet with your approval but you'll find you've spent a mighty enjoyable evening watching it.

Pat O'Brien is the coach, Lyle Talbot is a star football player, and Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell, Arthur Byron, Nat Pendelton, Guinn Williams and Hugh Herbert are among other players in the cast.

Saturday's Millions

● Another football picture, this one the screen version of a story that ran serially in a national magazine during the fall, is *Saturday's Millions*. This yarn concerns a star football player who considers football a racket until his private life receives a mighty jolt and the college spirit is awakened in him.

Robert Young, Leila Hyams, Johnny Mack Brown, Andy Devine, Mary Carlisle and others appear. Everybody should enjoy this picture whether they are interested in the pigskin game or not.

From Headquarters

● For the mystery fans here is a bang-up murder mystery with the headquarters homicide squad

Please turn to page eight

100,000,000 COLDS COMING THIS WINTER

MOST OF THEM PREVENTABLE



HOME WITH HEADACHE AND FEVER

50 PER CENT OF ALL DISABLING DISEASES START WITH A COLD

•

INFLUENZA IN ONE YEAR COST ONE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY $26,000,000

•

NEW FORMULA BRINGS QUICK RELIEF



SENSIBLE HOME TREATMENT

Never Underestimate The Consequences of a Cold

● What will colds cost you and your family this winter? Unless you take every possible precaution, they may cost you hundreds of dollars, but how much more will they cost you in terms of disease and human suffering?

Reliable insurance statistics show that half of all disabling diseases start with a cold. Physicians know how quickly a cold can develop into Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sinus infections. Leaders in the medical profession say that a cold lowers your resistance to combat nearly all other dangerous disease organisms.



CONSULTS FAMILY DOCTOR

NEW WAY RELIEF

● Avoid drafts. Keep warm and dry. At the first sign of a cold take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Keep taking 1 tablet every hour until a total of 7 or 8 per day have been taken. Get plenty of rest and sleep. Eat moderately.

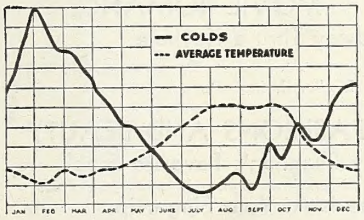
HEXIN relieves the congestion of colds safely by relaxing cramped muscles and reestablishing the healthful flow of blood to parts of your body which need strength to resist cold germs.

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Above chart made from observations at a large university. The number of hours of sunshine per day also seemed to have great bearing on the number of colds.



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Vol. 23
No. 1

HOLLYWOOD

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

ARTHUR C. JANISCH
Assistant Editor

Contents for January, 1934



***Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in their treetop home for a scene in* Tarzan and His Mate**

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

●

There Are At least five important questions that confront every girl as she tries to cope with life and its many perplexities.

We have compiled a list of these questions and requested the one person in Hollywood best suited for the purpose to answer them—Mae West. Her advice on the difficult problems given in typically frank and intelligent fashion, will be published in the February issue of HOLLYWOOD, on sale at all news stands December 27th. Place an order with your news dealer for your copy now—you can't afford to miss this sensational story.

●

Mae West's story is but one of many similarly attractive features you'll find in the next issue of HOLLYWOOD. Many readers are telling us what they'd like to see in this magazine and we're doing our best to take care of every suggestion. Send us your ideas. Tell us what you'd like to read and see in *your* magazine.

The patterns of the stars' favorite frocks which are offered each month in HOLLYWOOD (see page 45) are proving exceptionally popular with fans. We would like to make this feature even more popular and would like your ideas on improving it.

What kind of dresses would you like featured in the pattern service? Sports apparel, afternoon dresses, frocks for business wear, formal or semi-formal gowns? Tell us what you like and we'll try to satisfy you.

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The story of a strange personality

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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
Western Editor

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Bing Crosby was loaned to appear with Marion Davies in* Going Hollywood *but soon will return to Paramount for another picture

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

●

Billie Burke won a long-termer with Sam Goldwyn as a result of her clever portrayal in Metro's *Dinner at Eight* . . . Claudette Colbert stepped on a sharp stick and punctured her foot rather seriously while emoting in Honolulu . . . Cary Grant draws the stellar rôle in Paramount's version of *Murder in the Vanities* . . . Diana Wynyard is back from her London visit and awaiting start on her next task for Metro . . . Esther Ralston has just signed a long-term contract with the same studio . . . *Sailor Beware*, a musical, will be Jack Oakie's next . . . RKO-Radio plans to star Irene Dunne in *Her Excellency, the Governor.*

●

Mrs. Lionel Barrymore (Irene Fenwick) is recuperating after a serious attack of pneumonia . . . Sally Blane is home from Europe, all set to play in Twentieth Century's *Advice to the Lovelorn* . . . Now that the June Collyer-Stuart Erwin baby is old enough to be left with a nurse, June is again donning make-up . . . she's to be seen in Columbia's *House of Horrors* . . . S-h-h-h—! Garlic is Warner Baxter's favorite fruit . . . Charlie Ruggles bought a big ranch out in the San Fernando valley, but lost his nerve when it came time to break the news to his frau . . . a mere handshake took the place of the usual written contract when Jesse Lasky selected Gene Raymond for the lead in Fox's *Coming Out Party.*



ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda)

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

Lewis Carroll's

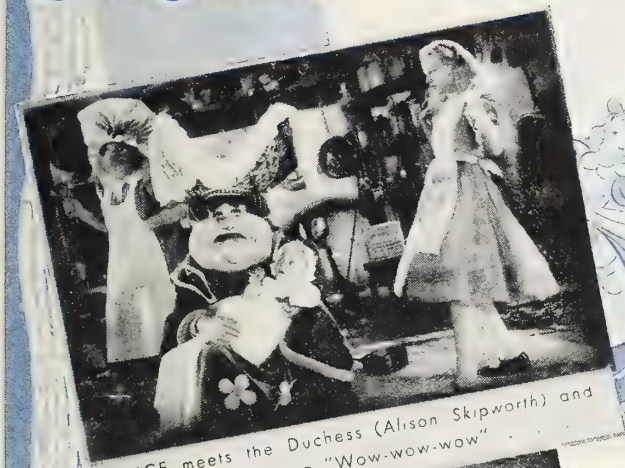
Alice in Wonderland

with CHARLOTTE HENRY

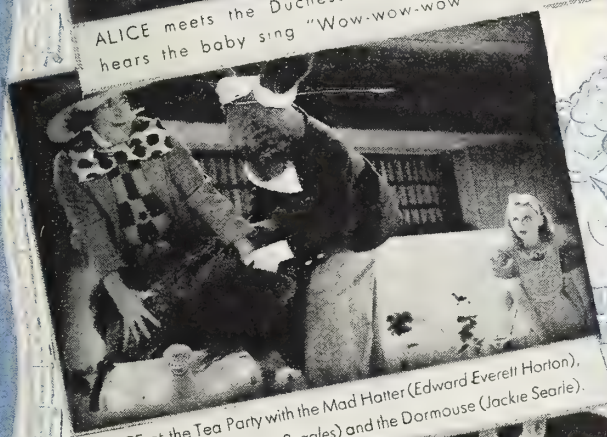
as "Alice"... and

RICHARD ARLEN · ROSCO ATES
GARY COOPER · LEON ERROL
LOUISE FAZENDA · W. C. FIELDS
SKEETS GALLAGHER · RAYMOND HATTON · EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · ROSCOE KARNS · MAE MARSH · POLLY MORAN · JACK OAKIE · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAY ROBSON · CHARLIE RUGGLES · ALISON SKIPWORTH
NED SPARKS
FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLeod



ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-wow"



ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Searle).



ALICE . . . Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 6000 candidates for the part.



ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher).

If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE . . . It's the Best Show in Town

WHAT'S NEW on the SCREEN

A PREVIEW OF THE LATEST PICTURE OFFERINGS

Continued from page four



Lee Tracy and Jean Harlow in a tender moment from **Bombshell,** *her latest picture and in which she displays great gifts as a comédienne. It is a satirical travesty on Hollywood and the movies*

always functioning at its capable best.

George Brent, Margaret Lindsay, Eugene Pallett, Hugh Herbert, Dorothy Burgess, Ken Murray and others of the large cast unit to make this a thrilling entertainment of the melodramatic sort.

A Chance at Heaven

● Here's an attractive little romance of the triangle variety that is bound to please. Joel McCrea is very much in love with his small town sweetheart, Ginger Rogers, until Marian Nixon, a wealthy gal from the big city, arrives and patronizes Joel's gas filling station. Joel and Marian marry but the marriage fails and Marian returns to her society life while Joel—well, you better see for yourself what he does.

Andy Devine supplies laughs to back up the splendid work of the principals. Lucien Littlefield, Virginia Hammond and George Meeker are other members of the supporting cast.

The Way to Love

● You'll probably recall Maurice Chevalier pictures you liked better but this story of a happy-go-lucky Parisian street gypsy will please you nevertheless. Maurice saves Ann Dvorak from the anger of her partner in a knife-throwing act which brings to Maurice all manner of amusing complications. Edward Everett Horton grabs plenty of the honors and others in the cast include Minna Gombell, Blanche Frederici, John Miljan, Grace Bradley and George Rigas.

Goodbye Love

● Charles Ruggles contributes one of his drunken characterizations with typical skill but otherwise there is little to recommend *Goodbye Love.* It is a story of two men and their difficulties with alimony seeking wives and a case of mistaken identity. Sidney Blackmer, Veree Teasdale, Mayo Methot and Phyllis Barry, the latter doing very well with a small part, comprise the cast.

The Mad Game

● Here's one you won't walk out on. Spencer Tracy, gangster chief, is released from prison and immediately starts to break up the kidnaping activities into which his gang has drifted. Spence does a compelling, mighty piece of work and will win your sympathy in this timely picture.

Claire Trevor is a girl reporter who delivers her part forcefully as does J. Carroll Naish. Ralph Morgan, John Miljan, Kathleen Burke, Matt McHugh and others also appear.

The Prizefighter and the Lady

● Having read the fictionization of this great picture in December HOLLYWOOD you know it was bound to be fascinating entertainment. It is. There is the swellest ring fight ever screened, with Primo Carnera and Max Baer trading punches while Jack Dempsey referees. To lead up to the fight is a fast-moving, romantic story with Myrna Loy, Otto Kruger and others delivering in customary fine style. You won't find a moment that your interest lags so by all means see this.

White Woman

● A fanciful story of a man, Charles Laughton, who has established his own kingdom on a river in the Malay Archipelago. When he learns Carole Lombard, in the title rôle, is about to be deported, he makes her his wife—and then she falls in love with Kent Taylor, one of the many criminals ruled by the "king" in his domain. A native uprising provides a sensational climax.

Female

● For the fans who have been complaining about the stories Ruth Chatterton has been cast in lately, this film is recommended highly. She gives a sparkling interpretation of a dual-sided woman—head of a manufacturing concern during the day, at night dangerously feminine. Many amusing and dramatic moments mark the film and it's well worth your attention. George Brent is worthy of praise in the leading male rôle and others of the excellent cast include Johnny Mack Brown, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Laura Hope Crews, Ruth Donnelly, Lois Wilson, Gavin Gordon and Kenneth Thompson.

A Man's Castle

● Probably the general public won't go very strong for *A Man's Castle* but it will make a big hit with the idealist. Spencer Tracy, a rough-and-ready philosopher, falls in love

with a girl, Loretta Young, whom he has taken into his shanty to shelter. Romance and beauty of characterization stamps this as a "different" picture with the two principals at their best. Glenda Farrell, Walter Connolly, Arthur Hohl and Marjorie Rambeau give excellent support.

Watch for These Pictures

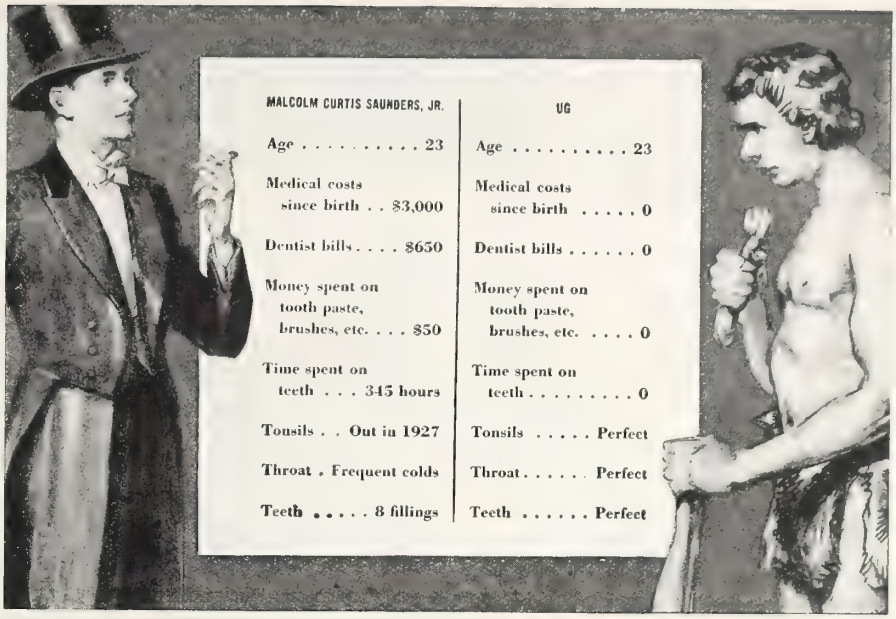
● *Seven Lives Were Changed,* with Heather Angel and Norman Foster . . . *House of Murder,* Ralph Bellamy, June Collyer . . . *The Criminal Within,* Mary Brian, Bradley Page . . . *I am Suzanne,* starring Lilian Harvey . . . *Jimmy and Sally,* James Dunn and Claire Trevor . . . *Sleepers East,* with Wynne Gibson and Harvey Stephens . . . Laurel and Hardy's newest comedy, *Sons of the Desert . . . Tarzan and His Mate,* featuring Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan . . . *Queen Christina,* starring Greta Garbo and John Gilbert . . . *The Hollywood Party,* with Marie Dressler, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and countless others.

More for Your Datebook

● Ramón Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald in *The Cat and the Fiddle* . . . Marion Davies in *Going Hollywood* . . . Lionel Barrymore and Alice Brady in *The Vinegar Tree* . . . Charlotte Henry and an imposing cast of stars in *Alice in Wonderland* . . . Cecil B. DeMille's *Four Frightened People,* featuring Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and others . . . Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and George Raft in *All of Me* . . . *Eight Girls in a Boat,* with Dorothy Wilson and Douglass Montgomery . . . Jack Oakie and Thelma Todd in *Sitting Pretty* and Charles Farrell and Marguerite Churchill in *The Girl Without a Room.*

Other Futures

● Francis Lederer in *Man of Two Worlds* . . . Walter Huston in *Rodney* . . . John Barrymore in *The Long Lost Father* . . . Katharine Hepburn in *Trigger* . . . ZaSu Pitts and Pert Kelton in *Once Over Lightly* . . . Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in *Hips, Hips Hooray* . . . *Moulin Rouge,* starring Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone . . . Loretta Young in *Born to be Bad* . . . *Advice to the Lovelorn* by Lee Tracy and Sally Blane . . . Ann Harding in *Gallant Lady* . . . Jimmy Durante in *Joe Palooka* . . . Eddie Cantor's *Roman Scandals* . . . Anna Sten in *Nana* . . . John Barrymore in *Counsellor at Law* . . . *By Candlelight* with Paul Lukas and Elissa Landi . . . John Boles and Gloria Stuart in *Beloved* . . . Edmund Lowe and Onslow Stevens in *Bombay Mail* . . . Richard Barthelmess in *Massacre.*



What *Malcolm Curtis Saunders, Jr.* can learn from *Ug*

READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.

2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

The debutantes would prefer Malcolm. So would we all. But Ug knew some things Malcolm doesn't. Ug never saw a dentist. Although he never brushed his teeth (!!) they were always firm and white.

At forty Malcolm will have to pay for some fancy bridge work, but at forty Ug's teeth were still strong, without even one cavity.

Ug, you see, ate hard grains, tough roots and raw meat and that hard chewing kept his mouth *naturally* healthy, his teeth clean. Alas, the young man of today exercises on golf links and tennis courts but doesn't know that he must chew to exercise his mouth, to make it keep itself healthy.

But at last we know what to do about it. Dentyne has exactly the right consistency to give the mouth the proper exercise. It makes the mouth keep itself healthy — and it keeps the teeth white. Every single day you should chew Dentyne. This is as important as any other daily health habit. And Dentyne is delicious. Here is an easy delightful way to keep the mouth healthy — the teeth white.

NRA U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Chew delicious

Dentyne



KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - KEEPS TEETH WHITE



THE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

An open forum in which readers express their views on stars and pictures.
$5.00 is paid to each of the five best letters received each month

Connie's Wonderful

MANY PEOPLE CALL Constance Bennett bad because of the way she acts in pictures. Anyone with human sense should know that is only acting and this acting is done for our entertainment. What do we do know about her private life? I do know one thing—she is a wonderful actress and is hard to beat. Give us more of Constance Bennett's pictures.
($5.00 Letter)

NINA TRONCALE,
4008 Banks St., New Orleans, La.

Success For Alice Brady

WE ALL know how Alice Brady "clicked" in the rôles assigned her in *When Ladies Meet* and *Beauty for Sale*, but somehow it seems a pity that such exceptional talent as hers should be wasted on such rôles.

I rather fear that the playing of half-moronic characters will retard her rapid ascent on the ladder of screen fame since, in spite of our appreciation of her interpretation of such characters, she will gradually become stamped upon our consciousness as a sort of nit-wit, whereas her rise to the top should be meteoric if she is cast regularly in rôles depicting clever and intelligent women.
($5.00 Letter)

MARA COLLINS,
1020 Beville Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Beauty Not Needed

I CAN'T SEE WHERE people get the idea you can't be a movie star unless you have good looks. Look at Ruby Keeler. She hasn't much in the way of looks, it's her acting that makes me like to go and see her pictures. I don't believe I saw anything better than *42nd Street*. In *Gold Diggers of 1933* nobody could have played her part any better, not even as good.
($5.00 Letter)

PAULINE LUCAS,
Mill St. Ext., Tarentin, Pa.



Judith Allen, who appears in The Thundering Herd *with Randolph Scott*

None Like Them

MARIE DRESSLER and Wallace Beery—such a team! The swellest ever mated. There have been teams such as Gaynor and Farrell, Eilers and Dunn, but never one like Dressler and Beery. They are so human—just like real people we meet every day on the streets. May they play in many, many more pictures together. ($5.00 Letter)

LORENE NEWTON,
Elm Springs, Ark.

A New Deal For Chatterton

IT IS DIFFICULT to understand why Ruth Chatterton should be seen in a succession of parts similar to that of *Lilly Turner*. She is a very versatile and gifted actress and her part in *Sarah and Son*, one of her greatest successes, is the type of thing in which her appeal is most pronounced. I hope that in the future actresses who can depict only the *Lilly Turner* type successfully will be relegated to those rôles, and Miss Chatterton will be given better material.
($5.00 Letter)

MRS. W. H. VOSKUIL,
Urbana, Ill.

Ramon's Merry Twinkle

WHY don't we see more pictures of Ramón Novarro? He could easily be the most popular male star on the screen if he cared to be. His unspoiled boyishness is what makes his acting so good and that merry twinkle in his eyes is unforgettable. It's stars like Ramón that make us feel glad of life and put a certain longing in our hearts.

MRS. JOHN R. HALL,
928 Nicholas St., Henderson, N. C.

A Friend of Jean's

I AM A REAL FRIEND to Jean Harlow. I have been corresponding with her for years. All the letters have been written personally by her. She is a darling and a real sweet girl. I count Jean among the real superb actresses of motion pictures. I have known Jean for years and the girl has not changed, except to broaden as is natural in the course of time. She is and has been delightfully feminine, amazingly intelligent, intoxicatingly lovely and abundantly blessed with charm, innate good breeding and unselfishness.

JOSE ANTONIO VELAZQUEZ,
P. O. Box 3711, Santurce, Porto Rico.

To Leslie Howard

PLEASE listen to the plea of an admiring fan of yours. I am representing many who feel the same way about you. We don't want you to return to the New York Stage, or even to dear old London. We're just a bit jealous, perhaps, and feel you belong to us alone.



Wally and Marie, real people



Ruth, versatile and gifted

I should like very much to see you starred with Elissa Landi, just once. Then go back to playing with charming Ann Harding. I feel that both of these lovely women deserve working with as fine an actor as yourself.

BRYAN WALLER,
222 So. Rampart Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Plea For Accuracy

HUH, I AM WRITING yuh from way down in Luzianna. Please, that isn't the way we talk, so instead of so many taking up foreign languages, get just a few to study southern accent, or have some of them c'mup and see us sometime and see for themselves how ridiculous they sound on the screen, talking with the terrible drawl they use as in *Arizona to Broadway*.

RUBYE EARNEST,
Bunkie, La.

Humanizing The Stars

I APPRECIATE your "humanizing" the stars. For instance, the recent story on Marie Dressler. Brother, that write-up made a lump in my throat—and I believe I'm as hard-boiled as the average. From having lived in and near Hollywood and with several acquaintances in the movie game, I know that all the stars are not namby-pamby nincompoops. After all, they are human beings—and darn' likable ones. Of all the filthy, degrading stories which are circulated about screen players—it makes my blood boil! HOLLYWOOD Magazine is certainly doing its share in dispelling those disgusting rumors and gossip by letting the public see the stars as they are off and on the silver sheet. More power to you.

VERNON CADWELL BARNETT,
127 E. Brookes Ave.,
San Diego, Calif.

Right

WHILE SEEING *42nd Street*, in which my most appreciated star, Bebe Daniels, appeared, my attention turned to watching Ruby Keeler for I found her so charming, so lovely, that heedless of Bebe I only had eyes to admire that girl. This is not the only picture or player in which this has happened to me. This reveals that notwithstanding you have an artist whom you like best, another one, even when less important and unknown to you, can easily gain your admiration so deeply as to make you forget the presence of your favorite movie star, which of course, doesn't mean you no longer admire that of your choice. Am I wrong?

CARLOS E. BARASOAIN,
Pedro Lozano 5668, Buenos Aires,
Argentina, S. A.

Clark As A Fighter

CLARK GABLE is not only a great lover but he has a good punch. Why doesn't he star in some fight pictures? Thelma Todd is my favorite and I want to see her make good. I wish this reducing idea would sink to the bottom of the ocean and never come up.

WILLIAM WALDMANN,
Overland, Mo.

Please turn to page fifty-two

How Betty Found Fame and Romance in Hollywood



WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Betty's skin, they should do for yours. A blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.



Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary raw yeast. This yeast has a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And it cannot cause fermentation because it is scientifically pasteurized. Many American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research. All druggists sell YEAST FOAM TABLETS. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

FREE TO MOVIE FANS!

Here's something every movie fan goes wild about. A brand new Movie Diary! Think how many times you have asked yourself: "What was the name of that picture?" "Who played in it?" "Where did I see it?" Here you can keep a record of everything you want to remember. Room for 66 pictures! Also for "Pictures I Intend to See." Another section tells hundreds of fascinating "Facts About the Stars." Yet the Diary is small enough to carry in your pocket or purse.

You can get the Movie Diary absolutely free! Just send an empty carton of YEAST FOAM TABLETS (50c size) with the coupon below.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. FG1
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed find an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton (50c size). Please send me the new Movie Diary as per your special offer.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Pointed comment on cinema affairs and people

by
W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine



The PUBLISHER'S PAGE



Marlene Dietrich

Life's Irony

WHEN MARLENE DIETRICH returned from Europe, newspaper reporters quoted her as saying she never had heard of Mae West when they questioned her about various matters in interest, including her opinion of Mae West fashions. Marlene, however, claims she was misquoted; that she had said she had never heard of Mae West fashions.

Now they aren't one bit chummy and Mae, who wrote a screen story especially for Marlene, probably will sell it to a rival studio.

But that is not all! The story, designed for a mysterious, glamorous foreign personality, may star none other than Greta Garbo!



Charlie Chaplin

Charlie and Herr Hitler

HERR HITLER cohorts are excited about—Charlie Chaplin's mustache! One version is that Charlie jokingly said he would not wear his mustache again because he might be mistaken for Hitler. Another is that the Nazi demands he stop wearing it because it ridicules the majestic person of their dictator.

Charlie wore his mustache long before Hitler became majestic and the tumult probably bothers him little—although it undoubtedly will affect German distribution of his films.

It is amusing—if not alarming, to consider how little it takes to start an argument these days. Wars have been started over less than the Chaplin-Hitler mustache farce.

W. C. Fields says the NRA is doing a great job in the picture business. Now, instead of dummies, extras will have to be placed in cars to be driven over cliffs and thrown from burning buildings.

Ben Fields, husband of Blossom Seeley, says his bit in Broadway Thru a Keyhole *will make more money than any other scene in the film. Because they're cutting it up for mandolin picks!*



Richard Dix

Habits and Marriage

PERENNIAL BACHELORS, whether they are movie stars or smalltown business men, are not good matrimonial risks as a rule. They have become too set in their ways to change.

Hollywood believes that is why the Richard Dix-Winifred Coe marriage failed. He was generous in their separation settlements and they are truly good friends now. The same applies to William Powell and Carole Lombard. Both Dix and Powell were women-fearing, confirmed bachelors before their marriages.

The eternal triangle does not always figure in Hollywood divorces. Very often the marital failures occur because the participants are merely human beings.



Blossom Seeley

Too Many Cooks

HERE IS A MAN who astounds Hollywood with the theory that scenario writers should be considered important. He deplores the practice of having half a dozen writers give separate treatments to a single story and says that if one competent writer can't make a worthwhile screen story out of his brain child nobody can. The man is Ray Long—editorial genius for years with *Cosmopolitan Magazine.*

Perhaps if Mr. Long is permitted to put into practice his revolutionary ideas, writers will be able to recognize their work when it reaches the screen—and the movie-going public will experience some pleasant entertainment surprises. Too many cooks sometimes do spoil the broth.

Barbara Frietchie is in the movies but because nobody would believe that is her true name she will be known as Barbara Adams. She is not related to the Civil War heroine.

Ethel Greer, whose 637 pounds will be seen in Hoopla, *advises girls not to worry about their figures. Her 143-pound husband recently told her he was glad she wasn't skinny like Kate Smith.*



Bing Crosby

A Neat Artifice

TIME AFTER TIME a director has injected a "hot" sequence into a picture only to have it ordered deleted by studio executives who know the scenes haven't a chance of passing the censors.

Now a happy solution has been found. In a sequence of Bing Crosby's *Too Much Harmony,* a windstorm is supposed to whip most of the clothes off a bevy of beautiful girls. Lingerie flies everywhere and the censors most certainly would not permit a view of the girls as the camera caught them after the wind finished its work. So—the girls appear behind a placard labeled "Censored!"

Neat, what? And a spur to the imagination.



Mae West

Progress

THE HOLLYWOOD première of *I'm No Angel* was a refreshing treat for the stay-at-homes if for no other reason that they were spared the ordeal of hearing "It's a grand picture—I'm having a grand time—wish you were here" from every star that stepped before the radio mike. Since the première became a Hollywood institution stars have been making that same ga-ga speech but for Mae West's opening Paramount's gag men wrote the clever greetings delivered by stars from that studio.

Few actors have the ability to make clever extemporaneous speeches. Given a prepared speech they can put it over big. Let us hope the practice continues.

Thru the Looking Glass with ALICE in WONDERLAND

An advance glimpse of the fascinating characters you will meet in the screen version of the famous story



Charlotte Henry in the leading rôle of **Alice**, *justifies Paramount's faith in selecting her from among the thousands of girls who applied for the part*



Louise Fazenda is perfectly cast as the White Queen. Her costume, as well as those worn by the other fantastic characters, is made of rubber



Meet the Duchess — none other than Alison Skipworth! The list of other stars in the picture reads like a list of Who's Who in Hollywood

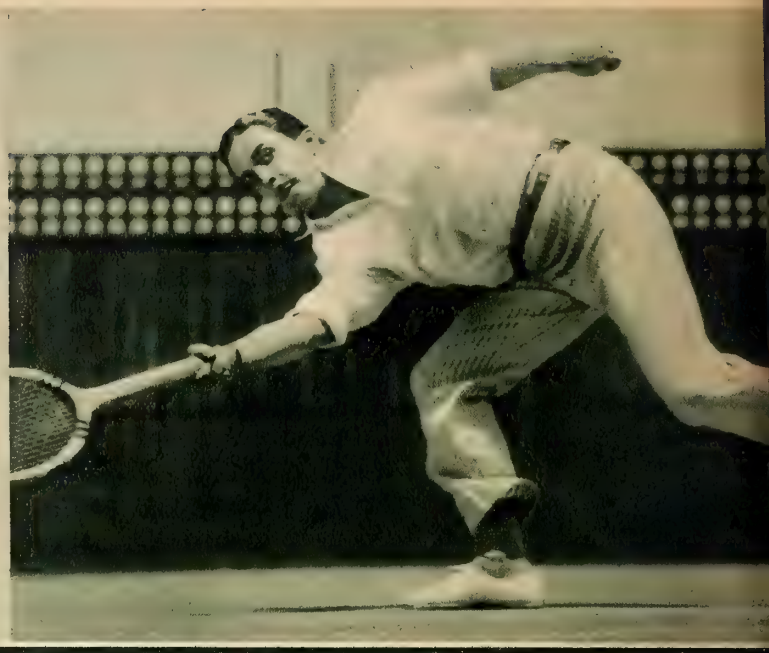


Edward Everett Horton brings a striking reality to the Mad Hatter of the unforgettable fantasy

A noted author gives his amazing analysis of Sex and Romance in Movieland!

by DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE

Author of "Millie," "John Bartel, Jr.," and "Female"



Ramón Novarro is extremely popular with the fair sex in Hollywood but he is the exception to the rule that the passion of men for athletics is one of the reasons for Hollywood's sex-starvation

Why LOVE is Doomed



—Freulich

Beauties, such as Kay Hughes, wearing the scantiest garb imaginable are a commonplace at the studios but despite this Hollywood is the most sexless town in the world!

A Bevy Of Chorus Girls in outfits that would make a beach patrolman reach for his measuring tape strolled along the studio path.

On a nearby stage, a red haired star stepped under the glare of giant lights, faced an audience of fifty odd technicians, laborers and actors, and wearing little more than it would take to cover a couple of postage stamps, played a scorching love scene with a handsome young leading man.

Sex, one might say, in a big way.

As a matter of fact, for all its undraped beauties and passionate screen embraces, Hollywood is the most sexless town in the world. It has more sex appeal decorating its stages, walking its boulevards and adorning the nearby beaches than any other place of its size, bar none. Nevertheless, it is a sex-starved community.

● One hears of wild parties and gay orgies in the home of the talking flickers. Divorce stories and scandal yarns make beautiful black headlines. Pictures of scantily attired ladies of name and fame thrill males from Podunk to Cairo. It's a rare film that one of our more shapely cinema queens gets through without a bit of undressing for audience enjoyment.

That's one side of the Hollywood scene. It's the side that goes out for public consumption. No one can accuse Hollywood of not taking advantage of the commercial angles of sex appeal, or the newspapers of playing down the sensational stories that occasionally break.

But in its private life, Hollywood is about as chaste as an Olympic athlete in training.

Certainly there are a few wild parties. Of course there are love affairs. But there isn't as much wild partying and cheating going on in the film city as there is in the average small town, where half the husbands are chasing some other fellow's wife.

The newcomer to Hollywood will find the picture folk a deal more interested in keeping fit to hold down their jobs than they are in dallying with the flesh pots.

The visiting male will be warned to wear his overcoat



—Ernest Bachrach

Sari Maritza and Robert Young may indulge in love scenes for the cameras without comment but after an innocent appearance in public together gossip will have them engaged

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Gene Raymond and Dolores Del Rio in a love scene from* Flying Down to Rio. *The making of movies discourages romance says Donald Henderson Clarke

in HOLLYWOOD!

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Like a good fellow, he was just trying to do his hospitable duty. No personal enthusiasm was connected with his offer to arrange a party. He will swing immediately into the newest story about the dumb supervisor, go on describing the non-feminine charms of Hollywood, or hurry his guest off to a tennis match.

● Naturally, even the busiest Hollywoodians have their moments of relaxation, and they don't spend all of them listening to concerts or sunning themselves on apartment house roofs.

Fans read about Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres stepping out at the Grove, Jack Oakie squiring Mary Brian at the Mirimar Club, and Franchot Tone dining Joan Crawford at the Brown Derby. It's true, as I've seen them myself.

I've also been to a few Hollywood parties. I came home from one of them so tired I could scarcely walk. It was a veritable orgy. First there was tennis, hours of it, under the arcs of a lighted court. Then there was a swim in the pool. After that, the crowd broke up into ping pong twosomes, chess duos, and parchesi cliques.

Warner Baxter walked off with the tennis laurels, John Monk Saunders showed the way to the other swimmers, and Fay Wray copped the ping pong championship. I lost the price of a dinner at parchesi.

● Its passion for sports is one of the answers to Hollywood's sex starvation.

As a still beautiful character actress who is approaching middle age remarked: "these athletic chaps seldom make good lovers. All they are interested in is their handsome bodies. They wear themselves out with their sport stunts and haven't any energy left for making love. To be an accomplished lover is an art. The Hollywood men have neglected that art."

Lest some young athletic star take offense at that, it might be well to call attention to the old saying that exceptions prove the rule.

Whether or not he was an accomplished Romeo, Joel McCrea, before his marriage to Frances Dee, was one of the most popular young blades with the film colony's fair sex. This same McCrea is also one of the leading athletes. He rides, swims, plays tennis, and in his college days he used to toss the discus out of the township.

One day I saw him leave a set at the RKO-Radio studios with an unexpected half day of freedom ahead of him.

"Where are you bound?" Bill Seiter asked him.

"Beach," McCrea answered. "Johnny Weissmuller and I are going to have a swim."

That's the young man about Hollywood's typical afternoon off.

That leads right up to the principal reason Hollywood's sex life isn't all it might be. There are mighty few afternoons off for the real topnotchers in the business.

● To the newcomer, the demands the screen makes upon the time and energies of its workers is almost incredible. Naturally, the strain is most intense upon those in the creative end of the business. Executives seldom leave their desks before eight or nine o'clock, and buring the midnight oil is often a figure of speech only in so far as the oil is concerned.

Actors and actresses have to be up at six o'clock to meet their nine o'clock calls. The day's shooting usually

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FRANCIS LEDERER

Man of Two Worlds



***Francis Lederer in real life (left) and madeup for* Man of Two Worlds**

Francis Lederer, sensational newcomer, presents a strange dual personality!

by JERRY LANE

STARTLING WHITENESS—that was your first thought. Could *anything* be as bleak and desolate as this, with blue-shadowed icebergs looming along the skyline?

The blazing California sun slid into non-existence the moment you stepped through the door of that mammoth RKO sound stage. Thermometers registered ninety degrees outside. But the illusion on the massive white set was so great you could swear those frozen fingers of the north had touched your face.

Giant Eskimo dogs frolicked at one end. A sharp command and they were silenced. An Eskimo mother hushed the plaintive wail of her baby. The wind machines were set in motion and the subdued group stood immobile watching Death linger over one of the crags. The greatest walrus hunter of them all lay dying. A man who had tasted of civilization—and found it empty. A man hung between two worlds . . .

Francis Lederer.

Strange that he should select such a characterization for his first starring vehicle in Hollywood. And yet, perhaps not so strange. Because this young Czecho-Slovakian who has captured the imagination of two continents *is* a man of two worlds. His own story is even more amazing, more poignant, than the one he portrays . . .

It starts against the drab background of the poorer section in Prague. From some Magyar forefather he inherited his sole fortune—a tremendous capacity for *living*. And from a Bohemian ancestress that touch of charm which brooks all obstacles. Otherwise Francis Lederer would have remained plugging along in the colorless sphere in which he was born. Crowded tenements. Drudgery with little or no amusements. Movies were taboo. Books were taboo—with the exception of dry school books.

Recently a prominent social leader in New York cornered him at a wrestling match held for the benefit of her pet charity.

"Truly, Mr. Lederer, with that magnificent physique of yours, you could go in there and do battle yourself!"

He looked at her oddly for a moment, then said simply: "Until I was thirteen, wrestling was the only recreation I had . . ."

She couldn't understand, of course, a life so curiously remote from her own. Couldn't envision a childhood with only stolen moments of fun—and marked by two tragedies. The separation of his parents when he was nine and the death of an elder brother in the war. He'd been just a boy, that brother, caught in a cruel machine.

His first theatrical job was to lend "atmosphere" by cleaning shelves while the featured players went through their action. Now cleaning shelves was a bit of business with which Francis was entirely familiar. He did that frequently in the small dry goods shop where he worked during the day. So each night he played that extra part as if it were a real one, giving comedy touches to motions that were ordinary to him. And the audience laughed not at the stars but at the boy!

They took him off in a hurry—but one of the actors had begun to be interested in him.

Please turn to page sixty-five

New Portraits

Fascinating camera studies of favorite stars in selected poses



Baby LeRoy

Some guardian angel was watching over Baby LeRoy and his widowed mother and gave him a chance to be a movie star. The rest was up to Baby LeRoy and did he make good! His latest is *Tillie and Gus* with W. C. Fields



Miriam Hopkins

Apparently Miriam's *Design for Living* is work and more work. At any rate, after finishing the picturization of the new Noel Coward play of that title, she immediately started work on *All of Me* with George Raft and Fredric March

Two stellar pupils of the charm school whose talents and beauty distinguish any picture in which they appear



Florine McKinney

—*Russell Ball*

Among the younger players, Florine shows great promise in *The Hollywood Party*



Glenda Farrell

—*Irving Lippman*

With typical finesse, Glenda makes sin doubly attractive in her expert delineation of the siren in *A Man's Castle*. Funny things, movies. Glenda in real life, devoted to her son, is not at all like her screen self

Intimate, late portraits of favorite stars as photographed by Hollywood's master camera artists



Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone

—*Hurrell*

Romance, as personified by Joan and Franchot in pictures, will find its culmination in real life for this attractive couple when Joan's divorce from Douglas Fairbanks Jr. becomes final, according to those professing to be in the know. Joan and Franchot appear together in *Dancing Lady*



Thelma White

—*Ernest A. Bachrach*

Thelma is aptly cast in *Blonde Poison,* for this alluring comèdienne certainly deals a lethal potion to the blues. She is also to be seen with Wheeler and Woolsey in *Hips, Hips, Hooray*



Jackie Cooper

—*Earl Crowley*

If Santa brings Jackie a new gun this clever youngster will be happy for his penchant is the collecting of fire-arms. He is right in his element in *Pardners,* a thrilling story of the great open spaces



Ida Lupino

Ida didn't win the coveted leading rôle of *Alice in Wonderland* after traveling all the way from England to make the test but she was immediately given a contract. Her first appearance will be in *Search for Beauty* and she probably will appear in Bing Crosby's next picture

thru a Keyhole

Sensational story of night club romance and gangsters

"Through a friend of my sister's."
"And the friend's name?" the Judge questioned.
"Frank Rocci. Perhaps you know him."
The judge's lip curled.
"Yes. I guess we've all heard of Frank Rocci."
"But I don't even know him," Joan explained.
Richie looked incredulous. "He got you into this club and you don't even know him? That doesn't quite make sense."
"It's the truth just the same," she said and darted down the passageway. "See you later. Got to change my costume now," she called over her shoulder.

● On subsequent evenings, Richie happened to frequent the passageway when Joan was likely to be passing through. Frequently, too, in a playful gesture he would grab her by the arm and run his pudgy fingers the full length of the pink, velvety skin from the shoulder to the hand.
"You've got arms like a baby," he would say with a chuckle.
Although Joan instinctively withdrew from his touch she remembered Tex's advice about offending good customers. One night the amorous judge met her with a bouquet of orchids.
"Oh, they're just too lovely," she cried holding them to her face.
"They remind me of you," said Richie. "You're orchidaceous yourself. But wait till you see what is buried in the bouquet."
Joan saw a package nestling in the blossoms and started to take it out.
"No, no, little girl. Not now, wait till you get to your dressing room."
"Oh, they're just too sweet for anything," she said as Richie patted her hand.
Tex was with her when the girl unwrapped the package disclosing a jewelled bracelet. Joan's face flushed with pleasure.
"Oh, Tex, look at this! Judge Richie gave it to me! It's just too beautiful—but of course I can't accept it."
Tex examined the bracelet and handed it back to Joan.
"Look here, Joan, you're new in this racket and you're doin' swell. Now I'm going to give you some advice. That's all hooey about a sucker being born every minute. They come few and far between. Another thing—nobody



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Throwing off her wrap she sat on the bed unconsciously showing a delicately curved leg, as she chattered amiably about her girlhood days and how much she liked the night club. She even told Frank about Judge Richie and the bracelet. He turned from the bar where he was mixing Martini cocktails and looked at Joan sharply. "And you returned the stuff, you say?"

"Sure I returned it."

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"Well, if you insist," she assented.

They clicked glasses and drank, looking into each other's eyes. A few moments later Rocci asked her if she would have another. This time she refused and stuck to it. They were still seated on the edge of the bed.

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"You accepted a favor from me."

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"You're alone with me in my apartment, it's after midnight and you're sitting on my bed," Frank persisted.

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A few moments later Chuck returned with the explosive dance director at his heels. Max's hair was tousled and his shirt was open at the front, the unbuttoned cuffs waving as he gesticulated.

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The dance director's face took on an apprehensive expression.

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Max assumed an expression of utter distress but he did as he was told. For weary hours he drilled the ingénue star in his new revue.

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WITH THE NEWS

Current events in Hollywood and doings of your favorite stars



Toby Wing, the Perfect Chorus girl, was given a featured rôle in Search for Beauty *because of her excellent work in* Too Much Harmony

The Gal Nobody Wanted

FACES OF FOX and Warner executives assume a deep crimson at mere mention of the name of Mae West, the most important cognomen in electric lights these days.

Both groups had opportunities to claim the star long ere Paramount took a chance on signing her.

Charlie Walsh, brother of Raoul, famous director, espied Mae emoting on Broadway three years ago, and was so deeply impressed with her picture possibilities that he dug into his own limited bank account to finance a camera and voice test for Diamond Lil. With his can of film beneath his arm, he hurried back to Hollywood, and sought to interest the heads of the Fox lot, where Raoul was then wielding his megaphone.

Those worthies, however, declined to even waste the time necessary to see the film run off in a projection room.

They Couldn't See Her

CHARLIE next called on the important personages at Warner Brothers-First National studios. There he drew a warmer reception—warmer to the extent that Jack Warner and some of the lesser lights were willing to glance at Mae's test.

They promised Charlie an early answer—an answer that never came.

Undismayed, Walsh kept at the task of trying to land Mae in the movies. Turndown followed turndown during the months that followed, until finally he was able to sell her to Paramount for a supporting rôle in the George Raft-Nancy Carrol *Night After Night.*

That's what paved the route for Mae to *She Done Him Wrong* and the big money—for both herself and for Paramount.

Following completion of her second starring vehicle, *I'm No Angel,* Mae hied herself up to San Francisco for a rest before starting work on *It Ain't No Sin.*

Mae's Going Rural

DURING THE EARLY weeks of Mae West's sojourn in sunny California, the blonde star used to bemoan the fact that Broadway was so far away that she couldn't spend her week-ends there. But times and people change. Mae now is casting her eyes about the San Fernando valley, with a view to purchasing a big ránch.

Her main idea is to get a place where she can install her brother, now a resident of New York, as boss. But she also admits she's willing to spend an occasional night out in the wide open spaces herself.

HOT from HOLLYWOOD

Foreign Affairs

FORMER DANES, residents of America for more than twenty years, are to have an opportunity to revisit their homeland . . . Jean Hersholt has organized a foundation to send a number of them on a visit home each year . . . Ida Lupino, England's unsuccessful choice for the title rôle in Paramount's *Alice in Wonderland,* is to have her American opportunity after all . . . she's been cast opposite Cary Grant in *Come on, Marines* . . . Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli had to call off their Honolulu trip when Charlie signed for *She Made Her Bed,* so now they're planning an extended tour of the Orient . . . Italy, Greece and Egypt are included in plans for Ramón Novarro's next concert tour . . . Paul Lukas is looking forward to a visit in the near future to his birthplace, Budapest . . . Harpo Marx finally got off on that long-talked-about Russian jaunt . . . Robert Armstrong is in Mexico on a search for authentic furnishings for his new Mexican-type abode . . . Eddie Cantor, the Missus and the youngsters have made reservations for a trip to England in the spring . . . Howard Hughes, millionaire producer, is spending his money freely in London's late spots with Marion Lansing, his débutante heart-ache, as his guest.

National

THE EDMUND LOWES (Lilyan Tashman) will do a Lunt-Fontanne on Broadway in February . . . *Contract, Two Hearts* will serve as their vehicle . . . Nancy Carroll gave Hollywood the go-by temporarily to appear in the New York presentation of *Undesirable Lady* . . . Harold Lloyd journeyed eastward to consult with Author Clarence Buding-

SLEUTH

by HAL E. WOOD

Mary Bides Her Time

MARY PICKFORD, now hailed as the lonely little lady in the big house on the hill, is awaiting only the arrangement of final details of the property settlement before filing action for divorce from Douglas Fairbanks Sr. That, at least, is the firm belief of her friends despite Mary's frequent denials that she is contemplating court proceedings.

Mary now is convinced that Doug has no intention of ever again seeking shelter beneath Pickfair's roof, I am informed.

Meanwhile, the star is holding up production plans while she occupies herself with her pen. Mary has retained a literary agent in New York, and already has contracted with magazines to write several fiction stories.

She refused an offer of $100,000 for her own life story, however.

"My life is just beginning," she declared.

Doug Jr. Goes British

THERE IS LITTLE likelihood that Douglas Fairbanks Jr. will return to America for another year at least. This despite the sugar-coated offers pouring into him from talkie producers back here in California.

There are two reasons for Junior's extended sojourn in London. One is the fact that the talkie capital hasn't held much appeal for him since the crash of his marriage to Joan Crawford. The other is his belief that his father needs his companionship now more than ever before.

Doug Sr. is pushing his plans to continue picture-making abroad, and young Doug will be found emoting at his side.

Blossoms New Career

BLOSSOM SEELEY'S sensational success in *Broadway Thru a Keyhole* has launched that blonde personage on her second artistic career. And no one seems more surprised over her good fortune than does Blossom herself.

Cast as "Sybil" in the Winchell opus after Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Lilyan Tashman had collapsed in the rôle, this youthful veteran of the musical comedy and vaudeville stages is slated for stardom by Twentieth Century. Her next appearance will be with George Bancroft in *Blood Money*.

Blossom came to Hollywood to seek a chance in the movies, but opportunity took to its heels when she put in an appearance. She had her trunks packed, her reservations made for her return to Broadway, when Darryl Zanuck put in an *S. O. S.* for her services.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

ton Kelland on changes in *The Cat's Paw*, Harold's next . . . Ralph and Mrs. Morgan traveled all the way to Gotham to help the former's mother celebrate her eighty-third birthday.

Romance

MARY BRIAN and Don Cook are occupying a table for two these days . . . King Vidor and Betty Hill are that way again, and Miriam Hopkins doesn't seem to mind a bit . . . Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor make up the colony's newest duo . . . Edna Purviance is romancing with none other than the oft-married Rex Lease . . . they say Natalie Talmadge will wed Larry Kent at the close of her period of mourning for her departed mother . . . Director W. S. Van Dyke is giving Dorothy Burgess a terrific rush . . . that Sari Maritza-Sam Katz twosome is going strong again . . . Grace Poggi and Gregg Toland are airplaning together . . . Walter Kane and Gloria Shea are on the verge of an elopement . . . Frederick Perry, tennis ace, is squiring Bette Davis about . . . Lila Lee's sudden interest in things musical is due to her romance with Nelson Eddy, the songster . . . Ricardo Cortez continues to shower his attentions on Mrs. Lee . . . Adolphe Menjou has been stepping out with Veree Teasdale . . . things are so serious between Patsy Parker and Bert Wheeler that Pat's mother and aunt now form the receiving line at Bert's parties . . . when Elbert Franklin returned from the East, he brought along a costly star sapphire for gorgeous Toby Wing . . . and not to be outdone by his rival for Toby's affections, Bill Perry dashed out and bought her a five-carat heart-shaped diamond . . . it's all off between Benita Hume and Jack Dunfee, her London sweetie.



Snow may be missing in Hollywood but Lona Andre brings the proper Christmas atmosphere to her home with wreaths and, let us hope, mistletoe placed at strategic points

WITH THE NEWS SLEUTH . . . . . Timely news, inter

The Passing of Peg

DEATH OF Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, mother of Norma, Constance and Natalie, has left a void in the celluloid world's inner circle that cannot be filled. Peg, as she was known to her long list of intimates, was the mother confessor of Hollywood.

Mrs. Talmadge passed on rich in worldly possessions she had garnered through her own efforts.

While her will, signed in 1931, fixed the value of her estate at "more than $10,000," it is believed her fortune totalled above the $1,000,000 mark. A few years ago, she was rated as worth around $3,000,000, but, like so many others, she suffered tremendous losses through shrinkage in values of securities and real estate holdings.

Peg left all of her property to Connie, her favorite child. The reason for that was that she and Connie built their fortunes together. They were partners in all ventures.



Ted Healy mutters something about Hollywood entanglements as his stooges assist, more or less, Joan Crawford with the knitting which she whiles away time on the set

And Now It Comes Out

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone will lose no time in dashing to the altar after Joan's divorce from Doug Fairbanks Jr. becomes final early next spring. While neither Joan nor Franchot is talking about their romance, it is known they have completed plans for their future together.

Intimates of Joan have told me it was Franchot's insistence upon firmly establishing himself in the cinema heavens before taking a wife that led Joan to file her suit against Doug in California rather than taking the more speedy route through the Nevada or Mexican courts.

Had she followed the latter course, it is more than probable the popular couple would be wed by now.

Connie Does Her Bit

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S love for the Marquis Henri de la Falaise may not be as heated as it was at the moment of their marriage two years ago, but she's not going to stand idly by while the movie-makers poke fun at him.

Just before Hank's departure for Paris to have his passport renewed and to check up on his French realty holdings, Connie appeared in the office of Louis B. Mayer, Metro's head, with a plea that the fake marquis character in *Bombshell* be changed to that of a duke instead.

"Hank is the only bona fide marquis in Hollywood," explained Connie,

HOT from HOLLYWOOD . . . . .

Marriages

GINGER ROGERS and Lew Ayres have settled all of the details except the date . . . Estelle Taylor and Director Roland Brown are liable to step off any day now . . . Eleanor Boardman, recently freed from King Vidor, will wed Director Harry D'Arrast next Spring . . . Louise Brooks is the bride of Deering Davis, Chicago sportsman . . . Fifi Dorsay will ankle it with Maurice Hill, Chicago manufacturer . . . Lenore Bushman, daughter of Francis X., is honeymooning in Europe with Dr. Webster Marxer . . . Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were married at Rye, N. Y. . . . Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames were married at Carlsbad, New Mexico . . . Polly Moran and Martin Malone, prominent Los Angeles attorney, surprised friends by assuming double harness at Las Vegas, Nevada . . . Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez now admit they are wed.

Divorces

THE JAMES CROFTONS (Mona Rico) will air their domestic troubles in Reno . . . Prince Serge M'divani denied he socked his operatic wife in the eye when he took the witness stand in Mary McCormic's suit for a decree . . . Doris Kenyon is kept busy denying there's been a rift in her marriage to Arthur Hopkins . . . it's business that keeps the bridegroom in New York, she insists . . . Agnes Franey of *Follies* fame is suing wealthy Logan Metcalf, one-time husband of Madge Bellamy . . . Zita Johann cut the ties that bound her to Playwright John Haussman in the Mexican tribunals . . . Jerry Miley and Elsa Peterson severed matrimonial relations via the same route . . . Marion Sayers won a divorce from Jimmy Murray by charging that he drank to excess . . . Agent Ben Hershfield testified Rita La Roy was peevish at times, and asked the judge to free him from his marriage contract.

Births

IT'S A SON in the home of the Melvyn Douglases (Helen Gahagan) . . . the Karen Morley-Charlie Vidor offspring has been named Michael Karoly . . . Johnny Mack Brown's new heir has been christened John Lachlan Brown . . . the Robert Kenastons (Billie Dove) are preparing for the arrival of the stork in April.

Deaths

THE GREAT UMPIRE called strike three on Mike Donlin, famous baseball player of an earlier period and long a screen actor, at the age of fifty-three . . . Joseph Fazenda, father of Louise and leader in Los Angeles' French colony, succumbed at seventy-one . . . Frank

"and everyone will think it is he who is being satirized."

Connie won her point.

Hank denied he would launch action for divorce while in his native land.

Boys Will Be Boys

GLORIA SWANSON is awaiting the gong for the start of shooting on *The Divine Sarah*, her first vehicle under her new contract with Producer Joseph Schnitzer.

All of which caused one of the Hollywood wags to crack:

"I'd much rather see Sarah Bernhardt starred in the story of Swanson's life, than Gloria in the rôle of Sarah!"

Garbo Looks Ahead

CABLES FROM SWEDEN bring news that Greta Garbo's brother acted as her agent in the purchase of a 115-acre estate at Dyvik, where her old friend, Max Gumpel, the engineer, will erect a mansion.

Acquisition of the property has revived reports that Greta and Max will wed before many more months have passed.

Meanwhile, however, they're saying in Hollywood that Garbo is considerably miffed over Rouben Mamoulian's attentions to attractive Mona Maris.

Rouben is directing Greta in *Queen Christina*, and they were getting along swimmingly both on and off the sets until Mona returned from a location trip to Honolulu.

Hoot to Wed June

FINANCIAL worries are all that now block the pending marriage of Hoot Gibson and young June Gale.

When Sally Eilers followed her announcement of a Mexican decree from Hoot with her elopement to Yuma with Director Harry Joe Brown, she lifted the heaviest of the bars lining the path of the Western star on his fourth matrimonial venture.

Hoot, however, admitted the sad state of his finances in court recently, when he told the judge hearing Mrs. J. L. Johnson's claim on a $2,500 judgment against her one-time son-in-law that he had just ninety-five cents in his pockets and that he owed $8,000.

Hoot plans to refill his coffers, though, through the profits from a personal appearance tour he is to make in company of Col. Roscoe Turner, holder of the trans-continental air record. Later, the two plan to co-star in an aviation film.

Blood of China Next

BARBARA STANWYCK is back in Hollywood, ready to begin work in Warner Brothers' *Blood of China*, in which she will portray a half-caste.

Her bosses have been paging her frantically for weeks, but their pleas fell on Barbara's deaf ears.

Contract or no contract, she declined to leave hubby Frank Fay alone on wicked Broadway.

Please turn to page fifty



***Right this way, ladies and gents, the little lady is about to go into her dance! Clara Bow becomes a most enticing sideshow attraction in* Hoopla, *her latest talkie which is a picturization of* The Barker**

Prevost, step-father of Marie, died suddenly in San Bernardino, Calif.

Courts

WHEN GWILI ANDRE was sued for $50 by a former landlord, she went to court and pleaded her own case . . . you bet, she won! . . . Fredric March and Florence Eldridge have petitioned for permission to legally adopt five-year-old Jacqueline Esther Miller . . . Gaylord Lloyd, director-brother of Harold, won a $15,000 judgment against the Caddo Company for loss of an eye in a film explosion . . . Jackie Coogan's Dad has been named defendant in a suit for $35,000 by Sylvia Dorfman and Irving Linden, deaf mutes, hurt in an auto crash . . . Alan Dinehart and his bride, Mozelle Brittone, are rejoicing because Betty Kaege has withdrawn her $250,000 heart balm suit against Alan.

Sports

CRICKET TOOK A NEW lease on life with the return of Boris Karloff from Europe . . . Boris' movie team trimmed the crack outfit from *H. M. S. Dragon*, British man-o'-war, during the craft's stay in Los Angeles harbor . . . Lewis Stone has purchased a 105-foot Gloucester schooner, and plans to sail it through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific Coast . . . Mary Rogers, Will's daughter, is a crack polo player . . . Not satisfied with the seventy-five records he has garnered during his years as a swimming champ, Johnny Weissmuller has taken up outboard racing . . . he's having a new craft constructed for use on Lake Los Angeles . . . Wynne Gibson spent a vacation on a canoe jaunt . . . Director Gregory LaCava will testify to Katharine Hepburn's skill as a golfer . . . Greg took her on for a round, gave her a stroke a hole, and la Hepburn won $7.

Mae West's Personal

A fascinating revelation of the private life and character of the screen's most glamorous personality by the one who knows her best!

To Begin With, Libby Taylor isn't just an ordinary personal maid. She's an actress, and although Mae West pays Libby a maid's salary, she would be the first to tell you that Libby is an actress, and a good one!

Years ago, before Mae West became MAE WEST, Libby worked with her on the stage. It is true that it was Mae West's company but Mae isn't the type to ever say "She worked *for* me"—it's always "*with* me."

Not so long ago, Libby needed a job and Mae needed a maid so they merged their wants and Libby went to work for Mae. Whether or not Libby is a good maid is hard to say. It isn't easy to imagine that the efficient Mae would even need a maid. Can you imagine Mae going hungry because the cook walked out? Neither can you imagine Mae going uncoiffed because the hair dresser failed to show up.

But, we weren't discussing the virtues of a maid. We were letting the maid discuss the virtues of a mistress, or "Muh Madam" as Libby fondly calls Mae West.

Mae West designed every bit of furniture in her bedroom. A color scheme of gold, green and a very delicate shade of pink is carried out in everything in the room, pillows, drapes, counterpane, upholstery—even the picture frames and toilet articles.

Although Mae is very tiny and dainty, she does not surround herself with dainty articles. She likes big things, "Something you can get your hands on," she explains. She has large perfume bottles, large cream jars, large powder boxes. Her daintiness running to materials and colors only.

Mae West always has her breakfast in bed, dressed in one of her many pretty negligees, with lacy pillows behind her back.

"An' is she a pitcha foh ya eye?" Don't ask Libby unless you really want to know, "Yes suh!"

● Libby explains that her greatest task in the morning is to keep Mae in a good mood, because if "Ah don't she kain't think up funny things to say, an' you *knows* she says funny things."

For breakfast Mae, according to Libby, has mostly fruits, a little toast, maybe a little egg or creamed chicken and coffee. She always has a good appetite and is not particular about how the tray looks provided there's plenty on it.

After breakfast, she wise-cracks all the way to the bathroom. She prefers a tub bath with plenty of hot water, scented soap and oodles of bath salts. And Libby thinks that's all right, "Ah likes 'em mah self 'couse they smells so good." Libby is worried about one thing, though, and that is how anyone can take a bath every morning and never say the same things twice, and yet say such smart and original things. We go Libby one better and wonder how anyone can keep up such an original line of wise-cracks—bath or no bath!

If Mae is to spend the morning at home, she doesn't dress. She wears a negligee and we take Libby's word for it that it's "Moah comfoble like and relaxin'." And Libby's Madam never puts on makeup unless she is going out. "She doan need none to make huh pretty. She's jes natchurally beautiful, she is, like peaches with cream poared ovah 'em."

In this negligée, Mae does her home work of okaying bills, dictating letters or writing. At one time she wrote all her own material and only let the secretary copy it. That proved to be too slow and too hard work. Now she dictates everything—stories, novels and even the dialogue for her picture.

This gives her much more time and she also says that it makes it a little more natural just to "talk it off" than it does to sit down with a pencil and try to figure it out.

Don't we, who *think* we can write, wish we had a gift like that? It's a gift given only to a favored few!

● When I asked Libby what Mae does in her spare time, I received what I call a dirty look—and I deserved it. With a lifted eye-brow Libby replied, "Dat woman ain't got no spah time. If she ain't makin' a pitchah, den she's writin' huh next one, and if she ain't writin' a pitchah, she's writin' a story or a book or some dialogue or somethin.' Sometimes she likes to go ridin' in huh cah, or to a show and everyone knows how she dotes on prizefights, but that ain't spah time—that's jes time! Ah couse, she goes to church, an' to see sick folks a lot an' tries to hep folks get work but she doan call that wastin' huh time."



***Libby Taylor, Mae West's personal maid, also is an actress. She appears with Mae (at the right) in* I'm No Angel**

Maid Tells ALL!

by HARMONY HAYNES

Mae seldom goes shopping. As in the case of most stars, the shops are only too glad to send merchandise to her home on approval. But if she's buying a present for someone else she "goes right to the stoah and picks it out furst hand!"

Besides Libby and the secretary, Mae employs a chauffeur. She doesn't drive, she doesn't care to. She prefers to sit back among the cushions and think up stories or dialogue. She says she never thinks better than when the wheels are rolling under her—her mind sort of keeps pace with those revolving wheels, and the driver will tell you that he can always tell her moods by the way she asks him to drive—fast or slow.

The short distance between the car and Mae's dressing room requires from fifteen minutes to half an hour, not that Miss West is slow—you remember how she warbled, "I'm a fast moving gal what likes it slow"; but because everyone from the gateman to the president knows and adores her and isn't afraid to stop her long enough to say so. And their friendly greetings is Mae's morning tonic. Libby says "It peps huh up like nobody's business an' makes huh dimple all ovah!" Oh, Libby, Libby, you shouldn't have told us that!

Please turn to page fifty-eight



Mae West likes fussy lingerie; silks, satins and lace in delicate shades of pale pink, peach and turquoise blue and is extremely feminine in her tastes and habits

HOLLYWOO
IN PICT

Reporting the latest events in Cir
our roving cameramen and chro



—Wide World

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS—Emil Ludwig (extreme right) distinguished biographer, attends a typical Hollywood première as the guest of Paulette Goddard and her reputed fiancé, Charles Chaplin. Rupert Hughes, celebrated American author, appears at the left



—Will Walling, Jr.

CHRISTENING PARTY—Richard Arlen and Bing Crosby and their respective wives, Jobyna Ralston and Dixie Lee, hold a joint christening party for Richard Ralston Arlen and Gary Evan Crosby



—Wi

VACATIONERS—Alan Edwards, Mae Clarke and Sidney mer were among the first of the stars to open the winter at Palm Springs. Hollywood believes a romance is blos between Mae and Blackmer

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d in pictorial form



—John Miehle

***LANGUOROUS SIREN—Adele Thomas is lending her languorous beauty to* Hips, Hips Hooray**



—International News

NEWLYWEDS—Frances Dee and Joel McCrea were snapped during their short honeymoon which was spent at Greenwich, Conn., following their wedding at Rye, N. Y.



—International News

***MEET POLLY'S HUBBY—Martin Malone, well-known Los Angeles attorney, and Polly Moran staged a typical Hollywood elopement when they spoke the vows at Las Vegas, Nev. They returned to Hollywood where Polly resumed her work in* Alice in Wonderland**



—Moffett-Russell

PROMISING NEWCOMER—Catharine Weary, beautiful and talented Chicago girl, who, it is ... is considering tempting film o... Gayno... m a number of Hollyw... bouqu... ducers in sta... her r... peal

HOLLYWOOD NEWS IN PICTURES

Reporting the latest events in Cinemaland as snapped by our roving cameramen and chronicled in pictorial form



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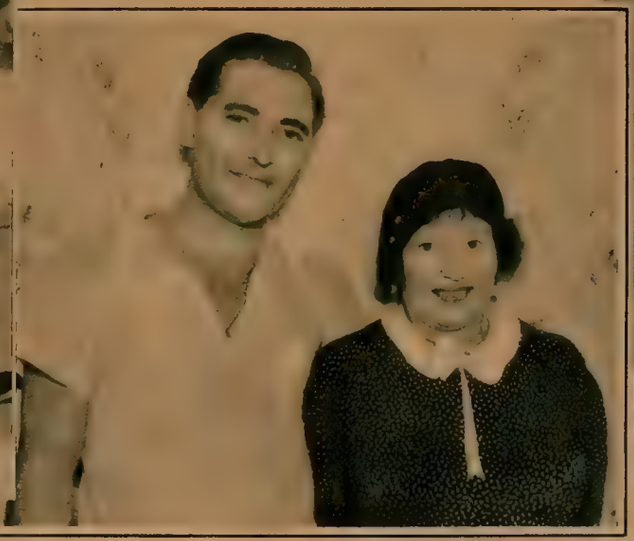


—W[illegible] World

***VACATIONERS**—Alan Edwards, Mae Clarke and Sidney [illegible] Blackmer were among the first of the stars to open the winter season at Palm Springs. Hollywood believes a romance is blooming between Mae and Blackmer*

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***PROMISING NEWCOMER**—Catharine Weary, beautiful and talented Chicago girl, who, it is [illegible] is considering tempting film o[illegible] bouquets a number of Hollywood [illegible] producers [illegible] her [illegible] pea[illegible]*



Christmas Comes to Hollywood

by
JERRY LANE



Some strange whim took Clark Gable into the mountains one Yuletide and as a result he was able to aid an old pal in dire distress

Snow Pelted Him, lashed by wind from the mountain tops. This was no movie snow of whitened corn flakes. This was the real stuff —and Clark Gable grinned.

Some undefinable impulse had urged him to drive up to Lake Arrowhead this evening. He'd headed for it alone as soon as he left the studio. Kind of help along the Holiday spirit to see a touch of old-fashioned winter. Deep black woods outlined against untrampled fields of white. He would drive back the next day and be home in time for Christmas Eve celebration.

A sudden clap of thunder reverberated overhead. Maybe, thought Clark, he was getting into more than he'd bargained for. Only sixty-five miles from Hollywood—and here he was facing a blizzard that would have done justice to the Montana prairies.

Montana. Funny he hadn't thought in years of the old gang there with whom he'd played in stock. What had become of them all? Jim and Steve and Wheezy? A great fellow, Wheezy. Used to be a comedian one night and a "heavy" the next. He had an ugly scar from chin to cheek—souvenir of an early football game. Clark remembered how red it had got that Christmas when Wheezy's girl had invited them for dinner.

Then, abruptly, all reminiscences were shut out by the storm. It was whipped to a fury now. Tall trees bent before it. Clark stepped on the accelerator. No need turning back. Better to push on to the village that bordered one end of the lake. He was straining forward. The edge of the twisting road was RTY—ning blurred and familiar sign byna were blotted out completely. Richa

Another hour a e knew that somehow he'd taken the wrong turn. He was going towards the other end of the lake where there were only a few forsaken cabins. Drifts loomed up large in front of him. Trackless ground. The car veered swiftly and stopped. Clark found himself lunging in the direction of a distant cabin from which a faint light flickered. There seemed to be need of haste. He had to hurry.

● The answer was given him the minute he opened that door. A big fellow lay on a makeshift couch, his face wet with the dreadful sweat of pain. There was a scar from his chin to his cheek.

"God—*Wheezy!*"

"Why—Bill. Is that you? And the big fellow lapsed into unconsciousness.

His leg was broken. It lay in a manner that made "Bill" Gable catch his breath.



A certain Christmas would have been a mighty dismal affair for Una Merkel had it not been for the thoughtfulness of Helen Hayes

There was a sound at the fireplace where a thin flame burned futilely against the stinging cold. A small boy looked wearily up at him. And Clark knew why he had had to get to Lake Arrowhead that night.

"Peace on earth." The chimes from the Normandy tower rang out the hour of midnight as he entered the village. It had been seven miles of struggle over frozen snow to get there but fortunately a doctor was staying at the lodge. They drove back in a sleigh.

At three in the morning Wheezy's leg was set and he was asleep. So was his son — curled up in Clark's coat. A huge fire crackled in the grate, spreading warmth, shutting out the shadows. And Clark, with a deep new content, threw himself down beside the youngster.

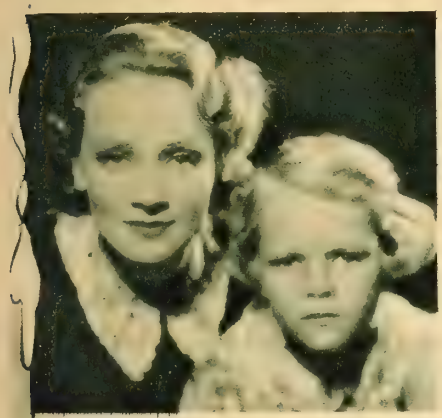
Later in the day he drove them both back to Beverly Hills. The doctor rode with them. He'd strapped Wheezy's leg up and propped him with pillows. Gradually the big fellow's story came out. Not an unusual one. He hadn't worked for a year and in desperation had accepted a friend's offer of the Arrowhead cabin to live in for the winter.

"I thought there might be something to do with all the people coming up for the winter sports, but

How Clark Gable and other stars have captured the true meaning and spirit of Christmas

yesterday morning I—slipped. The kid here is only five. You couldn't send him out alone after help."

No you couldn't. But you could keep him up an extra hour that Christmas Eve to see old man Santa Claus arrive at the Gable home. He came in with a sack full of toys and shoes and the like that, strangely enough, were just the right size for a five-year-old. And there was a happy



Marlene Dietrich and little daughter Maria follow quaint old German customs and find great happiness in welcoming Kris Kringle

grin on his face that wasn't part of the make-up!

Wheezy is working steadily in the studios now. They say he is a real "find" among character actors.

● Let's roll back the clock a minute to Christmas, 1924.

Here in Hollywod it was one of those rainy days when everything seems to sag—including the spirit. Along the boulevard the decorations had a wilted look. The once-gay wreaths dripped cheerlessly and the Salvation Army lassies huddled under umbrellas on the street corners as they pleaded with a wet world to "keep the pot a-boiling."

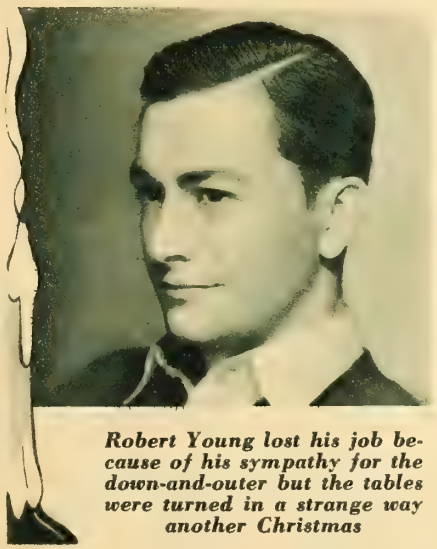
Scurrying by under the awnings was a small young person intent on playing a game.

"Listen here, Janet Gaynor," she'd say to herself. "Think of your figure! If you're going to be a star you'd better watch out! And besides, you really don't like turkey dinners anyway."

But that didn't keep her from pressing her nose against bright restaurant windows and reading the menus on display. "Um—I think I'll have some white meat, please, and lots of gravy and mashed potatoes and mince pie. . . ." She drew her coat closer and moved on.

It was bad enough being a complete stranger in the town, let alone being without money. And why did it have to rain, too? Janet's courage was ebbing with every fresh gust of wind. Mother and Jonesy had given up a lot to bring her here. Would she *ever* make good—a timid, funny kind of girl like her?

The tears were pretty close as she stood on the corner waiting for the traffic signals to change. A great limousine slid to a silent stop in



Robert Young lost his job because of his sympathy for the down-and-outer but the tables were turned in a strange way another Christmas

front of her. Inside, swathed in furs and toying with a corsage of gardenias, was a famous star. To Janet, she seemed the most glamorous person on earth as their eyes met for an instant. Something in the young girl's face must have stirred the older woman. She leaned forward suddenly and tossed her corsage through the window with a gay "Merry Christmas!" as her car started off.

Janet caught the flowers, buried her radiant little face in them. Then she began to run. She ran all the way back to mother and Jonesy. The gardenias were a symbol to her, a token that Fate was on the job and everything was going to be all right. It doesn't take much sometimes to shift the balance!

That very week she was given her first bit of extra work and her sensational climb had begun.

The tables have a way of turning swiftly and without warning in Filmtown. That famous star of the silent pictures became an Unknown to the talkies. Just another forgotten face—until Janet happened to catch sight of her in a crowd scene one day. Now she's well on the road up again. And on Christmas each year a mysterious florist's box arrives at the home of the former celebrity. Inside is a sheaf of fragrant gardenias.

● Holiday season. Holiday verve. Brilliant red holly berries dancing in the windows beside lighted candles. In Marlene Dietrich's home you see them in every front window. And sometimes an eager little face looking at them—Maria, her young daughter. Always, on the twenty-fourth of December, they go to the woods and gather branches for "Kris Kringle." Just the two of them tramping

Please turn to page fifty-four



Janet Gaynor sends an immense bouquet of gardenias to a certain star every Christmas and in her motive lies an appealing story



—*Preston Duncan*

Jeanette MacDonald, an average American girl, became the toast of two continents

Jeanette MacDonald

says

"Any Girl Can Do What I've Done"

Jeanette MacDonald reveals how any girl can win fame

by ALYCE CURTIS

A SENSATIONALLY sweeping statement. *"Any girl can do what I have done . . ."* It was Jeanette MacDonald speaking.

Jeanette just returned from the most triumphant European tour any Hollywood star has ever made. Still glowing from the rhapsodies of the press, the homage of a host of people, the heady wine of that intangible thing called "success."

"Look at me. What am I? An average American girl if ever there was one! There has been nothing spectacular about my life. I've never won a beauty prize nor been singled out by Lady Luck for special attention. Leading ladies never fell ill at opportune moments so that I could step into their shoes. No, I've just worked along . . . I tell you, *anybody can do what I've done!*"

It's worth investigating—the extraordinary case of this girl who snatched honors from Garbo in Paris.

"But she had so much to start with," you say. "She must have had!" Must she? Let's see . . .

She began with the shrewdness and wit handed down from a Scotch grandfather, a tremendous zest for living, an overpowering ambition—and that's about all. The youngsters around the neighborhood where she lived in Philadelphia called her "Spindle Legs." A sprawly kid with red hair and green eyes and a white little face. Always singing.

● She has made her own way, this young Titian with a titan-like energy. She "broke ground" that day she forced an entrance into Ned Weyburn's studio.

"I want a job in your chorus, please."

"Really?" said Weyburn wearily. "So many girls do." He looked at her legs. The same legs that were to rival Dietrich's. He thought them mighty skinny. Jeanette was shocked. After all the exercise she'd given those

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Maedchen in Hollywood

Introducing Dorothea Wieck, sensational star of "Maedchen in Uniform" who scores heavily in "Cradle Song"

by WOODROW LORING



Eugene Robert Richee

Dorothea Wieck brings a refreshing new personality to Hollywood, different from that of any star there

It Was Nearly five o'clock when I met Dorothea Wieck in a corner of the studio's nearly-deserted café. The temperature was hovering around the ninety degree mark, and she was attempting to combat the heat by sipping a glass of cold orange juice. As I prepared to start my questioning, she flashed me a dazzling smile, spread her arms in a gesture of amused submission, and said, with a delightful accent:

"All right; I am ready."

Dorothea is a striking brunette whose description cannot, without difficulty, be readily assigned to some definite category. She does not represent the scintillating personality of a Harlow, or the naïvette of a Gaynor, but rather a modification of the two. She possesses more of an impetuous character—a character that radiates enthusiasm and ambition, and yet remains a personality that is unsophisticated and unaffected. Perhaps the secret of her charm lies in her stimulating freshness, her captivating smile, and her frank sincerity.

● Perhaps you marveled at her sensational characterization of Fraulein von Bernburg in *Maedchen in Uniform*. That performance was the culmination of years of devotion to her work. Dorothea's parents, when she was but six years old, decided that she should be an actress. She convinced them of her dramatic possibilities by successfully imitating visitors to her home. From that time on she has been actively connected with stage and screen work.



Dorothea Wieck and Baby Anita in a scene from* Cradle Song, *her first American picture

Dorothea probably inherited some of her artistic temperament, for her father was an artist and her mother a musician of note. Until she was fourteen years old, she interested herself in writing little plays for herself and playmates. One day she happened to meet the poet Klabund in her native Davos, Switzerland, who insisted that she be given an opportunity for further development of her histrionic possibilities. Instead, she was placed in an academy, where she received training in music, dancing, and art, but not acting. Her dramatic ability came, not through coaching, but

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WAR DECLARED ON

Harry Carr, famous cinema writer discovers an amazing



An attempt by Australian producers Western thriller movie but with because of



Britishers resent the loss to American films of Sari Maritza and other fine English actresses

I AM WRITING this from Sydney, Australia where the battle against American movies rages.

In some of the movie houses they flash long and fervid appeals to the public to patronize English papers and "preserve this empire of ours." And they wind up every performance by showing a picture of King George with a double row of medals.

A British picture, *Be Mine Tonight,* was finally put on in Sydney which had a record run of five months. Good old British picture made in London. The name of the star was Jan Kiepura — good old British name; the leading lady was Magda Schneider—another good old English name. He spoke with a Rumanian accent and she buttered the good old English tongue with German gutturals.

The Wretch

AT MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY, a stage actor named George Barraud made a speech for which he was almost drawn and quartered. He said English films are so bad they are appalling. He said the English camera men were so bad they could make the most beautiful woman in the world look ugly.

Whenever the English producers accidentally found a good actress, they did not know it and let the Americans steal her.

The English people feel very sore about Diana Wynyard, Elissa Landi, Benita Hume, Sari Maritza, Elizabeth Allan and other English girls who were allowed to go to America—the British producers not having recognized genius when they saw it.



Jan Kiepura and Magda Schneider in the English-made Be Mine Tonight *established an all-time attendance record in Australia even as they did in this country*

Long Winded

I HAVE SEEN SEVERAL British-made films here. Most of them are God-awful. They use the technique in vogue back in the old Biograph days. There is no flow to the narrative they are trying to tell. From time to time —at safe and sane intervals—the director switched to a row of young ladies sitting at a tea table and they say "I think that Jimes is falling in love with Alice"—just so you will be sure to understand.

As in the days when your films were also young and foolish, they have neither logic nor probability. I saw a picture last night in which a young lady working in a phonograph parlor got invited to a dance. She appeared in a Paris gown and drove her own car.

Scenics

ONE thing the British are doing that appeals very much to me. They are using the most marvelous locations

AMERICAN MOVIES!

and critic on a world film tour, situation in Australia

by

Harry Carr



to film a story of native life a la our blacks instead of Indians, failed censorship

I have ever seen on any screen—Swiss Alps — Italian cities on harbor fronts.

My hotel waiter does not join in my enthusiasm however. He says when he wants to see scenery he goes to scenics; as he never wants to see scenery he never goes to scenics. And there you are.

George Is King

AMONG THE MOTION picture stars from America, George Arliss will outdraw any other one in these parts. His pictures—even the bad ones—always have long runs. This probably because he belongs in dear old England.

Of the younger stars Clark Gable is the boy. To tell the truth, however, no stars have a very hot following in Australia. The fans play the pictures, not the stars. Most of the stars cannot remember the names of the players.

Strange to say, one of the few American stars with a really devoted following is ZaSu Pitts. And I can't say I blame them. I have always regarded her as one of the great artists of the screen. One of these days she will get a real part and show them. Her greatest handicap for a real chance is that the public has seen her in too many rough comedies.

Is Ramón Through?

AS A very close friend of long standing of Ramón Novarro, I fear for his future. I have made it a point to inquire of every fan I have met in Japan, China, the Philippines, Java and way stations as to his standing. I have yet to hear one favorable comment. They don't like him. They say he is effeminate.

This is really not true. But many of the parts that have come his way have made him appear so; strange to say, the football pictures more than any others. Ramón is not football material.



Frances Drake was recently signed by Paramount in a drive for new talent. Other English girls are en route to Hollywood as a result of beauty contests conducted by the studio



—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

Diana Wynyard is another English actress whom Britishers wish was in their own pictures. Directors there are criticised for permitting actresses of her type to leave the country

Record Breaking

IN SPITE OF THE British propaganda, an American film is one of the record-breakers.

The longest run recorded of any recent picture is the English-made *Be Mine Tonight* with the Rumanian and German actors. After that, a picture called *Jack's The Boy*, made in London. Third came the Warner Brothers' *Vienese Nights* which ran twenty weeks at one house in Sydney.

Australia Gets Ambitious

MEANWHILE Australia is preparing to roll her own. Two big producing companies have started making pictures here. They have made pictures in the past. One of their difficulties was censorship. One picture was intended

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CROSS-EXAMINING the STARS



Where HOLLYWOOD readers ask the stars pertinent and impertinent questions

CAROLE LOMBARD: Is it true that you and William Haines are romantically "that way"? If not, who is your current sweetie?

The rumor that William Haines and myself are romancing is absurd. It originated, no doubt, when I sought his advice in decorating my new home. Naturally, we have been seen together when we were discussing interior decorating. But we are merely very good friends. At the moment, I find interesting company in both Gary Cooper and Russ Columbo, as well as my ex-husband, Bill Powell.

FRANCHOT TONE: What nationality are you—height and weight?

I am from an old English family with a trace of French blood. Six feet tall, and weigh one hundred and sixty.

GINGER ROGERS: Could you give me a hint on how you keep your hair so beautiful?

For one thing I brush my hair a great deal—always before retiring. This brings out the natural oil from the roots which gives the hair a sheen and eliminates the artificiality of brilliantine. I wash my hair weekly, giving my scalp a hot oil treatment. These three aids, more than anything else, account for a healthy head of hair.

WARNER BAXTER: How have you invested your money in the last three years?

Insurance and life annuities. No more speculating in stocks for me. The home I have been building for the last six months, now nearing completion, represents an investment of over $50,000. Other than this, however, my entire fortune is in insurance savings.

JIMMY DUNN: In whom are you interested now that Sally Eilers and Boots Mallory are both married?

Lona Andre, and she promised not to do me wrong.

JEAN HARLOW: What are your measurements?

Five feet three and one-half inches tall; weight, one hundred and ten; bust, thirty-five inches; waist, twenty-three and one-half inches; hips, thirty-five and one-half.



Ginger Rogers reveals how she keeps her hair looking so beautiful in response to a request from a fan

Write Your Questions on This Coupon

I should like to ask .....

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.....

the following question .....

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My name .....

Address .....

Mail this coupon to *The Question Editor*, HOLLYWOOD, 305 Baine Studio Bldg., 6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page.

HELEN HAYES: What kind of perfume do you use?

Mine is especially blended from varied spring flower scents.

DOROTHY JORDAN: Is there any special boy-friend in whom you are interested?

I should say so. My husband, didn't you know? We were married last May. He is Merian C. Cooper, Radio Pictures producer.

LILIAN HARVEY: Do you plan to return to Germany under Hitler's recent mandate that all German stars return to their native land?

There has long been the mistaken conception that I am of German birth. I am an English woman and owe no allegiance to Germany. It is true that I am originally a product of German films but other than that feel no ties or obligations bind me to return. I shall remain in American pictures as long as they want me.

KAREN MORLEY: What has been your most inspiring and exciting moment?

The first time I looked upon my new son, Michael.

CLARK GABLE: Have you fully recovered from your recent illness. What will be your next picture, and who is the lucky leading lady?

I'm feeling fine again, thanks. Starting immediately on China Seas *with Myrna Loy opposite.*

RICHARD DIX: What is your baby daughter's name, and does she resemble you or her mother?

She was named Mary Ellen after my wife's mother and my own. She is fortunate in resembling her lovely mother.

LILIAN HARVEY: What size shoe do you wear?

Three-and-a-half. I buy them in the children's departments or have them specially made.

JEAN HARLOW: Do you and your new husband plan on living in the home you have just completed?

I have given that home to my mother. Hal (Rosson) and I are living temporarily in an apartment until we buy our own home.

Chester Morris Strikes Off His Shackles!

Chester Morris jubilantly takes a new lease on his cinema life

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

CHESTER MORRIS is free at last. His contract with Roland West is ended and for the first time in five years he can do as he pleases.

"My new theme song is *The Battle Cry of Freedom,*" says Chester, "and no more term contracts for me. From now on I'll be as hard to catch as the greased pig at the county fair."

For five long years, the entire term of his screen career, Chester Morris has been virtually a slave. Under the terms of his contract with West, he earned a good salary, it is true, but that same contract placed the entire management of his career in West's hands. Chester was forced to play any part West saw fit to put him in. He was forced to appear in some pictures which hindered, rather than advanced his career. When West retired to his yacht, to sail the Seven Seas, he farmed Chester out to other producers.

"Not once during the past five years, was I ever permitted to see the script of a picture before going into the cast." Chester grinned ruefully. "A man named Jack Codd, an accountant in Sam Goldwyn's office, read scripts submitted. If he liked them, he reported to West. All I ever got was instructions to show up on the set."

But even such a constrictive contract could not dim the brilliance of the young actor from Broadway. In spite of being cast in parts for which he was not fitted and in appearing in pictures which failed to click, the star of Chester Morris continued to rise. He clicked in *The Big House* and his performance as the husband of Jean Harlow in *Red Headed Woman* proved him to be one of the finest young actors of the screen.

"I had good pictures and I had bad," Chester

Please turn to page fifty-four



For five long years Chester Morris was hampered by an undesirable film contract. Now that is over and Hollywood expects much from this talented young man

"I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A DEVIL"

by JEWEL SMITH



Don't let Joan Blondell's (arrow) cherubic smile fool you for even when this snap with her schoolmates was made she was probably planning to give teacher an ice cream cone with a pickle in the center



"My folks thought I would come to no good end," says Joan Blondell. "I have never behaved 'like a lady'"

Joan Blondell confesses to her lurid past

"I HAVE ALWAYS been a little devil! My folks thought I would come to no good end. I have never behaved 'like a lady.'"

Joan Blondell flung a pair of beslacked legs over the arm of her chair and puffed decorously at a cigarette. In another moment she squashed it out, took a deep breath, and relaxed whole-heartedly into exposing her past—a past as delightful in its narration as it is veracious.

The staid, commonplace things of life have never intrigued or even curiously interested Joan Blondell. Ever since that day she entered a school room for the first time and discovered that a "new girl" caused a great deal of commotion in the best of schools, Joan decided always to "be different."

She started right then by playing with the boys instead of the girls; shooting marbles with the toughest; making eyes at the prissies; and scorning the effeminacy of hair-bows and laces. Fortunately her father's vaudeville engagements prevented her from attending the same school for more than a week. This arrangement set things up just fine for Joan who had a certain "popularity routine" which she practiced on each successive school with the most gratifying results.

"I would pick out the little girl with curly locks," says Joan. "There's one in every school—the big-eyed youngster who admired me the most. I'd take her aside in all confidence and tell her that I was the daughter of Eddie Blondell, the actor—that I was a pretty swell actress myself, to say nothing of my recitation abilities. It wouldn't be long then until the teacher would ask me up in front of the class to recite "just any little thing." My act, of course, was to feign bashfulness at first and finally to give in, walk up before the class—and stay there reciting from two to three hours. This worked out beautifully, for near the end of the week, when it came time to shine in my studies, I'd be gone to the next city—and another school."

● These early successes, no doubt, whetted Joan's ambitions for a finer technique of misbehavior for when she was nine years old, she had become the only girl on a boy's baseball team, and the recognized best pitcher of the school. The enviable position did not last long, however, for Joan was promptly expelled when she was discovered exploring the tombstones in the graveyard across the street instead of going to "the little girl's room" for which she had been excused.

"At fourteen I was still a hellion. I remember one day try-outs were being given for a show to be pre-

Please turn to page fifty-six

Hollywood's Pattern Service Offers You

PEGGY SHANNON'S FAVORITE FROCK

Bring new chic to your wardrobe with this stunning dress!



Peggy Shannon's dress is of green plaided woolen with matching velveteen. The belt is green suede and the hat is velour of the same shade



Fans enthusiastically endorse the easy-to-follow patterns of the stars' chic frocks offered monthly in HOLLYWOOD

PEGGY SHANNON'S frock is just about the last word in chic and seasonal practicability. When our pattern scout was shown this dress by Peggy, she knew it would instantly captivate HOLLYWOOD readers. Accordingly Peggy graciously consented to permit us to offer you its pattern.

The material is a green plaided woolen with matching velveteen. The rakish hat is green velour and the belt is of green suede. With the outfit, shoes of matching green or black suede may be worn.

With the aid of pattern No. 3127 you will find it easy to make a copy of Peggy's dress and we'll wager you'll be the envy of all your friends. The dress is charmingly simple in design and therein lies its intriguing appeal.

When you order the pattern for Peggy's dress, specify pattern No. 3127 and be sure to give your size. The pattern is obtainable in sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, or in 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust sizes. The price of the pattern is 15 cents, which you may remit in stamps or coin, coin being preferred.

Next month another stunning frock, selected from a screen star's personal wardrobe, will be made available for you through HOLLYWOOD'S pattern service. You will be delighted with its distinctive individuality and the ultra-modern chic it brings to your wardrobe.

You'll find many other ultra-stylish and entrancing patterns in our Winter Fashion Magazine. The regular price of the Winter Fashion Magazine is 15 cents, but if you order one when you send for your Peggy Shannon pattern you may obtain it for 10 cents. In other words, you may have one Winter Fashion Magazine and one pattern for a total of 25 cents.

Address your orders for patterns and fashion book to HOLLYWOOD Magazine, Pattern Department, 529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

HOLLYWOOD PATTERN DEPT.,
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.....send me Peggy Shannon's dress pattern No. 3127.....Size.....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State.....

Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.

BEAUTY IS AT YOUR



– Ruby Keeler

Ruby Keeler's romantic appearance can be acquired if you follow Max Factor's instructions



For that "romantic look" the shape of your eyebrows, upper eyelids and lips should conform

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL

Much concern is being expressed by the food, drug and cosmetic manufacturers over the "Tugwell Bill," coming up before the next Congress. This bill is so un-American and so dangerous to the welfare of the people that HOLLYWOOD *urges its readers to familiarize themselves with its absurdities and to voice their opposition to their Senators and Congressmen.*

A famous makeup expert and beauty consultant of the stars offers his valuable secrets

by MAX FACTOR

SUPPOSING CHRISTMAS morning you could go out to that brightly trimmed tree . . . and find a pretty little package addressed to you . . . and labeled *new beauty*. . . .

I know that actually you can find it—only in this case you'll have to be your own Santa Claus. Let's begin by making sure just what kind of beauty it is that you want. Maybe it's that romantic look. The starry-eyed sort that goes with Christmas candles! Not as difficult to achieve as you might imagine—but remember, *there never was romance in a straight line.* It's soft curves that you want about the face as well as the figure. Nothing too vivid. Everything must be done with as delicate a touch as possible and must harmonize to the nth degree. How often have you seen a girl with lip rouge too light for her complexion? Or too heavily applied? Or with mascara daubed thickly on her lower lashes? It's such things as that which dispel romantic illusion quicker than anything else.

The eye-shadow should be shaded very faintly, almost imperceptibly. The rouge and lipstick must blend perfectly not only with each other but with the skin to give that youthful life-like glow. *And most important of all: Your eyebrows, upper eyelids and mouth should have exactly the same contour.* "Synchronize" we call it in Hollywood. Now try it. . . .

● A little deft work with the eyebrow pencil and you can easily conform the shape of the eyebrow with the eyelid. If you're in the habit of drawing a light line at the edge of the eyes to enlarge their appearance, duplicate that line very faintly by extending the eyebrow. Then take your lipstick and get the same "swing" to the lips, working outward from the indentation in the upper one.

Incidentally, what I have given you here is precisely what we do when the studios ask us to make up a girl for the "love interest" in a picture. The likeness in the curves of the features lends that certain something that goes with moonlight and roses . . . Ruby Keeler has it—that romantic look. Why not you?

But possibly it is *charm* you're after. Charm stressed above everything else. I used to wonder as a young man over there in Russia why so many great ladies of the court missed it by inches. Then one day the answer came to me suddenly. You cannot have charm where you

FINGERTIPS

have any artificiality or pretense. It depends principally on *naturalness.* That is why so many of the "siren" type are not charming. True, they're fascinating in their way, but they lack that warmth and sympathy which are the foundation of charm. You feel they are unreal when you look at them, with their heavy pallor and startling mouths.

So if you would have what Barrie terms a "bloom on a woman," be natural. I don't suppose there's a better exponent of that bloom than Kay Francis. The slant of her eyebrows remains the same as Nature intended it. Unplucked except for a stray hair or two. Of course she rubs cold cream well into them and brushes them back smoothly with a brush for that purpose—and they respond by behaving beautifully.

● Another thing—a very important item—charming ladies are never obvious in their make-up. They seldom retouch it in public. As a matter of fact, there's very little need to —if you use the proper foundation cream. Every make-up requires a background. Something that serves to give a faint color tone that's uniform to the entire face and to blot out small blemishes. And that "something" has been found in a new cream of smoothest texture and subtle fragrance. You need only to use a small amount of it at a time. Apply tiny dabs of it on the forehead, cheeks and chin. *Dip the fingers in cold water* and blend in the cream until it seems to disappear. After you've put on your make-up, you'll find it lasts twice as long and needs no "going over" at short intervals.

Do I hear you say you wish to look distinctly *smart* at the Christmas dinner? Crisply, intriguingly smart? The sparkling young moderne with wit at her fingertips? I know of no woman who so typifies "smartness" as Ruth Chatterton. And no woman is a greater believer in the thorough cleansing of the skin—

She always has that refreshing, clean air about her. A look that is possible for *everyone.* Let's go into details a minute as to why personal daintiness is not only most attractive but of tremendous physical benefit. The skin, you see, consists of two major layers: the corium, or true skin, and the epidermis, or scurf skin. The latter acts as a protection for the structures underneath — the glands, muscles, nerves and so forth. In a limited extent the skin may serve as an aid to the lungs. You can readily understand how necessary, how all essential it is, therefore, to *keep it clean!* If you permit the pores to be clogged with grime and soot for even twenty-four hours, you're doing yourself a grave injustice.

So why not do as Miss Chatterton

Please turn to page fifty-seven



The slant of Kay Francis' eyebrows remains as Nature intended. She never plucks them except to remove a stray hair or so



If you want personality, study Bette Davis' and the way she applies makeup to her lips to dramatize her mouth



Her
Clear White
Skin Worked
The Miracle

Dull, coarse complexions invariably repel men. He was no different. She knew it—and suddenly transformed her ugly, rough skin to a luscious creamy whiteness a new way. Captured him. Amazed her friends. You, too, can gain new complexion loveliness.

Stop Worrying About
That Dull Complexion

LET Golden Peacock Bleach Cream remove the beauty-marring effects of age, wind and sun—amazingly. Perfected by 30 great specialists, this truly wonderful discovery is *guaranteed* to whiten your skin one shade a night—or *money back.* Just smooth this cool, fragrant cream over your skin tonight. Tomorrow, what a delightful surprise—your complexion more divinely fair, clearer, more alluring. And, as it whitens, this *natural* aid smoothes and refines the skin—banishes muddiness, freckles, pimples, blotches, *safely.* Try it. See for yourself that Golden Peacock Bleach Cream is the gentlest, daintiest of *all* bleaches that *work.* And note how little you use because it works so fast (certain *rare* ingredients, the reason)—therefore more *economical.* Over half a million women have experienced the seeming magic of it. Get *your* jar TODAY. Prove the results—at our risk. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Golden Peacock
BLEACH CREAM

Try This Exquisite
FACE POWDER

Marvelously fine in texture, Golden Peacock Tonic Face Powder clings smoothly for hours. Certain imported ingredients make it actually a skin *tonic*—effective in correcting coarse pores, blemishes. At all toilet goods counters. New *Gardenia* face powder—with all the properties exclusive to Golden Peacock—already a sensation! Introductory size package at ten cent counters.



TATTOO YOUR LIPS!



Instead of coating your lips with paste a dozen times a day, steal the South Sea maidens' secret of truly ravishing lip allure! *Tattoo* your lips! *Stain* them evenly, once a day with TATTOO. Apply TATTOO like ordinary lipstick. Let it set a moment or two—then wipe it off. Your lips will be *evenly, lastingly* and *transparently* stained . . . tattooed . . . with the most luscious—the most exciting color you have ever seen. And it won't dry your lips. Positively not. It's the *modern* lipstick. It will *actually* keep your lips soft . . . inviting . . . youthfully caressing. Yes, actually! Four startling shades.


PUT IT ON


LET IT SET


RUB IT OFF


ONLY THE COLOR STAYS

No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

$1 at good drug and department stores . . . . Tattoo, Chicago

TATTOO

THE NEW *Transparent* COLOR FOR SHAPELY LIPS

RADIO FLASHES

Short notes and unusual facts about your favorite radio stars

by THE DIAL TWISTER

Nino Martini is an expert horseman.

●

Baby Rose Marie is the mascot of the Liberty (77th) Division of New York, comprising 30,000 veterans.

●

There is a persistent rumor that Jessica Dragonette plans to enter a convent within two years.

●

Harry Richman served in the Navy—and when officers heard him singing while he swabbed the decks, Harry was assigned to entertain them at dinner.

●

Nearly 190,000 persons saw eighty-one presentations of the WLS barn dance in Chicago. The feature has been popular for ten years.

●

Announcer John S. Young, following his graduation from Yale in 1927, received an appointment to the Army Air Corps but refused it because of his mother's illness.

●

Enoch Light, orchestra leader, studied medicine at Ohio State, the University of Pittsburgh and at Johns Hopkins.

●

Johnny Green, conductor-arranger of music for CBS, could play the piano by ear at the age of four.

●

Anthony Frome, the "Poet-Prince," graduated from Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, and was a rabbi before becoming a radio singer.

●

Smiling Ed McConnell receives from 25,000 to 60,000 letters weekly and has received as high as 100,000 letters after a single broadcast.

●

When the script of "Clara, Lu 'n' Em" requires them to eat a meal, an apple usually provides the necessary sound effects.

●

Milton Berle chews on a rubber cigar when he broadcasts.

●

Gypsy Nina's pet peeve is to have fans address her as "Gypsy Lena." She can sing in Russian, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Hebrew, Hungarian, Greek and English.

●

James Melton has left the Revelers to go into an operetta. He has been replaced by Frank Parker. Melton was with the Quartette six years.



Estelle Taylor and Jimmy Fidler, "the Hollywood Tattler," before the microphone on a "Hollywood-on-the-Air" program. Jimmy, who has long been identified with motion pictures, adds much to the programs with his interesting interviews with the stars

Why Love Is Doomed In Hollywood

Continued from page fifteen

ends around six o'clock in the evening. Then there are the rushes to be viewed.

Actors and actresses have between picture periods, of course. It has been my observation that they spend these brief vacations getting themselves in shape for the next grind. Tennis and golf are better training than indoor sports.

Less fortunate are the executives who have no between film lulls. Their work leaves them so little time and energy for their wives that it's a wonder there aren't more divorces.

EVEN A HONEYMOON hasn't a chance in Hollywood. Fred Astaire, the song and dance man of Broadway, arrived here with his society bride just a few days before this was written. They had hopped an airplane the day after they were married.

When he stepped out of the plane, Astaire found representatives from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios awaiting him.

"We'd like you to come right out to the studio," they said. "We have some wardrobe ready for you to try on."

The picture had started already, and the cameras were waiting for the bridegroom.

Merian C. Cooper, the production boss at RKO-Radio, married Dorothy Jordan and was away from his desk such a short time that none at the studio knew about the wedding until days later.

ANOTHER FACTOR THAT contributes to the sex starvation of Hollywood is the glare of publicity which accompanies not only romance, but even the most casual friendship. Let a couple of screen celebrities be seen together in public more than once, and the word is rushed around that they are all torched about each other. Three times is equivalent to an engagement, and by the time they've made their fifth appearance together, the gossips are speculating as to when they will be divorced, altogether overlooking the wedding.

And just let them try to do a little love-making in private. Hollywood has a grapevine system that beats radio, wireless or telegraphy.

I know a chap who took a girl for a ride. It was an innocuous little jaunt that lasted perhaps an hour, and not even a kiss was exchanged. Next day he stopped at a newstand to buy a paper, and the proprietor floored him by saying: "Your girl was in this morning."

"My girl?"

"Sure."

The beauty he named was the other party to that ride.

Last, but not least, there's the matter of familiarity. The chap who sees stars in their scanties and chorus girls in less than that four or five days of the week isn't as apt to be excited by the feminine figure as the youth from Owabashie who pays his quarter to see a nude dancer play hide and seek with a fan at the Chicago world fair.

Sum it all up, and it's easy to see why Hollywood is sex-starved. One could scarcely say famished. Children are still being born in the picture colony.

No One Believed My Window Shades Cost *Only 10c Each . .*



. .They Looked So Smart After Months of Wear!

GUESTS always admired my window shades—that looked as beautiful as the day I bought them.

"I wish I could afford to replace my old, cracked shades," some friend would say, "but I just can't now. Why, you must have paid $10 for those twenty new shades!"

Imagine their surprise when I explained that my shades cost only 10c each. They were not new either. My shades appeared especially attractive because they were faced in the latest chintz patterns . . . patterns that I found from experience I just couldn't get even in the most expensive shades. And my shades stayed pretty because they were Clopay Shades that wore as well as they looked. When I revealed, too, how easy it was to put up Clopay Shades without tacks or tools my friends were convinced I was a shrewd buyer for my family.

NEW KIND OF WINDOW SHADES

Clopay Shades are made of an unusually tough yet flexible fibre material that won't crack, pinhole, fray or curl. Because of their patented creped texture, Clopay Shades hang evenly, roll smoothly and stand rough usage even better than ordinary *cloth* shades. Yet they cost only 10 cents.



See How Easy To Replace Old Shades

Just rip off old shade from roller. Moisten gummed tape edge at top of Clopay Shade—attach to old roller—and hang shade. Now you have a new fresh shade in only 2 minutes! No tacks or tools. Clopay saves time—labor—money.

You'll realize what a bargain value this is when you see the lovely plain colors available, such as dark green, white, ecru—and the modern two-tone chintz effects you can't get in old-fashioned shades. Clopay shades are 36"x6 ft.—easily cut to fit smaller windows. In a jiffy you can attach them to your old rollers—patented gum tape edge at top of shade is the secret. See this amazing new kind of shade today. Millions already in use. Learn what a thrill it is to brighten up every room with new Clopays at *all* your windows. Send 3c stamp for color samples. Just address Clopay Corporation, 1271 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

At All 5c and 10c Stores and Many Department Stores

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES



Darling,

YOU'RE THE GIRL YOU USED TO BE

It was years since she had looked so young and lovely. Something—somehow—had been robbing his wife of the vibrant brightness he had always admired.

. . . Perhaps it's because gray hair comes gradually that you fail to realize how it *fades* your looks—sweeps you remorselessly into Heartbreak Age.

You must cherish your beauty! Recolor your hair *undetectably* with Notox—an entirely *new* way that leaves your hair wonderfully soft and lustrous . . . Notox does not crust the hair with a surface plate of dye. It enters right inside the shaft—and colors the hair where nature does . . . Notox shades duplicate nature's own—and *keep* their even shade just as permanently as natural color no matter how much you wave or wash your hair or expose it to the sun.

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Or buy it, if you prefer, at any smart shop. Resent a substitute—no *like* product exists.

. . . *Send for free copy of the INECTO RAPID NOTOX Beauty Analysis Chart and for name of nearest beauty shop featuring Notox. Write Sales Affiliates, Inc., Dept. 88, 33 West 46th Street, New York.*

Inecto Rapid

NOTOX

COLORS HAIR INSIDE WHERE NATURE DOES

With the News Sleuth

Continued from page thirty-one

Love Reigns Again

THERE ARE THOSE of us who think Hal Roach passed up a great bet for a comedy called *Reunion in Beverly*, backed by the story of the off-again on-again matrimonial situations in the domiciles of his clever comedians, Laurel and Hardy. But with the anouncement that Oliver celebrated Stan's reconciliation with Lois by ending his own five-year squabble with Myrtle, Boss Roach comes along with the news that he's planting his prize fun-makers in a feature-length song-and-dance vehicle to be titled *Sons of the Desert*. Incidentally, Charlie Chase, long a star in his own right, will be seen in support of Laurel and Hardy, with Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch supplying the sex interest.

Renee's Career Ends

RENEE ADOREE, the French circus performer who rose to movie stardom through her marvelous portrayal of "Melisande" in *The Big Parade*, has gone to her last reward.

For three years, Rénée waged a brave battle against the ravishes of tuberculosis. The élite of the film colony paid a last tribute at her bier.

A truly great actress, Rénée never was given full opportunity to again display her store of ability after her histrionic showing in the war picture. The stories and rôles that followed were mediocre, to say the least.

Her last rôle was in *Call of the Flesh* in 1930. Throughout the shooting of this production, the star struggled bravely to hide from her superiors the fact that she was on the verge of complete collapse.

Rénée breathed her last fully aware of the loyalty of three pals—Marion Davies, Dorothy Sebastian and Howard Strickling, the latter publicity director for Metro, where Rénée long was under contract. It was these three who struggled to make her fight easier.

Who's Who's and Why

NOW THEY'RE TELLING it's going to be a Mexican divorce for Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, so that Sue can assume the queenship of Ken Murray's new home without waiting the year required under California law for a final decree.

When the stage production of *Louder, Please*, which starred Ken, opened in Los Angeles, Nick, accompanied by Helen Godwin, a social light, occupied a front row seat, and led the cheering for the man who succeeded him in the affections of Sue. The latter was there with the Johnny Mack Browns.

During an intermission, Nick piloted Helen out to the lobby, where he introduced her to his erstwhile wife.

Max Goes Hollywood

JACK DEMPSEY and other advisors of Max Baer, heavyweight contender, heaved a sigh of relief when Max completed his Metro contract and shook the dust of the talkie capital from his elongated feet. Max, it seems, went Hollywood in a big way.

While wifey Dorothy Dunbar busied herself with her attorneys in winning a Mexican divorce, Max was engaged with the cinema charmers, heart-throb following heart-throb in rapid succession. So complete was the metamorphosis of the big fellow from pug-ugly to matinée idol, that the press agents finally had him jotting down the waist measurements of his ideal girl.

He Took Care Of His Money

DESPITE HIS MANY amours, however, Max Baer didn't scatter his celluloid earnings to the four winds. While here, he purchased the former residence of Cliff Durant, auto magnate, in San Francisco as a gift to his parents, added considerable to his own trust fund and invested in a 16-cylinder motor.

Dorothy made no attempt to collect alimony when she rid herself of Max



Greta Garbo, John Gilbert and Director Reuben Mamoulian discuss the action of a forthcoming scene in* Queen Christina, *the highly romantic story of a Swedish queen and her lover

because she is amply provided for through the estate of her first husband, the late Tommy Wells.

Gary Goes Home

GARY COOPER, one-time ranch boy who became the social king of Hollywood, is renewing old friendships in and about Helena, Montana, his birthplace. After a visit at the home of his brother, Arthur, in Helena, the pair set out on a big game hunting trip in the Bitter Root mountains, where Gary first learned the use of firearms.

Cary Wants a Wife

THE BETTING Is ten to one that Virginia Cherrill will be the bride of Cary Grant even before you read these lines.

When Virginia returned from a location trip to Honolulu, Cary chartered a speed boat and met the liner bearing her homeward many miles off the California coast.

Now that Cary's place in the talkie firmament is assured, thanks to the opportunities provided him by Mae West, he is eager to speed up his wedding date, so that he can take Virginia back to England with him when he leaves shortly for a visit to his parents.

Charlie Is Adamant

BECAUSE Charlie Chaplin is convinced that dialogue has merely served to localize distribution of pictures, the famous comedian will continue to emote in silents.

Construction crews are rushing work on a new stage on the Chaplin lot, so the laugh-provider can get under way with his new opus, which will serve to introduce Paulette Goddard, his fiancée, as his leading lady.

Charlie will revive many of the best gags of his popular short-reelers in this new vehicle.

Bob Goes Travelling

ROBERT MONTGOMERY is off on a transcontinental motor jaunt, but it's not a vacation this time. The versatile Bob, who has emoted in submarines far below the sea's surface and in airplanes high above the clouds, now finds himself making love to Madge Evans in *Overland Bus.*

The Greyhound Lines have furnished Metro with a cross-country vehicle of the latest type. In addition to carrying sound and camera equipment on the trip, it will house the players.

Scenes will be shot as the big stage moves from state to state.

Talbot Recovering

LYLE TALBOT, whose life hung in the balance for days after his car had rammed a hillside home, is now well on the road to recovery. Plastic surgery was resorted to in order to prevent a five-inch gash on his forehead from leaving a scar.

The crash occurred shortly after Lyle had driven Countess di Frasso home from Darryl Zanuck's costume ball.

When Lola Lane switched her affections from Lyle to Al Hall, young Talbot turned his attentions to the Countess.

Now Lola and Al are marking time until Lola's divorce from Lew Ayres is made final, then they'll don double harness in a hurry.

The Life Story of BING CROSBY



MEET this famous radio star in person in the pages of the January RADIOLAND, the NEW Magazine of the Air. Millions of listeners-in rate Bing Crosby the headliner of them all when it comes to radio appeal—but you won't know the **real** Bing nor understand the background of his present success until you've read this fascinating story of his life. It's only one of dozens of articles in the big January RADIOLAND.

Margaret Culkin Banning tells how radio impresses a famous novelist and short story writer. She calls her article "I Never Dial In," but don't misinterpret the title. You'll enjoy her shrewd observations.

IN EVERY ISSUE:

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The Editor's Mailbag

Continued from page eleven

A Good Trick

How Does Mae West manage to walk after she adds six inches to her height through her slippers? Surely it wouldn't add to her delectably feminine self to be other than graceful—but how does she ever manage?

HELEN FIGI,
South Wayne, Wisc.

More Jack

WILL someone please tell me why Jack Oakie is never the "headliner" when a picture is advertised? He is never mentioned as the star, but as far as I am concerned he has stolen every picture he has ever played in. He typifies wholesome, good-natured youth—the kind that can take it and grin. Let's have more of him!

MOLLY JORAN,
10509 Clifton Blvd., Cleveland, Ohio.

She's Angry

When I Read The interview with Jean Acker by Gladys McVeigh, such a feeling of violent irritation arose in me I was just "mad." How could Jean Acker see such strong physical and facial resemblance between Raft and Valentino? How can she see Valentino in Raft? Valentino with his velvety softness and mysterious glamor—fascinating and artistic.

Valentino was different. He was a soaring eagle—he was great—he was clever, daring, yes shocking, too. He had magnificent talent. He reflected tropics of passion in his love-making.

To me there is something amusing about Raft's love-making. I can't see him as a lover—as a menacing gangster—a gunman type—well, I might appreciate his talents there.

DORIS TAYLOR,
1328 Cabrillo St., San Francisco, Calif.

Wants Them Plump

I HAVE heard that Clara Bow's successful comeback depends upon whether she can reduce sufficiently or not. Why, in the name of heaven, must she? So many actresses have to possess that very slim Harlow or Crawford figure. Personally I would enjoy seeing a plump, healthy looking actress on the screen such as Clara or Mae West.

MISS G. BAY,
1102A So. 35th St., Milwaukee, Wisc.

Watch for Mae's Story Next Month

I Could Never Say which of two stars I think is the greatest depression chaser—Mae West or Joan Crawford, for to me they are both marvelous. I think Mae West's article in Hollywood Magazine, "Must a Woman Be Immoral to be Glamorous?", the best ever. She certainly is not afraid to express her thoughts and if folks would be honest in what they believe, they would admit every word is the truth.

Joan Crawford is one of the most wonderful characters in the movies, to weather the storm of physical, mental and spiritual hardships with the courage she did. The expression on her face should be an inspiration for us to have more faith in life and people.

MRS. G. A. BIERSACH,
4803½ Virginia St., Dallas, Texas.

Not a Puritan

WHEN more pictures like *Lady for a Day* are produced, the theatres will hang out more S. R. O. signs. After all is said and done, there's nothing so refreshing, nothing that will make one forget one's cares and worries, like a good, clean picture, well-directed and acted, with a laugh and a tear.

I'm not a puritan, but I have been disgusted with the tawdry, cheap sex stuff the producers have given us in the name of Entertainment. Hip-shaking heroines and mouth twitching heroes may appeal to some, but not me.

MRS. A. BANZ,
1227 Clay St., San Francisco, Calif.

Thanks

You Invited Us To tell you what we'd like to see in Hollywood. First: keep up the fictionizations, they are great. Second: give us more pictures and news about Hollywood. Third: how about letting us know in the preceding issue what date the next issue will come out?

ADRIAN FARINAS, JR.,
204 W. Romana St., Pensacola, Fla.

Every-day Truths

MAY I take issue with Mabel Stultz's letter in which she pleads that "for our kids' sake" the movies desist from "playing up" such repugnant expressions as "I am going to have a baby," etc.?

Where such an expression is repugnant I fail to see. Anyone with a clean mind cannot possibly see anything repulsive about our natural entrance into this world, and certainly children will be all the better off for knowing the plain vital facts of life.

I am a mother of three children and I am grateful to the movies for helping me teach them the natural every-day truths.

MRS. M. FELDMAN,
209 Peters St., S. W., Atlanta, Ga.

Weary of Temperament

After Reading Claudette Colbert's explanation of "Why I've Gone Temperamental" in Hollywood Magazine, I concluded the "Hollywood Technique" must be responsible for such publicity stunts as Katharine Hepburn's patched trousers, Marlene Dietrich's overly-broadcasted pants and the countless other idiosyncrasies one is forever reading about movie stars.

I know it is necessary to keep screen personalities before the public but sometimes I do grow weary of hearing so much about their unique behavior or dress and wish I might think of them as intelligent, polite people who confine their acting to the screen and otherwise lead a sane, normal life.

MRS. C. D. PALMER,
2513 Northway Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Understands, Now

I HAVE often wondered what was the motive which incited movie stars to go temperamental. Claudette Colbert explains the reason very satisfactorily in HOLLYWOOD Magazine and I am very glad that she did for I was inclined to be rather disgusted with the actions of some of the stars. Claudette is entirely justified in going temperamental as everyone knows that directors are not infallible and have made numerous blunders in assignments.

H. A. LOCKWOOD,
1036 Bay View Ave., Oakland, Calif.

Memorial Day

RENEE ADOREE has answered her final curtain call! If we remember her for nothing else, we will at least long associate her with *The Big Parade*, recalling her splendid portrayal in that film.

Too many of the stars of yesterday are forgotten when they are no longer with us. It seems to me that it would be a splendid gesture on the part of Hollywood to set aside one day in the year for the purpose of paying tribute to those who have passed into the great beyond. It might well be called "Hollywood's Day of Remembrance."

JASPER B. SINCLAIR,
318 20th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

Lew Ayres Fan

WHAT a man Lew Ayres is, especially since *State Fair*! He made love to Janet Gaynor so sweetly it went straight to my heart. Lew is a truly fine actor and if Hollywood would look at him the way I do it would think so, too.

BERTHA ELIZABETH HART,
Balboa, C. Z., Panama.

Why Are They Favorites?

JEAN HARLOW as a movie star is a distinct favorite with men, but not so popular with women. Valentino was an idol of feminine fans but never stampeded any masculine enthusiasts. And so it is with stars of his type today. Why the sex alignment? Manifestly this divergence of opinion doesn't hinge on histrionic ability. Perhaps the answer lies deep-rooted in biological and psychological truths. Anyway, beneath it all is a shining compliment for this type of star who provokes the boys and girls to argument.

L. B. BURROW,
300 Ridgeway, Little Rock, Ark.

Live and Let Live

I CANNOT understand why some movie fans insist upon their favorite star to have an unblemished reputation. To those of you who insist upon this I ask you in all fairness, "Do you know that every star in Hollywood is just a mere human being just as you and I?" I have yet to find a perfect human being. Why not let our favorites live the way they choose? Shame on any of you that are so silly as to say you are heartbroken over a little wrongdoing of your favorite star.

MRS. GEORGE VEITH,
950 Schiller Ave., Louisville, Ky.

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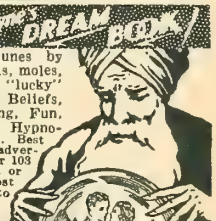
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February HOLLYWOOD

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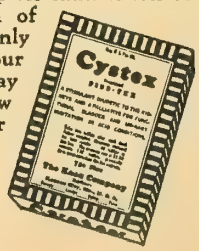
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Christmas Comes to Hollywood

Continued from page thirty-seven

excitedly through thick underbrush on the California hills.

"Look, mother, will *he* like this one?"

"He's sure to, darling! That's beautiful!" Not "la" Dietrich of the dramatic personality speaking. This is Marlene in her biggest rôle—that of mother.

All her life she has followed the quaint old German customs for Christmas, even to setting out a feast presumably for "Kris." Secretly, she herself makes the jolly animal cookies to surprise Maria.

You'll find them everywhere in Hollywood, these gay trees ablaze with colored lights. They decorate every studio set as well.

And The Tales That go the rounds—memories of other Christmases. Una Merkel, chin propped in hands, tells of the time the cast of *Coquette* had to leave New York on December twenty-fourth to open the next day in Chicago. It was pretty bleak, with every click of the rails carrying her further from her family. No one had much to say. You could cut the gloom with a knife until Helen Hayes, the star of the show, insisted that they all come to her hotel suite the next morning. Wonderingly, they went—to be greeted by Santa Claus in person!

Helen had wired ahead for flowers, tree, presents, elaborate dinner and all. And made that Christmas a highlight in place of a heartache.

It takes so little, really, to do that. There was Robert Young's strange experience, for instance.

When Bob was getting his training at the Pasadena Community Playhouse he used to work days for an insurance company. That was in 1929. But even so, Bob came across a good many destitute families because it was his duty to give them formal notice of foreclosure on their house by the company. Did he hate it? He did! Most of the time he'd go back to his boss and report a diptheria sign on the door or give some other excuse for not presenting the notice. And the boss found it out. He was a blustering fellow and the terms he used to discharge Bob were not exactly choice.

Then the "big, bad wolf" came along and blew away his own job, and his house and his car.

It was December twenty-third when the front office at the studio called Bob to say there was a man to see him. "He says he must see you. Matter of life and death." And so it proved. Bob opened the door to discover his old boss sitting there. There was no apologetic look in his eyes; they were too desperate. "It's my wife, Bob. She's sick. There's no food. . . ." The same story Bob had heard so often when he went to deliver those notices! Coming from *this* man!

The two of them went out together—to a grocery store. And before they left Bob had telephoned a doctor.

He visited his one-time boss on Christmas morning. There was a "notice" in his hand. Made up to look exactly like those others, only this one said that until the man found a job there would be money in the bank upon which he could draw weekly.

And so—*Christmas comes to Hollywood.*

◆

Chester Morris Strikes Off His Shackles!

Continued from page forty-three

admitted. "In one thing called *Tomorrow at Seven,* I was cast as a juvenile, a part far too young and unsophisticated for me. In *Breach of Promise,* I had a slim rôle. In *The Infernal Machine* they gave me a rôle that would have been just the thing for Roland Young. I don't care how good an actor is, if he isn't the one who gives the answers, he doesn't show up.

"Half Way Through the preview of *Alibi,* I got up and walked out," said Chester. "I knew I was a flop on the screen and didn't wait for anybody to tell me so. I was in my room, packing my bags to return to Broadway when West found me."

West laughed at his packing and suggested a long-term contract. *Alibi* proved one of the great hits of the screen and Chester, his hands tied on a five-year contract, found himself in demand.

"But," insists Chester, "it wasn't so bad as it sounds. West paid me a handsome salary each week, out of his own pocket. That meant I ate whether I worked or not and I had no financial worries. At first, when other offers with much more money began to come in, I was bitter toward West. Then I began to think it over. I liked the picture game and wanted to stay. I realized that my contract bound West, just as it did me and that he was taking a big gamble on an unknown. I decided that since I was in it, I'd take it on the chin and settle down to make the best of it."

Chester is only twenty-nine years of age. He has five years of screen experience behind him, during which time he was able to study the game, unworried by financial problems or contract troubles. He feels, and rightly, that it has all been for the best and that he only now is beginning his real career.

"I might have been a total flop if I'd been on my own," he admits, "and if I had it to do over again, I'd do the same thing, except that I'd make a contract for two or three years instead of five. I think any young actor, without experience in pictures, who has a chance to get a contract with a man like West, is foolish if he doesn't do it."

Chester's first picture on his own was *Golden Harvest,* at Paramount. Following that he went to Universal for at least two pictures, the first of which, *Kid Gloves,* marks his first screen appearance as a prizefighter. He's like a kid out of school and happier than ever before in his life. He has found out the type of thing he does best and with the ability to pick and choose his own rôles, we're going to see a new and sparkling Chester Morris on the screen.

Any Girl Can Do What I've Done

Continued from page thirty-eight

extremities since she was ten, climbing up and down neatly piled books. Because, of course, she'd known she was going to be a concert singer and she wanted to be the kind with a good figure.

Weyburn grew discouraged of trying to dissuade her after her twelfth visit. "All right. You win." He put her in the last row of the chorus in *Night Boat*.

No hint yet of the glamorous sparkling girl of *The Love Parade*. But she was learning. It isn't so difficult to break through the chrysalis of the nice ordinary girl to a still nice but fascinating charmer. An easy step—if you care enough to take it. Jeanette cared enough. She began with externals; such as bringing out the golden glints in that red hair of hers. She asked and studied and poked around until she found out exactly the kind of clothes and colors that became her most.

Ned Weyburn had told her she could go on the road with the show at a $5 increase in salary. But she'd have to pay her hotel expenses. The Scotch blood in Jeanette said *no*, it wouldn't be worth it. Better to look for another job. The next morning the long distance call came. *Her father was dead.* He had been taken sick very suddenly at eleven and had died at three.

"I'm Not Going back into any chorus, Mumsie. I'll find a part to do."

The responsibility of the family rested heavily upon Jeanette's shoulders now. But she found the part and incidentally made a friend. A very influential friend who had but to pull strings to alter destinies in the theatrical world. He offered Jeanette a wonderful opportunity and in great excitement she moved her family to New York. Only after they were settled did she discover he had one of those strings attached to the offer. She did what any decent girl would do—walked out of his office and never went back. But that didn't make the winter any easier.

Broadway had never been so cold and blizzardy. It wasn't until a late March sun had melted the frost that she found a place for herself. In *Irene*. It took Jeanette two years of solid plugging to work up to the ingénue lead in *Tip Toes*.

She and the university student had drifted apart; there was no time for other romances. A single-minded girl, this Jeanette.

The road to Hollywood looked as closed to her as the sacred mount of Mohammed. Every picture she had taken told her so.

"You're a terrible photographic subject, darling," her friends assured her frankly. Too scrawny, you see. The bone structure was prominent in all the wrong places.

"I'll stick to the stage," smiled Jeanette. And then, simply because she felt run down and wanted to prepare for a new part, she went on a milk diet. At a sanitarium in New Jersey where they give you eight to ten quarts of pure Holstein a day and don't allow you to stir. In three weeks even her skin tissue seemed to have changed. It had

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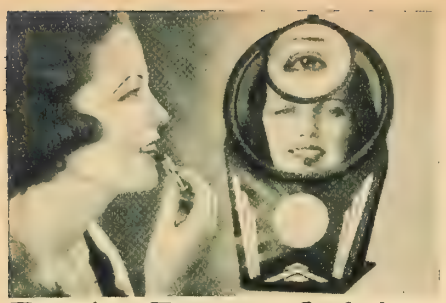
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acquired a creamy lustre and she had filled out in all the right places. To the girl it appeared as if a miracle had been wrought.

She was sure of it the next time she posed for lobby display art. The pictures reflected a different girl. Cheeks rounded, softened profile, and legs—er—not spindly. Not the slightest!

Ernst Lubitsch thought them perfect. In fact that was his first thought when he saw her in Chicago in *Boom-Boom.* Because he was searching for just such a pair—the princess in *The Love Parade* had to have *ne plus ultra* nether extremities when she stepped from the bath. Remember?

And so, on the strength of a milk diet and plenty of spunk, Jeanette came to Film Town—and to the most unique career any star has had.

SHE HAS MADE only ten pictures and every one of them has hit the box office bull's eye. Not a mediocre program production in the lot. Her Hollywood career might have been planned on sheer inspiration. Maybe it was. Who did it? A gentleman by the name of Robert Ritchie. The only other man besides that young student in Jeanette's life.

Seven thousand newspapers have intimated they were married. Some columnists, among them Walter Winchell, have been so bold as to state that they were. They are not. Here's the reason, given by Jeanette herself.

"It isn't so easy somehow to take orders from a husband as it is from a fiancé. Bob has been my manager, and I have been in love with him, for nearly four years. We expect to have a lifetime together. I rather think it will taste all the sweeter because of this prolonged engagement."

It was Ritchie who forbade her signing a long term contract. "Choose your parts. Don't be stuck into them," he warned her. Consequently each MacDonald rôle has been highlighted and heralded far and wide. And then, when he had ferretted out her European rating in the studio foreign department, he announced: "You're going on a concert tour. You rank second to none abroad. Contact with the public will push you even higher. We'll leave as soon as I can arrange the booking."

"But that's impossible. I can't go! They want me for—"

"They want you for a couple of pictures that won't mean a thing to you."

You can see what would have happened had they been married. Arguments. Possibly one of those bitter family deadlocks.

That opening night in Paris, Jeanette knew he was right. There was a terrible moment of weighted silence when she had finished her numbers—then the thunderous applause that Parisiennes reserve for particular favorites . . .

When she returned the MacDonald salary was twice what it had been.

She's back to do such popular plays as *The Cat and the Fiddle* and *The Prisoner of Zenda,* before she sets sail for South America for what undoubtedly will be another victory..

Jeanette—the girl who stepped from our rank and file, minus all fanfare, to gather glory. The standard-bearer for Miss Average American.

◆

I've Always Been a Devil

Continued from page forty-four

sented before the Parent-Teacher Association. The headliner of the program, a girl-pianist, was billed over me, and I didn't like the idea. In fact, I didn't like it so much that I stuffed every other key of the piano with cotton, and then watched the girl's horrified expression when she came forcibly down upon the opening chords and a few discordant notes plunked dismally.

"The program was indefinitely postponed with everyone in the school ordered to remain in class until the culprit confessed. Though I was unanimously suspected by every kid in the school, no one dared tell, for fear of the revenge I had dealt once before to a tattle-tale. (I locked him in a cloak closet after school where he remained all night.) It was about seven o'clock when I finally sneaked out of the classroom, and up to the principal's office. He was a tall, handsome blond man to whom I had always wanted to talk—alone. With much dramatic crescendo I admitted that I was the piano-key-stuffer and was prepared to take my punishment. I shall never forget the way he looked at me—and then smiled and finally broke into laughter. Then he took both my hands in his, looked squarely into my eyes and made me promise to tell the kids that he had punished me severely and it hurt awfully.

"Luckily my reputation did not follow my father's itinerary, for upon entering school in New York, I was once more given an enviable assignment—the rôle of *Priscilla* in the school play, *Courtship of Miles Standish.* All the members of the cast had rehearsed conscientiously in their rôles, especially Miles Standish—a boy whom I disliked thoroughly. The big day arrived, and just before the curtain went up, I cornered 'Standish' backstage, tied his arms up over his head, stole his beard and hid it in the hip bustle of my costume. The play ran smoothly until just the crucial moment—when John Alden proposes for Standish—I turned my back to the audience, donned the beard and reeling about wild-eyed exclaimed, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, idiot!'

"The curtain came down midst a 'tch, tch, tch' from the audience, and I was sent home.

To Joan's great ecstasy, and that of all her teachers, her father was booked for Honolulu a few weeks later and Joan was taken out of school to go along.

With all our recounting of Joan's gay, mad exploits, we have failed to mention one important fact about her—that she actually was *serious* about becoming a successful actress—and has. By now, however, you have deduced rightfully that these boisterous, good-humored, wise-cracking rôles she portrays on the screen are not altogether assumed. Joan is like that — always an open-handed, delightful, rough and ready girl whose motto is living fully every minute of her life without trying to be something she isn't.

Beauty at Your Fingertips

Continued from page forty-seven

does — apply an instantly liquifying cleansing cream that seeps right into the pores and roots out the dirt that cannot be eliminated with mere surface bathing? She does this at least twice a day and gives herself a facial two or three times a week.

I remarked not long ago about her truly marble-like skin and this is the answer she gave me: "I sleep nine hours every night. I drink about six glasses of hot water with a bit of lemon juice in it every day. And I never touch fried meats or pastry. For the rest, I use the method of cleansing the face that you gave me." And I confess when I looked at her exquisite skin, that gave me a good deal of satisfaction!

Well-kept Hair also plays a big part in smartness. Shining hair neatly arranged, that "immaculate look," and groomed hands will put you at your best at the festive Holiday table!

If you want to accent *personality*, however, be vivid and vibrant. Somehow that's synonymous with "pep." So accentuate your rouge and lipstick just a trifle. "Pick up" the corners of your mouth by curving them upward. Do the same with your eyebrow pencil to the corners of your eyes. You want the lines of your face *going up*. Laughing lines. Gay and jolly. Have your hair in chic, saucy little curls at the nape of your neck.

Joan Blondell and Bette Davis are two actresses who typify what I mean by "personality." And they do it in two different ways. Joan is the "hey-hey" girl. Bette is the radiant co-ed. She has combined poise with pep. You feel it in that lovely, husky voice of hers. In her swift but smooth gestures. Both girls have learned the trick of "heightening" their faces. Joan does it with cheek rouge and eye make-up. Bette has brought out the shade of her naturally blond hair to a golden color and dramatized her mouth. So that along with personality she has a touch of glamour.

Glamour—the by-word of this modern age. And who is a more apt example of it than Joan Crawford?

Mystery, not the secretiveness of a Garbo, but that element of eternal feminine mystery that precludes such things as girlish giggles and coy glances . . . striking effects in make-up . . . interesting color contrasts in clothes . . . these are all a part of glamour.

Joan has cultivated a rich voice with full rounded tones—a basic part of this delightful witchery. And in her appearance she has deliberately cultivated *angles*. Done it fascinatingly too. With her eyebrows, for instance; notice their abrupt swerve. Her lips are very full, very rounded. She has used deep eye-shadow to bring out the clear whites of her large eyes—a singularly interesting contrast. And she dresses her hair so that it serves more as a dramatic frame for her features than as a softening influence.

Somehow, a rosy glow and glamour go together. For that reason I'd suggest a slight touch of rouge on your chin. *Also on your elbows when you're wearing a formal gown.* Take a little blondeen rouge and blend it in well on each elbow to break up the long white line of the arm.



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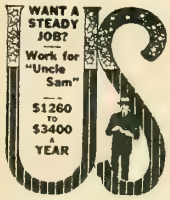
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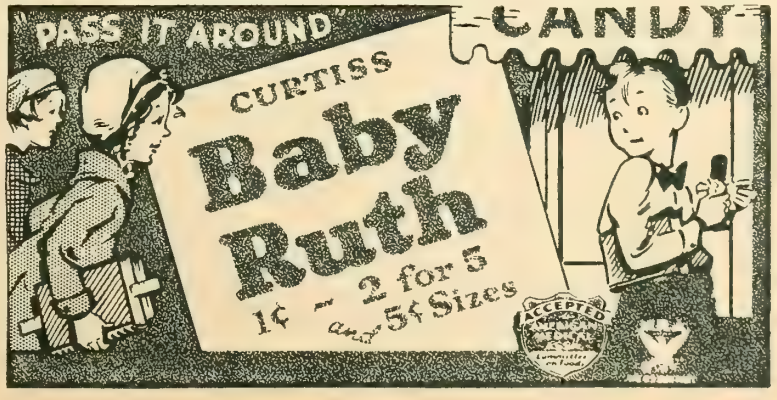
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Mae West's Personal Maid Tells All

Continued from page thirty-three

Her Dressing Quarters at the studio consists of two rooms, a sitting room and a dressing room. Both are done in a shade between peach and rose, combined with pale grey. The floor is covered throughout with a thick carpet of oyster grey. The walls are covered with oval shaped mirrors that hang from ceiling to floor and you find yourself staring back at yourself from every angle.

The vanity in the dressing room is six feet long, with full length triple mirrors, forming a semi-circle of glass almost the length of the vanity itself. On this vanity are all kinds of receptacles in heavy gold, lined with rose. The covers are made of hand-painted French miniatures. There are fifteen large crystal perfume bottles containing perfumes that Libby won't even try to pronounce, and simply calls them by number. Not a bad idea.

There are no pictures on the wall—there isn't room for them with all those mirrors, but there are fresh cut flowers daily to add decoration and color.

The chairs are upholstered in heavy satin in that same shade between the peach and rose. There is also a chaise longue to match the chairs. There are a couple of occasional chairs covered in brocaded blue silk. There is a little piano, a French desk trimmed in gold with a tiny table to match. And Libby says, "Now tell me *that's* no dressin' room!"

It seems that Libby is about relieved of her duties the minute Mae reaches the studio—oh, we expect keeping up the good mood continues—but no actual work. The hairdresser attends to Mae's blonde tresses, giving her a finger wave every day and a shampoo once or twice a week. She also gives the manicures.

A makeup girl makes Mae up for the screen and there's no tricks to it—just plain straight grease paint, rouge powder and mascara.

The clothes she wears in the picture, which are seldom the type she wears off the screen, are all taken care of by a wardrobe mistress. This is absolutely necessary because they aren't made to fit Mae or anyone else. They are made to fit the character Mae is playing, which usually requires a lot of padding here and there, not to mention the uncomfortable stays, built-up shoes and other forms of torture—but it's all for art's sake and Mae can smile often when she is too uncomfortable to breathe properly.

When They Reach the set, Libby and Mae cease to be Maid and Madam, they are co-workers — actresses. Mae never studies, reads, or does anything like that on the set—she is far too busy watching the action, conferring with the director, discussing the work from any and every angle. Everyone on the picture. is of equal importance in her estimation—if not, why have them in the picture? Everyone must have the same time and kind consideration that she receives—and gives. Naturally everyone else is in support of her, they know it and she knows it, but after every scene she thanks those supporters—probably not in just so many words, but in smiles and friendly comments, and how they love to work with her!

During lunch hour, she retires to her dressing room to eat a light lunch of a salad and a cup of tea. If it's very warm, she prefers a cold drink. She does not change her make-up but does touch it up a bit.

After work she goes to her dressing room and removes the make-up and changes into the clothes she wore to work in the morning. Then she goes home.

She always dresses for dinner. She likes to dress for dinner. She is always tired and dressing up seems to rest her, especially if she wears some of her lovely jewels.

For Evening Wear she likes the freedom of low-cut, softly clinging gowns and little furry jackets. Coarse materials, or starchy goods, do not appeal to her. Libby calls her a "Satin girl," and that really best describes her.

Mae is fond of fussy lingerie; silks, satins and lace are all the same to her provided they are in the delicate shades she adores—pale pink, peach and turquoise blue and also white.

She has naturally lovely skin and her only method of keeping it in condition is to never use soap on her face. She uses good cleansing creams, rich in oil, and lots and lots of cold water.

For her physical being, a masseur comes to her home every evening. Even as a little girl she learned from her famous fighting father, "That tense muscles must be relaxed by massage if one would keep fit." When she is between pictures, she enjoys a good brisk walk every day—when she is working, an indoor bicycle takes the place of the walk.

If Mae is going out, she permits Libby to help her dress and then gives her the entire evening off. Mae always selects the clothes she wishes to wear, "She doan need no hep from me on that!" Libby laughs.

Before Libby leaves, she turns down the covers on the bed, but "Muh Madam doan need no hep to get to bed. No, Muh Madam doan care for pajamas; she's partial to nightgowns, an' the prettier they ah the bettah she sleeps, yes suh!"

◆

Sally Eilers gave the girls something to talk about when she appeared at the George Hearsts' dinner party in a tricky gown with sleeves made entirely of flowers.



War Declared On American Movies

Continued from page forty-one

to be a hair raiser—like our "the-Indians-are-coming pictures — only with blacks instead of Indians. The government killed it in its cradle because they said it did not present conditions rightly. And the stockholders in the company lost all their money.

Punishment?

I Don't Know How wicked Australia has been in the past; but I can't believe that any country has ever done anything to deserve these English pictures. They are the most gosh-awful stuff I ever have seen on any screen.

The other night one called *Good Companions*—taken from the Priestly book—opened at the Prince Edward Theatre. The sign on the curtain said that this is the only talkie the King and Queen have ever seen.

Under the circumstances, I am going to withdraw my candidacy; I am not going to run for king.

The leading lady is an English girl named Jessie Mathews, and they advertise her as "England's Little Imp of Mischief"—which tells more about Jessie than I have strength left to tell.

That's the trouble with English pictures; they are so obvious. The funny fellows are too funny and the little imps of mischief are too frolicsome.

Fay's Director

ALTHOUGH some of our own—showing over here—are plenty bad. I saw Fay Wray in *Ann Carver's Profession.* It made me sad. The quickie director made Fay do everything that von Stroheim spent a solid year telling her not to do.

If Von could have had Miss Wray for another year he might have made a topside actress of her. Or killed her.

It is a curious thing, but nobody that Von Stroheim or Griffith ever directed amounted to very much thereafter. I have worked with both of them. Their methods are so peculiar. They so dominate every thought and movement of the actors that—thereafter—the stars are like horses without bridles.

Will Doug Be a Duke?

I Hear That Douglas Fairbanks—having parted from Mary — is in England planning to produce pictures. It is my guess that he will never come back. Doug has become so used to dukes and counts that he is not happy in America.

I happen to know that, for years, he tried to get Mary to go to Europe to be Lord and Lady of the old manor house Doug just licks this stuff up. I don't think Mary—after the first thrills—was much excited over crowns and coronets.

If Doug should go seriously into English pictures, he might revolutionize them. He has undoubted genius as a producer — although somewhat out of tune with the modern story.

Dramas of the Service

THE best picture I have seen for a long time is *Hell Below*—which has just hit Australia. It came at a fortunate time—when the air of the Pacific is filled with war rumors.

This is one of a string of navy pictures written by a retired and invalided officer; and they have the flavor of the service. Everything in *Hell Below* could have happened—and probably did.

Pale Blondes

I Am Discouraged about the rising crop of American girls. I have seen four pictures in which glowing "finds" have been triumphantly displayed for the world to see. To me they are all vacuous, vapid little blondes without a spark of beauty or character.

To my mind the best girls coming to the front—although they haven't much further to come—are Kay Francis and Myrna Loy.

Miss Francis is a gorgeous creature and little Myrna Loy has a sincerity of method that might start her on the way to greatness.

But after all, my favorite American girl is Marie Dressler. That old gal could recite the alphabet and make me want to go back to the kindergarten.

News Reel Theatre

THE experiment of a theatre running only news reels was tried and was a flop in Los Angeles and other big cities. One is running in Sydney with great success.

The folks not only sit with rapture through news events months old; but they sit tense on the edge of their seats through advertising reels, showing how darned easy it is to mow a lawn with Prof. Poofensocker's famous lawn mower.

To Conquer Hollywood

Two Hopeful young souls are sailing for Hollywood on the *S. S. Monterey* to fill a long-felt want in the movies. They are winners of a search-for-beauty contest staged by Paramount in Australia.

One is a sub-deb of a prominent family in Melbourne; name Gwen Monro. She is a brunette, aged nineteen; speaks seven languages and rides horses, swims and all such. The Paramount people here seem to feel that all this is important; to be an interpreter of the fine arts I suppose you have to know a lot of languages. If hers is the experience of most beauty contest winners who come to Hollywood all she really needs is just one language to cry bitter tears in.

The other search-for-beauty contest winner is a young lawyer named Brian Norman. I don't know how beautiful he is; but he has a good screen name.

Japs Move In

FOLLOWING the example of the English, the Japanese have begun a great drive to chase American pictures out of the Orient markets.

From our stand-point, they are awful; but as Tokio turns out more feet of picture film than Hollywood by a good margin, somebody must like them.

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND



SHE *could* have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR (Nature's Remedy)**, as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.



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See page 10



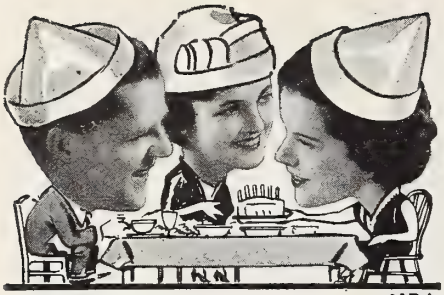
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Undraped Movies?

Continued from page twenty-three

and others spent a week in Hobart Glassey's camp, Elysia, filming most of the picture there. Like all visitors, they were required to dispense with most of their clothing.

"We were soon used to it and felt completely at home," Foy delared.

A member of Foy's troupe of fifteen film workers was very anti-nudist at the outset. He later joined the colony!

While the picture was being filmed, a business man from a California city joined the Glassey colony. He came in as a skeptic, demanding to be "shown!" In a few days he sent for his wife, sixteen-year-old daughter and his twelve-year-old son. They were all enrolled! Persons of all ages, religions, pursuits and degrees of poverty or wealth mingle in this democracy of the nudists, and everyone is addressed by his or her first name only. Class distinctions, like clothes, are discarded inside the gates of the secluded, pretty forest retreat.

In this typical colony, says Foy, are week-enders, vacationers and more permanent dwellers. He calls them "Neither wild-eyed fanatics nor cultists, but very pleasant, decent, sane folks."

Optimists among producers see signs of growing enlightenment and tolerance. They point out that it proved as hard to pin a charge on Sally Rand — and make it stick—as to keep her clothes on, and that the first Chicago judge to whom Reformer Mary Belle Spenser appealed against Sally, refused indignantly to act, saying: "Is nudity a crime? Some people would put pants on a horse! A half century ago they pinched Mary Walker for wearing pants. Today, any girl can wear pants and nobody arrests her!"

And they cite with distinct triumph how police recently arrested four "Seven Veil" dancers because they *didn't* strip off the final veil, after encouraging cash customers to think they might! As a judge remarked on this case: "It's more of a crime to take money under false pretenses than to expose a perfectly well-made human body!"

SOME FILM AUTHORITIES forsee censorship battles. The optimists overlook the fact that during one week, in gay Los Angeles, three girls were arrested for dancing in the nude. Nor did the optimists look to Europe for lessons. While many European nations are going nudist very rapidly, unabashed and unarrested, the police in wicked France are arresting folk right and left, not only for nudity, but for daringly draped displays of the body on Paris streets and at the French beaches.

Those famous French establishments, once so popular, where tourists are shocked and one pays to see nudity, had been suffering from this wholesale free competition. Something *had* to be done to increase their business, so the police set about doing it.

Some producers are trying for nudist effects rather than direct nudist dramas. One "independent," wishing to make a film using the psychology of a people untrained in the art of being ashamed of their bodies, plans to produce a feature with Japanese characters in Japan, where most bathing is done on one's front porch. M-G-M has announced the filming of a jungle picture dealing with the lives and loves of the Tariano Indians, a nudist tribe in the wilds of Brazil. The Marquis de la Falaise got ahead of the parade with his new film of Bali, *Legong, the Dance of the Virgin.*

Hollywood is full of other indications of the undraped trend. Many famous artists' models have been summoned to the studios. Maria Corda, who wished to be a bit too nude for American audiences at the time she filmed *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* here, is said to have had an offer of stardom in America.

Musicals and other films using chorus girls are getting as nude as clothes will permit. The latest dodge invented—it has not yet been used—is to film dancers nude except for costumes of cellophane, tinted so that they appear opaque to eye and camera — until colored filters are slipped in front of the camera lenses. The nude is then glimpsed fleetingly, and vanishes so magically, that even a censor might think his guilty imagination was tricking him!

Whatever develops from the nudist film situation, will come about speedily.

◆

Groucho Marx Time

Continued from page twenty-one

that staunch little man of seven summers, six winters, and eight teeth, in an old ramshackle dictaphone, without even a pair of dice to keep him company. How many other children can say as much? How many can say anything? Don't tell me, I don't want to know. So, just picture for yourself that little man. Or picture for yourself a big man. No, forget it. Doesn't that go to prove that Amos 'n' Andy are not as black as they're painted? Now, get out of here. If you don't, I'll call Harpo and he'll steal the shirt off your back."

I laughed cynically. "Ha, ha." I raised the sweat shirt I was wearing and exposed my bare back. "I know you Marx boys," I said. I'm not wearing a shirt. Any nudes is good nudes."

And so we both had a good laugh over the whole affair, and parted just as good friends as we were before, me with a knife in my back. Before I left I asked Groucho why he usually sang when he was in his swimming pool.

"Why," he looked at me askance, "don't you know? I'm practising to be a high diva for my next picture—*Duck Soup.*"



Broadway Thru a Keyhole

Continued from page twenty-seven

He parted the drapes over a window and disclosed a bullet-proof sheet-iron shutter which closed with a heavy clang.

"They keep out the sunshine," Joan observed critically.

"That ain't all we hope to keep out," said Chuck with a grim smile.

In a politely professional tone the decorator advised, "I would suggest a pale green or perhaps ivory."

"Paint them any color you want," Rocci said and then turned to Joan. "Someday when I don't have to have these on my windows," he tapped the metal with his ring, "I'm going to ask you a real question."

Joan was about to speak when there came a rattle of machine guns and a rain of bullets against the iron shutters. The girl and the racketeer happened to be standing with their backs to the closed half of the shutter out of direct range of the bullets that came through the open space and peppered the wall.

At the sound of the first shots Rocci dragged Joan to the floor and held her there until the throbbing of a high-powered motor car indicated the gangsters were making a getaway.

Her face white with fear, Joan sprang to her feet.

"Oh, Frank! Frank!" she exclaimed. "Did they get you?"

"No, honey, there's nothing to fear," he replied soothingly. "It's all over now." He helped her to a chair.

For the first time the girl realized what it really meant to be a racketeer. She clutched Rocci's arm.

"They'll try again to kill you. You must get away from here."

"No, I'm not going but you are."

"I'm in no danger," Joan protested. "They were shooting at you."

"All the same," Rocci went on, "you're leaving town tomorrow. You and Sybil are going to take a trip to Maine, Florida, California, any place you want to go; the farther away the better. But you are going to blow this town until I square things with Tim Crowley and his mob."

After A Conference with Sybil, Joan decided to do as she was told and selected Miami as a pleasant hideout for the winter months.

According to Sybil the first week at Miami was a complete washout.

"I guess we've blown in at the tail end of the mating season," she said. And then came Peanuts Dinwiddie out of the blue.

Sybil aamitted that Peanuts was about everything a man should not be. "But anyway he wears pants and he'll take us places," she argued when Joan pointed out his shortcomings. "And he does know people," Sybil added. "I'm sick of hanging around this room waiting for the phone to buzz."

"All right, have it your own way," Joan conceded. As a result the girls were the guests of Peanuts Dinwiddie at the "Grove" in the Rooney-Plaza where the famous crooner, Clark Brian, was the attraction.

When Joan discovered that Peanuts actually knew Brian the evening took on a new interest, for Clark had long been her favorite radio performer.

The blood rose to her cheeks as the noted crooner approached with Peanuts.

"I want to present Mr. Brian, Miss Smith and Miss Whelan."

Clark chose the chair next to Joan.

Joan's experience with men had not been great, but she knew instantly on looking into the singer's eyes that there was something about him which thrilled her as she had never been thrilled before. She liked Frank but the emotion he aroused was calm; he was like an elder brother.

When Clark asked her to dance she was flustered. On the floor swaying to the soft rhythm of a fox-trot she wanted to close her eyes in a dream which would have no ending—a dream of floating through moonshot clouds while held in the strong arms of the handsome man who guided her so deftly.

Clark saw her the next day and for many subsequent days. They swam together, rode horseback and sat for dreamy hours under palm trees. They strolled along the beach when there was no light save that from the stars.

It was on one of these moonlight walks that Clark folded Joan in his arms and for the first time pressed a kiss on her lips. She did not protest as the embrace tightened. As he drew her yielding body close to his she closed her eyes and gave herself to the full ecstasy of being kissed by the man she loved.

It was after midnight when she hurried through the deserted hotel lobby and up to her room.

One of Rocci's henchmen happened to be in Miami. Joan ignored him and, being of a vindictive disposition, he dispatched the following wire:

CHUCK HASKINS,
GLENWOOD ARMS,
NEW YORK CITY.

TELL ROCCI HIS HEART AND A CANARY NAMED CLARK BRIAN ARE HAVING JOLLY MOMENTS DOWN HERE UNDER THE PALM TREES STOP SEEN IT WITH MY OWN LAMPS.

LOUIE.

Five minutes after receiving this message, Rocci was on the phone ordering Joan back to New York.

Rocci And Chuck met the girls at the station and drove them to Joan's apartment. After Joan had removed her wraps and she was alone with Frank the racketeer eyed her keenly.

"You've got a nice tan," he said.

"I spent most of the days on the beach. It was glorious."

Rocci moved toward her, a softer expression on his face.

"Listen, honey, give it to me straight. What's it all about?"

The girl twisted uneasily. "What do you mean, Frank?"

This time Rocci spoke brusquely. "Are you stuck on that guy?"

"Do—you—mean—a—"

"You know perfectly well who I'm talking about. Clark Brian, if you want his name. Did he make a pass at you?"

"That's exactly what he didn't do."

"Joan, I've always been on the level with you."

"You say that as if you didn't trust me."

"I've got to know where I stand. You've always been first, you know that.



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You say I've done a lot of things for you. Well, it's been fun. You don't owe me a thing, honey. Knowing you and being with you has been payment enough. If you want things to be different now, let's hear it."

Joan hesitated for fear of what Rocci might do to Clark if he knew the truth.

"You know how I feel," she said evasively.

Frank took her in his arms and Joan, tense with conflicting emotions, submitted to his passionate kisses although she was torn by a sense of treachery to the man she loved and to her benefactor. After all, she wanted to make Frank happy and could not bear to hurt him.

SOON AFTER JOAN'S return to the white lights readers of Walter Winchell's daily column were made curious by the following paragraph:

Because Clark Brian suddenly took a run-out powder on his bookings at the Rooney-Plaza in Miami, he will probably be socked by the hotel with a damage suit of $100,000 via the breach-of-contract gag. Dame trouble, Clark?

Joan read the pithy item with a sense of approaching calamity. The night show was over and having removed her make-up she was about to change to street attire. There came a knock on the door and expecting a visit from Rocci she called, "Come in."

Reflected in her make-up mirror was the figure of Clark, his eyes wild with excitement. Swept by a surge of emotion, she arose and was caught in his embrace, everything forgotten save the fiery joy of his kisses.

"Oh, Clark, I've missed you so," she murmured. "Hold me tight. Let me feel that you are really here. I'll never let you out of my sight again."

He drew her closer and then a shudder of fear crept over her as she realized his danger. Drawing away she exclaimed, "But you shouldn't have come! I don't know what Frank will do to you! He'll be wild with jealousy!"

"I'm not afraid if you love me. I'm not afraid of anything except losing you."

"But you don't know Frank," Joan protested. "He's liable to be here any minute."

Scarcely had she spoken this warning when there came a knock on the door. Joan opened it just far enough to peep out without allowing anyone to see into the room.

"Are you dressed?" Rocci's voice was hoarse.

"No—no, not quite." The girl's body was hidden behind the door.

"Then what's that crooner doing in there?" The words came cold and sharp. Rocci placed his foot in a position to block a closing of the door while Joan still tried to shield her visitor.

Then Clark stepped forward and pushed the door open and the two men confronted each other tense and alert.

Joan regarded them with helpless fright. Rocci turned, his eyes narrowed into flinty slits. For the first time in his life he spoke harshly to Joan. "Get out!" he ordered.

But Joan's first thought was for the safety of Brian. "Please, Frank, please! I asked him to come here. It's all right."

The gangster's eyes were fixed in a piercing, deadly stare. He grasped the girl's arm so firmly that she winced, pushed her through the doorway and into the corridor, then closed the door and faced his rival.

CLARK WATCHED THE gangster closely. It was a test of his courage and even when Rocci reached into his pocket the crooner did not flinch.

"I didn't expect to meet you this way, Rocci," he said, "but I intended to get in touch with you about Joan."

Rocci's expression remained inscrutable as he waited for Clark to continue.

"Now that we've met, I really don't know how to start. I've heard you were a square dealer." Clark paused before saying the words that might mean his death. "I know that I love her more than my own life. I know that whatever happens to me doesn't really matter—if I can't have her. You can get your gang after me or do anything you like but you can't stop my wanting her."

The words poured from Clark's lips in a hot stream: "You see, Mr. Rocci, I can't even believe that I am standing here talking to you this way. I'm not a fearless guy at all. But I just can't go on living without the only thing that gives me the courage to confront you and tell you the truth straight from my heart.

"Joan has told me how much you have done for her. She is grateful but you must not confuse gratitude with love. She didn't want me here—or you to know about me—for fear of what you might do—not to her but to me. I'm glad I've met you, though—so I could tell you how much I love her. I want to marry her and I leave it to you, Rocci, to decide whether I live for her or die."

Rocci dropped his cigarette and calmly walked toward Clark. He looked the crooner straight in the eye and spoke quietly, "O. K. Just be good to her." He picked up his hat and gloves and left the room.

A few weeks later all Broadway and a section of Park Avenue were interested in the marriage of the famous crooner and the pretty dancer from the Klub Kaley. Frank Rocci, president of the Poultry Protective Association, attired in a morning coat and top hat was among those present.

Also among those present at the church door was one Tim Crowley, whose name loomed large on the social register at police headquarters. It was Tim who had broken away from the Rocci Poultry Protective Association and who had sprinkled lead into the walls of Rocci's newly decorated apartment. And it was Tim who had sworn vengeance on his erstwhile partner.

In the confusion and commotion consequent upon the appearance of the bridal party after the ceremony, Tim and three of his henchmen kidnaped the bride as she was about to step into a limousine.

Before anyone realized what was happening, the gangsters whisked Joan into a waiting car and a moment later with curtains drawn the machine darted away. Skidding around corners and flashing through side streets, Tim's car soon stopped in front of an uptown hotel.

Meanwhile, one of Tim's gang also in accord with previous arrangements in the belief that Rocci would trail Tim to the hotel, had tipped off the police that the bride had been kidnaped by Rocci in revenge on Clark for having married his girl.

Rocci, As Tim expected, trailed the gangster's car to the hotel. He arrived just in time to see Crowley leave the building, jump into his car and speed down the quiet street.

Rocci thought fast. Joan might still be in the car. But if so why had Crowley wasted valuable minutes stopping at the hotel. Rocci demanded the key from the frightened room clerk and entered the suite where he found Joan prostrate on the bed. He rushed to the bathroom, soaked a sponge in cold water and bathed the head of the exhausted girl. She had revived sufficiently to look up at him dazedly when there came a pounding on the door.

Rocci propped Joan up on pillows and with a reassuring, "Don't be frightened. I'll be back in a minute," left the room. He threw open the door to confront the police.

Rocci placed his hand in a pocket of his coat, a gesture which the police interpreted as a move to draw his gun and before the racketeer had a chance to speak there came three sharp reports. Rocci crumpled to the floor, blood trickling through the fine raiment which he had donned for the wedding. He was taken to a hospital with three bullet wounds.

The tabloids carried pages of pictures of all concerned in the fracas and bulletins on the wounded man's condition. But not even the columnists were at the keyhole of the hospital room the following day when Joan sat at Rocci's bedside.

"No use crying, Joan," he said. "Nobody blames you and you know I don't."

"But, Frank, it is just as if I had pulled the trigger."

The racketeer patted her hand consolingly. "It's all my fault for being just the kind of guy I am. Where's Brian?"

Joan smiled through her tears. "He wanted to see you but I wouldn't let him. I thougnt maybe—"

"He's a right guy," Rocci interrupted. "Got plenty of what it takes, too."

They were silent as a nurse entered the room. "Time's up," she said. "Doctor's orders."

Joan folded Rocci's unwounded hand in both of hers. "You will get well, won't you?"

A wan smile stole over the gangster's face. "Anything for you, kid. How about a little good luck kiss?"

Joan leaned over the bed and kissed him tenderly. "You're just about the finest man I ever knew."

"Oh, cut it," said Frank. "You'll have me crying next."

When Joan stole quietly from the room there was a peaceful smile on Rocci's face. Through the open window there came a familiar voice over the radio:

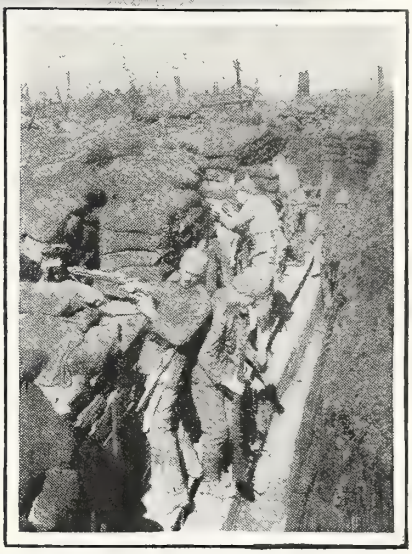
"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your New York correspondent again . . . Far be it from Winchell to try and glorify a gangster, but there are a few things to salute this one for at any rate! . . . In fewer words, the snatch was arranged by gang enemies . . . not by Rocci . . . and even if they get me for springing the real truth, that's the way I want to fade out of this picture! . . . FLASH! FLASH! Big Tim Crowley, who was the one who put Rocci on that spot with the cops, was just found murdered in front of his home! . . . Yes, indeedy—that's one time they shot the right guy!"



Paul Mallon, noted Washington observer, reveals the startling military secrets of a ghastly, deadly war that now threatens to sweep the world! What nations will fight? How will the U. S. army and navy compare to the fighting forces of other countries when war is declared? Will the conflict be fought on land, in the air, or on the sea? Know what new terrible weapons, gases, military tactics will be used—KNOW WHEN, WHERE AND WHY THE NEW WORLD WAR WILL START—READ the January issue of

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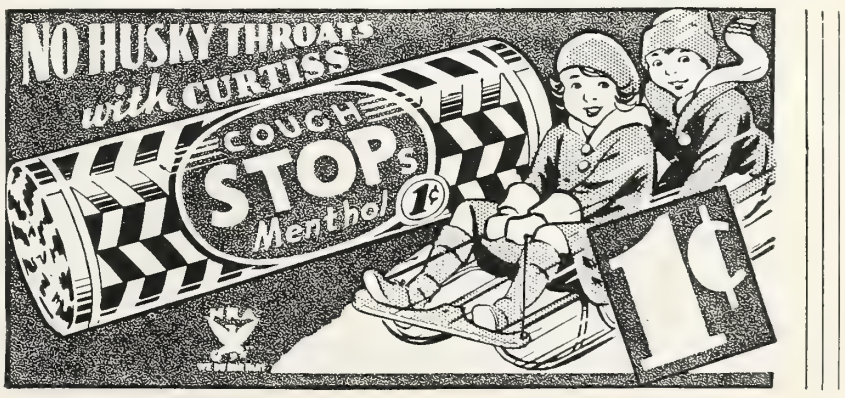




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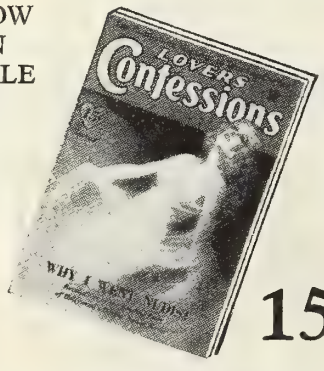
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THE GUIDE TO NEW PICTURES!

Brief reviews of the season's film fare

NEW PRODUCTIONS

AAA—A MAN'S CASTLE—Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young score in beautiful story that will appeal to idealists.—*Fox.*

AAAA—BOMBSHELL—Jean Harlow at her best in a satirical story of Hollywood and a movie star. Lee Tracy excellent. Perfect entertainment.—*Metro.*

AAA—CHANCE AT HEAVEN—Three cornered love with Joel McCrea compelled to decide between Marian Nixon and Ginger Rogers. Good hokum, comedy and romance.—*Radio.*

AAA—COLLEGE COACH—Genuine entertainment in story of a football racket as pursued by a university. Pat O'Brien, Lyle Talbot, Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell.—*Warners.*

AAA—ELYSIA—Beautiful photographed story of life in a nudist camp, delicately handled and will not shock.—*Bryan Foy.*

AAAA—ESKIMO—Beautifully filmed, unforgettable story of life in the far North; all-Eskimo cast excellent.—*Metro.*

AAA—FEMALE—Ruth Chatterton at last in rôle worthy of her talents. Witty, amusing, dramatic story of dual-natured woman. George Brent, Johnny Mack Brown.—*First National.*

AAA—FROM HEADQUARTERS—Headquarters homicide solves an engrossing murder mystery. Recommended as an exciting time for all. George Brent, Margaret Lindsay, Dorothy Burgess, Eugene Pallette.—*Warners.*

AAA—HAVANA WIDOWS—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell score in story of gold-digging chorus girls. Guy Kibbe, Lyle Talbot.—*First National.*

AAA—SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—A pigskin hero looks upon football as a racket until blackmail awakens his college spirit. Robert Young, Leila Hyams, Johnny Mack Brown, Mary Carlisle.—*Universal.*

AAA—THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET—Kay Francis tops all previous rôles in absorbing story of mother love. Gene Raymond, Ricardo Cortez, Sheila Terry.—*Warners.*

AAA—THE MADE GAME—Spencer Tracy scores in story of gangster who returns from prison to break up kidnaping activities of his mob. Don't miss it. Claire Trevor, John Miljan, Kathleen Burke.—*Fox.*

AAAA—THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY—Entertainment plus, with prizefighter winning gangster's sweetheart. Max Baer, Primo Carnera, Myrna Loy, Jack Dempsey and others in great cast. See it.—*Metro.*

AAA—WAY TO LOVE—Not as good as some of Maurice Chevalier's pictures but entertaining. Deals with complications resulting when he befriends Ann Dvorak, partner of a knife-thrower. —*Paramount.*

AAA—WHITE WOMAN—Charles Laughton, Carole Lombard and Charles Bickford in sophisticated story of love in Malay archipelago.—*Paramount.*

NOW SHOWING AT NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRES

AA—ACE OF ACES—Richard Dix as pacifist who became a fighting aviator. Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Bellamy.—*Radio.*

AAA—AGGIE APPLEBY—Wynne Gibson's in love with Charlie Farrell and William Gargan in amusing, sophisticated story. ZaSu Pitts, Betty Furness.—*Radio.*

AAA—ANN VICKERS—Irene Dunne, Bruce Cabot, and Watler Huston in Sinclair Lewis' sophisticated novel. Adult fare.—*Radio.*

AAA—BRIEF MOMENT—Carole Lombard weds Gene Raymond and attempts to save him from harmful family and associates' influence. Sophisticated.—*Columbia.*

AAAA—BEGGAR'S HOLIDAY—Packed with laughter and tears this story of the apple-vendor who poses as a society matron is nearly perfect. May Robson, Warren William and Glenda Farrell.—*Columbia.*

AAAA—BERKELEY SQUARE—Fanciful story in which a man is suddenly set down to live in a bygone century. Leslie Howard and Heather Angel give inspired performances.—*Lasky-Fox.*

AAAA—BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD—Alice Brady and Frank Morgan score in story of three generations of actors.—*Metro.*

AAAA—DINNER AT EIGHT—Fascinating drama, comedy and tragedy with Lionel and John Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, Warner Baxter, Lee Tracy, Karen Morley, Phillips Holmes, Madge Evans, Franchot Tone.—*Metro.*

AAA—EVER IN MY HEART—Barbara Stanwyck excellent in beautiful but tragic love story. Ralph Bellamy, Otto Kruger and others.—*Warners.*

AAA—GOLDEN HARVEST—Interesting, moving tale of growing and selling of wheat. Richard Arlen, Chester Morris, Genevieve Tobin, Rosco Ates.—*Paramount.*

AA—I LOVED A WOMAN—Edward G. Robinson weds Genevieve Tobin but continues to love Kay Francis. Not up to his usual standards.—*First National.*

AAA—LADIES MUST LOVE—June Knight, Dorothy Burgess, Sally O'Neill and Mary Carlisle dig gold on Park Avenue. Frolicsome, lively. —*Universal.*

AAA—MIDSHIPMAN JACK—Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Arthur Lake in gripping story of naval academy life.—*Radio.*

AAA—NIGHT FLIGHT—An unusual story of aviation in the Argentine. John Barrymore, Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, William Gargan.—*Metro.*

AAAA—PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING—Janet Gaynor in a delightful romance laid in Ireland. Warner Baxter, Mary McCormic.—*Fox.*

AAA—PENTHOUSE—Warner Baxter perfectly cast in engrossing story of society and underworld. Myrna Loy, Mae Clarke, Charles Butterworth, Phillips Holmes.—*Metro.*

AA—SOLITAIRE MAN—Herbert Marshall disappointing in bewildering tale of an English crook. Mary Boland, May Robson, Ralph Forbes.—*Metro.*

AAA—S. O. S. ICEBERG—Thrilling adventure story. Ernst Udet's flying a highlight. Rod LaRocque in cast.—*Universal.*

AAA—STAGE MOTHER—Alice Brady scores again in title rôle. Maureen O'Sullivan, Franchot Tone, Phillips Holmes.—*Metro.*

AAA—SUE ME—Slim Summerville terrifically funny as a lawyer. ZaSu Pitts and others in amusing comedy.—*Universal.*

AAAA—THE BOWERY—Not a dull moment in this fascinating story of early day Bowery. Wallace Beery, George Raft, Jackie Cooper score heavily. Everybody should see it.—*20th Century.*

AAA—THE WOMAN SPY—Wartime romance that will grip and hold your interest. Constance Bennett scores and Gilbert Roland is convincing. —*Radio.*

AAA—TOO MUCH HARMONY—Bing Crosby continues his film success in entertaining story of theatrical life. Jack Oakie, Judith Allen, Skeets Gallagher.—*Paramount.*

Francis Lederer—Man of Two Worlds

Continued from page sixteen

"You want to be a *real* actor?" he asked.

"Yes," simply, "I've always wanted to be." That was the strange part. He couldn't remember what had given him the idea; it had always just been there.

He knew his father would be against it. Terribly so. A *man* didn't go trekking in front of footlights. But Francis had no talent for music. He could not paint. And somehow, he had to give expression to what was within him.

Perhaps his father recognized the fact the first time he saw the boy act. It was the most dramatic performance Lederer ever was to give.

His actor-patron had trained him secretly to the point where he thought he needed outside help. "If your father knew how you're getting along, he'd raise no objections!" And Francis told his father that evening. Standing before him, hands gripped, and his face queerly white with his intensity. The hardest half hour of his life followed. But at the end of it Lederer accompanied his son to the old trouper's house. He watched one scene evolve into another, interested in spite of himself. The lad had lost his nervousness at the start. He was a man now, showing his work to another.

"I will pay for twelve lessons if you wish to attend the School of Dramatic Arts here." Francis doubted his own hearing. Then he saw his father smile.

I think it was at that moment that he bridged the two worlds with a single leap. He took all the essential warm elements of that earthy one and brought them to the world of glamour. To that gold-sprayed strata in which move kings and statesmen and masters of art—as well as dazzling women. And because he has roots in the one and firm hold of the other, Lederer has become the man of the hour.

Francis Lederer got his "breaks" in singular manner. He'd been playing bits at the old German theatre in Prague and during a brief vacation went to visit his mother. While there, he was chosen by an amateur theatrical group to portray an important rôle in a popular drama.

When he returned to Prague he discovered a guest artist was to put on the same play. The morning that rehearsals were to begin one of the featured players fell ill. His part was the one Lederer had enacted in the Little Theatre. Rather hesitantly, the boy explained that to the star and read the lines for him. The guest artist from Vienna made no comment. He merely turned to the stage manager and said tersely: "You won't have to look further for another actor. He'll do. . . ." Francis never played "bit" parts again. He was a principal.

He was playing leads in Breslau when a famous star from Berlin, Kaethe Dorsch, arrived to give a performance of *Rain*. Instead of sending for some actor of established reputation to play opposite her, she chose the young Czech. Later Miss Dorsch was responsible for bringing him to Berlin. While he was playing in a comedy there which also contained strong love interest, Henny Porten, Germany's Mary Pickford, asked him to appear with her in *Refuse*. That was his introduction to making movies—and a good one it proved. Within a week after it was released he turned down a fortune in picture contracts.

"I prefer," he said quietly, "to do only the plays in which I really have faith and like." And so $500,000 vanished under his with-held signature!

As if to applaud his decision, there came the biggest opportunity of all. A chance to play with the finest Shakesperian actress on the Continent, Elizabeth Bergner, in *Romeo and Juliet*. Berlin still speaks of that production; it was one of those things that live on in theatrical annals.

All during the long run of that play he worked days in motion pictures of his own selection. The manager of the theatre imagined that tall, romantic figure amid the bright trappings of musical comedies. He decided to star him in *Wonderbar*. It was a far cry from the drama of Shakespeare—but Francis surprised the whole of Berlin by "walking away" with the show. If he was popular before, he became a sensation then.

Offers Poured In from the four corners of the earth to repeat his success. Young Lederer chose one from London because it gave him the chance to study English. He was given six weeks to master it sufficiently to open in *Meet My Sister*. But that didn't bother him so much as learning that the play was not an especially good one. It lasted exactly one week.

In an effort to buoy up the spirits of the troupe, he invited them to the Savoy hotel to dinner and—a prominent writer recognized him. Asked him what he intended doing.

"Go back to Germany, I suppose," said Lederer.

"Wait, will you? Basil Dean is looking for an actor to carry the lead in a play he's about to produce—*Autumn Crocus*. I'll wire him tonight about you."

Dean, at the time, was also the RKO representative in Europe. The result of their meeting was not only the lead in Dean's play but Dean opened still another door for Lederer—the one that led to Hollywood.

"I don't wish parts written particularly for me. I want to lose myself in *them*. That is why I chose *Man of Two Worlds* as my first picture here. There is nothing of Francis Lederer in him."

Not in character, perhaps. Not in outlook or manner. But just the same, those two have an everlasting bond between them. . . .

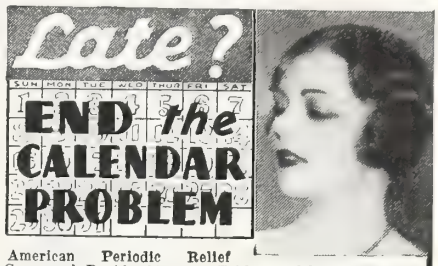
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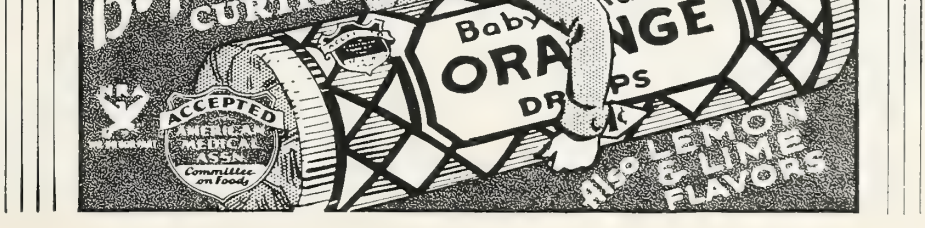
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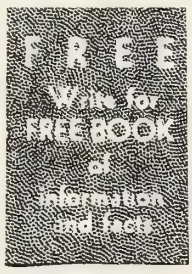
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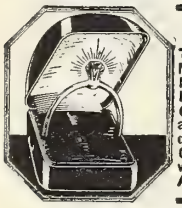
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Maedchen In Hollywood

Continued from page thirty-nine

as a development of long experience.

When she was still in her fifteenth year, she was placed, through her own efforts, under the charge of the great Max Reinhardt, and was sent to the Josephstaedter Theatre in Vienna. The Vienna director was not so enthusiastic about her going on the stage.

"I got so mad," she laughingly told me, "and he said, 'There! That is what you should do.'" As a result, she was given a part.

She played in Vienna for a year and then moved on to other theatres. She was on the stage four years before she was given a chance, by the Emelka Studio, to make twelve motion pictures, one of which was the most successful ever produced in Europe. When, at the end of two years, she had completed her picture contract, she returned to her first love—the stage. She starred behind the footlights for a year in Munich, and then went to Frankfort, where she became a reigning favorite in every conceivable type of rôle, including singing parts in light opera and musical comedy.

Until 1931, This talented actress had never appeared in Berlin nor had been approached by any of the Berlin studios. The unbecoming blond wig she had worn in the pictures she made for Emelka had all but ruined her opportunity for another screen career. Only the fact that the director of *Maedchen in Uniform* was a family and personal friend, in addition to her proven talents, placed her in the cast of that picture.

Her memorable performance as the Fraulein von Bernburg resulted in offers from almost every studio in Hollywood.

Dorothea flatly refuses to attend previews of her pictures.

"I cannot stand to go to my previews," she explained, "because I get so nervous; so—so tense. I must see my picture alone, or when the audience does not treat it as a new picture. Once, I saw my picture and the audience whistled. I said to myself, 'That picture cannot be so bad as that,' and then I found out that the audience was applauding. In Germany, the audience whistles when it does *not* like a picture."

Dorothea has found little difference in the studio life of the two countries. One phase of studio life that particularly impressed her was the number of girls who have sought her advice on the way to start on a stage or picture career.

"If a girl wants to come into the theatre," she seriously stated, "she does not ask. There must be something inside of her that makes her go right in. She must not stop for anybody." I asked her how she thought that would work in Hollywood's carefully guarded studios.

"She must not let anyone stop her," she laughingly reaffirmed. "She must go right through the offices to the one she wants to see."

From a discussion of her Hollywood life, we drifted into a consideration of the picture she had just finished. The story of *Cradle Song* is woven around the life of a group of nuns in a Spanish convent, with Dorothea garnering top honors in a stirring emotional part.

"There is something about it," she declared, "that grips your inner emotions."

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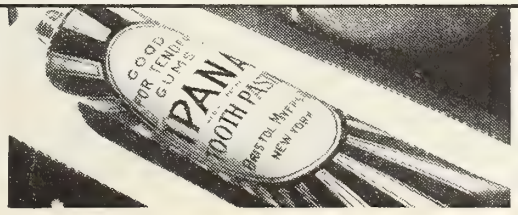
He knows that today's foods, so deliciously creamy and tender, do not exercise the gums or give them the stimulation they must have to stay hard and healthy. He knows that unexercised gums tend to become flabby and often to bleed.

Ask him about "pink tooth brush"! He'll soon enough tell you that it may dull your teeth—that it may lead to gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea—that it may actually endanger the soundest teeth.

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No. 2

HOLLYWOOD

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ARTHUR C. JANISCH
Assistant Editor

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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
Western Editor

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Stuart Erwin, who plays the title rôle in* Joe Palooka, *based on the comic strip, and Lupe Velez, also in the film

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

●

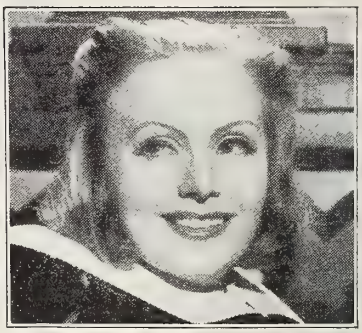
GREGORY RATOFF, the actor, penned the story of his own life into a ditty entitled, *I Loved An Actress* . . . and what's more he sold it to RKO-Radio for a picture . . . Jimmy Durante's schnozzle has brought him so much fame that he's trying to copyright his name even against its usage on foods and watches . . . Because one of the trio was a pal of his late father, Frank Bacon of *Lightnin'* fame, Director Lloyd Bacon has established three old cronies on a California ranch.

●

Constance Cummings wears her hose inside out the first day on each new picture . . . Betcha didn't know that Katharine Hepburn can and does do cartwheels . . . Don't let on that we told you, but Garbo is an ardent follower of the newspaper comic strips . . . That's why she named her new Scotty, *Wimpy* . . . The fire that damaged Joan Blondell's hill-top abode also burned off her eyebrows . . . Preston Foster can write with both hands . . . and at the same time, too.

●

One of the real characters in Hollywood is Jasper Polly, sole owner, proprietor, trainer and pal of a parrot . . . Polly and his parrot have averaged four working days a week at $25 a day for the last five years . . . When Mary Brian began housekeeping in her new home at Toluca Lake, the only furnishings in the place were a small rug, two chairs and a stove.



A rare smiling portrait of Greta Garbo, made when she was in a light-hearted mood on the* Queen Christina *set

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

●

IDA LUPINO, accomplished English lass who lost out in the *Alice in Wonderland* race, will be featured by Paramount in *Pursuit of Happiness* . . . Charlotte Henry will do a personal appearance tour before starring in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* . . . Jean Ward, daughter of the chief justice of the California Supreme Court, has deserted San Francisco society for a whirl at the talkies . . . *The Witch of Wall Street* will be May Robson's first starring ship for metro.

●

Now that Gary Evans is old enough to be left with his nurse, Mama Dixie Lee will resume her flicker career . . . Did you know that Margaret Sullavan, Universal's find, has a husband in the offing? . . . Lenore Ulrich will star in a Vicki Baum original for RKO-Radio . . . George Bernard Shaw, champion scoffer, has relented toward the movies . . . He's just sold the rights to *The Devil's Disciple* to RKO-Radio . . . and John Barrymore is to have a title rôle.

●

Richard Arlen gets the stellar spot in Paramount's *A Son Comes Home* . . . Frank (hic) McHugh and his bride have built a new home at Toluca Lake . . . Wynne Gibson narrowly dodged death when her car jumped an Oregon highway and rolled down an embankment . . . Kathryn Crawford sustained a fractured leg when she fell out of an apartment hotel window.

GOOD NUMBERS FROM PARAMOUNT



"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Four frightened people fleeing into a tropical jungle to escape from a plague-ridden ship . . . shedding their good manners with their clothes . . . casting civilization aside, being once more, "Male and Female." The people—Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gargan. *The director*—Cecil B. DeMille.

"SIX OF A KIND"

Six riotous comedians, out for fun . . . six larcenous picture-snatchers, stealing laughs from each other, six grand mirthmakers in a story made for mirth. The six—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. *The director*—Leo McCarey.





"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"

Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams . . . a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson . . . the lover—Douglas Montgomery. *The director*—Richard Wallace.

Paramount Pictures

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town

WHAT'S NEW on the SCREEN

A PREVIEW OF THE LATEST PICTURE OFFERINGS

The picture scout's tipoff on what is worth seeing in current and future films



Clara Bow offers all of the appeal of the "It-girl" that endeared her to fans, in* Hoopla, *new talkie picturization of the stage hit,* The Barker. *With her appear Minna Gombell, Preston Foster, Richard Cromwell and Herbert Mundin

Only Yesterday

● Some mighty excellent pictures are being produced this season but none is more worthy to lead off this analysis of current entertainment than *Only Yesterday,* a splendid achievement by Universal which launches a sensational new star—Margaret Sullavan. If you want to be in things by all means see this, for everybody will be talking about it.

John Boles, a millionaire whose wealth has been wiped out by the market crash, is about to commit suicide when he receives a letter from Margaret Sullavan, an old sweetheart who bore him a child. The story of their love and romance is then told in flashback. Margaret Sullavan scores a distinct triumph and by this single picture must be considered as one of the leading screen stars of the day. Billie Burke, Reginald Denny, Jimmy Butler and Benita Hume are other players in this great love story.

Counsellor-at-Law

● Another great Universal picture which should be included in your must-see list is *Counsellor-at-Law,* starring John Barrymore and Bebe Daniels. Barrymore delivers one of the finest and most convincing rôles of his entire career. He plays a lawyer who fought his way to fame from the Ghetto only to face disbarment when an alibi he used years before to save a boy from prison is proved false. How he escapes this peril is one of the film's many highlights.

Bebe Daniels and Isabel Jewell are outstanding in the superb cast which also includes Doris Kenyon, Onslow Stevens, Melvyn Douglas, Thelma Todd and Mayo Methot. See it!

Cradle Song

● Here is the picture you have been waiting for—the first American film of Dorothea Wieck, the star of *Maedchen in Uniform.*

For her American screen début a most unusual story was selected but you won't be disappointed in the idealistic and spiritual *Cradle Song.* Dorothea is a nun in a Spanish convent who cares for a baby girl left on the doorstep of the convent. The film watches the growth of the child through life and the development of the young woman's love for a young engineer whom she eventually marries. And, of course, it forcibly includes Dorothea's part in directing her destiny.

Evelyn Venable, Sir Guy Standing, Louise Dresser and Kent Taylor are among the supporting players who creditably account for themselves.

Lady Killer

● Of course it's a Jimmy Cagney picture with a title like that—and does he slay the ladies!

Jimmy becomes the boss of a gang of crooks on Broadway and after the mob becomes involved in a murder he flees to Hollywood where he becomes a movie star.

Jimmy is dependable as usual and the picture is an enjoyable mixture of comedy and melodrama. Does he slap any gals? You should see him pull Mae Clarke across a room by her hair and throw her out! Mae, Margaret Lindsey, Leslie Fenton, Russell Hopton, Marjorie Gateson and our old friend, Raymond Hatton all do their part toward making the film a success.

Blood Money

● It has been about two years since George Bancroft last made a picture and it is a distinct pleasure to see him deliver a great bit of work in *Blood Money.* If a comeback was necessary he certainly makes it in this story of a bail bondsman.

As the bondsman, Bancroft orders the arrest of the brother of Judith Allen, his paramour, when he believes he has been double-crossed. His gangland enemies join together to ruin him but the girl saves him by a clever ruse.

Judith Anderson, Frances Dee, Chick Chandler and Blossom Seeley are outstanding members of the cast.

Convention City

● Get your laughing togs on when you attend the showing of this infectious new comedy starring Joan Blondell. It is supposed to be an exposé of the convention racket and you won't find a dull moment in its amusing sequences.

Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Patricia Ellis, Guy Kibbee and several others of the cast contribute generously to the merriment.

Please turn to page eight


MASTER OF THE ART OF LOVE!
Ten million women will meet face to face the secret lover in their hearts! . . . when Europe's greatest romantic actor appears in his first American picture!
FRANCIS LEDERER
sensational star of the stage hit, "AUTUMN CROCUS", and
ELISSA LANDI
in
"MAN of TWO WORLDS"
with HENRY STEPHENSON—J. FARRELL MacDONALD
Directed by WALTER RUBEN
He—an untamed man of the wilds . . . She—a siren of civilization . . . It's the thunderbolt thrill of the year when they meet! . . . and struggle! . . . and love!
R K O
Radio PICTURES
MERIAN C. COOPER, Exec. Prod. A Pandro S. Berman Production

WHAT'S NEW on the SCREEN

A PREVIEW OF THE LATEST PICTURE OFFERINGS

Continued from page six

The Right To Romance

● Here is a smoothly functioning picture characterized by excellent acting that will furnish you an enjoyable evening. In *The Right To Romance*, Ann Harding is a plastic surgeon who decides she should have love after she wins fame in her profession. She marries a younger man, Robert Young, and her life then is devoted to keeping him in hand. Finally she is called upon to restore beauty to the girl her husband really loves.

Ann, Robert Young, Nils Asther, Sari Maritza and Delmar Watson comprise the excellent cast.

Should Ladies Behave?

● If you liked Alice Brady in *When Ladies Meet*—and if you didn't you're probably the only one who didn't—you'll like *Should Ladies Behave?*

The action is laid in the home of Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore. Their daughter, Mary Carlisle, flouts a romance with a middle-aged artist and matters become quite complicated and humorous when mother believes him to be a lover from the past.

The entire cast, including the principals mentioned, Conway Tearle, William Janney and Halliwell Hobbes, lifts this splendid picture to the heights of entertainment.

Son of a Sailor

● Here's a Joe E. Brown picture which places Joe in his element and is good for a continuous round of laughter. Joe becomes involved with the admiral's daughter and blunders into a plot in which a couple of spies are trying to steal aviation secrets.

Jean Muir, Johnny Mack Brown, Thelma Todd, Frank McHugh, Kenneth Thomson and George Blackwood complete the attractive cast.

Little Women

● Katharine Hepburn is superb in her interpretation of Jo in the screen version of Louisa M. Alcott's immortal story, *Little Women*. The story is too well-known to repeat here; suffice it to say this is one of the most human and outstanding contributions to the screen it has been our fortune to witness.

Joan Bennett as Amy, Frances Dee as Meg, Jean Parker as Laurie and Paul Lukas as the professor are all at their best. Edna May Oliver, Douglas Montgomery and several others also shine in the cast.

King For a Night

● Chester Morris at last comes into his own in *King for a Night* which is without doubt his best performance since *Alibi*. The son of a minister, Chester becomes a professional pugilist and takes the blame for a murder committed by his sister, Helen Twelvetrees. There is a powerful climax.

Helen Twelvetrees, Alice White, John Miljan, Grant Mitchell and Frank Albertson are convincing in their supporting rôles. Don't miss it.



—*Carl Devoy*

Toshia Mori, a Wampas baby star of the past year, has a featured rôle in* Fury of the Jungle. *She was born in Japan but has lived most of her nineteen years in Los Angeles



Reduce...



YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

....or it won't cost you a cent!



■ *This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.*

WE WANT YOU TO TRY the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY!

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

VENTILATED TO ALLOW THE SKIN TO BREATHE!

■ And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

TEST THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ... AT OUR EXPENSE!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny ... try it for 10 days ... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer...act today!



"I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

... writes Miss Jean Healy

■ "It massages like magic", writes Miss Carroll.... "The fat seems to have melted away", writes Mrs. McSorley.... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian..."Reduced almost 20 pounds", writes Mrs. Noble... "Without your girdle I am lost", writes Mrs. Browne.

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 72 NEW YORK, N. Y.

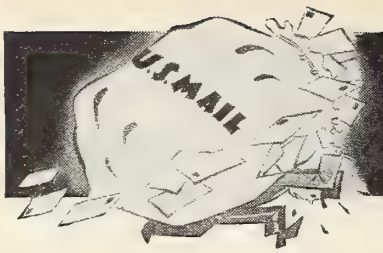
Without obligation on my part, send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



THE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

An open forum in which readers express their views on stars and pictures.
$5.00 is paid to each of the five best letters received each month



Mae enchants young and old

Good Medicine

WHAT'S THIS I HEAR about Mae West being "bad medicine" for our young girls? Who got the idea and from what source? Mae West simply has the ability to reveal all her beauty of character, her sweetness and womanliness in such an enchanting manner that men, young and old, go down on their knees. I'm for her. There is nothing about her wonderful performance to arouse antagonism.

($5.00 Letter)

M. WATKINS,
Elmore, Alabama.

Here's an Idea

"MANY picture fans disagree on the pronunciation of the names of certain stars as well as the titles of pictures. Fans would be agreeably surprised if, as the cast of characters is shown on the screen, a voice were to be recorded pronouncing each name as it appears."

($5.00 Letter)

REGINA PETRILL,
627 N. Locust St., Hazleton, Pa.

Garbo and Howard Teamed!

LESLIE HOWARD gave a wonderful performance in *Berkeley Square*. It is his best portrayal. Now let us see soon the peerless Garbo and Leslie Howard teamed in a picture. It would be a sensation!

($5.00 Letter)

VIOLA MAGNUSSON,
454 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Let's Save Clark!

WHY will movie producers insist on re-making Clark Gable into a sweet, gentle lover? Every time I see one of his pictures I grow more disappointed. The women fell in love with him because he was a big, capable, protecting he-man. The men fell for him because he was a man's man. Then why make the screen's most perfect he-man into a sissy? Let's keep him a caveman!

($5.00 Letter)

MARY K. JONES,
708 St. Claire Ave.,
Grosse Pointe, Mich.



Minna delivers the goods

They Should

MINNNA GOMBELL deserves the highest compliments for her work on the screen. No matter what kind of a part she has she certainly delivers the goods. Here's one superlative actress the producers certainly are neglecting. Won't you speak to them about giving her bigger and better rôles?

MARY BUTLER,
Seattle, Washington.

An Orchid to Margaret

I WOULD LIKE VERY much to present an orchid to Miss Margaret Sullavan for her grand performance in *Only Yesterday*, one of the finest pictures I have ever seen.

CLYDE LADD,
2016 N. Beechwood Dr., Hollywood, Cal.

Real Entertainment

I SAW Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery in *Another Language*, a wonderfully acted bit of family life. Helen Hayes' excellent performance made one realize that young wives are intelligent and ambitious, doing everything in their power to make their home a success. Real stories like this are appreciated, for they bring forth problems which confront us in our daily lives and help us to solve them.

($5.00 Letter)

G. ANDERSEN,
3516 N. 23rd St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Another Swell Star

ALICE BRADY is a real actress. Anyone who can turn from the bleak and dismal *Mourning Becomes Electra* to the giddy widow as played in *When Ladies Meet* has to be. After *When Ladies Meet* she played a dramatic part in *Broadway to Hollywood*. Now in *Stage Mother* she does a little bit of everything. So what? Well, we've got another swell star.

STEWART JOHNSON,
Palmyra, Missouri.

Laughter and Tears

MR. PRODUCER, why must you give us close-ups of our stars weeping? Such scenes often look silly and sound worse. Why not let 'em do their sob stuff at long distance? Please remember we American's have lots of imagination, and instead of sobbing at sobby scenes we often laugh.

MARILEE BRUCE,
439 E. Mable St., Tucson, Arizona.



Keep Clark a caveman!

Child Stars

WHY doesn't the fan world consider the splendid acting of the child stars of Hollywood as well as the adult stars? Take Dickie Moore in *Oliver Twist* or Jackie Cooper in *The Bowery* and *The Champ*. These pictures wouldn't have been the hits they were had it not been for the acting ability of the two Jackies. I only wish that they will continue to do their work for many years and that we have many more child stars in the future.

LEONA J. BROWN,
7006 S. Throop St., Chicago, Ill.

Lillian's Return

AS A CHILD, I worshipped Lillian Gish. Now that she has returned to the screen I am anxious to see if she lives up to that childhood adoration. Alice Brady was another favorite of mine and I have truly enjoyed her recent pictures. So let's have some more of these old favorites. How about it?

NORMA PRESLEY,
222 Fifth Street, San Antonio, Texas.

Pick 'Em Big

WHY will Hollywood make so many lovers big, burly he-men who think giving a woman rough, resounding smacks holds 'em for life? If heroes can't refrain from socking the desire of their heart occasionally, won't you let 'em sock some husky female? Not some hungry looking, will-o-the-wisp female who looks as though she never had a square meal in her life.

MRS. REX STEWART,
1640 38th St., Tucson, Arizona.

Writers' Importance

"I THINK WE SHOULD magnify the importance of the writers responsible for the better movies. Why not help us become more familiar with the writers who are responsible for screen successes? We would have an accurate way of measuring the value of coming productions."

OLIVE MERRILL,
1316 4th St. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Jean's Rôles

RECENTLY I viewed *Blonde Bombshell*. The picture was splendid but the best impression I received was the reformation of Jean Harlow. In *Blonde Bombshell* she displayed real histrionic ability and gave the public some real, intelligent acting. Since Miss Harlow has proved she can handle any part with finesse, here's hoping the producers wake up and assign her to more intelligent rôles.

W. J. MATHEWS,
5112 N. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.

Eloquence for Katharine

I HAVE JUST SEEN *Morning Glory*, and although I am not given to bursts of enthusiasm, I must confess that Katharine Hepburn's enigmatic beauty and the magnificent ease of her performance moved me to flights of eloquence. By her incomparable charm she raises a rather trite story to the heights of superb dramatic achievement. Her re-

Please turn to page fifty-seven



SKINNY PEOPLE GAIN 5 to 15 lbs.—*QUICK!*

Astonishing gains in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast concentrated 7 times and iron added

WHY let people call you "skinny" and neglect you when this new easy way is giving thousands firm flesh, attractive curves *in a few weeks!*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of solid flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then scientifically *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly hollows fill out, flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Your skin clears, new health comes—you're an entirely new person!

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, money back instantly.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away* we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 282, Atlanta, Ga.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Pointed comment on cinema affairs and people

by
W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine



The PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Variety in Entertainment

It Is Difficult To Please everybody all of the time but the studios are doing a mighty good job trying to achieve that very goal.

To the moaners who think only sin and sex rule the screen we recommend Paramount's *Cradle Song*, starring Dorothea Wieck, and RKO-Radio's *Little Women*, starring Katharine Hepburn. Their themes are far removed from the criticized sex and gangster films and will leave fans with memories of sweetness and idealism that should not soon forsake them.

We do not urge a cycle of films to follow their pattern because all types of pictures are necessary to a well-balanced entertainment season—a steady diet of bonbons soon would cloy the appetite. These studios, however, deserve orchids for supplying refreshing variety in these films.

Chico Marx became somewhat involved but he certainly rang the bell with his description of a certain type of personality when he said: "He's the kind of a guy who would cut your throat behind your back and pat your back to your face."

Experiments

When You Hear That *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, after an expenditure of about $1,000,000, probably never will reach the screen, don't exclaim in horror over what appears to be another unwarranted movie extravagance.

Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Cary Grant and Jack Oakie were to be in the leading rôles when the book was purchased for picturization five years ago. A camera unit spent eight months in India obtaining atmospheric shots and the story was rewritten innumerable times. Now it has been decided that this officer's description of army life in India never can be adapted for filming.

The studio was striving for something new and therefore should be commended for its experiment. No progress has been made in any line of endeavor without experiments—and often costly mistakes.

Al Has a Place

Al Jolson is before the cameras again for the first time in nearly four years as filming goes on of *Wunderbar*, the famous German musical comedy. Al had planned to retire from the screen and take his wife, Ruby Keeler, with him but he has been induced to sign a new contract with Warner Brothers.

There is a definite place in the cinema world for Al—so long as he confines himself to the type of singing that made him famous and does not try to act. Al is not an actor and he knows it now.

None, however, can put over a song "with a sob in his voice" quite like Al, although his imitators through the years have been legion. If he sticks to his singing, his blackface and his clowning, he need not soon think of retiring.

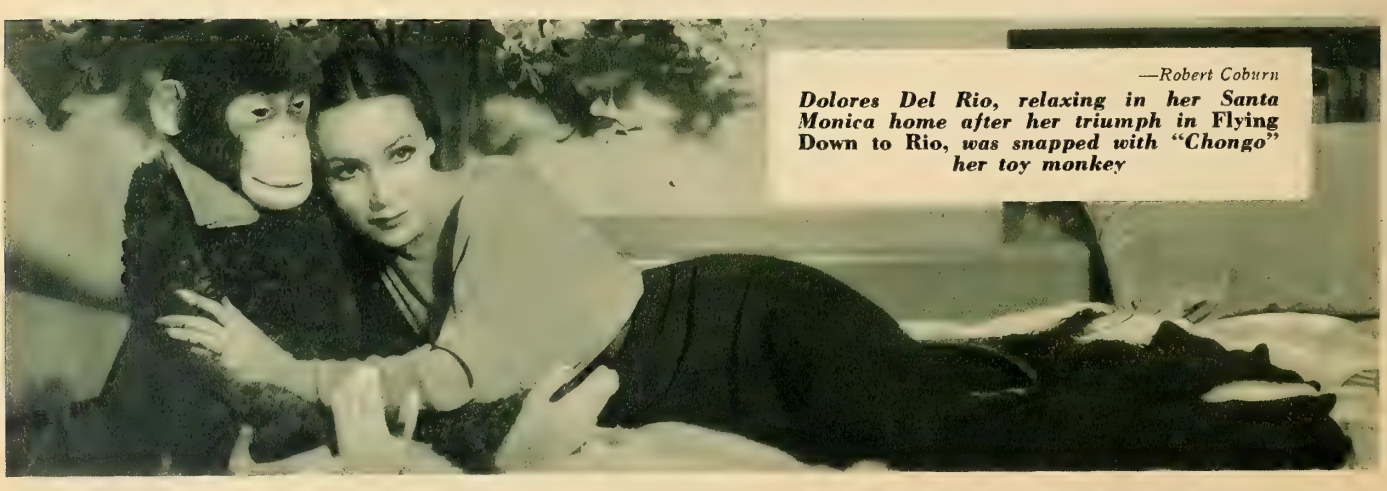
Movies certainly never will go silent again although there is a definite trend toward less dialogue on the screen. A new RKO-Radio picture, as yet untitled but written by Lulu Vollmer, will contain less than 2,000 words of dialogue as compared with the 10,000 words of the average feature length talkie.

Fighting Fair

Joan Blondell recently sued to break her contract with her agent on the grounds that he had attempted to induce her to force the studio to increase her salary by walking out and through other methods in direct violation of business and ethical principles. Which is something new. Disgruntled stars usually walk out and discuss matters later—like the plug ugly who says, "Hit 'em first and argue later."

Joan, through loyalty to her husband, Cameraman George Barnes, wanted to discard her own name and become Joan Barnes on the screen. The studio couldn't see it, naturally, because of the time and money it had spent in building up the name "Joan Blondell."

Joan has been persistent in her efforts to force the name change, but she has fought fairly.



—*Robert Coburn*

Dolores Del Rio, relaxing in her Santa Monica home after her triumph in* Flying Down to Rio, *was snapped with "Chongo" her toy monkey

Hot 'n' Cold



I Am Suzanne!

● Even a snowman warms up to the infectious charm of Lilian Harvey! The scene is part of the St. Moritz sequence in the spectacular "I Am Suzanne" which will set a new high in film musical productions. In it, according to advance information, Lilian will exceed the charm and appeal of her splendid rôle in "My Weakness"



—Otto Dyar

"I'm not a woman hater," says George Raft. "There is a world of difference, though, between an occasional charming companion and a charming companion occasionally"

Why George Never

A famous screen lover reveals his fascinating views on love and marriage

"Me Marry? Never!" proclaimed George Raft. Isn't that always the way, though? The good ones are *so* hard to catch.

"Why should I tie myself down?" he amplified argumentatively. "As it is now, I can go where I please when I want to and no one will land on me."

"Oh, come," I wheedled, "you don't really think women are as bad as that, do you?"

George scowled in a way that didn't scare me a bit.

"Well, no," he growled. "I suppose there are some who look nice enough—and probably about one out of four is as sincere as she seems to be nice."

I was not impressed. George Raft climbed a mighty tough road from the dingy sidewalks of New York to the pinnacle his genius merits. But even hard roads have good women plodding them. It seemed impossible that a man whose keenness of perception enables him to see and breathe warmth into the most unsympathetic rôle, could be blind to that.

● George suddenly grinned rather sheepishly.

"Thunder! What's the use of pretending. The truth is, there are a darn lot of nice women. Maybe that's the trouble. I can't narrow it to one—and maybe she would turn me down."

I had my own opinion on that. Even a blind girl could sense something fine beneath the worldliness of this man. Some innate sensitiveness that had been enriched rather than coarsened by contact with the strange and sordid ways of men.

Aloud, just to see him squirm, I said, "Well maybe she would at that. You're rather nice but you are so positive." I held my breath at my daring, but imagine my surprise when he did not even argue. In fact, he spoke as gently as I ever heard him on the screen—gently but with a decided, "this settles that" tone.

"Maybe I am positive," he said. "I don't mean it that way. I've just made up my mind, that's all. I haven't a thing against women. I have been mighty fond of some. I was not thinking of their faults—merely my own desires." He paused, "I don't like restraint, I guess."

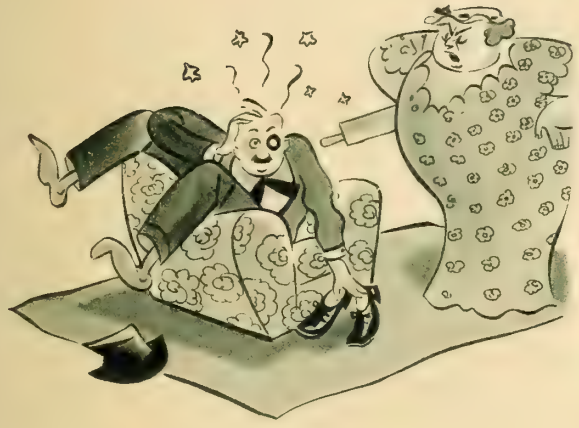
Did he think I had not guessed already as millions of others of my sex have? Those hauntingly, heavy laden

"Me marry? Never!" women. I have

HOLLYWOOD

Raft Will Marry!

by MARY NYE





Can George Raft, who is seen here in a romantic scene with Constance Cummings for* Night After Night, *escape love indefinitely? Can he keep his heart closed to true and lasting love—love such as his intense Latin nature is capable of giving and assimilating?

eyes. Have they ever belonged to the kind who stand without hitching? Not to my knowledge. They see things farther away than their owner's hands can ever reach or his wandering feet bear him. Not in geographical miles but more impossible ones to cover. We sense, yet never quite understand, the hunger glowing in their depths. Yet any woman knows intuitively that love can light a deathless flame to dull the smouldering one beneath.

● In a moment of silence which fell between us I wondered for a moment if I had been mistaken. A strange thing happened.

George Raft had spoken without a trace of regret or sorrow. As far as I had been aware he had announced his voluntary choice of wifeless doom with about the same degree of courteous finality that the tired business man shows when telling the insurance salesman he is not in the market today. Yet when I glanced up I saw Mr. Raft —portrayer of hard and he-man rôles—sitting beside me with tears in his eyes. Startled, I stared. Two great tears were coursing down his cheeks.

I sat befuddled, then cried out impulsively. "What have I said? Oh, I am so terribly sorry!"

George came back with a start from some solitary wandering. For the space of a briefest breath he hesitated, then holding me with earnest eyes he spoke.

"You didn't do anything wrong," he smiled apologetically. "My own words reminded me of something—just like everything else has reminded me all day long.

"Do you know who died today?" he asked in a throbbing voice. "A great woman whom the world didn't truly appreciate. You know I ran away from home when I was fourteen. Just restlessness, I guess. Did all sorts of things. I was a delivery boy, an electrician's helper, drove a taxi, fought in the ring a bit—just sort of drifted around.

"That woman took me into her night club, gave me a chance to learn to dance. Above all, she fired me with the ambition to make something of myself." George Raft's voice broke. "When Texas Guinan died today I lost someone who was almost as dear to me as my own mother."

Gentle and loyal love! Hardly consistent with the sophisticated worldling of the screen, or is it? Who can watch George Raft portray even his more unsympathetic rôles without realizing that here is not a mere actor, mouthing a part, but a warm and responsive soul releasing its own pent-up impressions or interpreting the emotions of another whose experiences had ground deeply into him.

Please turn to page fifty-four

declares George Raft. "I haven't a thing against been mighty fond of some but . . . . . ."

YOUTH ROMANCE MELODY

Jesse L. LASKY'S I am Suzanne!







Lilian HARVEY · GENE RAYMOND

LESLIE BANKS

PODRECCA'S PICCOLI MARIONETTES

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Romance—tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance . . . While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes . . . and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies . . . Truly great entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.



FOX

The TALK of the TOWN

Gorgeous portraits of Hollywood's favorite raves





—*Jack Freulich*

MARGARET SULLAVAN

● Margaret's spelling of her surname is not affectation—it is the result of early ancestors changing their religious beliefs. She is as natural and unaffected as the great rôle she has given us in *Only Yesterday,* a picture that is proving a sensation. Universal saw her on Broadway and now through only one picture she has become the most discussed star in Hollywood

FRANCIS LEDERER

● Another sensation whose *Man of Two Worlds* undoubtedly will make cinema history. A reigning favorite of the foreign stage, Francis Lederer will repeat in this country



—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

RAMON NOVARRO and JEANETTE MacDONALD

● Romance? Love? Wait until you see Ramón and Jeanette go into action in *The Cat and the Fiddle,* the picturization of the popular musical play!



HEATHER ANGEL

● Keep your eyes on this winsome Miss! In support of Leslie Howard in *Berkeley Square* she displays her great histrionic genius. Another of her new films is *Seven Lives Were Changed*



—*Eugene Robert Richee*

JACK OAKIE, GINGER ROGERS and JACK HALEY

● Of course Ginger is *Sitting Pretty* as Jack Oakie and Jack Haley make love to her in the new film musical comedy of that title. Jack Haley is the handsome young comedian who has won such favor on the New York stage



—*Freulich*

MINNA GOMBELL

● Always dependable in whatever assignment given to her, Minna Gombell consistently delivers her best to the screen. She adds to the appeal of *Hoopla* and is to be seen soon in Universal's *Cross Country Cruise*



—*Elmer Fryer*

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

● Leave it to Dick to appear in the unusual! This favorite who loses none of his popularity through the years has selected *Massacre,* a glamorous and absorbing story of Indian life as his next Warner Bros.-First National Picture. It is a rôle to which he is singularly suited



—*Jack Freulich*

ELISSA LANDI

● In real life the daughter of a countess, Elissa Landi portrays a maid who masquerades as her countess mistress in *By Candlelight,* the sophisticated Continental comedy which she has just completed for Universal. In it she is more charming than ever

Gary Falls in Love!

The inside story of Gary Cooper's first true romance—with the girl to whom he may now be married!

by RUTH BIERY

A Love Story so sweet, so old-fashioned, so different from the modern, hectic we-meet-today-and-a r e-married-to-morrow romances that it is difficult to believe that it has actually happened in Hollywood!

I am speaking of Sandra Shaw and Gary Cooper, who have set a tentative date for their wedding early in January with plans to spend a honeymoon in Arizona during January. I say tentative because Sandra's mother may persuade the young people to complete a year's formal engagement upon the theory that love that withstands the trials of a long engagement will be unshaken by the ups and downs of a long marriage. But I believe that young love will win! Sandra and Gary are the guests of Sandra's parents, in New York, as this is written. Young love is persuasive and I am wagering that it will overcome all arguments and that when they return to Hollywood early in February so Gary may resume his picture making, they will come as Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper.

● But to understand even the date for this ceremony, one must understand the romance from its very beginning.

"I did not believe that such a thing could ever happen to me." There was a new humbleness in Gary's voice as he said it. "I had dreamed as all men dream. I had imagined this kind of love in the saddle, while riding across the plains of Montana. I had hoped—But I had decided that it could not be—"

I knew this to be true. Just six months ago, Gary had told me, "I will never marry. Women are an old story. They are all alike—"

I had felt a bit sorry when he said it. I had known Gary since his first days in this weird capital of entertainment. He had been so bashful and humble and obviously filled with impulsive, yearning, youthful illusions. And now at thirty-two, he was announcing the death and burial of those illusions. He was acknowledging the supremacy of sophisticated cynicism. He was basing his opinion of love and marriage upon disappointments and heartaches he had suffered from loving the colorful, dynamic, self-supporting actresses of Hollywood and the super-sophisticated socialites of Europe—

And then, he met Sandra. At an Easter-time yachting party given by Director Howard Hawks. He thought that she was just another young girl attempting to get a "break" in pictures; just another ambitious actress to be flirted with and flattered and perhaps made-love to. I have often wondered what Gary must have thought the

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—*International News*

Sandra Shaw and Gary Cooper did not experience love at first sight but Gary says "I had imagined this kind of love while riding across the plains of Montana. I had hoped —but had decided it could not be"



SHE DARES TO BE DIFFERENT!

Katharine Hepburn not only dares but seeks new ways to lift herself out of the ordinary—don't miss her in "Little Women"

by MARCELLA BURKE

It Is History In Hollywood, all the tall tales that Katharine Hepburn thinks up one day and denies the next. She came out to Hollywood and decided the pastures were green and nice. She took stock of herself altogether, and then said,

"They want people to be *different*. I'll show them somebody who can be different. I'll be myself, and two or three other people, too."

Right away, she commenced pulling rabbits out of her hat. The first one, of course, was a rabbit dressed up in overalls, with an expensive tailor-made patch.

Let it be said right here and now, Hollywood chuckled over that rabbit. Took it home to the folks, and they chuckled over it, too. Imagine a screen siren in shabby overalls!

● It has been told, how Kate reads her fan mail in the middle of the road and how she converses with her pet monkey. But nobody ever can be entirely sure about who she is, or whether or not she has children. For a while, she said she had two children. Her husband, the charming, absent Ludlow Smith, agreed with her. Now she denies it up and down. Just who is what or where now is a question.

"Of course," she said, "you can publish the fact that I have children. I have two of them. Just as cute as they can be. Of course, they're both jet black . . . you'll have to print that too." With which weird remark, she calmly walked away. Of course, a sense of humor is a grand thing, but what will she do if somebody begins being literal-minded, and believes that? Fie!

Until the California weather went mad in a two weeks downpour, Katharine was to be seen daily floating about in a smock under which she wore nothing whatever but the sheerest of the sheer short panties. About the time we all decided that she was as natural as the day is long, it suddenly came out that her very visible freckles were that way because she darkened them with an eyebrow pencil. She has leaned so far over backward to be "natural" that she appears to be walking backward on her head most of the time. It is all very confusing.

She suddenly produced a prowess at golf, which no one ever suspected. She upped and challenged Irene Dunne, who is an expert player, to a game and is willing to play anybody.

People may eventually get all mixed up with this Hepburn girl. They may even forget, in the welter of marriages, no marriages, babies and no babies, monkeys, truth, whoppers and general fantasy, that this cyclonic bit of femininity can act.

But I doubt it. She admits openly that she is a terrible liar. She is a shameless exhibitionist. But, what is more important than all else, she is a great actress.

● Whatever else is or is not so about this astounding person—she has courage and strength. Early in her screen career she climbed out of her hospital bed and went to the studio against her physician's advice, and took him with her. And there she worked hard all day long in stretches of ten minutes at a time, with rest intervals of a half hour each between shots. All the sets she had to work on were pre-heated to a certain temperature. There are few people with influenza who can do that!

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Art is the Bunk!

Rochelle Hudson, headed for stardom at seventeen, has her own ideas about fame and glory!

by
BEN MADDOX



Rochelle Hudson had a long-term movie contract at thirteen

No Matter How much success lies ahead for Rochelle Hudson, she's quite made up her mind that she won't get hot 'n' bothered about it!

Seventeen and turned sensational in both looks and ideas, she is pleased, naturally, to find herself awarded a Fox contract and to be told that next she's to be the love interest in Warner Baxter's *Odd Thursday*. But as for Hollywood fame—?

"It's a little late to become excited over my career," she declares. (And she is only seventeen!) "I'm glad to be in the money. Yet I refuse to be dazzled by the prospect of stardom. The glamour's okay so long as there's the weekly pay-check. Yearning, however, to 'die in the harness?' Oh, my—!" None o' that for this *baybee!*

Rochelle, who affects a snappy Clarabowish attitude when her dignified mother isn't on guard, shrugged a provocative shoulder, rolled her alluring blue-grey eyes, and grimaced cutely with her generously rouged lips. She comes from a good family and she's a nice gal, but—lordy!—how she fears being thought gaga!

"Art," she opined laconically a la Mae West, "is the bunk!" Nevertheless, she's been taking lessons to improve her native talents ever since she can remember.

"My mother," she explains, "is one of those persons who believe you should develop whatever ability you have. Now me, I'm lazy. I have to be pushed. If mother didn't keep on my trail, I wouldn't be here! I feel so sorry," she added, "for grown-ups who have to learn voice, and dancing, and all those things. I'm thankful I had it all pounded into me while I was too young to suffer!"

● Clad in a smart woolen suit of a vivid green hue and topped by a saucy black satin chapeau, she sat opposite me in the Fox restaurant. Rochelle is no longer the demure miss who was under contract to Radio. She languished in the background there and she's tired of being neglected. So she's acquired a pseudo-sophistication (of the Bow type) that, she hopes, will cause her to appear older and, therefore, eligible for more forceful parts.

Fox was so impressed with her work in *Doctor Bull* that they put her under long-term contract. The studio is highly enthused and predicts much for Rochelle.

But here's a laugh!

In the biography Fox has prepared on her, they state that she came to Hollywood in 1930 to crash "pitchers," direct from Claremore, Oklahoma, the old home town of Will Rogers.

"You can see why I take this business with a grain of salt," she said to me as she related the true story of her career to date. "What I'm revealing here will be news to the boys at Fox!

"Actually, I began on this very lot the first part of 1930. I was signed to a long-term contract by Fox," Rochelle divulged, *"when I was thirteen!"*

● "But we'd better go further back than that to straighten out the Hudson history. I was born in Claremore, yes. But I didn't grow up there for, when I was a baby, my parents moved to Oklahoma City. There has been considerable publicity about my being a protégée of Will Rogers, since I was born in Claremore.

"To be accurate, he's been kind to me, but not extraordinarily so. I've only seen him on the sets and I've never met any of his family. Mother had known him years ago, but I never met him until I was cast in *Doctor Bull.*"

Rochelle's father, who is running a big wheat ranch in Kansas at present, was head of the Federal Employment Bureau in Oklahoma City for years. She was an only child and her mother, who had dreamed of acting, saw that she studied dancing, the piano, painting, and the allied arts. She attended a private school.

"When I was eleven my father had a nervous breakdown

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Going to the

For real fun come with us on this visit to the movies in the romantic South Seas where all the entertainment for the movie-goer is not on the screen



—*Shalitt*

Reri, famous Follies dancer and star of Tabu, spurned the glamour of fame to return to her native Tahiti to live



—*Cooley*

Whenever the screen goes white as the film breaks, the audience stands up and goes into a dance. The above scene, filmed during a ceremonial, shows the native love of the dance

TAKE A LOAF of bread six inches less than a yard long, a slice of watermelon spotted with hundreds of black seeds, a green cocoanut, three or four oranges and a sack of peanuts, and you have, not the ingredients of some weird salad, but the gustatory accessories for attending the movies in the romantic South Sea island of Tahiti.

Add a guitar or two and an empty five-gallon kerosene can and you have the orchestral accompaniment for enjoying the talkies in this languorous isle—a gold-green land rising fresh from a turquoise sea, which for ages has been the goal of romancers and adventurers the world over. The sheer tropical beauty of Tahiti, with its rhythm of romance droned endlessly by the creaming breakers on the reef, has made the island itself the setting for scores of movies in the past. And Tahiti enjoys its present-day talkie theatre the more because of the famous movie ghosts which stalk through its cocoanut and breadfruit groves.

Douglas Fairbanks is remembered in the island as if it were only yesterday that he produced *Robinson Crusoe Jr.* there. Hundreds of natives who played in that film still talk of it. Director W. S. Van Dyke and the company of *White Shadows in the South Seas* remain a high spot in island memories. There dwells Reri, the heroine of F. W. Murnau's classic *Tabu,* who returned to her native isle of love and laughter after tasting the fame of Ziegfeld *Follies* footlights.

● The ghosts which cling about the legendary figure of the great Murnau are not happy ones. "Tupapahous," the natives called them—wraiths of evil capable of carrying their anger across thousands of miles of trackless sea. If you laugh at them as superstition, as Murnau laughed, the natives will tell you in hushed voices what happened to him—but of this, more later.

Tahiti is perhaps the one place remaining in all the world where the movie audience is likely to be more

Movies in TAHITI

by DONALD G. COOLEY

World Traveler and Executive Editor of RADIOLAND Magazine

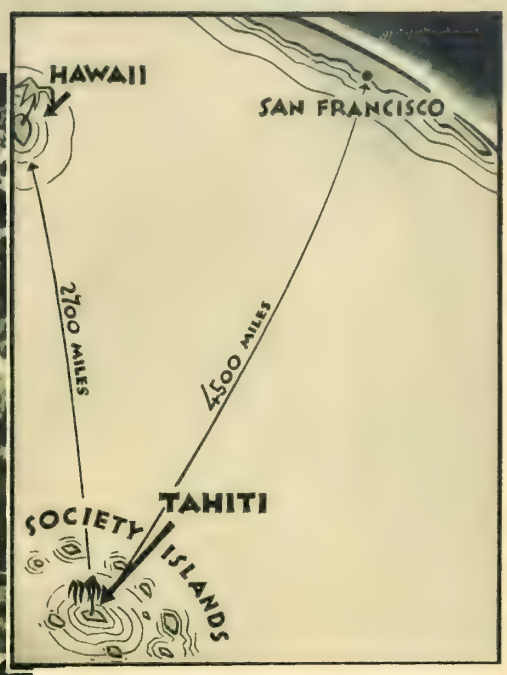


—Cooley

A poster advertising a thrilling western is irresistible to the natives and will result in a packed theatre



A hula dancer in* Tabu, *one of the many movies filmed in Tahiti. F. W. Murnau, its director, died in an automobile accident when he returned to the States but natives say evil spirits killed him



Tahiti, 4,500 miles from San Francisco, is one of the better known South Sea Islands. Papeete is its principal city

interesting than the picture. Suppose you take your three francs and come along with me to attend a rip-roaring Western in the theatre at Papeete, the island's principal town. We know it will be a humdinger of a show because, along the waterfront, we have seen a poster depicting an amazing scene in a rangeland cattle town.

A man on horseback, in front of a saloon, is training his rifle at an airplane flying overhead. Standing nonchalantly on the fuselage of the speeding plane, his tail fluttering contemptuously in the breeze, is a cowpony. Sitting on his back is a cowboy, waving his Stetson and dropping sneers on his enemy below. Well, you can't wave a poster like that in Papeete without getting results. The town just *knows* something is bound to happen with a set-up like that.

● So, in common with the rest of Papeete, we trek off to the theatre, which looks like a Middle-Western barn. A score of pushcarts with their Chinese proprietors block the road before the entrance, selling a varied assortment of fruits and food as mentioned above. For a franc we can get a green cocoanut to carry into the show, from which we can swig cool, sweet water as the spirit moves us.

We pay our admission, walk in, and find a seat on the benches. We discover that we've been walking on the bare feet of some of our fellow spectators. But they are entirely amiable about it. It involves less effort on their part to let you walk on their dogs than to move them out of the way. On second thought, we decide that "dogs" is a slang expression for pedal extremities not justified in this instance, unless we are thinking of Great Danes.

Mostly the audience is of native girls and their boy friends, with a sprinkling of French officials and a few sailors from the gunboat in the harbor with their town girls. Couples sit with their arms around each other. There is nothing timid or backward about Polynesian love technique. A white flower, the *tiare Tahiti,* over the left ear, indicates that its wearer

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WITH THE NEWS SLEUTH

by HAL E. WOOD



—Ernest A. Bachrach

Chick Chandler boasted his wife, Jean Frontai, had Hollywood's prettiest legs —now she has a movie contract

HOT

Foreign Affairs

MARY PICKFORD is going to England to make a picture . . . and she'll discuss marital problems with Doug Fairbanks Sr. . . . A serious attack of homesickness has sent Charlotte Susa hurrying back to Switzerland for a holiday . . . Fox is dusting off *Marie Gallant*, which will serve as a vehicle to introduce Ketty Galligan, beautiful blonde French actress, to American audiences . . . Boss Winnie Sheehan signed her after seeing her on the London stage . . . Paramount imported Jose Ortiz, Mexi-

The lowdown on current reported in concise,

The Bachelor Famine

DAWN OF 1934 gives promise of slim pickings for Hollywood maidens who have delayed filing claims on prospective husbands.

Never before in Talkietown's annals has the roster of fancy-free bachelors contained so few *big money* names as at this moment. The twelve months just closed have witnessed the desertion of some of the most sought after altar possibilities of the last decade, including Prize Package No. 1 in the person of the rich and handsome Gary Cooper.

Announcement that Gary had placed a fifteen-carat sparkler on the shapely hand of the young and aristocratic Sandra Shaw cracked down upon a romance-loving world like a bolt from the blue. No cinematic betrothal in recent years has caused so many feminine hearts to flutter.

It was only last summer that Gary, admitting the demise of his amour with the still-wedded Countess di Frasso, boldly declared that henceforth he was devoting all of his energies to his career, with no time out for serious thought to the opposite sex. But that was before he was introduced to Sandra, whom he met on common ground because of her fondness for outdoor sports.

The Love Parade

WITH Gary and Sandra blazing the trail, the big trek to the parson's gate is under way.

Mervyn Leroy, youthful director of box-office winners, and Doris Warner, daughter of Mervyn's big boss and heiress to many celluloid millions, will take the vows during the Yule season.

It probably will be a double wedding in jolly old London for Cary Grant and blonde Virginia Cherrill, and Cary's buddy, Randolph Scott, and Vivian Gaye, Sari Maritza's attractive manager.

Cary will meet Virginia in England, and escort her to Kent to visit his parents before the nuptials, while Randy will pay a call at Vivian's abode in the British capital to gain consent of her Dad.

Maureen and Johnny

JOHNNY FARROW and Maureen O'Sullivan will don double harness as soon as they can get a special dispensation from Rome, the Pope's approval being necessary because of a previous marriage involving the bridegroom-to-be.

Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell, engaged for almost four years, will journey down the aisle before the wild geese start Northward again.

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford probably will visit the license bureau the day Joan's divorce from Doug Fairbanks Jr. becomes final in February.

Charlie Chaplin's friends tell me that Charlie plans to elope with Paulette Goddard as soon as he completes his current picture.

Al Hall and Lola Lane are counting the days until Lola's year of grass-widowship from Lew Ayres ends.

Larry Kent and Natalie Talmadge, the erstwhile Mrs. Buster Keaton, have ordered the invitations.

Bob Risken and Glenda Farrell are perusing honeymoon tour maps and discussing home furnishings.

Ricardo Cortez and Christine Lee have decided everything except the date for the ceremony.

New Loves For Old

FOR sheer courage in the wake of matrimonial disaster, you have to hand it to these Hollywood beaux.

Bill Powell was a terribly dejected fellow when Carole Lombard hied herself to Nevada to divorce him, but he's finding a new interest in life—and love —in the companionship of Margaret Lindsay.

FROM HOLLYWOOD

co's ace matador, to instruct Georgie Raft in the art of tossing the bull . . . Clarence Brown drew an offer of $100,000 for directing *The Merchant of Venice* for a British talkie concern . . . yet he's hesitating . . . They had to do a lot of censoring on Eddie Cantor's *The Kid From Spain* before it could be shown in Barcelona . . . Fox is starring Lily Damita in its French-made productions . . . Ramón Novarro plans a Mexican concert tour . . . it will be the occasion for his first visit to the land of his birth since he left there an unknown eighteen years ago . . . Universal is bringing Jan Kiepura, Polish tenor who scored in *Be Mine Tonight*, to Hollywood for four musical flickers . . .

National

THAT WIDELY-HERALDED Embassy club brawl in which Artist Peter Arno, Social Lion Drexel Biddle Steel and Actress Sally O'Neil hurled fists and chairs, was merely a publicity stunt for Steel's chatter broadcast over a national network . . . It was Charlie Chaplin's overwheming desire to be of service to the country that made him rich that caused him to forget his fear of microphones and radio an appeal for NRA support.

events in Movieland and doings of the stars as seen and complete detail by our star reporter

Richard Dix lost no time in dating up his one-time fiancée, Lois Wilson, after the courts granted Winifred Coe's plea for a severance of the marriage ties.

Adolphe Menjou's decree won't be final until next August, yet he is already laying plans for his marriage to Verree Teasdale, who is very, very proud of the solitaire Adolphe gave her.

And the Prince, Too

PRINCE SERGE MDIVANI temporarily wipes Mary McCormic and her legal actions against him from his thoughts when he steps out with Kathryn Carver, the ex-Mrs. Menjou.

Dick Powell has been free only a year, but those in the know insist that he'll bestow his name on Gwen Heller, Jack Warner's niece, early in 1934.

Spencer Tracy and Louise Treadwell are merely enjoying a matrimonial vacation, yet all Cinematown is talking about his romance with Loretta Young.

King Vidor is forgetting Eleanor Boardman, his "ex," while he coos in Betty Hill's ear.

And so it goes in Hollywood!

Specs For IT Girl

CLARA BOW used to don shell-rimmed glasses as a disguise when she ventured forth along Hollywood boulevard. Now she's wearing them on an oculist's orders in an effort to correct a marked astigmatism.

The Cost of Fame

SALLY RAND IS BACK in the movies to cash in on the publicity she drew while thrilling Century of Progress patrons with her fan dance. Sally has thousands of newspaper and magazine clippings to show for her artistic endeavors in Chicago.

Five years ago Hollywood was hailing Sally as the most beautiful blonde in the films. She was under contract to Fox in that era. Now Paramount is casting her as a dancer with Carole Lombard and George Raft in *Bolero* as a build-up before permitting her to do more important things in *Murder in the Vanities.*

Judith a Redhead

EVEN Wrestler Gus Sonnenberg might find it a bit difficult these days to pick out his ex-wife, Judith Allen, in a crowd. Judith's once brown tresses are now a vivid red.

Mae a Producer?

COLONEL MAE WEST—one of the Kentucky colonels, Suh!—is giving serious thought to the question of producing her own talkies. Rumor has it that she will sever her connections with Paramount after her next production, *It Ain't No Sin.*

But while Mae is debating the matter in her own mind, there is another actress in Hollywood who looks with envy upon Mae's healthy—and regular—paychecks. The lady is none other than Gloria Swanson.

Gloria now realizes that she might have been the silversheet's richest star had she been willing to let others do the financing of her vehicles. After almost ten years of playing a lone hand, she finally is anxious to find a spot on somebody's salary roll.

Gloria is ready to admit that $10,000 a week was a heap of wealth back in the days when she declined that figure to stir her own.

Swanson has but little left out of the



—*Elmer Fryer*

Erica Newell was appearing in* Strike Me Pink *on the New York stage when she was offered a film contract

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . .

Romance

THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE freshly-divorced Mary McCormic betrothed to Harry Bannister and two other fellows all within the short space of one week . . . George Raft and Marjorie King started theatreward together, but reached their destination in separate autos . . . it was merely a lovers' quarrel, and all is serene now . . . Jimmy Dunn continues in the rôle of Claire Trevor's favorite squire . . . Lila Lee and John McCormick, Colleen Moore's "ex," are going places together . . . Arthur Johnson, the lyricist, is in town with the vowed intention of leading Loretta Sayers to the altar . . . They're telling that Harpo Marx will middle-aisle it with Susan Fleming immediately upon his return from his Russian tour . . . Florence Rice can't quite make up her mind between Phillips Holmes and Owen Davis Jr. . . . Lilian Harvey wants to take another look at Willie Frisch, the German star, before she says "Yes" to his pleas . . . Elbert Franklin, who used to be Toby Wing's millions that came her way!



Ida Lupino is expected to climb rapidly up the ladder of fame now that she has an American film contract. She is in Search for Beauty

Afraid of Himself

TOM BROWN, youthful Romeo, is no longer willing to trust himself in this community of beautiful ingénues.

Tom and pretty Jean Parker have signed a pledge that neither will wed for five years. Whoever fails to live up to the agreement forfeits $1,000.

Even stranger than this, however, is a second pact agreed to by Jean, in which she promises to marry Pancho Lucas at the end of the half decade.

Pancho is the former office boy selected by Metro to portray the bandit Villa as a boy in *Viva Villa.*

Love on the Farm

FRANCES DEE AND Joel McCrea may draw weighty salary envelopes for their screen toil, but they're launching their matrimonial bark in much the same manner as would a couple of rural honeymooners in less-than-moderate circumstances.

Because they decided to advance the date for the nuptials by three months, Frances and Joel returned from their Eastern invasion to find their new ranch home far from completion. So they are eking out an existence in what eventually will be the dining-room and kitchen while carpenters rush their tasks on the balance of the big manor.

The ranch is a sixty-minute drive from Hollywood.

Mary Visits Barber

BECAUSE she's going sophisticated as George O'Brien's leading lady in *The Heir to Hoorah,* Mary Brian went out and bought herself a new-style haircut.

And apparently Mary's changed



—*Wide World*

Lila Lee, Jeanette MacDonald and Gloria Swanson formed an appreciative audience when Gloria's husband, Michael Farmer won his bet that he could drink out of three glasses and a champagne bottle simultaneously during a repeal celebration at the popular Vendome café

passion before she met Maurice Chevalier, now night-spots it with young Rochelle Hudson . . . Barbara Weeks and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams are serious . . . Martha Sleeper's new heart is Ted Bassett, handsome Easterner . . . Gloria Shea and Walter Kane are on the verge of an elopement . . . Jeanne Howard is keeping Charlie Feldman from getting too lonesome while Raquel Torres, his fiancée, is in London . . . Eddie Hillman, Marian Nixon's former mate, is finding romance with Florence Desmond . . . Sheila Terry gets two long-distance calls from Orchestra Leader Vincent Lopez daily . . . Joan Marsh and wealthy Tommy Lee are altarbound . . . Twelve photographs adorn the walls of Jack Oakie's boudoir . . . and they're all of the same girl, Edith Holloway . . . Ginger Rogers admits she's very, very fond of Lew Ayres, but insists she isn't marrying Lew or anyone else for the next five years . . . Irene Hervery is Dean Markham's *big moment* . . . Lewis Milestone, the director, and Kendall Glenser, just freed from the international jeweler, are plotting a future together . . . Maurice Hill, embryo medico, is ditching it all in favor of acting just to please Fifi Dorsay.

Marriages

ELEANOR HUNT, the former Mrs. Rex Lease, is giving matrimony another tryout . . . Dr. Frank Nolan is the bridegroom . . . Now that stuttering Rosco Ates and his former frau have revived their old vaudeville act, they're considering a remarriage . . . Dancer Betty Kaege's elopement with rich young Jack Peine of Chicago provides the answer for her surprise move in withdrawing her $100,000 heart balm action against Alan Dinehart . . . Alice White and Sidney Bartlett were married at Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico. Townsfolk gave a dance in their honor . . . Verna Hille is the second Paramount panther woman to find love in Hollywood . . . she's the bride of Frank Gill, Jr., a radio m. c. . . . The Doris Warner-Mervyn Leroy nuptials have been scheduled for January 3.

appearance has made her more intriguing than ever, for the gatekeepers out at Fox Hills are finding it difficult to keep her army of beaux from falling over one another.

Gene Raymond, Jack Oakie, Donald Cook and Russell Gleason are almost daily callers.

John To Do Hamlet

JOHN BARRYMORE Is going to do Hamlet behind the footlights. But leave it to a Barrymore to be different.

John is after Hollywood Bowl, with its 25,000 seating capacity, for the presentation of his own version of the Shakespearean vehicle in which he starred for more than two years on the London stage.

The younger prince of Broadway royal family has been paying daily visits to the Bowl, testing out his voice, which, naturally, has lost much of its volume during his long run in front of the microphones.

Details for the venture will be worked out by John while he cruises the South Seas with Dolores and the two kiddies early this Spring.

He's Not So Dumb!

JACKIE COOPER has gone Hollywood in a big way.

This good looking juvenile who spells romance and adventure to American youngsters squired beautiful Lila Lee to luncheon at the Brown Derby. It was his initial appearance as a real-life beau.

Jackie did nobly throughout the meal, but when the waiter presented him with a check totalling $5.25, he nonchalantly opened Lila's purse and paid off.

He explained that it's an old Hollywood custom!

Ramón's Sister In Début

THE RATHER LARGE Samaniego family is contributing another of its talented members to the screen. This time it is Carmen, 19-year-old sister of Ramón Novarro.

Like Ramón, Carmen originally intended to become a dancer, and she recently made her first public appearance as such at a Los Angeles benefit performance.

But now she is to display her dramatic ability in the rôle of Ramón's screen sister in *Laughing Boy*.

Hero Worship

BORIS KARLOFF, a star in his own right ever since he drew shrieks from movie patrons with his portrayal of ***Frankenstein***, is temporarily doffing his stellar toga to play second fiddle to the man he considers the greatest actor of them all—his fellow countryman, George Arliss.

Karloff will satisfy a lifetime ambition when he goes into a featured rôle in support of Arliss in Twentieth Century's ***The House of Rothchild.***

As a mere boy in London, Karloff, whose real name is Bill Pratt, horded his allowance in order to applaud Arliss from a gallery seat.

Separation Succeeds

AFTER THREE MONTHS of it, Gloria Stuart has pronounced her trial separation from her sculptor-husband, Blair Gordon Newell, "a howling success."

"We are lovers again," declared Gloria. "We have gone back to the days of our courtship five years ago."

Gloria said Blair and she would continue the plan of separate abodes for another nine months, at least.



—*Wide World*

The youngest bicyclist on record. Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Arlen) fixed a basket on the bars of her bike in which Richard Ralston Arlen gleefully rides while Papa Dick Arlen proudly watches the youngster enjoy the sport. They were vacationing at Palm Springs

The Long



"Lindsey," Carl said, "you've been dangling a decent boy on the string and tearing around with a vicious crowd. You've got to stop lying to me and running out on your job"

THE CAST

JOHN BARRYMORE ..... *Carl Bellairs*
ALAN MOWBRAY ..... *Sir Anthony Gelding*
HELEN CHANDLER ..... *Lindsey*
REGINALD SHARLAND ..... *Lord Vivyan*
DONALD COOK ..... *Bill Strong*

AN RKO-RADIO PRODUCTION

Fictionized from the screen play

● by Edward R. Sammis

The glamorous story of a fascinating roue caught at last in a relentless web of love!

LINDSEY LANE dropped the blade of her fencing foil and leaned back, laughing and quite out of breath, against the wall of the gymnasium. Her cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes sparkling as she pushed the mass of blonde curly ringlets back from her forehead.

That last bout had been a hard go. Still there was nothing like fencing to provide the poise and grace so necessary to a successful dancer—especially a dancer who was the toast of London.

"Enough for today! You are getting better every time, Mees Lane," said the little Italian fencing master, beaming proudly on his pupil.

Suddenly she caught sight of Bill Strong lounging in the doorway, waiting for her.

● "Hi!" he called, lifting his hand in careless greeting, a pleased grin on his lean, dark face. It was so like Bill—so American. No stuffy Englishman would do that. Evidently London hadn't affected him at all in the six months since he had come over from the States to take his interneship at Victoria Hospital.

As Lindsey ran across the floor to join him, an ecstasy of happiness welled up in her. It seemed that fate was being kind to her at last. Her life had not been an easy one, living as she had in a succession of provincal boarding houses while she had tried to eke out a living for as long as she could remember. But two months ago her specialty dance at the Palladium had scored a hit with smart West End audiences. Then yesterday Bill had asked her to marry him. Her cup of joy seemed just about full.

"Hullo, darling," said Lindsey, putting up her parted lips for Bill to kiss. "Come wait for me while I have a shower and dress."

Bill followed her down a narrow corridor to a row of little cubicles. Lindsey disappeared for a moment, then emerged with a rubber cap sheathing her blonde curls, a flash of white legs visible beneath her striped bathrobe.

"Just be a minute," she said, and slipped into the shower room across the hall.

"Hold these." Lindsey's bare arm reached out from behind the door of the shower room, handing Bill her bathrobe and towel. Bill smiled as he heard her splashing and singing behind the rubber curtains.

"How about lunching at the Happy Hour?" Bill asked casually. The singing stopped.

"No!" Lindsey's reply was emphatic.

"Don't you want to see your father?" Bill inquired mildly. "After all, I thought he might want to know about our marriage."

Copyright, 1934, by RKO-Radio Pictures Corporation

Lost Father



Lady Hermione cleverly hid her anger. "Carl," she said, "you must stop seeing either Lindsey or me. I won't have a young whippersnapper of a girl cutting me out!"

"I never want to see him!" Lindsey answered bitterly.

Lindsey's father, the debonair and dashing Carl Bellairs, was proprietor and chief drawing card of the Happy Hour. He had deserted Lindsey's mother when Lindsey was only a baby, and she had never seen him from that day on. She had grown to hate this father of hers, although she had closely followed in the papers his career as an adventurer, soldier of fortune, and man-about-town with an avid, perverse curiosity. About-town gossips were whispering that the beautiful and wealthy Lady Hermione was the latest to fall victim to his charms.

"I saw him yesterday," Bill said. "He's not a bad sort, really. Why don't you give the man a chance?"

"Did he give my mother a chance?" Lindsey flared. "Did he give *me* a chance? He ran away from us both and as far as I'm concerned he can stay away!"

Her mood changed abruptly.

"Now turn your back," she called. "Venus is about to arise from the foam."

Bill felt the towel and bathrobe snatched from his arms. Out of the corner of his eye he caught a flash of her slim white body hastily enveloped in the striped flannel folds as she dashed for her dressing room.

It was a new Lindsey who came out a few minutes later, breathlessly beautiful in her smart tailored suit. Bill caught her in his arms and crushed her to him.

"Oh, darling, I love you so!" she murmured, touching his cheek with her fingers, her mouth seeking his.

"Let's not go to the Happy Hour," she said. "I'd prefer a coffee stall. We'd be alone there."

"As you wish, dear," Bill agreed.

● While Bill and Lindsey were lunching in the dark intimacy of the little booth, Carl Bellairs, darkly handsome and distinguished in morning coat and striped trousers, was eyeing the swinging doors anxiously, as he bowed the noonday customers into the Happy Hour, twiddling his long fingers behind his back in nervousness.

The Long Lost Father



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As the crowd thinned, hope revived. Perhaps something had happened and she wasn't coming after all. He made the rounds of the tables, beaming at red-faced Sir Anthony Gelding as he passed.

He would have preferred to slap Sir Anthony's fat jowls instead. But the man was the secret owner of the Happy Hour and Carl was at his beck and call. He had hired Carl and could fire him if he chose. Hiding his dislike had become a habit with Carl now. This newest job meant too much to him. He wanted to stay in legitimate business now if he could—getting too far along for confidence games, he reflected, rubbing his chin.

His perennial youth was slipping from him. Middle age was threatening to encroach on the Bellairs dash and devil-may-care attitude. Yes, Carl admitted to himself, he was softening under the easy life London and the Happy Hour afforded him. Sometimes he even wondered what life would be like with a home and his daughter to care for him.

A waiter approached respectfully and coughed. Carl looked up sharply, irritated.

"There's a man to see you, sir. Insisted on having you summoned. Said he was an old friend of yours," the waiter explained.

Carl shrugged his broad, slightly stooped shoulders, and strode to his private office. A short, badly dressed man sprang to his feet when he caught sight of Carl. His wizened face cracked in a toothless smile.

"Well, Carl, here I am. Just like a bad penny."

"Worse." Carl made a wry face. "I could use a bad penny in a slot machine. Where have you been?"

"They gave me three years just after we got separated in Australia. I didn't like to write from prison. It might have hurt your reputation."

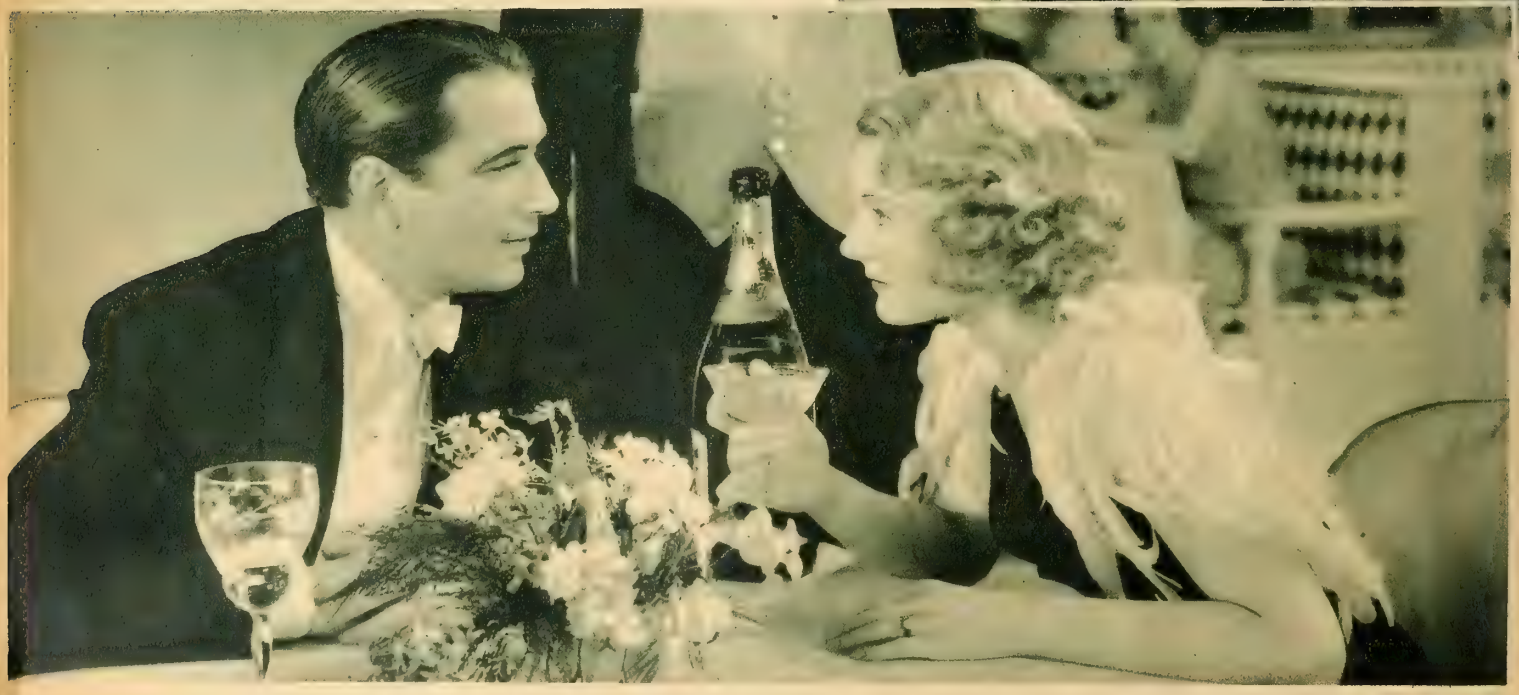
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Spot stood silent a moment.

"Ever see your daughter?" he asked abruptly.

Carl shook his head. "I gave all that up twenty years ago. I couldn't stand the smell of cabbage in the house and the sight of diapers hanging on the clothes line."





Bill's eyes brimmed with love as he gazed at Lindsey. "I wish we could celebrate with champagne but I just have enough for beer," he said. Then his brow darkened as the waiter arrived with champagne and announced it was from Sir Anthony



"Your daughter stole some twelve hundred pounds from me," Sir Anthony snarled. "Either she returns it by nightfall or I'll bring action!"

"She'd hardly be wearin' diapers now," Spot reminded him.

Carl changed the subject. "Well, what do you want?"

Spot came to the point. "I want a job. I need work and money. I thought maybe you could help me out."

Carl thought a moment. "See the headwaiter and tell him you're going to work here. He'll give you a uniform and teach you how to wait on table." That would give Spot money and keep him near. He might need Spot's services again sometime.

He ran absently through his mail. A big envelope caught his attention. It was a letter from a law firm, informing him that his sister-in-law had died, and asking if he would please appear that afternoon to hear the will of the deceased.

● Carl went directly to the waiting room of the law office.

He paced impatiently up and down the tiny room. Perhaps he would be left enough money to retire and be a country gentleman, he thought, scarcely noticing the young girl who sat quietly watching him.

Lindsey had recognized Carl the minute she saw him come into the room. His gay and jaunty air, the imperious lift of his shapely head, the finely chiselled Bellairs profile, which she remembered so well from newspaper pictures, all proclaimed Carl as her father.



Specters from the past haunted Carl. His forgotten loves danced by in tinsel parade. "Lindsey," he pleaded, "if you refuse to believe in me, I'm lost!"

"Dull, waiting in lawyers' offices, isn't it?" Carl inquired conversationally, smiling at Lindsey. His cultured voice fell softly on Lindsey's burning ears. She looked the other way with a quick, impatient movement.

"These law books are sometimes interesting. Here's something," Carl continued, holding out a richly bound volume. Lindsey deliberately turned her back to him. Carl laughed and put the book back.

A clerk came to the door. "Will you come in please?"

"Both of us?" Carl asked in surprise. The clerk nodded, and Lindsey swept past him into the private office. The lawyer was waiting for them.

"So good of you to come, Miss Bellairs," he said.

Carl stopped in his tracks. "Bellairs?" he faltered.

"Why yes—Mr. Bellairs—you know your daughter, don't you? Her stage name is Lindsey Lane."

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"You needn't bother to shake hands," Lindsey said coldly. Unaccountably she felt hurt that her father had failed to recognize her. She wanted to hate him, but all her impulses urged her to hurl herself into his arms, to beg him to be a real father to her.

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Please turn to page fifty-eight

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Hollywood NEWS in Pictures



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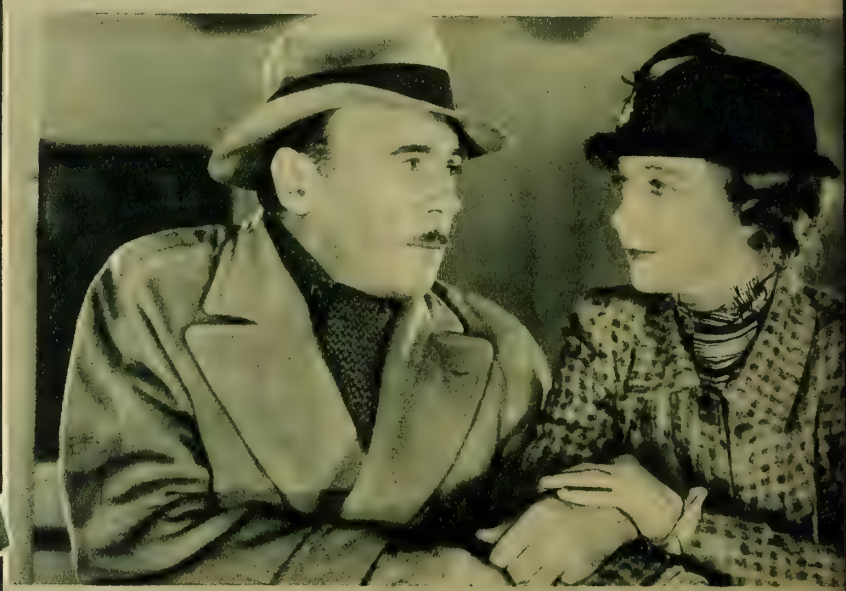
—*Wide World*

ENGAGED — Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow, screen writer, have announced their engagement





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FAVORITE RETURNS—Roland Young and Lilian Gish in an exclusive Great Adventure *which is to be her first screen appearance after a*



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WILL THEY MARRY?—Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone spent a vacation in New York

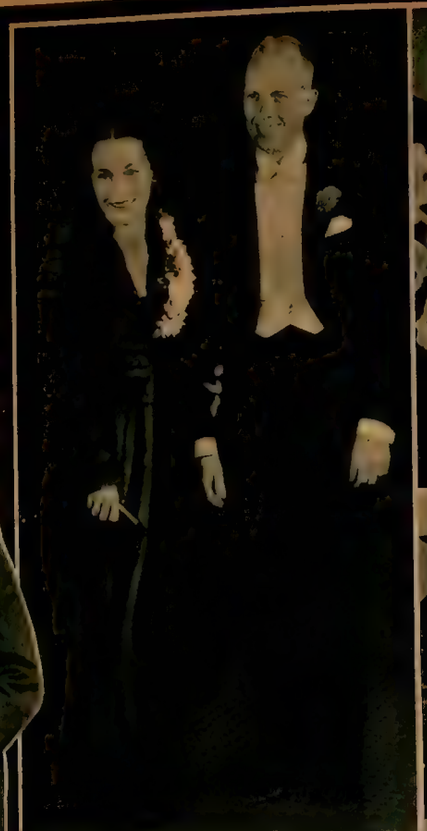


ALICE'S SISTER—Jacqueline Wells was appearing at the Pasadena Community Playhouse when she was offered the rôle of Alice's sister in* Alice in Wonderland. *Now her screen future seems assured

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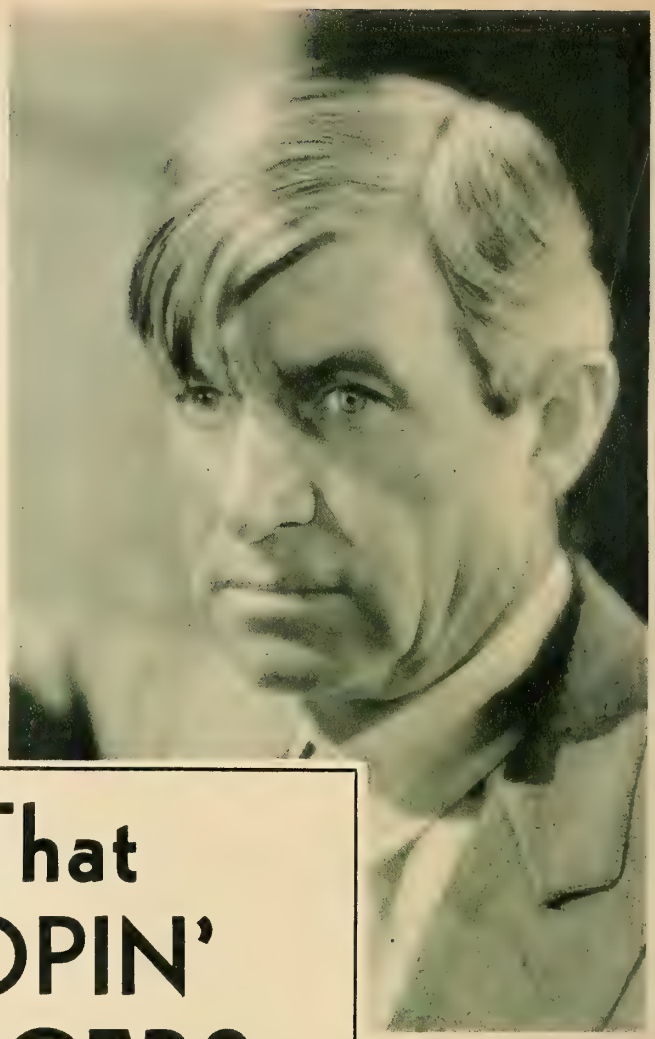
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New, untold anecdotes about Will Rogers revealed by a friend who has known him for thirty years

by GUY WEADICK



That ROPIN' ROGERS KID

When Will Rogers received a command from the Kaiser to put on his act he said: "I'm an American citizen an' there ain't nobody got any right to command me to do anything"

YEARS BACK, WHEN cow ranches were the rule rather than the exception in Oklahoma, the C V ranch headquarters was located at Oolagah, about twelve miles north of what is now Claremore, Oklahoma.

It was owned by C. V. Rogers, better known as "Uncle Clem" Rogers, a quarter-breed Cherokee and one of the outstanding men of the Cherokee Nation, a man whose efforts were responsible for many of the advancements made by that tribe, and in whose honor, Rogers County, Oklahoma was named.

On this ranch, November 7, 1879 was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Rogers a son. He was christened Will, but for years was known throughout the neighborhood as "that ropin' Rogers kid."

It was only natural, being raised in the ranch and range atmosphere of the period, that young Rogers should become proficient in horsemanship as well as in the use of the lariat or "rope." While still in his teens, his father staked him to a brand, the Dog iron, and a bunch of cattle.

Although Will was an adept in the use of the "rope" in the usual routine of ranch work, he early displayed a deep interest in the art of "trick" roping as it was called. In other words, the spinning of a rope and making what is known as "fancy" catches. He practiced this style of roping to such an extent that soon he could execute all the tricks known in that section. Next he figured out new stunts until he was considered far in advance of any roper of that style in that part of the Territory.



Will Rogers is a great cowboy contest fan and still continues to keep his hand in at trick roping. Some claim he is the best fancy roper in the world

In 1899 he attended his first cowboy contest (rodeo or stampede as they are called today). It was held in St. Louis and offered the largest cash purses ever offered for a cowboy contest, up to that time.

Along about this time stories began to drift into the Southwest—where the settlers were beginning to cut up the cattle range—regarding the advantages offered to cowmen, in South America. Rogers had just come of age and he decided to go south of the equator and look over the prospects, so in 1901 he sailed for the Argentine.

After spending a few months in the land of the gauchos, Will sailed for South America with a bunch of stock. Upon his arrival there he made the acquaintance of an American named "Texas Jack" who was operating a Wild West Show. Shortly after, Rogers and his trick roping exhibition became

Please turn to page forty-eight

As the Earth Turns—

So comes Fame to Jean Muir who has created a new sensation in jaded Hollywood

by
ALYCE CURTIS



Jean Muir brings a new type of womanhood to Hollywood—beautiful, spiritual, capable and with a serious mission in life. Among other Warner Brothers pictures she will be seen in **As the Earth Turns**

MECCA OF EVERY type of womanhood from the far corners of the globe, Hollywood lacked only one well-defined type of girl until Jean Muir came along.

That type was the Joan of Arc brand of woman—beautiful, spiritual, courageous, strong, clean as a mountain breeze, capable and with a serious mission in life. That's the kind of girl Jean Muir is.

It seems passing strange, too, that the screen never before has had just such a type for she is the kind that both men and women have admired for centuries . . . long before Mae West, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow and all the other mistresses of sex appeal had ever been dreamed of.

Next to Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan, Jean Muir is the most talked about young actress in Hollywood today—tangible proof in itself that the movie moguls do not demand steaming hot-cha types alone.

Jean, in five months time has had as swift a rise as any girl since Katharine Hepburn got her start a year ago. Jean played a character rôle in Paul Muni's picture *The World Changes*, then she was made Joe E. Brown's leading woman in *Son of a Sailor*, then Warren William's heroine in *Bedside*. Now she is playing virtually a starring rôle in *As the Earth Turns*.

It may be one of the big pictures of the year. If so, Jean becomes a star automatically. After she finishes *As the Earth Turns*, Jean will be Richard Barthelmess' modern heroine in his new picture, *A Modern Hero*.

I had heard of this paragon . . . this modern Joan of Arc in Hollywood where all is dazzle and glamor . . . where sex and frivolity run rampant, so with no small degree of curiosity I found her one sunny day, wrapped in a big winter overcoat on the Warner Brothers set of *As the Earth Turns*.

Gladys Hasty Carroll's best seller is being made into a powerful drama of rural Maine. So realistic was the scene which greeted my eyes, I doubted really being in sunny California. The snow fell in a blizzard over a barren orchard cold with winter. An old horse plowed its way with difficulty to the door. I understand this same scene is to be duplicated in spring with budding peach blossoms, and in fall with turning leaves.

As Jean and I sat chatting and reminiscing in her stage dressing room, just outside this movie blizzard, I instantly felt the great charm of her simplicity, both in appearance and conversation.

Tall, stately, graceful, she is innocently defiant of all modern artifices. Her charm lies in her ability to appeal to the mind as well as the eye. Her's is a natural beauty . . . she uses no make-up except on the screen, and her face, which is singularly beautiful, expresses her own inner strength and vision.

"I like playing people who seem real," she said. "To be a great actress to me means playing any rôle . . . any type. That is the meaning of acting. I should like to play an old lady or a young one with equal sincerity."

You see, since childhood it seems, Jean has lived in the magic realm of make-believe. Perhaps to escape the drab world in which she lived

Please turn to page fifty-five

FLYING DOWN TO RIO





Romance in the Clouds!

● Gene Raymond and Dolores Del Rio in love scenes of incomparable romantic beauty! Gorgeous girls in dazzling dance spectacles of extravagant beauty and originality with the scenes laid on a mammoth airliner en route to South America! This is but a hint of what you may expect in *Flying Down to Rio,* the pretentious musical show which RKO-Radio is offering with Ginger Rogers and other featured players in addition to those mentioned above and an immense company of exquisite dancing girls

"I'm Through With Love!"

The story of Russ Columbo whose life has been stranger than fiction

by RUTH BIERY

Russ Colombo has one of the most sensational stories that I know. It is ready-made for the screen. Natural drama that few writers could imagine. And yet I wonder just how it all could come about in three years.

I remember the Russ Colombo to whom nothing had ever happened so well. He used to sit in my living room night after night, with his pal, Lansing Brown and yearn for a break "like other fellows." He would play the piano and sing. A full-blooded Italian—music was a part of him. With the birth of the talkies, they had taken him from the orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove with big promises of glamorous rôles.

But promises in Hollywood are as easy to secure as sand in the desert. He doubled for the famous male stars when they were supposed to be singing in those first talkies. Of course he had tests—at almost every studio in the city. And the verdict was always the same.

"You are too dark; too Latin. The Latin type went out with Valentino! But we'll double your voice for so-and-so."

I wish I could bring you a true picture of this boy as I knew him then. Wistful. Sad. Discouraged. The youngest of twelve children—the only one left to support his mother and father. How we tried to encourage him. "You'll get your break, Russ. You've got the goods—"

At first, his eyes would gleam with ambition but as the months rolled by and even doubling became scarce—until he had been out of work for eight months, he faced it squarely.

"There's no chance for me. I'm going back to being a musician. I'm putting an orchestra into The Pyramid Club on Hollywood Boulevard. It's new. It may not mean much. But—" He shrugged. He was thoroughly discouraged.

Four months later he was collecting $7,500 per week on Broadway as a crooner!

● I did not see him again until the night *Broadway Thru a Keyhole* was previewed in Los Angeles. I knew that this boy was realizing the climax of a life's ambition when he saw his name heading the cast of a motion picture. We could not talk there. Hundreds were crowding forward to beg his autograph.

He has just left my house again. He has filled in the blank spaces of that story. And has left me dizzy. Yes, dizzy. His first words were so unexpected.

"Well, I left here broke. You know that. I came back the same way. I made a quarter of a million dollars in three years and I had less than $10,000 when I crawled into Los Angeles, sick and tired of it all and hid out at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. No one knew I was there. For four months, no one knew I was even in the city—"

The three years reads like a movie scenario with the first scene at the Pyramid Club when a song writer approached him. "How would you like to go to New York?"

"He offered to pay my expenses to New York. He was to manage me and get one-third of all I made. I'd never been out of California. I—well, it was the impulse of a moment. I went with him.

"He told some National Broadcasting officials and they

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—*Jack Freulich*

Russ Columbo was broke and discouraged in Hollywood when opportunity beckoned. Four months later he was collecting $7,500 per week on Broadway as a crooner. Reverses followed this success but now his future in pictures is assured

Can a Woman Love

Miriam Hopkins answers a question that confronts every woman sometime in her life

by MIRIAM HOPKINS
as told to
Gladys McVeigh



"When you say 'love,'" declares Miriam Hopkins, "you are toying with one of the most abused words in the English language. Too much, I believe, the perfect love of a past age has become the sex attraction of a later age"

PRIMITIVE POLYANDRY, which in simple terms is the curious ability of one woman to love two men with equal intensity, belongs to an epoch of the past, yet harking back through the ages, every woman (even as you and I) at some period in her life has had to answer this burning question.

Secretly and perhaps instinctively, certain daring feminine spirits have sought an answer to their curiosity, paying dearly for their inquisitiveness in primitive days no doubt, with busted skulls, and in later times with social ostracism and disgrace.

I suppose the reason I was nominated to talk about this interesting question, is because of my recent screen performance in *Design for Living*, wherein as an ultra-modern young woman I find myself in the polyandrous rôle of being hopelessly in love with two men, Gary Cooper and Fredric March.

● Polyandry is nothing new. It has been practiced in the past with respect, and in fact still flourishes among some of the dark tribes today, where the population is predominantly male and where women-folk necessarily must be protected from elemental nature.

If our more primitive sisters indulged in it because of necessity, the women of today have renewed the idea through asserting their own inclinations.

Today women have power, that is the right to vote, to earn their own living. They are self-sustaining and they want to compete with men in all departments. The notion that women are monogamists by nature and that men are polygamists is ancient and outworn.

When the hausfrau was little above the plough horse all was serene, but now she wants the same freedom in love that she has been allowed to enjoy in all other social activities. She has been recognized as man's equal and demanded a recount as it were. In addition to her other accomplishments she feels the glorious privilege of having some choice in the selection of her life mate, yet despite all that has been said about her I believe we still find her fundamentally "woman," with a fine sense of instinctive exclusiveness.

There is little doubt that the spectrum of love includes a multitude of ingredients. As a beam of light passes through a crystal prism to break itself into a myriad of color, so I sometimes consider the personalities of men as varying in their intensity as the rays of a light.

The contrasting qualities of two men mibht be so varied that I might say, "Yes, I feel an emotion akin to love for each of them. Gary for his sympathetic understanding . . . or Fredric for his mental brilliance." But wait . . . do not mistake me—that is not love in its complete sense.

● When you say "love" you are toying with one of the most abused words in the English language.

Historically speaking, love had its advent into the world some 3,000 years ago. During the sultanesque reign of

Two Men at the Same Time?

Solomon, in an epoch more frankly unmoral than any of which history has cognizance, a native girl of Shulam dared express her preference for an unknown shepherd boy to a monarch in all his splendor and gave us *The Song of Songs*. It is the first evangel of the heart.

This age-old questing by women, undoubtedly has been due to something more fundamental than mere gnawing curiosity. Unquestionably, it had its mainspring in a seeking, a blind sort of groping for perfection in man.

When a woman finds this ideal blending of qualities and characteristic in man her curiosity is satisfied and we find love.

He is the vase to hold the quintessence of her own ideals.

She is blind to all but her lover. She wants nobody else. Their compliments seem flat and banal to her. She becomes forgetful of self and desirous only of pleasing her adored one. That is why I do not believe a woman can truly love but one man at a time.

History records many instances where women have perished nobly for the man to whom they have given their heart—but can you imagine, dear reader, two men being the cause of so great a sacrifice?

Too much I believe has the perfect love of a past age become the sex attraction of a later age. There are those who wish to arrange their relationship on a comfortably prosaic level without any high strung pretense of sentimental love.

To reduce love to such a cold unimpassioned routine is to miss the possibilities of a deep, enduring passion.

All women at some critical moment in their lives have wondered—what is the supreme happiness?

For some it is the love of fame and fortune. For others the love of a child.

When I first came to Hollywood, although I was tre-

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Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper in the picturization of Noel Coward's* Design for Living *work out an interesting problem in polyandry. Polyandry is nothing new but the notion that women are monogamists by nature and that men are polygamists is ancient and outworn, Miriam says

Confessions of A MOVIE

The vivid story of a girl who thought she could take the easiest way to fame



About Five Years Ago, a certain beauty contest winner came to Hollywood and promptly won a contract with one of the major studios.

She was—and is—one of the most beautiful girls who ever stepped before a movie camera. She has wit, vivacity, instinctive "clothes-sense"—in short, most of the qualities which make for stardom. Everyone predicted that she would become a great star. Instead, she has become a Hollywood play-girl!

You would recognize her name if I revealed it, for, without being a success, she has played in innumerable minor "bits," and she has been a fixture in the gossip columns. Her name has been linked repeatedly with the names of Hollywood's greatest celebrities.

Whenever and wherever the fun-seekers of Filmtown gather, she is not only in evidence, but the very life of the party. She has attended every première in the last three years, she knows every headwaiter by his nickname, and she could find her way, blindfolded, into every speakeasy between the border and Santa Barbara.

I've persuaded her to tell her story—and in it you'll find the reasons for her screen failure. They're worth considering, for they blast many very popular misconceptions about Hollywood and its film workers.

● "When I first came here," she told me, "I was blinded by my own egotism. I was insanely ambitious to become a great star—and I was ridiculously confident that I had only to play a few small parts, and be seen by a few directors, in order to

"I have gone to every gay party staged in Hollywood for three years. I have learned a lot about Hollywood --and that I was a fool"

As told to
SIGURD ERICSSON

PLAY-GIRL



This colorful scene from **Flying Down to Rio** *illustrates the playgirl's conception of life in Hollywood. She discovered too late that Hollywood is not a glittering world where stars spend most of their time in a constant whirl of parties*

place my name in lights. I know now that I'll never be a star. I never could have been a star. My attitude was wrong from the start.

"Before coming to Hollywood, I lived in a small Middle-Western town. I was the prettiest girl in that town—and don't think for a moment that I wasn't well aware of the fact.

"In high school, I was a ring-leader of the fastest crowd. I had a 'wild' reputation, and I was proud of it. I was in half-a-dozen 'scrapes' by the time I was eighteen—but I managed to get out of them all without any actual scandal, and they made me all the more conceited. I wanted to be considered a 'woman of the world,' and I felt that I was irresistible.

"I was married when I was nineteen—and I regretted it before I was twenty. My husband was a good dancer, but he was lazy and shiftless, just a small town 'sheik.'

"I rebelled at the monotony, and longed to get away from that one-horse-town. Hollywood was the end of my rainbow—and you can imagine my excitement when I won that beauty contest and was notified that I would be sent to Hollywood. My only regret was that my husband decided to come with me.

"I was given a screen test the day I arrived here and two days later, I was called to the studio and offered a contract. My starting salary was $125 a week, and each three months, if the studio exercised its options, my contract would be renewed and my salary increased.

"The idea that the studio might refuse its options never penetrated my conceit . . . and neither did the idea that I owed the studio anything in the way of honest effort. I pictured Hollywood as a glittering world where glamorous stars spent a few care-free hours now and then before the cameras, and the rest of their time in a constant whirl of dizzy parties. My salary, during the final year of my contract, was to be $2,500 a week, and I proceeded to spend it five years in advance. To give my husband—ex-husband now—all due credit, he gave me enthusiastic help in incurring a mountain of debts.

● "I was turned over to a dramatic coach, a kindly old veteran of the stage, who sincerely wanted to help me. He told me, repeatedly, that no actress could succeed without unceasing study and work. He cited examples, famous stage stars of whom I never had heard—and I laughed at him. I had read that many stars had never spent much time studying their 'art,' and I felt that I was a great deal more attractive than some of those stars. Several directors and several prominent leading men had shown me attention already. Everyone said that 'pull' was the one sure road to screen success and that was the road I decided to take.

"I played my firse rôle in an underworld melodrama. The director—I'll call him Stanley Feldman, although that isn't his real name—went 'on the make' for me the very first day of production, and I not only knew it, but encouraged him in every way possible. I knew that he had plenty of influence with the 'big boss.'

"Feldman took me to dinner several times and, of course, it got into the gossip columns. My husband was furious and we had several nasty quarrels. Finally, I left him and Feldman helped me pick out an apartment in one of the swankiest apartment houses in Hollywood.

"What I didn't know was that Laura Daimler (that's not her real name, either), one of the biggest stars on the lot, was in love with Feldman. And neither did I know just how stupid and amateurish my work in that first picture was.

"My first jolt came when the studio failed to take up my second option. I hadn't saved a dime and I was head-over-heels in debt.

"Feldman handed me my second jolt when he and Laura Daimler announced their engagement. He had been playing me for the little fool I was from the start. I was

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The vivid story of a girl who thought she could take the easiest way to fame



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CROSS-EXAMINING the STARS



Where HOLLYWOOD readers ask the stars pertinent and impertinent questions

RICHARD ARLEN: What is the name of your baby son, and how old is he now?

Richard Ralston Arlen is now five and a half months old. He has just cut his first tooth.

JOAN CRAWFORD: What do you do with your discarded clothing?

Occasionally, I give them to extra girls whom I hear of as being in need and send them to a girls' school I once attended. I also donate them to the local charitable organizations.

GEORGE RAFT: What is your hobby?

I suppose it is white linen handkerchiefs. I have over two hundred of them—never use colored ones.

SPENCER TRACY: How tall are you and how much do you weigh?

I am five feet, ten and one-half inches and weigh 165 pounds.

JOAN BENNETT: What is your next picture after *Little Women*?

I have temporarily retired from the screen to await the arrival of my baby. My future picture plans are very indefinite, therefore.

MAE WEST: Why do you like to play seductive females and where did the report start that you are twenty-three years of age?

Virtue has its own reward, but has no sale at the box-office. Your second question is a job for a private detective.



Grace Bradley is but one of the many screen personalities who will be glad to answer your questions on this page

CLARA BOW: Will you make any more pictures after *Hoopla*?

Yes, but not at Fox Studios. I am expecting to start to work for Twentieth Century within a few weeks, although a definite story for me has not yet been assigned.

JOAN CRAWFORD: Is it true that you had an operation on your eyes to make them larger?

I readily ban that rumor as malicious, and it certainly hasn't the least semblance of being the truth. Childhood pictures can prove that.

DICK POWELL: Is your private secretary a man or woman?

A man. I'm the secretary.

MAX BAER: Are you really as egotistical as writers make you out to be?

Call it that if you like. I should know better than anyone else just how well I can do a thing. Right?

FRANCES DEE: Will you make a picture with Joel McCrea as was announced by the studio shortly after your marriage?

I have personally requested the studio to change that schedule, and they have. I do not believe it wise for married couples to try to work together from eight to twelve hours a day and then go home together evenings and attempt to enjoy each other's company. It can't be done. And we're taking no chances.

FRANCIS LEDERER: What type of woman do you like best?

I have always preferred women older than myself. A woman who has lived and had experiences has a truer appreciation of life . . . and men.

HELEN VINSON: Are you married? If so, to whom?

Harry Neilson Vickerman, a Philadelphia carpet manufacturer, is my husband.

HELEN TWELVETREES: Is it true you have allowed your hair to go dark?

Well, not exactly dark. It is a very light brown, its own natural color, where before it was nearer platinum.

Write Your Questions on this Coupon

I should like to ask .....

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the following question .....

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My name .....

Address .....

Mail this coupon to *The Question Editor,* HOLLYWOOD, 305 Baine Studio Bldg., Hollywood, Calif. It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page.

Miriam Jordan

offers you

A STUNNING NEW FROCK



Miriam Jordan's dress is of black wool, shadow-plaided in white angora. She wears black antelope shoes and a dashing black antelope hat as accessories

WHO BUT THE lusciously lovely Miriam Jordan would be wearing this stunning frock? We told Miss Jordan that this was just about the time of year HOLLYWOOD readers would be anxiously scanning the horizon for a mid-season frock. So she graciously showed us this frock and kindly consented to let us use it for a pattern.

The frock is fashioned of the exciting black wool, shadow-plaided in white angora that the designers are all in a rave about right now.

Another newly smart note is struck in the slightly dropped skirt-line in back.

The accessories Miss Jordan chooses for this frock are a dashing black antelope béret and black antelope shoes.

With the aid of HOLLYWOOD pattern No. 3271, you'll be able to duplicate Miss Jordan's frock. Its simplicity is the key to its smartness and also felicitates its making. In a few short hours you'll be outfitted after the manner of the stars'.

When you order the pattern for Miss Jordan's dress, specify pattern number and designate size. The pattern can be ordered in 14, 16, 18, 20 years or 36, 38, 40-inch bust sizes. The price of the pattern is 15c which you may remit in stamps or coin, coin being preferred.

Next month another famous star will make her dress available to you through HOLLYWOOD'S pattern service. Also you'll find many other stunning patterns in our *Winter Fashions Magazine*, regular price of which is 15c, but if it is ordered with Miss Jordan's pattern No. 3271, you may obtain it for 10c. Both for a total of 25c.

Address your orders for pattern and fashions book to HOLLYWOOD Magazine, Pattern Department, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

HOLLYWOOD PATTERN DEPT.,
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed .....send me Miriam Jordan's dress pattern No. 3271. Size .....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.



Mae West, in an exclusive interview, reveals how you can obtain the charm and lure that has made her famous!

As told to
MAX FACTOR
famous makeup expert

MAE WEST'S PERSONAL

"*IT CAN be had. . . .*" Mae West told me with one of those side-sweeping glances. "Call it beauty. Call it glamour. Go after it and you get it!" Hollywood has come to know it as the "Mae West *MM-mmm*" with plenty of accent on the first M. . . . Absolutely devastating, this "MM-mmm"—and twice as effective as "IT," "X" and all the rest.

You see, it's a sort of mesmerism. Complete feminine witchery. And don't think for a minute it's confined to a favored few.

"Eve had it," observed Mae. "And the whole female tribe inherited it—only some of them haven't learned that yet and others just let it dry up. You don't hear about *those* women, let me tell you. It's the Shebas and Helen of Troys—and the Diamond Lils—they talk about. Those girls knew they were Eve's daughters and no mistake! That is all that is necessary. You work up from there. Just get the old common sense in action and have a mirror handy. A full length one because these days it takes more than a face to launch a single ship, let alone a thousand. . . . But the face is as good a place to start with as any and that's where make-up comes in."

That is also where the "MM-mmm" begins!

● I've been cosmetician to the court of Russia and to the court of Hollywood for a total of more than half a century but I have never seen any woman with greater allure than Miss West. And no small part of it is due to her supreme skill in applying her everyday street make-up! After all, it's your "average" face that stamps you for what you are. Not the "dress-up" face over which you spend hours for special occasions. And Mae presents to the world at all times delicately heightened features with that "softened" look. Not a trace of powder or rouge is discernible. There is no emphatic dark line above the eyes.

That is a mistake frequently made by blondes especially—thinking their eyebrows must be as dark as their eyelashes. It gives them a hard, brittle look which men despise. But a woman with what we term "softness" in make-up instantly attracts. If she carries out that picture of ravishing femininity in voice and mannerisms as well as looks, you have this "MM-mmm" *over which Movieland is raving.*

"If you ask me," said Mae thoughtfully, "it isn't so much S. A. that counts with a girl as C. S.—that little old Common Sense I mentioned. It'll de-bunk this beauty business for her and tell her she's crazy if she thinks her come-hither ends with the eyes, nose and mouth. Or that powder three times lighter than her skin is going to make her fair as a day in

MAE WEST'S BEAUTY HINTS

DON'T use heavy makeup. Not a trace of powder or rouge is discernible in Mae West's makeup which always has that "softened" look. There is no emphatic dark line above the eyes.

Blondes should not make their eyebrows as dark as their eyelashes. It gives them a hard, brittle look which men despise.

A bit of vaseline lightly applied over the eyeshadow helps to give makeup a soft look.

Never permit the lips to become dry or chapped.

In making up strive for a rosy glow that is gently accentuated over the cheekbones. Avoid any sudden spot of red.

In making up, smooth on a foundation cream, flesh colored, until it has entirely disappeared. Dip the fingers in cold water before blending the cream into the skin.

Pat rouge on very carefully with a puff, beginning at the temple and spreading over the cheeks. Blend it on the chin and then deepen it a trifle at the cheek bones. Shade the rouge by lightly patting the edges with the fingertips before patting on the powder.



BEAUTY SECRETS



Mae West, during the day, uses only a little mascara on her eyelashes and just a touch of gray eye-shadow on the lids. Any girl, she says, can have beauty and glamour merely by using common sense and in this exclusive interview she tells how

May. It's more likely to make her a Hallowe'en goblin! Make-up ought to look as if it were Nature's own bloom upon you. Right, Mr. Factor?"

Right, I agreed. And doubly right about your own use of cosmetics, Mae West!

● Here is what she does: During the day she uses only a little eyelash makeup on her eyelashes and just a touch of gray eye-shadow on the lids. A bit of vaseline lightly applied *over* the shadow helps to give that soft look I spoke about and Mae never permits her lips to become dry or chapped. A lovely mouth, she has. Not a modern 1933 mouth, however, like—say—Joan Crawford. Mae's is more the old-fashioned, provocative curved kind.

One thing you notice immediately is that her whole face has a rosy glow that is gently accentuated over the cheek bones. There is no sudden spot of red; she knows far better than that. If you have light hair and a pale or sallow complexion it would be wise to try this beautiful diffusion of color. It is natural with Mae but you can simulate it.

First, through foundation cream, flesh colored, and *smooth it on until it has entirely disappeared.* There is nothing that gives such an even color and life to the face if it's rightly put on. A tiny amount no bigger than the size of a pea, placed on the forehead,

Please turn to page sixty-two

FOR ABSOLUTE SAFETY

in darkening your lashes use genuine, harmless

Maybelline



NON-SMARTING, tear-proof Maybelline is *NOT a DYE,* but a pure and highly refined mascara for instantly darkening and beautifying the eyelashes.

For over sixteen years millions of women have used Maybelline mascara with perfect safety and most gratifying results.

Pale scanty lashes are instantly transformed into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara—by far the largest selling eyelash darkener.

Have lovely lashes safely and simply with Maybelline mascara. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes. 75¢.



SOLD BY REPUTABLE TOILET GOODS DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

That Ropin' Rogers Kid

Continued from page thirty-six

one of the outstanding features of the Texas Jack Wild West Show.

He Toured South Africa and Australia with that aggregation, being billed as "The Cherokee Kid" (Rogers always has been proud of his Indian blood). Later he was featured for eight months with the Wirth Bros. Circus in Australia.

Following this engagement, he returned to the United States, via San Francisco, in time to participate in the Wild West Show held at the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1904.

One of his first vaudeville appearances was at Hammerstein's Victoria, at the "corner," 7th Ave. and 42nd St.

His act consisted in making fancy catches on a horse ridden by a cowboy, as well as doing fancy and trick spinning. He was allotted the position, dreaded by most vaudeville acts, that of "closing the show," the last act on the program.

Rogers used a nifty bay pony, called "Teddy," in honor of the friend of all cowpunchers—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Buck McKee from Pawnee, Okla., was the cowpuncher who rode the horse for Will's roping.

Upon His Opening at Hammersteins, the men who booked him were in attendance to see how his act would go. They had prepared an opening speech, together with other announcements regarding his tricks, that in their opinion would be best for Will to use in presenting his offering.

Instead of their carefully prepared material, they were amazed to hear him start the opening of his act with: "Ladies an' Gentlemen—A'm goin' to give yuh all a practical demonstration of the use of the 'rope'—er lasso as they call it back in this country. The first little stunt I'll spring on yuh is a tolerable fair 'un if I make'er." And with that he let out a yell and roped Teddy by all four legs as Buck galloped him across the stage.

Later on in the act, while trying to jump in and out of the rope loop and being bent over "jumping the spoke" as the trick is called, he missed it several times. Non-plussed he took a wad of chewing gum from his mouth and walking over to the side of the stage, where stood the easel holding the card which bore the inscription, WILL ROGERS, he placed the gum as a dot over the letter "i" in Will. He then went back and accomplished the trick, remarking as he retrieved the gum from the sign, "I thought I was acarryin' too much ballast."

To the blasé theatregoers of the larger cities, who prided themselves on the assertion that they had "seen everything," the expert lariat work of Rogers was a distinct novelty and his droll announcements anent his work and the caustic "wise cracks" pertaining to everybody and everything were a hit.

From 1905 Until 1911, Rogers together with Buck McKee and Teddy appeared continuously in the leading vaudeville theatres of the United States and Canada as well as the leading music halls of Great Britain and Continental Europe. At different times he was booked to "strengthen" burlesque shows, which at that time were in their heyday in the United States.

While playing at the Wintergarden, in Berlin, along in 1907, he saddled up Teddy one morning and went for a ride in the Tierpark. While riding along the bridle path, a party of horsemen, attired in modish riding outfits, cantered by. Struck by the excellent horseflesh, one horse in particular, Rogers spurred Teddy alongside the rider.

"I'd shore like to beat yuh outa that horse! What do yuh hold 'im at?" asked Rogers.

The rider smiled and asked Will what sort of a horse he was riding, asked about the stock saddle and where he came from.

Will explained that he did not speak any of the foreign lingos, told about his Continental vaudeville engagements and wound up by inviting the gentleman to come down to the Wintergarden any time during his engagement and see the act, saying: "Come 'round to the stage door an' jest ask for me an' I'll fix it so yuh all can come back on the stage."

Some Days Later he received a highly embossed letter, printed in German. Not being able to read it, he asked Willie Panzer (of the internationally known Willie Panzer Troupe, German gymnasts, headliners of the old Keith & Proctor days) to read the communication for him.

Panzer informed him that it was a royal command to appear before the Kaiser at Potsdam to do his roping act at a garden party on a certain day.

"I'm an American citizen an' there ain't nobody on this side of the bubble got any right to command me to do anything," retorted Rogers.

Panzer explained that a royal command was an honor and that only acts of outstanding merit received such requests.

Rogers, Buck and Teddy attended the garden party and was the last act on the program. The show was given on the lawn and at its conclusion Rogers, together with other performers was taken over to a group seated at one side of the lawn to be presented to the royal party.

When it came Will's turn, Rogers started forward impulsively and, grasping the surprised monarch's hand, exclaimed, "Well, what do yuh know 'bout that. I didn't know yuh all was the King when I was atalkin' to yuh in the park the other day."

Before leaving Germany, Rogers was the recipient of a jewelled watch charm, in the form of a horse's head studded with diamonds and with ruby eyes—a gift from Emperor William.

In 1912 Will was engaged to do his roping act, without his horse in a play called *A Wall Street Girl*, starring Miss Blanche Ring, on Broadway.

Upon his opening performance with this troupe he received quite a reception. "I can imagine yuh all payin' fifty cents to see me in vaudeville but I didn't think yuh all'd cough up two bucks to see me on Broadway," was his opening speech, which was a howl. The next howl came from Ring's husband, who was manager of the show. He came back stage and told Rogers that the speech was out.

Will replied that personally he thought the speech was the best lines in the show and that if he was to remain with the troupe that the speech stayed in.

Rogers remained with the show.

During this engagement his timely talk went like wildfire and he realized for the first time that his monolog was really appreciated by the audiences more than his "rope" work, the technical points of which many did not understand.

In the years that followed he steadily progressed to the top in vaudeville and on the New York and English stages.

When the talkies came in he proved an immediate hit in the new medium.

Rogers likes to play polo and plays a fast game. He is a great cowboy contest fan and still continues to keep his hand in at trick roping. Those who know the technical points of the game, and who have witnessed him "turn on" of late, claim that there is not a better fancy roper in the world than Will Rogers.



—*Anthony Burke*

The stars are flocking to Palm Springs these days and you'll find many of them at the El Mirador Hotel, one of the most popular hostelries at the famous desert resort. The El Mirador is noted for its crystal swimming pool

Art is the Bunk!

Continued from page twenty-three

and we came to California for his health. Like most Middle-Westerners, he had a farm 'hang-over,' so we settled on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, across the hills from Hollywood. I went to public school in Van Nuys for a couple of years."

Her movie career, it develops, was purely accidental. She'd expected to be a dancer, and commuted into Hollywood for dancing lessons.

"At thirteen I was ready to take up singing, too. One evening mother and I went to discuss a suitable instructor with a friend of a friend of mother's. The woman happened to be a voice coach at Fox. She said I had picture possibilities and arranged a test which resulted in a contract.

FRANK BORZAGE noticed the retiring, immature Rochelle and finally made an elaborate test of her.

"It failed to startle the executives and my contract was allowed to lapse. However, Frank took it to Radio and they immediately signed me. I was so naïve I didn't even know what Radio was, much less where their studio was!"

At Radio she was promptly enrolled in the studio high school and in no time became the pet of the publicity department. They used her in all kinds of advertising tie-ups. "I should have been on the publicity payroll. Occasionally I got some acting to do!" The lead in *Are These Our Children?* was a break, but afterwards they again forgot her.

Wampas stardom and periodical bally-hooing did not result in the necessary building rôles. Lowell Sherman got her into *She Done Him Wrong* as her final month's work on the Radio deal.

"Of course, no one recollects anyone in that but Mae West. Then, I did an independent and rejoiced at the call for *Doctor Bull.*

"My last assignment, playing Will Roger's daughter in *Mr. Skitch*, was the first straight ingénue part I've ever had! My film men usually betray me. Next Warner Baxter is to provoke me to suicide."

She has no girl friends. "I had one once, but we quarreled over a boy." The Hudson apartment, where her mother presides gracefully, is apt to be crowded with gentlemen admirers. Rochelle prefers men of thirty-five. The younger lads, in her estimation, are shy on conversation. You can guess she falls in and out of love with rapidity.

"I'm not foolish," she amplified in a profound moment. "I intend to make as much money as I can, and then quit and marry." She mused. "I always wished I had an older brother. Since I've been an actress I have encountered a number of men who claim they'd adore being 'just a brother' to me. Ummm—but would mother spank. And how!

Now, now, Rochelle, go on with your blarney. Four years of waiting for a chance to earn your salary may have opened your eyes to the fact that stardom's no bed of roses, and to the folly of taking movie glory too much to heart. But *you* don't know from nothin'? That colorful personality you've adopted is going to carry you far, child. You're dumb—like a fox!



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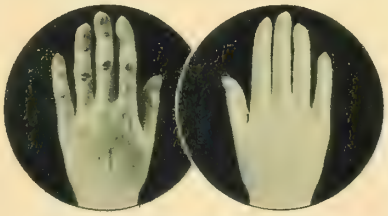
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HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

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Going to the Movies in Tahiti

Continued from page twenty-five

is seeking; over the right ear, that he or she has found.

Somebody across the aisle starts strumming a guitar. In thirty seconds the entire audience has burst into song. I recognize the piece. It's one which I could never get any native to translate for me in its entirety—a risqué episode revolving around the escapades of a *vahine tinito*, or Chinese woman. It must be good, to judge from the spontaneous laughter which always follows it.

Something strikes me sharply back of the ear. Thoughts of wild bees are dispelled when I turn around and discover that it's a watermelon seed expectorated by a grinning young imp a couple of rows back. Nowhere can you find more magnificent spitters than in Tahiti. They have volume, speed, control, everything—including a genuine interest in the art.

That dark opening near the wall over there, above which you expect to see a red EXIT sign, proves to be the oral cavity of a laughing native.

THE PICTURE BEGINS. It's a talkie. Unfortunately, the natives know very little English, but they have a pleasant solution for the difficulty. The guitar orchestra starts in energetically, and with the aid of a little whole-hearted banging on tin cans—always in tune with the intricate native rhythms—the obnoxious dialogue is completely drowned in a flood of Tahitian music.

For a few minutes everything goes disappointingly well, and then, without warning, the screen goes white. The big moment has arrived. While the ancient celluloid is patched together, the whole audience pitches in and sings. A few, inspired by the music, stand up and wriggle into a hula dance while everyone beats time. It's about time for us to take a swig of that cocoanut water.

When the picture begins again everyone is well warmed up. Maybe there's been a little native beer passed around. This is a concoction brewed from wild oranges and fermented honey, and the effect is just about the same as thumbing your nose at Primo Carnera.

The story has advanced to the stage where that good old piece of movie technique, the chase, unrolls before our eyes. The villain still pursues her, and how! The audience forgets to suck its oranges while it gets up on its hind feet and howls. The execrations poured down on the villain must make the heavy's ears burn back in Hollywood. And, *my dear*, the things they *say!*

If the film is old enough to break down a dozen times during the evening—as it invariably is—the natives will count the show a well-spent beginning of a night's entertainment which will not end until dawn, tapering off under a glamorous moon to the accompaniment of guitars, soft voices, and dancing in the streets.

There's no such thing as star appeal to a native audience. They get right down to story fundamentals. Garbos and Crawfords and Chattertons mean nothing to Tahiti. As for Mae West, she could learn things from a Papeete hula girl instead of teaching her. Mae must have had her tender years, but in Tahiti they start torso-twisting at the age of two. And I maintain that when, after spending a few weeks in Tahiti, you come home and find Mae's performance in *She Done Him Wrong* pallid and anemic, the island has done something to you!

IT'S DONE THINGS to a lot of people. It killed Murnau. He died in an auto accident at San Francisco, returning from Tahiti with *Tabu*. But it was really the *tupapahous* who caught up with him.

"Tupapahous—very bad," said Louis, the native from whom I rented my cottage on the beach. He shook his head soberly. "Murnau, he great man. But he no believe in tupapahous. He make pictures of tabu, but himself, he really not believe. What happen? You see? Gods ver' angry. Follow him. You think auto kill him—jus' bad luck? No. Tupapahous steer that auto. If Murnau know things like natives, he not do things he did, be alive now."

We were walking along the broom road, lined with palms. From the warmth of the tropic sun we passed abruptly into a strata of cool air, chill almost, though the sun still beat down overhead. Louis shivered and hurried through it.

"Bad gods," he muttered. "They not like my talk."

And I wondered if there were not truth in his beliefs. That cool spot in the road was physically real. Perhaps it was Louis' imagination which transformed it into the wraith-like vestment of a tupapahou. I don't know. But perhaps Murnau knows, now.

Murnau's house still stands, a showplace of the islands—yet almost impossible to rent. People come to visit it, are impressed by its somber magnificence, but shrink from the insufferable feeling of gloom and oppression which enshrouds it. In the sibilance of the rustling palm leaves, the checkered pattern of their shade, is something threatening to those who would live here where Murnau lived.

In the huge dining room stands a table symbolical of the place. It is a vast oval table, large enough for forty people to dine around it. In its center stands a gigantic lamp with a conical shade which spreads out over the table like a canopy. Instead of legs, the table top rests upon four stone gods, carved by ancient Polynesians, which have been the idols in savage rites of by-gone days and have known the ghoulish satisfaction of human sacrifice. They sit there impassive, waiting, perhaps, for other Murnaus who may never come.

But a few miles down the broom road descendants of the men who carved them suck oranges and spit watermelon seeds in Papeete's movie theatre. Perhaps the magic of a reel of celluloid has robbed the tupapahous of their vindictiveness. Douglas Fairbanks apparently has escaped their wrath, despite his absurd and much-publicized statement that you can live in Tahiti on six cents a day.

But has he? Perhaps, above the shattered hearthstones of Pickfair, the tupapahous are having the last laugh!

HOLLYWOOD

Confessions of a Movie Play-Girl

Continued from page forty-three

furious, but there was nothing I could do, for I hadn't obtained my final decree from my husband. I knew, of course, that Daimler had exerted all her influence with the studio against me, and I knew that people were laughing at me. Too late, I began to wish that I had taken the advice of my dramatic coach.

"I Kept My Expensive apartment until I was ordered to move by the manager, who was kind enough, however, not to attach my clothes.

"I found a court bungalow, borrowed enough money to pay the first month's rent and vowed that I would have the laugh on Hollywood before I was through.

"A newcomer who has been given a studio contract and then released after one bad picture is apt to find Hollywood an unfriendly place. I did. I haunted the casting offices and hounded everyone I had met, but couldn't find work.

"Piece by piece, I pawned my clothes to pay the grocer. Once I was so desperate that I actually lived for three days on milk that I stole, early in the morning, from the neighbor's porch.

"I was ready to cry quits and wire to my parents for railroad fare when I met a young assistant director whom I had known at the studio. He loaned me enough money to get most of my clothes out of pawn, and talked his brother, a director for Warner Brothers, into giving me an unimportant bit which paid me $250 and gave me a new lease on life.

"You might suppose that I had learned my lesson by then. But, with a few dollars in hand and a few good clothes to wear, I immediately started out to burn the candle at both ends. It's part of my nature, I guess, to be a party-addict.

"I Made A Frantic effort to 'be seen' by the powers-that-be in Hollywood. I spent every penny that I could lay my hands on for clothes. I lunched every day in the Brown Derby and other movie colony cafés. All the gossip writers began calling me a play-girl. I had 'affairs' with several studio 'big-shots' and they managed to keep me employed—always in minor rôles—pretty steadily.

"Men are all alike in one respect. They are intrigued by a girl who has a romantic reputation. I've capitalized on that—and I'm not at all ashamed of the way that I've used men to keep afloat in Hollywood. I couldn't do anything else, for after my first year here, I had absolutely no chance to win real success on my own merits as an actress. Once this town forms an opinion, nothing can change it—and I was through as a potential star when my first contract was broken and the gossip writers started making cracks about my affair with Stanley Feldman.

"I've used men—and I've given them very little in return for the presents and the jobs they've given to me. I've been able to dress well and live luxuriously. In a way, I've had a grand time.

"In another way, I've been miserable. To be really happy, a person has to be accomplishing something. I've never accomplished anything!"

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All Prize Money Now In Bank

All the thousands of dollars to pay every single prize winner is now deposited in a big, strong bank in Des Moines. We are a big, reliable firm. I invite you to look us up through any credit agency, any bank in Des Moines, any business house, railroad, express company, magazine, newspaper. We are well known national advertisers.

$1000.00 EXTRA for Promptness

Promptness pays! So hurry! I will pay $1,000.00 EXTRA to First Prize winner just for being prompt — a Buick and $1,000.00 (or $2,500.00 if all cash is preferred). Do **you** want it? Act NOW! Not only **one** person, but **hundreds** will win cash rewards. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be given.

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I have found 4 hunting dogs in picture which I am enclosing, and I am anxious to win.

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NRA

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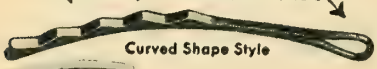
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YOU CAN'T BEAT A GIRL LIKE THAT!



An intimate portrait of Margaret Sullavan

by LEE WARWICK

"IF YOU DON'T believe in yourself, nobody else will." That's in the copybooks, but Margaret Sullavan never cared much about copybooks. Oh, she never ran around telling people she was a flop, or shouting from the housetops that she was a ham actress, or anything morbid like that, but whenever the hand clapping that came to her as one of the stage's brightest ingénues seemed louder than usual, she would march herself off in a corner and give herself a talking-to.

"Peggy Sullavan," she would say, "those people out there in the audience like you; they think you're good, but you're really not anywhere near as good as they think you are. You've got a lot—an awful lot—to learn. You've got a long road to travel. And you can't get where you want to go riding on a wave of applause."

Margaret Sullavan wasn't looking for fame, you see. To her fame was a mere by-product of success, and success meant something more than pleasing the public, something infinitely harder—it meant pleasing Margaret Sullavan.

The twenty-two-year-old Virginia girl whose screen début in *Only Yesterday* brought America to her feet has always been her own severest critic, her hardest taskmaster. Her clear grey eyes notice every flaw in her work, and it is very doubtful if she will ever be entirely satisfied with what she does. She will always find something that needs improving, and will move heaven and earth to improve it. You can bet your bottom dollar she will stay at the top of the ladder for a long time, and while the cheers for each succeeding film triumph are ringing in her ears, she will take herself aside and say, very firmly, "Don't let 'em kid you, Peggy. You've *still* got a lot to learn."

That's the kind of a girl she is, and you can't beat that philosophy. It is the philosophy of real success—earned success, and earned success is something that is not too common in this world of tinsel and ballyhoo.

If it hadn't been Margaret Sullavan she was most anxious to satisfy, she would have jumped at her first chance for a film career. But as it was she didn't. The screen was something out of her line in a way. It was a new technique, and she was convinced that she was not cut out for work before a camera.

● So after her success in *The Modern Virgin*, the play that really first got her talked about in important circles, she turned down movie offers and went, instead, into *If Love Were All* and *Happy Landings*. Again she was offered contracts in Hollywood, and again she shook her brown head.

"I wouldn't be any good on the screen. I know it." And that was that. She went to work with a stock company in Baltimore. Imagine that! The toast of Broadway going into stock! Was she crazy? No. She was Margaret Sullavan, and she knew she still had a lot to learn

Later she came back in *Chrysalis*, then played in *Bad Manners* with Bert Lytell, and, finally, in *Dinner at Eight*. Hollywood still wanted her, and she decided to take a chance—to do one picture, and if she found she was right, that she was *not* suited to the screen, she would wash her hands of Hollywood forever.

So she went to Universal City and made *Only Yesterday*. And when it was over she fled to New York. She felt that she had signally failed. When Universal executives raved about her work previous to the picture's release she was unmoved. She believed their enthusiasm was only flattery, and flattery was something she detested.

But when the returns came in—when sound critical opinion rated *Only Yesterday* as one of the best pictures ever made, and the public acclaimed her as a queen of the screen—Margaret was convinced—not that she was a success, but that she had *possibilities!* So she will go on, and make more pictures, and try her darndest to please Margaret Sullavan, which is so much harder than pleasing anybody else.

HOLLYWOOD

Can a Woman Love Two Men at the Same Time?

Continued from page forty-one

mendously absorbed with my career, I felt a distinct feeling of loneliness. There were those who wondered how I could possibly feel lonely living such a busy life. Yet it was not complete.

I adopted my infant son Michael, who gives me no end of happy hours after I have finished at the studio. Yet, I feel qualified to say, all of these things do not fill the sustaining rôle of a man's love in a woman's life.

If for a time I should find myself wavering between two masculine admirers of equal charm, it would be a question of time when by an interesting process of elimination I would be able to decide which one I preferred. To complete ourselves women need to be equalled in strength and power of will.

THERE ARE MOMENTS when I feel as though I were getting a panoramic view of the ever-shifting love-life of Hollywood. In fact the newspapers of today in almost any city, tell us of the lovers of yesterday, clamoring wildly for their freedom today.

The wisdom I have garnered from practical observation of my friends and others, leads me to believe that divorce is not always the cure for those of our roaming Romeos and Juliets who are still gifted with an unholy curiosity for the opposite sex.

Surely a woman should feel free to have men acquaintances as well as women. However, I do not mean the promiscuous sort of friendship with her husband's or sweetheart's best friend.

True it is that divorce is no longer a disgrace and busted skulls are out of date. But danger lies in the fact that the issue presents itself as an adventure —a peek beyond. The old idea that the grass on the other side of the fence is always the greenest.

After divorce these same people find themselves in a duplicate situation where similar problems arise.

In marriage there should be the greatest consideration for one another. I have often thought that if married people extended the same courtesy to one another that they do to their week-end house guests, they would be delighted to see how well it would work out.

The often quoted expression "Love is sacrifice" is only partly true, but sacrifice seems to be an essential ingredient in the magic alchemy of love.

What does it matter to a woman if she sacrifices many of the material luxuries of life, if she is happy in love?

For a woman I sincerely believe real love strikes much deeper than an enthusiastic emotion nurtured by flattery and many men.

◆

Tommy's Coming Back

THOMAS MEIGHAN, who once rated a fan following as large as that of any other male star, has returned to Hollywood to consider screen offers. Tommy still is a rich man, but he is tiring of idleness—and golf. He says he'll be content with featured rôles in the future.

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Dr N. T. Abdou

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"It has been my pleasure to make a study of the Cystex formula. This prescription impresses me as a sound combination of ingredients which should be of benefit to men and women troubled with night rising, putrefaction of the urine, aching back in the kidney region, painful joints or stiffness—due to insufficient activity of the kidneys or bladder. Such functional conditions often lead to indigestion, headaches, high blood pressure, rheumatic pains, lumbago and general exhaustion—and the use of Cystex in such cases should exert a very favorable influence. Within 15 minutes after taking Cystex the color of the urine is changed and the irritating excretions expelled."—Signed, N. T. Abdou, M.D.

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Why George Raft Will Never Marry!

Continued from page fifteen

CAN SUCH A sensitive man escape love indefinitely? Can he keep his heart closed to true and lasting love—love such as his intense Latin nature is capable of giving and assimilating? How can he be so sure he will never succumb to that?

"I have met some fine women," he replied, "and I haven't fallen yet. Probably I won't," he added, with a typical Raftian smile, "because I'm not a woman hater. I don't shut myself off from companionship and make up a lot of cynical tripe to prove to myself I don't like them. I start by admitting I do. There is a world of difference, though, between an occasional charming companion and a charming companion occasionally. The latter," he warned me solemnly, "too often leads to the altar."

"You pronounce that just like it was a jail sentence," I said.

"Well, the only difference is a letter or two. In one case you get a keeper—in the other you get to keep 'er."

"Surely, you would want to keep her!"

"Seriously, I must admit I would. My heritage rebels against taking marriage lightly. Divorce is tragic but a lifetime is awfully long. I'm satisfied now. Why should I take the chance?

"I KNOW MY attitude must sound funny in this marriage-mad town," he volunteered. "The truth is, things I've seen here are partly responsible. Look around you! Marriages in Hollywood blossom in the afternoon and fold up like Arabs' tents before next morning. Honestly, I'm afraid of it."

"Still, some marriages do last here," I reminded him.

"If marriage meant more to me I wouldn't mind taking the chance—and making it work out, too," George said slowly. His eyes met mine evenly. Again I had the feeling that he has faced and analyzed himself as fearlessly as he has faced life. "I won't deny that I have thought a lot about marriage. But I have taken a good many things into consideration and I believe I'm best off as I am.

"For instance, I am not awfully hard to get along with. There are times, though, when I really want to be alone. I don't want to feel that someone is wondering what I'm mad about or what's wrong with me. I like that same feeling of freedom about the way I can leave things any place I like in my apartment. If I want to go out on a date, I want to go without having to account for myself, and if I don't want to go out I don't want some woman looking at me and making me feel guilty just because she wants to go."

Many thoughts lay smouldering behind his inscrutable brown eyes. I knew he has a son, by an early marriage, of whom he is passionately fond. Perhaps he did weigh many things when he came to his decision—and did not tell me all his reasons.

I can not ever know for sure. All that I am certain of is, some woman will become a happy wife if George Raft ever weakens in his decision!

HOLLYWOOD

As the Earth Turns

Continued from page thirty-seven

she peopled her own private garden with history's most romantic figures.

Then as she grew into young womanhood the old habit stuck.

Curiously, she felt absolutely alone and utterly devoid of the petty affectations characteristic of the ultra-modern young girls her age. It was no use . . . she could not enter into the synthetic art of forcing herself to be interesting to people she really did not care for.

Jean's lack of girlhood popularity is a wound I believe, that even yet has not completely healed.

With several years' study of French to her credit she turned her back on America and went to Paris, intending to take her degree at the Conservatoire as a teacher. But that was not to be.

Sudden illness in her family called her home. As fate would have it, on the same boat were John Drinkwater and his English company of *Bird in Hand*. They liked Jean's accent and her personality. It was arranged that she would tour the country in a featured rôle of the road company of the same play.

At last Jean felt she had found herself . . . the thing she was destined to do. Experience in stock companies in the middle-west finally led to New York and Broadway. She appeared in *The Truth Game, Peter Ibbetson* and *Melo* when suddenly there came one of those deadening lulls.

Jean had quit a secure $50 a week job as understudy for six characters in the New York play *Dinner At Eight* in order to gamble on a new play, *Saint Wench*. This play, she hoped, would really establish her as a sterling dramatic actress. Unfortunately, it ran only a week.

It was a terrible season on the New York stage. Famous actors with thirty years of excellent performances were idle. Little wonder that Jean could find no job.

She had been smart enough to save some money . . . not much . . . but she resolved to make it last. She made a brave decision. She would live in New York on $6 a week. It took not a little of her Joan of Arc spirit to live on so meagre a sum for three long months. Four dollars had to be paid for room rent. She lived on just one meal a day, and Jean is a healthy young woman.

To help her out financially Warners offered her work at their Brooklyn studio where shorts are made. The first two days Jean went out there, grateful for work, she fainted on the set from weakness, due to her self-enforced starvation diet.

However, Warner Brothers believed in her talent and ability. The studio signed her to a long term contract as one of its featured players, and sent her on a seventeen-day boat through the Panama Canal to build up her health.

And so, Joan of Arc came to Hollywood. Not in a flurry of great excitement and fame, but as an eager child with great faith in herself and her work and an indomitable spirit to win.

Her home is the studio. Even when she is not scheduled for work, you will find Jean on the set, sitting quietly, watching, studying, absorbing. She has a definite purpose, and that purpose is to become not only a featured player . . . but a great star.



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STA-RITE HAIR PINS WAVE SET

Gary Falls in Love!

Continued from page twenty-one

first time that he invited Sandra on a party. I would have liked to have seen his face! Yes, Sandra could go if the chaperones were approved by Sandra's personal chaperone or if her chaperone accompanied them!

Gary Cooper chaperoned! He did not understand, perhaps. It had been so long since he'd heard that quaint, un-Hollywoodish term. But he soon learned. For Sandra Shaw is not just another girl anxious to become a motion picture headliner. She is, in reality, Veronica Balfe, daughter of Mrs. Paul Shields of New York City and step-daughter of Paul Shields, one of America's foremost capitalists.

A graduate of Todhunter's school in New York, of which Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is half-owner, and of Miss Bennett's ultra exclusive finishing seminary, Veronica Balfe was introduced to New York society at one of its most dignified social functions in 1931. After a season of New York society, she became restless and ambitious and decided to visit her uncle, Cedric Gibbons—husband of Dolores Del Rio—in Hollywood. She did not come alone. She never goes alone—not even to motion picture theatres. She never has. She has always been accompanied by her chaperone.

Nor is this chaperone just an average, paid-to-protect-a-young-girl woman. She is Elvira Borg, a Swedish woman from an excellent family, who has cared for Veronica Balfe since she was three weeks of age. Hired as a trained nurse, she remained to become governess and almost a second mother to the young girl. In Hollywood, she is frequently called Mrs. Shaw and few people know that this kindly, gently spoken Swedish woman is chaperone and companion for a girl who is a representative of America's fundamental ideas for the training of its women.

When Veronica Balfe decided she would like to remain in Hollywood and accept some of the offers made her to try her luck and test her fresh beauty in motion pictures, she changed her name to Sandra Shaw for obvious professional reasons. And with the woman who has seldom been away from her in her twenty young years, took a house in a quiet, shaded section of Beverly Hills. In fact, Sandra Shaw and Elvira Borg live just two doors from this writer. They are my neighbors and I have watched the romance of Sandra and Gary from behind the curtains of my living room windows as neighbors have watched romances from behind curtains since America was discovered.

I have seen Gary's car draw up before the front door at proper calling-times in the evening and Gary jump out, bounding with eager enthusiasm to take Sandra to some party and I have seen that car return between eleven and twelve o'clock each evening—bringing her back at "proper" end-of-dating time. And I have glimpsed Miss Borg opening the door for her "young lady." And on those trips to Lake Arrowhead and Arrowhead Springs, Miss Borg has accompanied the young people. Sometimes the newspapers have noted "accompanied by Mrs. Shaw;" sometimes they have forgotten to mention her—but she has always been there.

No; it was not love at first sight although Sandra Shaw was thrilled when Gary called her after that original, Eastertime yachting party. I have never known a woman who is not thrilled by the interest of Gary Cooper. He is just that kind of a man as Hollywood has proven.

This twenty year-old girl-woman from the sheltered corners of New York City had never been in love before. Girlhood crushes, of course. No girl is so well protected as to avoid them. And perhaps the most serious of these had been with—*Gary Cooper*. The screen Gary, of course. Miss Borg had accompanied her to a showing of *Wolf Song* on Broadway. When she had seen Gary gazing from the screen at her, she had felt—"Oh, isn't he marvellous. Isn't he handsome—"

Thousands of young girls were saying the same thing, feeling the same thrill, wishing the same wish—"If I could only meet him!" After that picture, Gary Cooper's mail was prodigious. Of course, Veronica Balfe did not write him. But she whispered her thoughts to her nurse and her mother.

She whispered many of the same thoughts immediately following the yachting party. Only, she didn't let Gary know of those confidences. For, to a girl like herself, marriage was a serious matter. Her family had always impressed it upon her. They impressed it again and again as the rumors crept into print that Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were being seen more and more together.

It Is Not Difficult to understand the attitude of that mother and stepfather. Sandra had been reared with the one, old-fashioned American mother and father thought. "We will give her everything; protect her carefully; instill all the best thoughts within her so she can *live happily ever after.*"

But could an Hollywood actor make their child happy forever after?

It was a natural question. It was even, perhaps, more natural when that actor was Gary Cooper. Engaged to Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent and many others; courted by titled ladies of the smart sets of Europe. They knew Gary only as they had read about him! A man-about-town; an accomplished heart-breaker. They did not know the Gary who had come originally from the great, open spaces of Montana. They did not know the boy who had been so chuck-full of youthful illusions that he was in Hollywood for three years before he felt qualified to join in a conversation. Remember the publicity about the man who never talked; remember the hints that he was *dumb* because he was so silent? He was never dumb. He was just trying, in his big-boy way, to make his dreams in-the-saddle blend with what he found in actuality. He was trying to understand women and motion pictures and *life*. He was attempting to place his young feet upon firm ground and finding only sand. No, Mr. and Mrs. Shields had never known of this original, this fundamental Gary.

Mrs. Shields has made several trips to

Hollywood since rumors began to link her girl's name with his. He has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Shields in New York City. And each time, they have seen more and more of that boy, the *native man*, as more and more of his illusions were returned to him by the sweetness and purity and unspoiled spirit of the girl who was learning to love him. Each time, they found him more humble; more self-effacing.

They heard his hesitant—"This all seems too good to be happening to me. I am afraid. She is so young—What if someone else should come along after we are married? I couldn't stand that; I couldn't—" And then, as the miracle continued and his faith in all womanhood returned to him through his deepening faith in one woman, they saw a young man forgetting all that was in the past in the exuberant joy of the present and the future.

A Young Man whose forehead furrowed at the thought of the small amount of money he had saved. He had just established a trust fund for his mother and father. They were cared for. But he could not marry until he had saved enough to protect his wife forever. He was not the kind to use one penny of his wife's money. He wanted to be able to whisk her to Europe or the Orient or the South Sea Isles between pictures; he wanted to be able to take her from Hollywood at short intervals—

At first, the mother and father had the coöperation of the man-in-love in their hopes that there would be a long, long engagement. Then, Sandra and Gary took the much-talked-about-trip to Arizona, in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert. And when they returned, they were ready to forget ifs and ands and buts—they were ready to take the greatest experimental step that life has to offer.

Gary left for New York one evening. Sandra left the next. Her first trip alone. Miss Borg did not go because Sandra's mother wanted a home for the girl to return to. Still believing that Sandra and Gary will wait for a year or two, she wanted Sandra to feel in New York that she has her own "home" and part of her "own family" to return to in Hollywood. The mother, a wise woman, knew that she could not keep Sandra in New York with Gary in California. Since Gary and Sandra have set their hearts upon spending January in Arizona—for Sandra has learned to love the great, open spaces as much as does Gary—Mr. and Mrs. Shields are planning to spend Christmas there with the young people. She hopes that a wedding ring will not protect the big diamond Gary gave Sandra, just yet—But young love—

Ah, we have heard much about the world returning to the sweet joys which came with the simplicity of yesterday. We have talked about the time when romances were the true fairy stories of every-day existence. I know of no greater proof that these statements are not all from our imaginations than the true story of the true romance of Veronica Balfe and Gary Cooper!

◆

The Editor's Mailbag

Continued from page eleven

freshing naturalness is a welcome relief after so many seasons of the heavy posturing, over-emoting stars.

FRANK KENNEDY JR.,
503 College Ave., De Kalb, Ill.

For the Children

IF MOTHERS would let their children visit the theatres more often, there would be fewer "common" girls today. Whereas a mother can only tell them, pictures can show them.

MRS. TURNER,
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MARY A. STEWART,
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MRS. S. C. JONES,
708 St. Claire Ave., Grosse Point, Mich.

Mae West Influence

Mae West went to Hollywood and showed the producers what the public wanted. Who likes to see a shapeless, mannish woman? Pants are for men so let them wear them. All the late shows and pictures feature curves and they are enjoyed more. Hail to our queen and the savior of women's figures, Mae West.

PATRICIA M. SENTNEY,
536 East Sherman, Hutchinson, Kan.

Against Criticism

WHY should criticism be aroused by Garbo's desire for a secluded private life? I consider Garbo the greatest tragedienne of modern times. With the quirk of an eyebrow or the gesture of a hand, Garbo can run the whole gamut of expressive emotions. She is incomparable. So let's give her pictures and acting all the publicity they deserve, but allow her the quiet and peaceful life she desires.

MRS. J. H. TALER,
Pueblo, Colorado.



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29x5.25-19		2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20		2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21		3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18		3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19		3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18		3.40	1.15
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The Long Lost Father

Continued from page thirty-three

two to share. She left, in addition, this necklace to Miss Bellairs."

Carl shrugged. His fortune had gone glimmering. But that was fair enough. He had never liked his sister-in-law anyway. He felt the score was even. Lindsey left immediately, but Carl lingered a moment.

"A fine girl," the lawyer sighed, looking wistfully after her.

"Yes, and good legs, too," Carl added, undaunted. He wasn't going to let this lawyer see how perturbed he was by his encounter with Lindsey. Before the other could think of any appropriate remark, he departed.

SIR ANTHONY was waiting for him when he returned. Carl saw the short, broad figure seated in his private office, smoking one of his private brand of cigars, before he opened the door. Just like Sir Anthony to help himself, he thought, to whatever caught his fancy.

The owner of the Happy Hour jumped to his feet when Carl opened the door.

"I've been figurin', and I've come to a conclusion," he said. "I think we ought to change the floor show. Get a little zip into it."

"Have you anybody in mind, Tony?" Carl asked absently.

"As a matter of fact, I 'ave," Tony replied with his shade of Cockney English that seemed always to mock Carl's perfect accent. "Lindsey Lane, the star at the Palladium."

Carl swallowed his cry of amazement. His daughter again! He hadn't dare hope he would see her again so soon. But to have her entertaining in the Happy Hour! He shook his head at the other.

"She's terrible. Just a scrawny kid," he parried.

But Sir Anthony was insistent. Carl rightly suspected he might be more interested in Lindsey from his own viewpoint than from that of the Happy Hour. He burned with the desire to tell him to get somebody else to run his restaurant, but he fought down the impulse.

"You get her, no matter what it costs," Tony instructed. With those words, he left before Carl could object again.

Immediately Carl called Lindsey on the phone, his voice trembling slightly in anticipation. He never thought he'd be excited about talking to his daughter, but he was, and frightened too at his possible reception.

Carl told her Sir Anthony's proposition, and asked what salary she would consider agreeable. The cool, crisp reply naming the amount she wanted, nearly choked him.

"My dear young lady, we don't want your body and soul. This is a business proposition."

"Sorry." Lindsey was adamant. In the end she had her way.

THE HAPPY HOUR was crowded the night of Lindsey's début. Word had quickly gone around that the star of the Palladium was opening a new show at Carl's popular night club. Tony was there with a few of his friends to bask in the success of his new find.

Bill Strong sat alone at a small table near the dance floor, in mute ecstasy, his brown eyes doting on Lindsey as she whirled through her dance.

Lindsey finished in a burst of applause and came across the floor to his table, flashing him a dazzling smile. She brushed his cheek with her full, red lips as he helped her to her seat.

"Lindsey, you were wonderful," he whispered to her.

He would have gone on, but just then a waiter came up to the table with a bottle of Pol Roget champagne, vintage of 1913.

"With the compliments of Sir Anthony Gelding, miss," he murmured.

"Oh, that's wonderful," Lindsey exclaimed. A sudden thought came to her and she smiled with satisfaction.

"Ask Mr. Bellairs to come here, please," she ordered.

Carl went over to his daughter hesitantly, not sure just how to compliment her, but Lindsey cut short his speech of approval.

"Please uncork the champagne and pour it," she said haughtily, staring at Carl. She felt ashamed of herself the minute she had spoken, but she would never let her father know it.

Carl stared back at her a minute before he bowed and poured the wine into the slender stemmed crystal goblets. Carefully replacing the bottle in the bucket of ice, he wheeled and strode away.

As he left a man sitting at a table near the entrance signaled to Carl, who paused and stiffened. He had recognized him as an inspector from Scotland Yard, and a fleeting pain of anxiety crossed his face.

"GLAD TO SEE YOU, Inspector," he greeted almost too casually.

Spot came bustling up, sensing a crisis. "Anything I can do for you, sir?" he asked. Carl waved him away impatiently.

"He's new, isn't he?" the inspector asked. He studied the end of his cigar. "Mr. Bellairs, in your many travels, have you ever heard of the Sydney Concert? It's a form of bunko game for getting money out of racetrack bookmakers."

Carl did not hesitate. The inspector was watching him closely.

"Why, no," Carl replied easily, "it sounds like a musical organization to me."

"I just heard you had been in Australia some time yourself," the inspector continued. "What did *you* do there?"

"I raised sheep," Carl replied worriedly. How much did this Scotland Yard man know, he wondered, about his racetrack activities in Australia.

But that seemed to satisfy the inspector. He left shortly, without further questioning. Carl bowed him out with a sigh of relief.

Lindsey was a continued success the rest of the week. Carl found himself glowing inwardly. Was he growing absurdly fond of his daughter? Parental instincts, which he abhorred in others, seemed to be coming to life in him. Now he was even beginning to disapprove of Lindsey's going around so much with Tony Gelding and his friends.

He went to work the next morning in a black mood. He had seen Lindsey only at her appearances in the restau-

rant, and then he had found no chance to talk with her.

A waiter stopped him as he entered the Happy Hour.

"Pardon me, sir, but there's a message waiting for you in your office."

"Thanks," Carl said abruptly, hurrying to his desk. He tore the letter open impatiently, noticing that it was Lindsey's handwriting. He read the note slowly to himself, a deep frown settling on his high forehead.

"Miss Lindsey Lane regrets to inform you that due to a bad cold she will not be able to make her usual appearance this evening at the Happy Hour," the note stated.

Carl crushed the note in his fist. His face flushed with anger. "No whippersnapper of a daughter can do that to me," he muttered.

It took him exactly five minutes to reach Lindsey's studio apartment, bent on exercising his neglected parental rights. He ran into the living room without knocking. Sprawled on all the available seats were a group of young people.

"May I see you alone a minute?" he asked Lindsey.

She rose to her feet with an expression of fear and wonderment.

"I'll only be a minute," she assured her guests. She led Carl into her bedroom, and closed the door behind them.

"Well?" asked Lindsey coolly.

"First of all," Carl began, "you've been dangling a decent boy on the string and running around with a bunch of vicious mollycoddles. That's up to you, but when it comes to lying to me and running out on your job, I've got to step in. You'll be in that café tonight."

Lindsey's firm mouth closed to a thin line of stubbornness.

"Lord Vivyan happens to be giving a party and I'm going," she declared flatly. "What's more, Sir Anthony is taking me himself, so there's no use threatening to give me the sack."

Carl realized the truth of her remark. Balked by her impudence, he seized her roughly by the arm, half intending to spank her. She cried out in pain, and he dropped her bruised wrist.

"I—I'm sorry, I didn't intend to hurt you," he said.

"That's all right, Carl, I know you didn't," Lindsey assured him gently. She realized at that moment that her father must really care for her, and she was surprised to find how happy it made her.

Lady Hermione was waiting for Carl at the Happy Hour when he returned. He had completely forgotten about her in the rush of events. She choked back her anger and tried to smile as she addressed him.

"You've either got to give up Lindsey or me," she said. "I'm through playing second fiddle to your daughter!"

Carl placed a deprecating hand over hers. "You know," he said, "my first duty is as a father."

Lady Hermione flounced out in high fury.

"There goes my country estate and comfortable old age," Carl murmured regretfully.

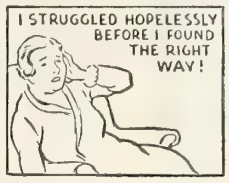
THE PARTY that night at Lord Vivyan's apartment was a gay one. Champagne corks were popping on every side. Everyone was sitting around a large table intent on the roulette game at which they were playing. Lindsey was













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seated next to Tony, who was winning money on every bet.

"Let me stake you," he whispered to her.

"That's silly," Lindsey replied. "I'm playing against you."

"Are you?" he retorted meaningly.

"All the time," Lindsey said emphatically.

Tony fumbled with some chips in front of him, dropping a few on the floor. With a mumbled excuse, he leaned over to retrieve them, deliberately caressing Lindsey's leg with his hand as it disappeared under the table cloth.

Lindsey kicked viciously at the offending hand, and Tony straightened quickly, his red face even redder with exertion.

"Beautiful slippers," he said, unabashed.

"All the better to kick you with," Lindsey flung at him, and got up to change her place.

"Give me the money I've won, I'm going home," Tony said suddenly to Lord Vivyan who was the banker. Stung by Lindsey's coldness, he was seizing his one means of reprisal. He had most of Lindsey's money in his pockets.

Brushing aside the protests of the other players, Tony pocketed the huge roll of bills Lord Vivyan handed over to him and stormed out of the apartment.

YOUNG VIVYAN was commenting angrily when an insistent pounding at the door stopped him. Before he could reach the hallway, Bill had staggered in. Lindsey saw in a flash that he had been drinking.

"I've come to take Miss Lane home," he announced thickly, his words resounding in the surprised silence. Titters greeted his remark.

"Let's have a treasure hunt," one of the guests suggested, ignoring Bill as he weaved his way towards Lindsey. "We've got lists of what everyone has to go out and get. First one back will win a handsome prize donated by Lord Vivyan."

Lindsey ran over and pushed Bill into a chair. "Come along on this hunt," she whispered, "please do." Bill shook his head.

"Don't wanna go," he said.

Lindsey leaned over and kissed him. Bill reached up and pulled her down on his lap. "All right, I'll go," he consented, too desirous of being near Lindsey to refuse the unspoken promise in her eyes.

She pressed against him hungrily, then broke away from his embrace. "What's first on the treasure hunt?" she asked.

"The seats of the mighty," she read, peering at the list before her. "That must mean Tony Gelding's trousers."

She and Bill ran down the stairs to his car, Lindsey stepped on the starter and raced the car through the quiet streets of Mayfair to Tony's apartment. No light shone in the windows of the tall, dark mansion. The sidewalks were empty of pedestrians.

A high stone wall cut off approach to the garden. With a lithe bound, Lindsey scaled the side to the top and dropped softly to the ground. Bill found a ladder for her and she scrambled up to Tony's bedroom. She scuttled back to Bill's waiting arms a minute later with a pair of pants in one hand.

"Got 'em," she whispered triumphantly.

"Hey, what's goin' on there?" came a voice out of the darkness. A gardener chased them wrathfully as the guilty pair ran for the wall. Bill reached the top in safety and turned to help Lindsey up.

"He got one of my slippers," Lindsey lamented. They dropped to the sidewalk and into the car, safe from pursuit.

An hour later, burdened with a traffic sign, a plume from a soldier's cap, and many stories, in addition to Tony's trousers, Lindsey and Bill ran into Lord Vivyan's apartment. A curious silence greeted them. Then Lindsey saw Tony's face, angrily red and accusing.

"Where's my money?" he demanded.

"What money?" Lindsey said in bewilderment.

"The money that was in those trousers, the money that I won here tonight," Tony said, pointing to the garment hanging over Lindsey's arm.

"Why—why—I didn't see any money!" she stammered. "If there was any money, it must have fallen out on the way."

"Unless this money is returned to me," Tony stated to the listening crowd, ignoring Lindsey's protest, "I will hand Miss Lane over to the police. It's a matter of some twelve hundred pounds. I will give her until tomorrow night."

TONY WAS IN Carl's office when the proprietor of the Happy Hour came in early the next morning.

"Your daughter stole some twelve hundred pounds from me last night," Tony snarled. He went on to explain the treasure hunt and the missing bankroll.

"I've fired her, of course," he added. "If she returns the money, I won't bring action. But otherwise—" Tony stamped out, leaving Carl to mull over his veiled threat.

Carl rang immediately for Spot.

"We're taking twelve hundred pounds away from Sir Anthony, Spot," he said, tapping his fingers together. "We'll use the old race track game. Remember how it goes?

"When you get the results of the third race, you start playing your clarinet. *Way Down Upon the Swanee River* for Starfish, *Old Black Joe* for Red Rover, and *Auld Lang Syne* for White Satin. You get the results by calling a friend of mine whose number I'll give you at the race track. There's a phone booth right across the street from where I'll be waiting with Tony.

Spot nodded in understanding, and wrote down the names of the three songs Carl had given him.

CARL WENT STRAIGHT to Lindsey's apartment. He found her curled up on the davenport like a forlorn kitten, her eyes red with weeping.

"Trouble, Lindsey?"

The blonde head bobbed emphatically.

"Oh, Carl!" Lindsey sobbed. "Whatever will I do?"

She held out her hands. For a moment, as she clung to him, the gilded, self-assured young dancer had vanished. She was just a frightened child—his child,

He stroked her head in silence.

"Now listen, Lindsey," he said firmly, "I'm going to talk to you like—well, like a father. If I straighten this out for you, will you promise me something?"

Lindsey nodded.

"Will you marry Bill and settle down?"

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"It has a sweeter sound today than ever before!" she cried.

"All right." Carl stood up. "Don't worry now. I'm going to get Sir Anthony his twelve hundred pounds."

Lindsey pulled his head down and kissed him. Holding her tight, Carl smiled over her shoulder. If his friends could see him now—Carl Bellairs, the gay dog, playing the dutiful father.

HALF AN HOUR later, Carl strolled into the bar where he knew he would find Tony, feeling almost light-hearted. He was going to have a last fling at the game, and this time with an unselfish purpose. He ordered a drink and took his place beside Tony.

"How is it you're not down at the track today?" he asked Tony. Tony explained he was collecting rents. Carl smiled, realizing that Tony would have at least twelve hundred pounds to lose to him.

"Speaking of races," Carl said carelessly, "I know enough about horses to pick the winner from the field on the third race today." He reached in his pocket and produced a hundred pounds. "And I've got the money to back up my statement."

"You're crazy," Tony told him. "But I can't help that. I'll take you. Furthermore, I'll give you twelve to one odds."

Carl looked up at the clock. The third race would be over any minute, and then he could get Spot's signal. There it was! The sour notes of *Auld Lang Syne* drifted into the barroom. He turned to Tony who was waiting impatiently to hear what horse Carl was going to choose.

"White Satin," Carl informed him. For a time they drank in silence. Then Tony sent a man out to the phone to get the winner. He came back, his face blank with astonishment.

"He's right. White Satin it is," he said. Carl threw back his head and laughed silently. Then he picked up the money and walked out, waving to the surprised and angry Tony, as he went.

He went straight back to his office at the restaurant. Safe for the moment, he took the phone and rang Bill. He sighed with relief when he heard the American's voice coming over the wires.

"Hello, Bill," Carl greeted, "I'm sending you an envelope addressed to my daughter. I want you to take it to her, and make her live up to her promise. She said this afternoon she would marry you. As you Americans say, 'Do your stuff!' That's all." He hung up and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

NOW THAT HIS gesture of knight errantry was over, there was no time to lose. He summoned Spot to his office. An hour later, the two men were on a boat train to Southhampton. When they arrived at the pier, no one attempted to stop their progress to the gangplank.

Spot was gleeful. He slapped Carl on the back, as they stood looking over the rail at the wharf lined with people, listening to the hoarse signal, warning of impending departure.

"Well, doc, we've won again!" he wheezed, flashing Carl a toothless grin.

Carl Bellairs looked out at the darkening sky in the direction of London.

"That's what you think," he said.



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Continued from page forty-seven

cheeks and chin and blended into the skin by fingers that have been dipped in cold water does the trick.

And Now For that "warmth" which creates for blondes that impression of a tremendously vivid personality . . .

Take your rouge puff and your rouge box. With the puff pat on your rouge very, very carefully and very, very lightly, beginning at the temple and spreading over the cheeks. Then blend downward toward your chin. Now see that the color is deepened a trifle on the cheekbones. With your finger-tips blend the edges. Shade them so that your face has a glowing blush after you pat on your powder.

Mae West, you see, eschews hard, unnatural lines or color in her makeup for the same reasons she does smoking and drinking—they tend to coarsen.

"I don't believe in much massaging," she explained. "That wears down the tissue. For that reason I like a cleansing cream that melts as soon as it touches your skin so that you don't have to bother rubbing it in. But I'll tell you what I do . . . I rub off the first application of the cream. Then I pat on more cream and let it stay on while I'm taking my bath. The steam from the hot water opens the pores so the cream can do extra work. And when you finally rub it off, your face feels as clean as a chorus girl's conscience!"

But as we've said, the face is only the starting point of this magnetic "MM-mmm" business. Mae says clumsiness kills it more quickly than anything else. "And no woman needs to be clumsy! Did you ever think how lovely a girl looked sitting in a car—until she started to get out?

"Oh, I don't mean to start going in for studied poses, the Venus-at-the-sink sort of thing. Or for la-de-da gestures. But there are certain fundamental things that a girl can practice until they become a part of her—and they'll make her twice as easy to look at. That little matter of crossing the knees, for instance. They shouldn't be crossed at all. It's the legs which should be, and well above the knees, so that the top leg swings in the direction of the lower one and the calf isn't bulged out. The minute you let the hanging foot turn up your pose takes on an ugly line. Point the toes downward.

"I don't suppose there's any picture of a woman that remains with a man so as that of her pouring the morning coffee. If she wants to do right by herself she'll see that she does it gracefully. No using the elbows like flippers and letting them stick out at right angles to your body! And when you place those same elbows on the table in front of hubby, *be sure to keep them well together and close to the edge of the table.* This will keep your head and shoulders back and eliminate that disillusioning 'ho-hum' sprawl.

"And don't forget," she added, "that perfumes do stir the imagination. Try a little of your most delicate scent on the palm of your hand—then smooth hubby's forehead. It's a safe bet he won't go out that night!"



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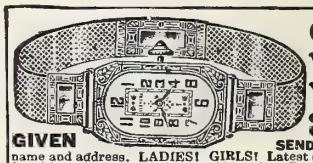
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I'm Through With Love!

Continued from page thirty-nine

arranged for an audition. I went on a sustaining program. No money. But the fan mail began to come in. It was a help—"

The amount of that fan mail was such a help that a sponsor came forward and offered him $1,500 a week for fifteen minutes of song.

"I nearly fainted. I couldn't believe it. That money was so big—it just didn't seem as though it could be true—"

One bit of luck seems always to magnetize another. He had just signed for the radio engagement when the Paramount theatre in Brooklyn offered him $3,500 a week for personal appearances and the Waldorf Astoria hotel, $2,500 a week for singing. Add those figures—I make them $7,500, or over $1,000 a day. Exactly four months after that doleful evening in my living room when Russ Colombo gave up the battle because hope had departed, he was collecting $1,000 daily!

And three years later, he returned to Hollywood as discouraged as when he had left it—with less than $10,000.

Of Course, He Had crowded enough experiences into those three years to make a large-sized book—or a movie. We can only touch the high-lights. He was still at the Paramount theatre in Brooklyn when a stranger edged up to him after a performance.

"Got a few hundred dollars? They sent a couple of the boys up the road today and we have to have money to help them. We're having a little charity affair. Say about five hundred bucks. You're making plenty—"

Russ, a babe to Fame, looked bewildered.

"But I have so many expenses. I have to pay my agent a third and my press agent and—"

"Of course you don't *have* to pay—"

It was the tone rather than the words; Russ looked at the eyes of the man before him. His hand slipped into his pocket and he paid for his first protection—but not for his last. There were not more than three weeks in the next three years when he did not pay gangland its tax for protection.

Money rolled in. And it rolled out. This golden-voiced California lad looked like ready money to the wise guys. Somehow he found himself with two press agents. Servants. Traveling expenses for a retinue and two bodyguards. Bills for everything in the world. A simple Italian boy who had thought $100 a week a fortune (and who does yet!) was soon paying fabulous bills.

The newspaper boys tried to warn Russ that his manager and his hangers-on were ruining him. "Everyone always runs out on a manager when he gets going," Russ said. "I'm one guy that's going to stick." He stuck—to the tune of $20,000, which he says the manager owes in loans, alone.

Russ's first suspicions came when the manager turned down the offer of the lead in *The Big Broadcast* and *The Crooner* for him. He didn't realize, then, that there is a law in California which forbids a manager to collect more than ten per cent of a star's salary!

Philadelphia brought the climax. The manager gambled—lost a lot of money



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and there was an attempted gangster shakedown of Russ. His name was spread across the headlines of every newspaper as a result.

"You're fired," Russ told the manager.

"Ah, Russ, remember what you were in Hollywood. And now you're famous. I'll reform. I'll give you my note for $10,000—"

And Russ did remember. After all, he owed the man whatever this was that he had. Perhaps it was *Fame*, although he began to wonder whether *Hell* wouldn't be a better word to describe it!

"Just one more chance. I've got the new room at the Park Central for us. It's an exact replica of the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles. I'll put on a show that will make you forget all about this."

OF COURSE, the agent won out. He signed the late Fatty Arbuckle; a famous quartette, a twenty-piece band and Hannah Williams. The payroll was $3,500 a week. Russ argued. "But you can't take in over $4,000 a week—what is there left?"

"Just leave it to me, boy. This publicity will leave you all to the good. I got you into the other. I'll get you out of it."

He signed the talent for ten weeks. And the third week he disappeared! His attorney telephoned Russ. "He's gone to the coast!" He'd gone—leaving all the bills for Russ. Of course, Russ could have refused to pay them. But the show was billed as *Russ Colombo's!* The publicity would not hurt the manager. It would ruin Colombo.

There seemed to be one compensation. He had found love at last. The one woman! And she loved as he did. All this—this—*Fame* had been worth it since it had brought him to Hannah Williams. He paid the bills for the entire ten weeks, took his loss and faced life with less than ten thousand dollars.

He was worn out and discouraged. His thoughts turned to home. He slipped into Hollywood and the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. No one in the world knew where he was except the only one to whom it really mattered. Hannah Williams. Those three years had been a deadly strain upon a constitution that was never husky. The reaction was immediate. He lay ill with the flu in a strange hotel—and thought of the one woman that had made it all worth while. She had gone to Reno to secure her divorce so that they could marry.

I couldn't get Russ to talk much about this experience. His eyes brood. His hands clasp together and his lips tighten. But from jerky little sentences I gained this.

One morning while he lay there, he received a telegram from Reno. The one woman bravely confessed her affection for him had been a mistake. She loved someone else. She had married Jack Dempsey.

Russ turned from youth to manhood during those four months of isolation. He emerged with a cold, hard determination to take life by the hilt and wield it to please him. Life had handled him, before; now he would handle life.

On the day after he signed at Universal at one-fifth his salary upon Broadway, Darryl Zanuck asked him to play in *Broadway Thru a Keyhole*. There was a compromise. Russ makes two pictures for Twentieth Century a year and three or four for Universal. One of his

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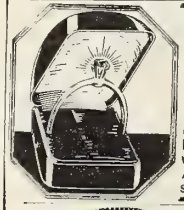
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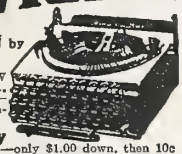
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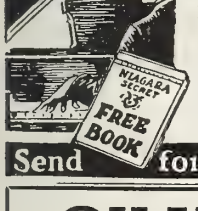
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first will be *Men Without Fear* for Universal.

He has a scene in *Broadway Thru a Keyhole* which is one of the greatest I have seen given by any actor. And it is his first picture. He is telling Paul Kelly, who plays the gangster, that he loves the girl. When he says it, you choke and you wonder how a new actor could put such feeling into such a simple sentence. But when you know his story, you understand.

"I have just one object now," he had risen and was ready to leave. "Save my dough. I have a little house for Mother and Dad. I'm living with them. I'm back here and I don't believe I'll ever leave. The big world looks marvelous when you have never seen it. Marry?—No. I like all the girls now. Sally Blane, Loretta Young, Carole Lombard—they're all great sports. They're pals. I'm through with love. I'm glad to be back. I want to work hard—and save my money!"

◆

She Dares to Be Different!

Continued from page twenty-two

Most of the Hepburns in this country are descended from Jimmy Hepburn who was one of the lovers of Mary, Queen of Scots, and was hanged for his pains. He was a famous madcap in his day. Perhaps that explains the lady somewhat. It at least makes her descent Scotch, which is a straw to cling to in the mass of misinformation she spins for herself by the hour.

The nice part about the girl is that she is perfectly frank about her fibs being awful. If you can ever catch her, which is usually in an antique exchange store she loves and hunts in all the time, she is perfectly willing to admit that what she told you yesterday was all invention.

If it is a line, it is a remarkably good one. The rumble of thundering approval that came out of the projection room when her very first picture was shown is still going on, louder all the time. The "line" passes the great test for all such things. It works.

There is *Morning Glory* which is always mentioned when the talk drifts to the great masterpieces of the screen. Then there is the recently released *Little Women* in which Katharine tops all her previous accomplishments with a rôle of unforgettable beauty. Her last picture, which she completed before leaving for an engagement on the New York stage, was *Trigger*, a story of a harum-scarum girl faith healer who offers an interesting study in dual personality—a story admirably suited to her. It isn't ready for release yet but we know we can expect another triumph for Katharine.

Hepburn claims to be the god-daughter of Thor, the God of Thunder, so maybe it isn't so very surprising. It's grand fun in the meantime, and has everyone in a stew. So why not strut your stuff, Katharine? We love it!

◆

Another Jean Looms

OUT on the Warner lot in Burbank, they're predicting big things for little Jean Muir, who had never faced a camera until a year ago. They have cast her as one of the leads in Richard Barthelmess' *A Modern Hero*, sufficient glory for any ingénue.

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29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05	32x4½	3.35	1.15
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05	33x4½	3.45	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15	34x4½	3.45	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	30x5	3.65	1.35
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ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 36, LOWELL, MASS.

THE GUIDE TO NEW PICTURES!

Brief reviews of the season's film fare

NEW PRODUCTIONS

AAAA—BLOOD MONEY—Rousing entertainment of the most popular brand. Be sure to see it. Frances Dee, George Bancroft, Judith Anderson, Chick Chandler and Blossom Seeley.—*Twentieth Century.*

AAAA—CHRISTOPHER BEAN—Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore in delightfully amusing entertainment.—*Metro.*

AAA—CONVENTION CITY—Amusing exposé of the badger game. Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Ruth Donnelly, Frank McHugh, Patricia Ellis.—*First National.*

AAAA—COUNSELLOR AT LAW—John Barrymore fairly outdoes himself in this rôle. Isabel Jewel and Bebe Daniels also outstanding.—*Universal.*

AAAA—CRADLE SONG—Dorothea Wieck scores a triumph in her first American film. Sweet, idealistic picture not to be missed. Louise Dresser and others in the cast.—*Paramount.*

AAAA—DANCING LADY—Joan Crawford gives inspired performance as show girl while Franchot Tone and Clark Gable lend conviction to their rôles.—*Metro.*

AA—DARK HAZARD—Newest Edward G. Robinson vehicle entertaining but not up to his usual high standard. Genevieve Tobin, Glenda Farrell, Gordon Wescott.—*First National.*

AAA—DUCK SOUP—Marx Brothers will send you into convulsions. Amusing situations and gags screamingly funny.—*Paramount.*

AAA—GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM—Charles Farrell scores in his interpretation of a perfect sap. Marguerite Churchill, Charles Ruggles, Walter Woolf, Gregory Ratoff, Grace Bradley.—*Paramount.*

AAA—HOOPLA—Clara Bow scores in story of carnival. Supporting cast includes Richard Cromwell, Norman Foster and Minna Gombell.—*Fox.*

AAA—KING FOR A NIGHT—Dramatic story starring Chester Morris and Helen Twelvetrees. Morris gives exceptional performance. Alice White, John Miljan, Grant Mitchell, Frank Albertson.—*Universal.*

AAA—LADY KILLER—Plenty of thrills in the latest Jimmy Cagney, Mae Clarke picture. Margaret Lindsey, Leslie Fenton and others.—*Warners.*

AAAA—LITTLE WOMEN—Katharine Hepburn superb in outstanding interpretation. Joan Bennett, Paul Lukas, Frances Dee and others also do exceptionally well.—*Radio.*

AAAA—ONLY YESTERDAY—Poignantly emotional love story introduces Margaret Sullavan, superb actress, to the screen. John Boles and Billie Burke.—*Universal.*

AAAA—SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?—Comedy in its highest form. Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore distinguish themselves. Mary Carlisle, Conway Tearle and Katherine Alexander also score heavily. See it.—*Metro.*

AAA—SITTING PRETTY—Jack Oakie and Jack Haley in Hollywood story. Ginger Rogers adds a refreshing note. Songs catchy. Thelma Todd and others.—*Paramount.*

AAA—SON OF A SAILOR—Joe E. Brown performs capably in a made-to-order rôle. Supporting cast, including Thelma Todd, Jean Muir and Johnny Mack Brown, excellent.—*Warners.*

AAA—THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE—Ann Harding in new rôle as woman doctor. Good entertainment. Robert Young, Nils Asther, Sari Maritza, Delmar Watson.—*Radio.*

NOW SHOWING AT NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRES

AAA—A MAN'S CASTLE—Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young score in beautiful story that will appeal to idealists.—*Fox.*

AAAA—BERKELEY SQUARE—Fanciful story in which a man is suddenly set down to live in a bygone century. Leslie Howard and Heather Angel give inspired performances.—*Lasky-Fox.*

AAAA—BLONDE BOMBSHELL—Jean Harlow at her best in a satirical story of Hollywood and a movie star. Lee Tracy excellent. Perfect entertainment.—*Metro.*

AAA—CHANCE AT HEAVEN—Three cornered love with Joel McCrea compelled to decide between Marian Nixon and Ginger Rogers. Good hokum, comedy and romance.—*Radio.*

AAA—COLLEGE COACH—Genuine entertainment in story of a football racket as pursued by a university. Pat O'Brien, Lyle Talbot, Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell.—*Warners.*

AAAA—DINNER AT EIGHT—Fascinating drama, comedy and tragedy with Lionel and John Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, Warner Baxter, Lee Tracy, Karen Morley, Phillips Holmes, Madge Evans, Franchot Tone.—*Metro.*

AAA—ELYSIA—Beautiful photographed story of life in a nudist camp, delicately handled and will not shock.—*Bryan Foy.*

AAAA—ESKIMO—Beautifully filmed, unforgettable story of life in the far North; all-Eskimo cast excellent.—*Metro.*

AAA—FEMALE—Ruth Chatterton at last in rôle worthy of her talents. Witty, amusing, dramatic story of dual-natured woman. George Brent, Johnny Mack Brown.—*First National.*

AAA—FROM HEADQUARTERS—Headquarters homicide solves an engrossing murder mystery. Recommended as an exciting time for all. George Brent, Margaret Lindsay, Dorothy Burgess, Eugene Pallette.—*Warners.*

AAA—HAVANA WIDOWS—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell score in story of gold-digging chorus girls. Guy Kibbe, Lyle Talbot.—*First National.*

AAA—LADIES MUST LOVE—June Knight, Dorothy Burgess, Sally O'Neill and Mary Carlisle dig gold on Park Avenue. Frolicsome, lively.—*Universal.*

AAA—SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—A pigskin hero looks upon football as a racket until blackmail awakens his college spirit. Robert Young, Leila Hyams, Johnny Mack Brown, Mary Carlisle.—*Universal.*

AAA—STAGE MOTHER—Alice Brady scores again in title rôle. Maureen O'Sullivan, Franchot Tone, Phillips Holmes.—*Metro.*

AAA—THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET—Kay Francis tops all previous rôles in absorbing story of mother love. Gene Raymond, Ricardo Cortez, Sheila Terry.—*Warners.*

AAA—THE MAD GAME—Spencer Tracy scores in story of gangster who returns from prison to break up kidnaping activities of his mob. Don't miss it. Claire Trevor, John Miljan, Kathleen Burke.—*Fox.*

AAAA—THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY—Entertainment plus, with prizefighter winning gangster's sweetheart. Max Baer, Primo Carnera, Myrna Loy, Jack Dempsey and others in great cast. See it.—*Metro.*

AAA—THE WOMAN SPY—Wartime romance that will grip and hold your interest. Constance Bennett scores and Gilbert Roland is convincing.—*Radio.*

AAA—WAY TO LOVE—Not as good as some of Maurice Chevalier's pictures but entertaining. Deals with complications resulting when he befriends Ann Dvorak, partner of a knife-thrower.—*Paramount.*

AAA—WHITE WOMAN—Charles Laughton, Carole Lombard and Charles Bickford in sophisticated story of love in Malay archipelago.—*Paramount.*

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN
Suffer Pain—Needlessly

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically



What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become conjested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1) blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.



Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.



*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS *ALKALINE* (non-acid).

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—about Cigarettes

Of all the ways in which tobacco is used the cigarette is the mildest form

YOU know, ever since the Indians found out the pleasure of smoking tobacco, there have been many ways of enjoying it.

But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

Another thing—cigarettes are about the most convenient smoke. All you have to do is strike a match.

Everything that money can buy and everything that Science knows about is used to make Chesterfields. The tobaccos are blended and cross-blended the right way — the cigarettes are made right — the paper is right.

There are other good cigarettes, of course, but Chesterfield is

the cigarette that's
MILDER
the cigarette that
TASTES BETTER
—we ask you to try them

Chesterfield

They Satisfy

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IS SUCCESS RUINING KATHARINE HEPBURN?

HOLLYWOOD

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April



ALICE WHITE

The Women in My Life
By BING CROSBY

Are Your Favorite Foods Barred By

Fussy Stomach?



Tums Bring Quick Relief For Acid Indigestion..

Sour Stomach...Gas...Heartburn!

DO you often have to pay for eating a good meal—by having a sour, upset stomach? Do the very foods you like best sometimes bring on heartburn, unpleasant gas or belching? Thousands of people are finding they can now eat what they like without bad after-effects, thanks to a new candy-like antacid mint called TUMS.

Simply munch three or four TUMS after meals —or when smoking, or excesses of eating or drinking cause trouble, You will be surprised how quickly the excess acid is neutralized and the "Fussy Stomach" relieved. Carry a convenient roll in pocket or purse wherever you go. Be prepared for instant relief when indigestion is brought on by nervous strain, eating too fast, exercise after meals, train and auto rides, change of water or diet. Learn the joy of eating your favorite foods and smoking whenever you like without upset stomach. Get a roll of TUMS today at any drug store—only 10c.

FREE *Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples* **TUMS** *and* **NR**—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. DH-29 ST. LOUIS, MO.

QUICK RELIEF

Carry Tums in your pocket or purse for quick relief whenever hasty eating, wrong food combinations, particular foods, excessive smoking, cause sudden distress.

TUMS
FOR THE TUMMY



GET 2 ROLLS FREE

Thousands of people are buying TUMS in the convenient $1.00 box containing 12 rolls—thus getting 2 rolls free.



P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

Isn't It A Shame!



A BIG CAR, GORGEOUS CLOTHES...BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



You can count on Sylvia to drive the crowd to any house party! She's a grand girl, and she drives a swell car. But—there's a "but" about Sylvia!



When Sylvia's dressed for dancing, her clothes are the grandest there! Paris has nothing on Sylvia! But the "but" about Sylvia spoils her good times.



Men ask to meet Sylvia—and they ride in Sylvia's car. But when the drive's over, they disappear! For the "but" about Sylvia is her teeth.



Why doesn't somebody tell *Sylvia that tender gums—"pink tooth brush"—are often the cause of dingy, cloudy-looking teeth?*



Any dentist could tell Sylvia in half a minute how to correct "pink tooth brush." "Massage Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums," he'd say.



If Sylvia started with Ipana and massage—today—it wouldn't be long before she'd have brilliant, good-looking teeth! And plenty of men at her beck and call!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

ARE your teeth dingy and ugly, like Sylvia's? Are your gums so tender that you often notice "pink" upon your tooth brush?

Maybe you, like Sylvia, should ask a *dentist* about "pink tooth brush"! He'll tell you soon enough that "pink tooth brush" not only may dull the teeth—but may be the first step toward gum troubles as tragic as gingivitis or Vincent's disease. He'll warn you that it may threaten even the soundest of your teeth!

But cheer up! He'll go on to tell you that it is quite a simple matter to check "pink tooth brush"—and restore brightness to your teeth.

"Clean your teeth with Ipana," he will say. "Each time put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it lightly into your unhealthy gums. The ziratol in Ipana helps restore firmness to the gums."

Today's foods permit your gums to become flabby and tender because they are not coarse enough to *stimulate* your gums. But massage, with Ipana, will offset the effect of modern soft foods. You'll have healthy gums—attractively bright teeth.

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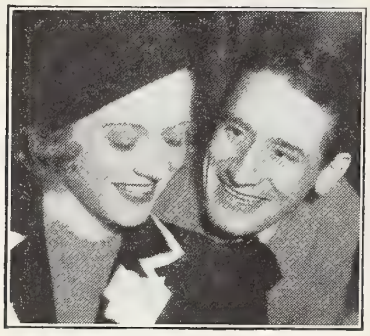
Vol. 23
No. 4

HOLLYWOOD

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

ARTHUR C. JANISCH
Assistant Editor

Contents for April, 1934



Rosemary Ames and Victor Jory take time out from work on* I Believed In You *to tell a few old ones

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

●

HENRY B. WALTHALL has played in more than 600 films during his twenty years as a screen actor. . . . Will Rogers can do a tap dance that makes his tootsies talk a low-down language. . . . Ken Maynard's horse, Tarzan, is jealous of Ken's newly-acquired motorcycle. . . . Jimmy Durante, under contract to Metro, takes his gagman with him when he's under loan to other companies. . . . Frank Morgan's face turns crimson at mere mention of the fact that he was a boy soprano.

●

Josef von Sternberg directs Marlene Dietrich in German. . . . shed your tears for poor Russ Columbo, who has received hundreds of thousands of mash notes, yet never had a successful love affair . . . Alice White, who achieved fame as a blonde, is actually brown-headed. . . . Vince Barnett specializes in German and Hebrew rôles, although he's of Irish parentage. . . . as a youngster, ZaSu Pitts toiled in her mother's boarding house—and liked her work so well, she actually balked when the mater virtually ordered her to Hollywood to try for a movie career.

●

Mrs. Chester Morris handles all of her husband's business affairs, both professional and personal. . . . Charlie Farrell makes no secret of the fact that he used to mow the lawns of Hollywood homes to which he now rates honored guest invitations. . . . and Bruce Cabot is a former manager of Hollywood's fashionable Embassy Club.

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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
Western Editor

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Virginia Lehmann, wife of a millionaire Chicago merchant, works as a movie extra for the sport of it

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

●

TOM MIX HAS merged his caravan circus with that of Sam B. Dill, and both he and Mrs. Mix will tour with the enlarged outfit this Summer. . . . John Boles continued to emote in a Fox picture despite a two-stitch cut in his lip, caused by hitting himself with a tennis racket. . . . Russell Hardie completed his doctor rôle in *Men in White*, then dashed to a hospital to have his appendix removed. . . . Joan Marsh has shed thirty pounds, and is staging a screen revival via Paramount's *Melody in Spring*.

●

Sol Lesser plans a remake of *Peck's Bad Boy* with Jackie Cooper in the top spot. . . . Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee will be with Wheeler and Woolsey again in Radio's *Frat Heads* . . . Dance Director Le Roy Prinz twice contributed his blood when transfusions were found necessary to save Director Eddie Sutherland from death from pneumonia . . . Richard Travers, a hero of the old Essanay era, but long absent from the studios, is preparing to start over again. . . . Universal will elevate Onslow Stevens to stardom during the next month or so.

●

Lee Garmes, ace cameraman, has been given a directorial contract by Fox, with *Fledglings* as his first assignment. . . . Ken Maynard suffered a sun-stroke while flying from Chicago to St. Louis, lapsed into unconsciousness for twenty minutes, and came to in time to discover the plane he was piloting had lost only 300 feet.





PHOTOS BY REMIE LOHSE





LANNY ROSS

From the radio to the screen comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.









"MELODY IN SPRING"

with

Charlie Ruggles
Mary Boland
Ann Sothern

Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture..will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences



Pointed comment on cinema affairs and people



by
W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine

The PUBLISHER'S PAGE



Francis Lederer

Actor's Actor

That Glowing Young star Francis Lederer starts under the handicap of being an actor's actor. Screen girls swarm to his stage plays; they will swarm to see his pictures.

There is something peculiar in the fact that actors and writers and artists who are revered and adored by their own craft seldom have quite the same outstanding appeal to the public.

For instance, Herrimann, the creator of Krazy Kat, is studied and copied by artists all over the world; they recognize him as a master, but his comic strip, which is great irony and great art, never has had the appeal of many only a tenth as good.

An interesting fact has been uncovered concerning Garbo's private life. The world knows her as the great, silent, secret soul—but does not know that very often she seeks to relieve her depressing loneliness by visiting the neighborhood gas station for long chats with the college boy attendants.



Bing Crosby

Bear Facts

You've Heard Of the famous artist whose painting of cherries was so realistic that birds came to peck at the tempting fruit?

Well— An amusing sequence in *We're Not Dressing* concerns a bear and Bing Crosby. The bear chases Bing and will not desist until the crooner sings the one song it likes. A real bear is used in many of the scenes but in those in which bruin jumps on Bing an actor made up like a bear is employed.

One day on the set the actor playing the bear became paralyzed with fright when he came face to face with the real bear. He quickly regained his courage, however, for the real bear had become frightened and was scampering away as fast as it could.

We nominate Sally (Fan Dancer) Rand to replace Peter Arno as technical advisor for We're Not Dressing. *And perhaps, also, she can console Al Jolson, who bitterly complains that never in his many years on stage and screen has he had to wear blackface makeup as he does in* Wonder Bar. *He wears it all over his body!*



Gene Raymond

Orchids for Columbia

Columbia Pictures entered the movie producing field modestly. Occasionally a big name star was borrowed for a picture or two. Now the studio's production program offers more than twenty favorites. Many of them are under long-term contract; others will make one or more pictures.

Stars like John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Elissa Landi and Gene Raymond will appear in films made by the studio that produced *Lady for a Day* and currently offers two great hits—*Let's Fall in Love* and *It Happened One Night.*

You can expect much from Columbia in the future.

Too bad Claude Rains is such a splendid actor for he has deprived critics of an excellent gag. If he had not scored such a success they might say, in reviewing his next picture, "Claude Rains made his screen début in the title rôle of The Invisible Man *and we still can't see him."*



Greta Garbo

The Good and the Bad

All Too Often we hear of the jealousies and rivalries of the stars and we wonder how they can stoop to such pettiness.

What we don't hear of enough is the generosity and bigness of the truly great stars. Greta Garbo's thoughtfulness in replacing Mary Carlisle's shabby costume with one that made Mary's bit in *Grand Hotel* stand out (Mary won a long-term contract as a result); Joan Crawford's all-night vigil with a dying script boy one Christmas Eve; John Barrymore's cancelling of personal picture plans to be ready if it were necessary to substitute for brother Lionel in another film when he became ill.

The golden deeds more than balance the score.

Jean Harlow recently spent several hours autographing books in a Hollywood department store. Probably the most satisfied customer that day was an elderly gentleman who was smiling happily as he left with Jean's signature over the first page of Genesis in a copy of the Bible he had purchased.



Lupe Velez

Lupe and Johnny

Perhaps If The Stars were to follow the dictates of the mind rather than the heart marriages would be more lasting in Hollywood.

Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller exploded a bomb when they separated, and though they were quickly reconciled their brief flare-up served to emphasize the uncertainty of unions between such opposite temperaments—Lupe, volatile, dynamic; Johnny, slow, almost phlegmatic. This separation is probably one of many awaiting this unusual pair. Contrary to popular theory, opposites generally should not marry.



Pert Kelton

Pert's Black Eye

Hollywood buzzed excitedly when Pert Kelton was seen sporting a beautiful black eye recently. She had just come from the set of *Sing and Like It* and was eating lunch on the lot when the word spread that somebody had hung a fist on her.

The studio publicity department chortled as the story attained nationwide circulation.

But the gossipers overlooked the fact *Pert had just come from the set*—and the shiner had been painted on for the picture! And she was trouper enough to oblige when press agents asked her to keep mum.

HEPBURN



Completely and daringly different from anything she has ever done.

in

SPITFIRE

An RKO Radio Picture with Robert Young · Ralph Bellamy · Martha Sleeper
Directed by John Cromwell . . . From the Play by Lula Vollmer
A Pandro S. Berman Production Merian C. Cooper, Executive Producer

Faded Blonde Hair is Old Hair!

MAKE YOUR HAIR RADIANTLY *YOUTHFULLY* BEAUTIFUL WITH MARCHAND'S



EVEN if you are only 21. If your blonde hair has become faded or darkened—IT'S OLD LOOKING. It lacks the allure and fresh loveliness it should have—AND CAN HAVE!

Blondes! Keep your hair radiantly, ***youthfully,*** beautiful with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Pretty hair is your birthright. Enjoy all the admiration (and envy) it can bring you!

Marchand's will make your hair an even, lustrous shade that you'll like—one that's becoming to you. Try a single "secret" treatment to see for yourself. Marchand's works in a conservative REFINED way. You can control the effect—lightening hair just the tiniest shade. No one else need know—it will be your "secret." New hair growing in can be matched skillfully. Hair that has always been dark can also be beautified if lightened with Marchand's. Not a dye. Complete directions on bottle makes it simple to do yourself.

Make Dark Hair on Arms and Legs Unnoticeable With Marchand's

Have smooth, dainty arms. Wear the sheerest hose. Use Marchand's because it avoids the two great disadvantages of other methods. 1. It does not make the skin hard and stubbly. 2. It does not promote a coarse re-growth of hair. Marchand's is quick, inexpensive and effective.

IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations. See that the label spells—MARCHAND'S.

Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail

For a regular size bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

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Your Name _____

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Address _____

What's New on the Screen

The picture scout's monthly report in which he tells what is worth seeing among current screen offerings

Spitfire

● Break out a new batch of laurel leaves for the amazing Katharine Hepburn! In this vivid story of a mountain girl who is, by turn, a gentle faith healer and a flaming she-devil, Hepburn becomes a female Jekyll and Hyde and thereby wins this grateful reviewer's plaudits with another telling portrayal.

Adapted from Lulu Vollmer's successful stage play, the story reaches its climax when our heroine, accused of kidnaping a child whom she intends to heal, faces lynching at the hands of infuriated mountaineers. Heart-throb complications are supplied by Robert Young and Ralph Bellamy.

Able support from all concerned; but it's Hepburn's show and she makes the most of it.

His Double Life

● Once the leading emotional actress of the screen, Lillian Gish demonstrates that she has lost none of her powers in a comeback which will thrill the oldsters and give the young 'uns something to talk about. Roland Young, superb in a made-to-order part, gives Miss Gish strenuous competition—and the result is notable entertainment. As an artist with a publicity phobia, Young leads the life of a recluse. When his butler dies, Young permits the man to be buried as himself, assumes the servant's identity and marries Lillian Gish, the butler's matrimonial agency sweetheart. Then things begin to happen. A charming and diverting story superbly played.

Palooka

● Jimmy Durante and Stuart Erwin easily walk away with the decision in this laugh riot of the prize ring which will have you hanging on the ropes until the final bell. Durante as a fight promoter and Erwin as a dub leather-pusher who becomes a synthetic champion were never funnier. Lupe Velez accelerates the picture's tempo considerably and you'll probably never see Robert Armstrong, Marjorie Rambeau, Mary Carlisle and Thelma Todd in more effective supporting rôles. Excellent entertainment for everybody with the myriad laughs effectively leavened by a real comedy plot. See it!

Fashions of 1934

● When high-hat crooks, led by the suave and debonair William Powell, invade the Rue de la Paix and proceed to pirate the fashion creations of famous Parisian designers, the stage is set for an unusually clever piece of entertainment. As the master mind who introduces gang methods into the style salons, Powell is at his urbane best, with Bette Davis and Frank McHugh furnishing excellent support. There are dramatic thrills for the men of the family and superb costumes for the ladies, plus a generous admixture of comedy and unique dance routines which should please the most captious theatre-goer of either sex. A shade sophisticated for the youngsters.

Four Frightened People

● Bubonic plague furnishes the original scare for the *Four Frightened People.* Fleeing its menace, Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland take to the depths of a Malaysian jungle where, menaced by savages and wild beasts, they proceed to reveal the natures civilization had disguised. Despite the fact that developments fail to arouse the spectator to any sustained emotional pitch, capable work by the principals and a series of thrilling minor climaxes contribute to an enjoyable evening. Leo Carrillo is outstanding in the rôle of the "near-white" native guide.

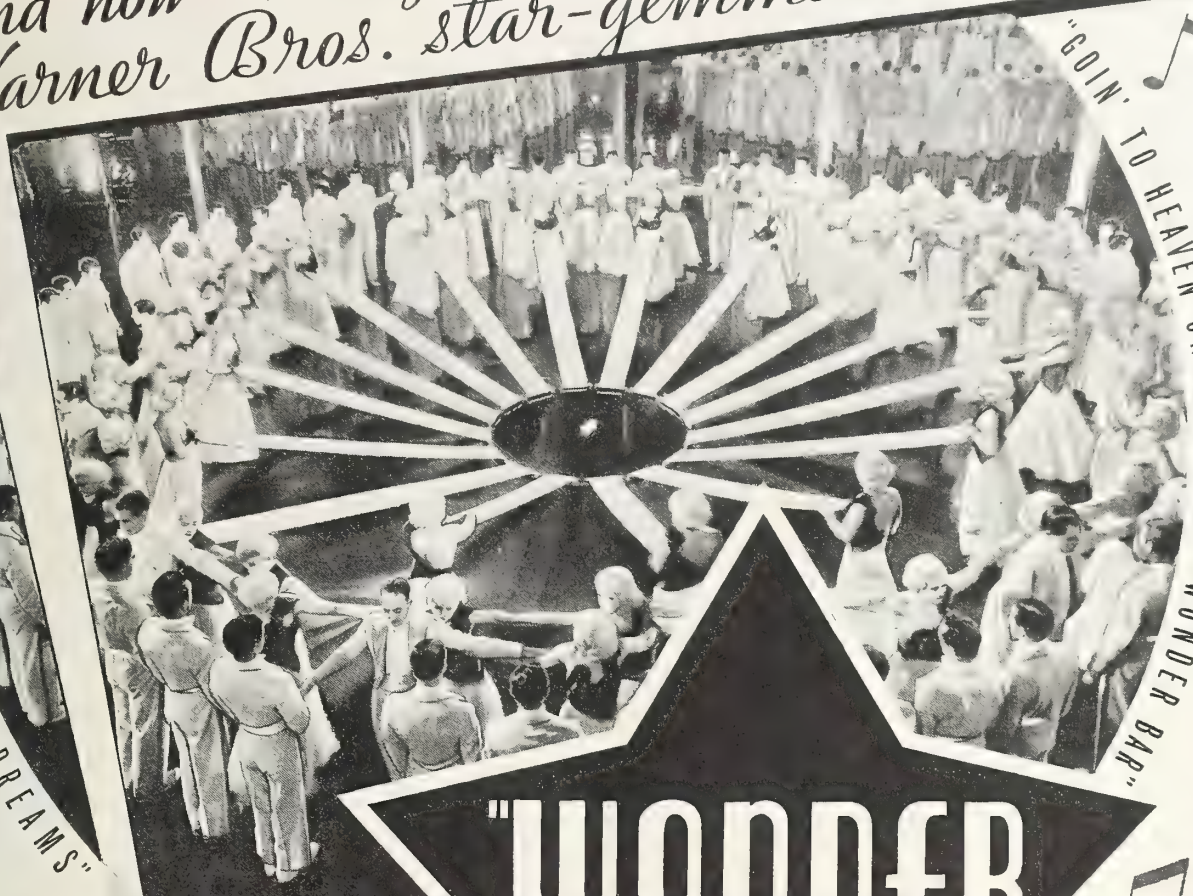
Strange Holiday

● Essence of fantasy, this distinctively different picture has been adapted from the successful stage play, *Death Takes a Holiday,* and

Please turn to page ten

HEAR—"DON'T SAY GOOD NIGHT"

And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!



"GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A MULE" • "WONDER BAR"

"WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS"

"VIVE LA FRANCE"

"WONDER BAR"

KAY FRANCIS

GUY KIBBEE

DICK POWELL

AL JOLSON

HUGH HERBERT

HAL LEROY

RICARDO CORTEZ

DOLORES DEL RIO

EDMUND D'ORSAY

LAUGHTER!
SONG!...
DRAMA!...
SPECTACLE!

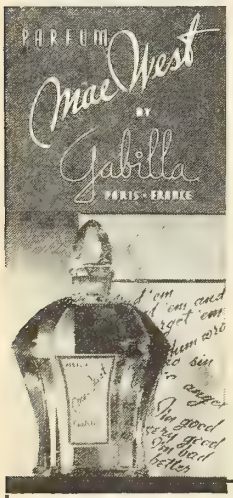
A First National Picture

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934" . . . 5 rousing song hits . . . and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!

Here's the Perfume Mae West uses for that "come up 'n' see me sometime" lure



NOW *YOU* can use the identical scent which Mme. Gabilla of Paris blended for Mae West—loaded with lure—dripping with sex appeal. There's intrigue in every drop. It's charged with that "come up 'n see me sometime" personality. This isn't merely an endorsement, it is Mae West's actual perfume. ● Be the first in your crowd to use Parfum MaeWest—exquisite bottles at 65c—$1.00 to $25.00.



If your favorite store cannot supply you with Parfum Mae West you can order from us direct by using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65 cents in stamps for the dram size—$1.00 for the 1/4 oz. size.

As a special introductory offer we are sending you six intimate photographs of Mae West with your order

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Enclosed find money for ( ) 1.00 size
Name .....,F-2
Address .....
City .....State .....
NOTE: This is not merely an endorsement —this is the personal perfume of Mae West.

What's New on the Screen

Continued from page eight

translated literally upon the screen. The story brings Death to earth in the form of a mortal and gives him three days to discover why the world fears him so. Then Death, played by Fredric March, falls in love and—but suppose you guess what happens next. Weird, fantastic, with even a trace of hokum, *Strange Holiday* is nevertheless entertaining drama, accentuated by the workmanlike jobs of Fredric March, Evelyn Venable, Sir Guy Standing and Henry Travers.

Let's Fall in Love

● Based upon the somewhat familiar formula of the star who walks out on the show and is replaced by a newcomer who scores an immediate hit, this picture is nevertheless better than average entertainment. Gregory Ratoff walks away with the honors as a Hollywood picture producer, but pressing him closely is Ann Sothern (formerly Harriet Lake) who is impressive in one of her first major rôles. Splendid photography and direction, with excellent contributions by Miriam Jordan, Edmund Lowe, Tala Birell and Arthur Jarrett.

Legong

● Since movie cameramen first discovered the exotic island of Bali, the rare beauties of this Pacific paradise have been periodically exhibited to American stay-at-homes. The Marquis de la Falaise, Constance Bennett's husband, has gone his predecessors one better—he presents the fairy isle, for the first time, in all its natural colors. The story is slender, dealing with the love of a musician for a temple dancer and its tragic aftermath. Intimate closeups of quaint ceremonial practices and enchanting vistas of scenic beauty feature this South Pacific novelty picture.

You Can't Buy Everything

● That grand old trouper, May Robson, creates another unforgettable character in this dramatic story based upon the life of the late Hetty Green. As "Old Hannibal," a woman embittered by a broken love affair who devotes her life to the amassing of a great fortune, Miss Robson gives a telling performance. When her son, grown to manhood, falls in love with the daughter of the man she once loved, Old Hannibal wrecks the man's bank in one of her famous financial coups during the panic of 1907. The eventual reconciliation furnishes a gripping climax. Excellent performances by Lewis Stone and Mary Forbes, with Jean Parker as the daughter and William Bakewell as the son acquitting themselves capably.

Hips Hips Hooray

● Beyond doubt this is the most hilarious piece of foolery that Wheeler and Woolsey have made. It's grand entertainment for every comedy fan from the moment the twin comics begin romping through a series of beauty shop complications until they are engaged in a madcap cross-country race. They're aided every step of the way by Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee in an excellent production generously adorned with pretty girls and crammed with laughs of the better sort. You won't go wrong on this one.

Once to Every Woman

● Those of us who have long suspected that life in a big city hospital isn't all hypodermics and sutures will find our convictions upheld in this twenty-four hour cross-section of the medical and nursing fraternities. The big scene—and it'll grip you—reveals Walter Connolly, head surgeon, breaking down at the critical point in a delicate brain operation. Competently cast, with Fay Wray and



Pert Kelton*—The Meanest Girl in Town —*and Jimmy Gleason, in the talkie of that title. The title is entirely complimentary to Pert for she has all the men in town at her feet

Ralph Bellamy furnishing the romantic note and Walter Byron, Mary Carlisle, Ben Alexander and J. Farrell MacDonald contributing good work.

Coming Out Party

● Rich girl Frances Dee, neglected by her parents, falls in love with Gene Raymond, a penniless musician. Just about the time she is to make her social début and Gene gets his big chance—an opportunity to make a concert tour in Europe — Frances discovers that there's a blessed event in the offing which hasn't been sanctioned by the clergy. She refuses to spoil Gene's chances by telling him and complications develop quickly. The picture is a personal triumph for Miss Dee, with a well balanced cast including Gene Raymond, Alison Skipworth, Nigel Bruce and Gilbert Emery contributing nicely drawn performances.

Easy to Love

● And likewise easy on the disposition is this light, romantic comedy with its crisp dialogue and breezy, farcical development. Adolphe Menjou and Genevieve Tobin are pictured as a middle-aged married couple with an engaged daughter. Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton, supposedly sweethearts, are friends of the family. But it develops that Menjou favors Miss Astor's company and Horton has a yen for Miss Tobin. Daughter Patricia Ellis and her fiancé, Paul Kaye, proceed to straighten their elders around in a highly amusing climax. Recommended for sophisticates.

Fog

● A fleeing millionaire, a conniving fortune teller, a long lost son, an unscrupulous physician and sundry other human oddities find themselves aboard a mist-shrouded ocean liner. Tragedy strikes when the millionaire's body is found hanging in the rigging. There's a shipboard third degree which includes the raising of the dead man's ghost—and there you have *Fog,* a mystery thriller which neither thrills nor mystifies to any great degree. Mary Brian, Donald Cook, Reginald Denny, Robert McWade, Maude Eburne and a number of others do well the things they are given to do; but one has the suspicion that the story department was lost in fog before production started.

Mandalay

● Kay Francis fans may like this one although choice of the svelte and sophisticated Miss Francis as a Far East adventuress is not a piece of ideal casting. Seeking escape from an

Please turn to page sixty-three



Unusual Portraits

Exquisite new studies of favorite stars



CAROLE LOMBARD and GEORGE RAFT

—bring a new significance to romance in *Bolero*, interesting features of which will be their dancing of the *Raftero*, a dance named in George's honor, and the *Bolero*

—Eugene Robert Richee

ROCHELLE HUDSON

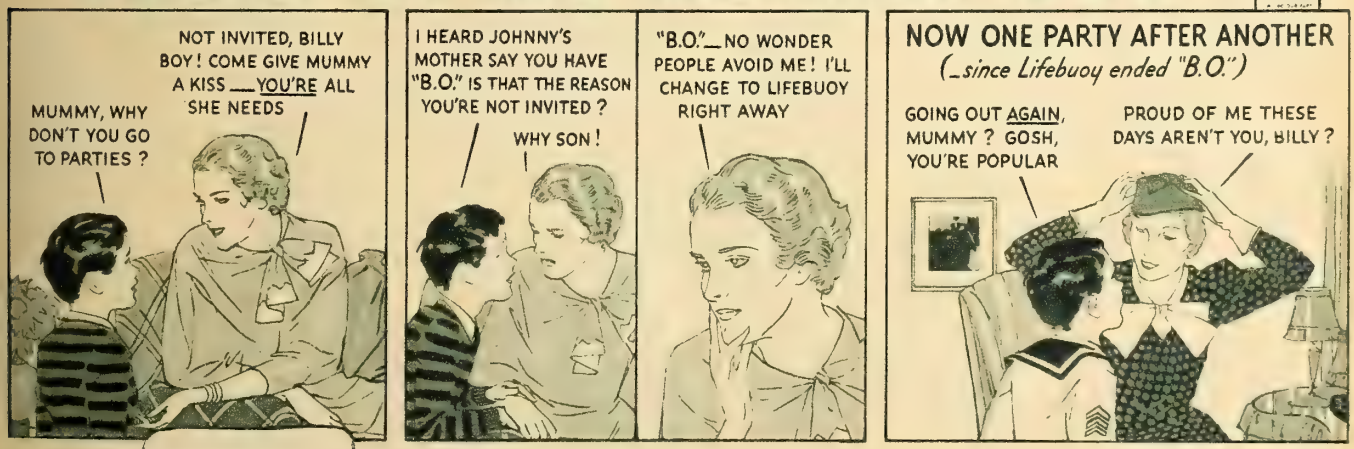
—one of the loveliest of the lovelies, whose charm graces *Mr. Skitch*, and who also adds to the attractiveness of *Harold Teen*, *Coming Out Party* and *Palooka*

—Anthony Ugrin



PROUD OF HIS MOTHER NOW

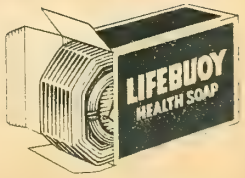
NRA





ITS quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy lather is *extra cleansing*. Rich, creamy, penetrating, it purifies face pores and body pores alike. Clears and freshens dull, sallow skins to glowing health. Stops "B.O." (*body odor*).

Warm spring days, watch out! For even on cool days we perspire at least a quart. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its *deodorizing* lather, abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft, gives real "B.O." protection.





OTTO KRUGER

—who rapidly is taking his place as one of the leading favorites of the screen. His current pictures include *Gallant Lady* with Ann Harding, *The Women in His Life* and *Men in White*

—*Grimes*

MARGARET LINDSAY

—would like to be a film vamp but her magnetic personality is given to more lovable roles. She recently completed *Merry Wives of Reno* and is now filming *The Gentleman from San Francisco* with Lyle Talbot and Bette Davis

—*Elmer Fryer*

It's a breach of fashion . . .

if your hair hasn't a spring outfit, too!



Miss Margaret C. Whitney of Garden City, L. I., says: *"Why should summer only be permanent waving time? I want my hair looking its best the year round—and I keep it so by getting a Eugene permanent two or three times a year."*

Fashion is busily showing new things for Spring—frocks, coats and hats with many clever new touches. But Fashion has one stern rule: Whatever the style of your Spring costuming, your hair *must* be in wave. Straight hair is *conspicuously* out of place.

That means you need your Eugene Permanent Wave *now*. If you wait for "later," as you may have planned, you miss months of smartness, beauty and convenience. Instead, follow those knowing women here and abroad...

Go at once to a hairdresser who does *genuine* Eugene Waving, and get a genuine Eugene Permanent Wave. Enjoy its comfort and loveliness all through Spring and Summer; then when your new hair grows in, a few months from now, have this new straight hair permanently waved, too!

Hairdressers who feature the Eugene Method can keep your hair permanently beautiful with undulating waves, flattering ringlets and cunning clusters of indestructible curls...just as you desire. They give you these results by using genuine Eugene Sachets —approved by Good Housekeeping and identified, for your protection, by the Eugene trademark, the famous "Goddess of the Wave."

When you see this trademark stamped on the sachets used, you can be absolutely certain that you are getting what you are paying for—*a genuine Eugene permanent wave*, preferred the world over.

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(YOU CAN PASTE THIS ON A PENNY POST CARD)



MARIAN NIXON

—absent from the screen entirely too long in the opinion of countless fans, returns to play opposite William Gargan in Columbia's *The Line Up.*

—Schafer

PEGGY SHANNON

—an Irish colleen who continually adds to her great legion of fans. This winsome lass will be seen soon in Columbia's *Fury of the Jungle*

SYLVIA SIDNEY

—seems destined to achieve greater fame than ever. Her current screen hits are *Good Dame* with Jack LaRue and *Thirty Day Princess* with Cary Grant

—Wm. E. Thomas

You Don't Know Bill Gargan!



***The smiling Irishman who has won his way into the hearts of a million fans. You will see him again in Columbia's* The Line Up**

Unless, of course, you've had a heart-to-heart talk with Mrs. Bill

by CLARK WARREN

THERE ARE SIX men in Hollywood who carry badges of great distinction. They are wearing ties given to them by William Gargan!

That doesn't sound at all exciting or distinctive perhaps but then, you don't know Bill Gargan. Giving neckties is Bill's method of showing extreme regard and appreciation. They constitute his greatest mania and it is as much as cutting off an arm for him to give one of them away.

Bill will wear one tie day in and day out for months until he just has to throw it in the ash can. But in his closet hang over five hundred of them in every conceivable pattern and material. Almost every night he will take them out and go over them lovingly; and he talks about them with the same fiery ardor that a dog fancier talks about his kennels. He wears but a very small percentage of them—but he keeps on collecting them.

It is just one of the many odd traits in William Gargan's colorful character. He won't tell you about them himself, but his wife will. And who should know more about them?

"His secret vice is cookies," Mary Gargan confided to me one day when Bill wasn't there to protest—he was off working in Columbia's *The Line Up*. "He can eat pastries and sweets at any hour and under any conditions —but cookies will yet be his down-fall.

"I generally buy a pound can of cookies for the children, and quite often they turn up missing before the children have had a chance at them. I always find the empty can under Bill's bed. He loves to get into bed and read, with tons of cookies within reach."

Bill and Mary are typically Irish, both with a sense of humor redolent of the Ould Sod. Yet both of them were born and raised in Brooklyn, New York, and have been out of the United States only once—on a location trip.

Bill had previously detailed the struggles and experiences of his life for me, but it was really Mary who filled in the gaps, telling tales out of school on Bill's little idiosyncrasies.

On July 17, 1905, William Gargan let out his first howl in Brooklyn, New York. Outside of being born he caused no further ripples of excitement until he began winning medals for elocution in St. James high school in Brooklyn, where he played leads in the school plays. It was during his school days that he met a girl named Patricia Kenny at a friend's house. Patricia had really been christened Mary Elizabeth, so Bill decided to be a little different and called her Mary. He also decided that she was the girl he was going to marry—and she had no objections to the idea.

They were going together when Bill got his first job. He had told me that he worked one day as a soda jerker when he was sixteen years old, and that he earned three dollars for the day's work, but it was Mary who revealed the rest of the tale.

"The store where Bill was to work was miles from his home," she said. "Being afraid that he would be late for work in the morning and late for dinner at home in the evening, he took a taxi both ways. His salary for the day

Please turn to page sixty-two



Katharine Hepburn's director, George Cukor, reveals the real Hepburn to confound her critics and delight her fans

by
RUTH BIERY

Is Success

"Katharine Hepburn pays everyone the compliment of being a human being. Wouldn't you rather be that than included in a general, big smile? If she likes you, she likes you for yourself; not for what you are. She is not a ham—in any way."

These words of description of the most-talked-of woman in pictures come from director George Cukor who supervised her work in *Bill of Divorcement* and *Little Women.* There is no doubt that he knows her better than anyone in Hollywood.

It is strange that we, who write about Hollywood, do not seek more often those who direct our great actresses and actors. For as they are on the set, so are they in person.

Katharine Hepburn, for example. During the making of *Little Women,* she was on the set at nine o'clock each morning; she did not leave until six-thirty each evening. She ate lunch with her director. For nine weeks, she actually lived *not* at home, *not* with personal friends, *not* with a family, as you and I know the meaning of that word. She ate one meal a day in her canyon house; as soon as it was finished, she tumbled into bed. Her time at home was spent in sleep—physical *oblivion.*

All that was the real Katharine Hepburn was exposed constantly to her working family. Good temper; bad temper; happiness; sorrow; ambition; love. Whatever emotions she has—whatever virtues and faults—were *lived* upon that little set of which George Cukor was absolute monarch. When they had completed two pictures together, these two knew each other as few humans. Their innermost selves lay naked upon the consciousness of each other.

No star and director can complete a picture without feeling one of two definite sensations for each other. Hatred or admiration. Contempt or respect. They may cover the truth from the rest of the world; they cannot camouflage to one another.

● It was the day after *Little Women* was previewed. I was lunching with Katharine.

"It is a great picture!" she said. A statement of fact made as impartially as though she had had no part in it. "It is great because George Cukor is great. I want him to direct my other pictures. I do not want anyone else to direct me. It must be arranged. A picture is no greater than its director!"

For a star to admit this—to grant that her own success is due to the man who supervises her—was Hollywood news in capital letters. Human beings are apt to hug credit unto their own bosoms. But for Katharine Hepburn to say it about George Cukor was a headline for an "extra" edition. The rumors of their battles had been grapevined from the set to each one of us.

"I'll bet Hepburn gets down on her knees each night and prays in gratitude that Cukor has not killed her" was one statement made by studio workers.

The set was barred—not a visitor allowed upon it—as though Garbo were working there. But not for the same reason. Garbo is honestly camera-shy. Hepburn is completely camera-unconscious. "She is completely relaxed before a camera. It wouldn't make any difference who was watching—" George Cukor's testimony.

Yet the set was barred. "Because visitors might misunderstand!" The director's eyes twinkled as he made the admission.

Might misunderstand the fights; the screechings and wailings and often-time violent actions. Might misunderstand Cukor's "Shut up!" in the middle of one of Katy's tirades at doing a scene as he saw it. Or her answer of "Oh, come and do it, yourself." Must most assuredly misunderstand the hysterics.

Yes, hysterics. She had cried for three days. "And she cries, too!" Cukor is emphatic. "None of that hokum-pokum. No menthol. She's never a ham." Of course, it was Beth's death scene. Katharine, herself, told me about it.

"After three days, it didn't seem as though Frances (Frances Dee) and I could have another tear. And then George comes along and says, 'You can't let me down, now, girls.' He was so pathetic. We cried harder than ever. And when it was over—that last time, after dark on the third day, we laughed. We screeched. We screamed—"

And if a visitor had been on the set at that moment, he would have called them insane. And believed it.

● The day that she was to carry Jean Parker down the stairs. Katharine had not been too well. She had just returned from a visit to her home in Hartford, Connecticut. Her father is a well-known physician. He had told her not to carry anything heavy.

"My daddy told me not to carry anything heavy!"

"Then don't do it!"

"Let me try!"

George Cukor *knew* this woman. Her soul already lay naked before him. He told her *not* to do what daddy had said—and she did it.

But supposing a visitor had not seen this original situation and had dropped onto the set to hear Cukor bellow: "I suppose daddy told you to forget your lines, too!" Or "I suppose daddy told you you mustn't slide down the banister!" Banister-sliding is one of the most difficult "acts" in making a picture. Hepburn had hesitated. But that sarcasm on the part of the director—you saw the perfect, naturally-awkward slide that she makes in the picture.

Each day was crammed with incidents like these. That set was a mad-house, one moment; a circus carnival, the next. Little Jean Parker told me that to be allowed to work on a picture with Hepburn and Cukor was a thrill so great that no girl could ask for more. "If I can only have the chance, again," she cried.

And when it was over—that madness—and the picture, which is perhaps the biggest money-maker of all time, was completed, Katharine Hepburn was giving Cukor full credit. Emily, the hair-dresser, was crying because it was ended; and Mel Burns, the make-up man was writing a letter, trying to express his appreciation of working with them; and Ernie Bachrach, the photographer, was mourning its finish as though all pictures had ended. The circus *had* ended and those who had had box-seats were heart-broken because they were afraid they would never again have so much fun or feel so deeply-moved by a performance.

And the assistant something-or-other was trying to believe what was happening to him. He had always had the

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RUINING HEPBURN?



"Katharine Hepburn must be judged by what you see on the screen," says her director, George Cukor. "She is not a 'ham' or an exhibitionist. She has no phoney kind of democracy. When she smiles at you, the smile is for you—a human being"

PEG RUNS AWAY!

by JERRY LANE



The lowdown on Margaret Sullavan's strange disappearance

MARGARET SULLAVAN despises with all the intensity of her warm young nature that spotlight of publicity continually searching—searching. It is a fierce dragon's eye to Margaret. Already it has ferreted out her "secret" marriage with Henry Fonda and clamped on it as a juicy titbit. Even though that was a romantic misadventure long since ended.

So Margaret Sullavan ran away! The screen's latest skyrocketing sensation wanted to escape.

At the Air Terminal I collided with her just as she was hurrying toward an east-bound 'plane. Her hair was flying. She wore what has become a regulation costume with her—those faded corduroy pants, an old suede jacket and tennis shoes. There was not a single trace of make-up on her shiny clean little face.

"I've got to go, Jerry," she gasped. "*Got to*, y'understand? I saw three interviewers in a row—and all they wanted to know was about that marriage. I told 'em no, no, NO, I wasn't married! . . . I'm running away. I love California. But I hate Hollywood. G'bye!"

If things had been different in Chicago it's hard to tell what Peg Sullavan would have done next. As it was—she sat three hours in the waiting room after they landed! Because tennis shoes are not the best things to wade through slush, and the skies were gray and the wind roared along Lake Michigan. She had forgotten to wire her friends that she was coming so they were out when she telephoned.

● It was a subdued Sullavan who curled up on the bench and remembered the feel of warm sunshine. She looked in her purse. Ten dollars left. You couldn't get very far on that. The pilot was gone who could have identified her. How was she going to get a check cashed? The ticket seller hadn't the faintest idea.

"I'm Margaret Sullavan of the Universal studios. In motion pictures in Hollywood, you know. . . ."

No, he didn't know. And looking at her un-rouged lips and at those pants he smiled skeptically. "Got anything to prove who you are?"

Margaret thought a moment. Then she noticed the movie magazines at a nearby stand.

"That's me, the girl in the ermine coat there," she explained, opening one of them and pointing to an article about herself.

The ticket seller scratched his head.

"Well, you do look a bit alike. But no girl who could afford an ermine coat would go around looking like you do. You're no movie star!"

And he wondered why Peg collapsed on a chair, helpless with laughter.

It was a grand pay-off for a girl who had run away from the tinsel of Hollywood!

But the next day she reported back to the studio. An official of the airplane company had identified her and she'd taken the next transport ship headed west. Thirty-eight

Please turn to page fifty-four



Lovely Dolores Del Rio brings fresh laurels to her fame through her incomparable work



Guy Kibbee, Fifi Dorsay, Merna Kennedy and Hugh Herbert supply comedy



A hint of what you may expect in the spectacular picturization of the colorful extravaganza, "Wonder Bar"

Al Jolson again dons blackface for his rôle in Wonder Bar. *Other featured players include Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Cortez and Dick Powell*

A PREVIEW OF FIRST SCENES FROM

WONDER BAR



The WOMEN

by Bing Crosby

THE WOMEN IN MY life? That's a large order, for as Jimmy Durante would say, I got a million of 'em, a million of 'em! That sounds like boasting but it isn't—at least not when I admit that most of those millions are my fans—women who have heard me on the radio or seen me on the screen. A few are personal friends, more of them casual acquaintances; but out of those millions four women have had a direct influence on my life and my career.

I'd much rather sing you a song . . . bo-boo-boo-boo than to write a story but since HOLLYWOOD Magazine has asked me to do it, here goes. But I warn you beforehand that there will be no literary flourishes, just the plain, unvarnished facts.

Somebody has said that if you look back along the road which any successful man has traveled, you will find one or more great women who left the marks of their influence upon his career. That is certainly true in my case. At each critical point in my career, one of four women has been at hand ready to inspire and help me.

The first, of course, was my mother—God bless her! The next was Mildred Bailey, now known on the air as *The Rocking Chair Lady*. The third was Elsie Janis and last, but far from least, is Dixie, my wife. Of these four, my mother and Dixie played the greatest parts in shaping my career. Mother saved me from being a lawyer and Dixie saved me from being a bum.

A smaller but highly important part has also been played by those who have written me the thousands of inspiring and encouraging fan letters that I have received during the past few years and those who have organized Bing Crosby fan clubs all over the country. I cannot continue without first paying tribute to these loyal fans.

● First let me tell you of my mother. She is Irish, with all the poetry and mysticism of her people. Her maiden name was Harrigan. She is a woman of deep sympathy and great understanding. Despite the many problems incident to raising a family of seven on a small income, she always had time to instil her children with the simple virtues of life which formed her creed. She is a natural musician, played the piano beautifully and sang in a sweet voice which I will never forget.

My father is a musician, too. He sang and played the guitar and our house was always filled with music.

Mother was quick to recognize my potential talents. As far back as I can remember she encouraged me to take up a professional career. She spent much of her time, as I grew older, in placing me in amateur theatrical productions, having me sing at church socials and letting me get experience in appearing before an audience. More than once she took money from her slender store of savings to buy me a new suit in order that I might make a good appearance on the amateur stage.

I was born in Tacoma, Washington, but we moved to Spokane when I was still quite young. I grew up in Spokane and it was there that I began to fancy myself as an actor. I didn't like to work, still don't; but I got a job as prop boy in a Spokane theatre just to be near the stage. I heard Al Jolson for the first time there and for weeks I entertained the family with imitations of Al's mammy songs. Later I organized a six piece band and played for local entertainments and dances but I got the idea that I wanted to be a lawyer so I enrolled in the law course at Gonzaga College. That suited my father first rate; but Mother wasn't so enthusiastic. She wanted me to go on the stage and eventually she got her wish. I had but six months to go to take my bar exam when I announced my intention of leaving school and following her advice.

A chap named Al Rinker and I decided to go to Los Angeles. Al had a sister there, Mildred Bailey, who was in the show business; we thought that she might help us get started. Father raised the dickens. He insisted that I stay and finish my law course and that is where mother, bless her, did a big thing for me. She talked father out of it and furnished Al and me the money to buy a second

A million feminine hearts beat faster when Bing Crosby sings, but there have

IN MY LIFE



"If it hadn't been for Dixie, I'd still be a 'bum,'" says Bing Crosby in speaking of the love of his charming wife, Dixie Lee

hand Ford in which we started for California.

● We arrived in Los Angeles, broke and hungry, but Mildred Bailey took us in, fed us and gave us a room. She immediately assured me that I had talent and spent hours teaching both of us some of the tricks of the profession. It was she who gave us our professional start by taking us to Mike Lyman, brother of Abe, at the Tent Cafe in Los Angeles. Mike listened to us and gave us a job at $65.00 a week for the two of us.

I shall never forget the things that Mildred Bailey did for me. For a long time I despaired of ever getting anywhere but she wouldn't let me get discouraged. She kept me plugging, teaching me new things until at last Fanchon and Marco gave us a break. For a while we sang in theatres until we attracted the attention of Paul Whiteman. He gave us an audition and we clicked. Whiteman offered each of us $200 a week, and we were on the way. Yet without the inspiring counsel of Mildred Bailey I should have given up and gone back to Spokane to finish my law course and become an attorney in some small town.

Elsie Janis was the next woman who was a definite factor in my life. I met her at Paul Whiteman's house one night and she raved about my voice. Elsie was a big vaudeville headliner at the time and her praise did much to build my confidence.

"You've got it, Bing," she used to say, "and no matter what happens or how hard the going gets, stick with it and you'll be on top some day!"

I saw a great deal of Elsie while we were in New York. There was nothing romantic about it but she was a tonic influence and she, too, taught me tricks of the trade. A great woman and a grand woman, Elsie Janis, and it would be hard for me to put down on paper the things she did to my self-confidence and my self-respect.

● Then came Dixie Lee. Up to this time, girls had never played much of a part in my life. I'd gone out with a few, of course, but it didn't mean anything. Then I saw Dixie. A friend arranged a meeting and I went down for the count. I started giving her a big rush. She liked me, too; but we had a positive talent for quarreling. Frequently she would swear she never wanted to see me again; then I'd go on the air and sing *Just One More Chance* and believe me I put *feeling* into that song. I meant it. I guess I was pretty much of a "bum" in those days. I drank more than was good for me and although I made good money it didn't stick with me.

We'd fight again and I'd sing *I Surrender Dear* to her over the air and I meant *that, too.* I finally got to be too much for her and we were married in 1930.

But that didn't end the quarreling. Dixie had been a successful actress in her own right. She had certain ideas of her own. I had been accustomed to having my own way and doing what I pleased. I couldn't get used to the idea of living with someone who restricted me and made demands on my time. I suppose she went home to mother at least seven times during the first year of marriage but it wasn't serious. You see, we loved each other.

But at last the showdown came. She went home and I knew that this time she meant it. I began to take stock of

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been only four women who have guided his destiny and ruled his heart!

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD . . .

WITH THE

by HAL. E. WOOD

A sparkling résumé of the month's events in Filmland and doings of the stars

Foreign Affairs

CARL LAEMMLE, JR., is doing Europe after four strenuous years as general manager of production for Universal. . . . It required the antics of our own harp-playing Harpo Marx, appearing in a Moscow music hall, to draw laughter from Litvinoff, Russia's frozen-faced foreign commissar. . . . Paul Muni and his Mrs. are off on a world tour, with Russia, Italy and France among scheduled stop-overs. . . . Boris Karloff will beat it back to London for another visit with the home folks when he completes *A Trip to Mars* for Universal.

National

IRENE DUNNE, in Hollywood, and her hubby, Dr. Francis Griffin, in New York, indulge in trans-continental bridge games via daily letters and phone calls . . . sometimes it takes a month to complete a rubber . . . but their system has its advantages, in that there are no post-mortems . . . Director John Stahl is scouring the land for a young girl of negro blood, yet absolutely white of complexion, for the lead in *Imitation of Life* . . . which means a new screen face . . . and Lil Tashman and Edmund Lowe still hope to do a Broadway stage play together if their studio schedules ever permit them to get away at the same time.

Romances

PHILLIPS HOLMES has returned from England without marrying Grantland Rice's gal, Florence, although it was thought the marriage would occur there . . . Blanche Sweet admits she's very, very much in love with Alton Rinker, composer and member of George Olsen's orchestra. . . . It's all over between Mary McCormick and Harry Bannister, Ann Harding's former mate . . . but it looks like wedding bells for Marian Nixon and Gene Raymond.

Marriages

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT and Marie McKay have been spliced for two years, but Hollywood is just finding it out. . . . Janet Reade McCormick, who divorced Colleen Moore's ex-husband after two weeks of honeymooning, is trying it again, this time with Stephen Goosson, Columbia's art director, as her bridegroom. . . . Danny O'Shea and Mary Carter took the vows out in Salt Lake City. . . . Director Victor Fleming and Lucille Rosson kept their Yuma marriage a secret for two months, but when it did leak out Cameraman Paul Lockwood sued Victor for $150,000, charging Fleming wooed Mrs. Lockwood away from him, then deserted her.

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—Russell Ball

Write your own caption for this lovely picture—we'll hint that she is in* Hollywood Party, *among other Metro pictures and — well, what romantic swain wouldn't like to escort her to any party!

They're Eating Again!

IF YOU'RE INCLUDED among the millions of damsels who have been toying with death via the starvation route in the race to keep abreast of cinema modes, dash out this very minute and order yourself a nice thick steak, some potatoes au gratin and a pair of cream puffs, for curves are coming back into vogue—and with a bang!

Pile the blame where you will — some insist it's the Mae West influence; others lay it to Roosevelt's New Deal — but the high-salaried ladies of the screen have tossed their diet sheets into the old waste-basket. Where it used to mean an outlay of only a few cents when the boy friend took his heart-throb to dine, the current check for the average beauty's meal resembles Lil Tashman's monthly statement from her modiste.

Connie Joins the Parade

CONSTANCE BENNETT has been battling for two months to add twelve pounds, and her newest gowns have puffs at the sides to provide for the pair of hips she hopes to develop.

Claudette Colbert spent two weeks in Death Valley, feasting and loafing, in a desperate effort to put on fifteen pounds, and when the scales revealed a gain of only forty-eight ounces, she hied herself to the Yosemite for another try.

Carole Lombard is drinking chocolate malted milks by the quart and eating whipped cream by the pound in an attempt to swell her waistline.

Marian Nixon drinks several tumblers of half cream, half gingerale daily as she prays for more avoirdupois.

Squire Gable Collects

IF WINNING STARTS count for anything, then success is assured Clark Gable's recently-acquired racing stable.

Beverly Hills, two-year-old star of the Gable string, made her first race a victorious one when she covered the two furlongs at Agua Caliente in 23 4-5, and romped home three lengths ahead of Katie Belle, leaving Hope Loring to show.

Clark has adopted green and white —Madge Evans' suggestion — as his colors.

NEWS SLEUTH

When In Rome—

CLARK GABLE is studying up on derby etiquette in preparation for his initial glimpse at Louisville's annual classic in May.

Clark, you see, has two reasons for wanting to be letter perfect in his deportment when he occupies a seat in the Governor's box at the big race. First, he's now a stable owner in his own right. Second, and even more important, is the fact that he's a full-fledged Kentucky colonel.

The actor will witness the event as the guest of Gov. Ruby Laffoon, who signed his commission.

Cupid Stalks Greta

EVER-WATCHFUL Hollywood is convinced that Greta Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian are altar-bound.

The Swedish star, her heart beating time to the melody of her first real love affair since the collapse of her early romance with John Gilbert, has cast aside the veil of mystery that has shrouded her movements in recent years, and is finding a new thrill in stepping out with Mamoulian, who provided her with such able direction in *Queen Christina.* Squired by Rouben, she is now to be seen at the theatres and in the night clubs.

Their motor jaunt to the Grand Canyon, when they aroused the ire of Arizona authorities by their failure to halt for inspection of their car at the California-Arizona line, is but one of many such week-end outings they have enjoyed together.

When Mamoulian set out to acquire a new home for himself, he refused to sign the lease until Greta had inspected—and approved—the abode.

Rudy's Next Marriage

WHEN the Rudy Vallée-Fay Webb matrimonial linen has been thoroughly washed in the judicial laundry, the world's richest crooner is expected to take his third fling at wedlock—with the blonde Alice Faye as his bride.

Rudy was a cynical young man as he made his secret getaway from Hollywood to evade deputy sheriffs seeking to serve him with a summons in his current wife's action for separate maintenance. He plans to file suit for an absolute divorce either in New York or in Mexico.

Rudy had hoped the final chapter in his union with Fay would be devoid of the sensational, but when Mrs. Vallée No. 2 named the prospective No. 3 and two Jane Does in her Los Angeles complaint, the radio star struck back with dictagraph records of telephone conversations between Fay and Gary Leon, the hoofer.

And now that his ire has been stirred to the boiling point, Vallée will fight to the bitter end any attempt on Fay's part to collect a large slice of his $3,000,000 fortune or his $50,000 a month income.

Alice Stays Here

RUDY IS HIGHLY elated over Alice Faye's new-found success in the talkies—success in which he played a prominent part.

When he came west to appear in Fox's production of George White's *Scandals,* he brought along Alice, who has been with him as a radio entertainer for more than a year. Then Lilian Harvey, slated for the lead in *Scandals,* balked at the rôle, and Rudy went to bat for Alice.

Fox executives were so impressed by her ability after viewing the early rushes, they immediately handed her a four-year contract.

Write Your Ticket!

THE thermometer on the Ida Lupino-Jack La Rue romance continues to soar, and all that remains to be attended to is the deal with the parson. That will be—

"When I have saved enough money, and when Jack has saved enough money," Ida told me.

He Couldn't Take It!

JACK LA RUE may be the big bad villain on the silversheet, but when it comes to cigars, he just isn't there.

Called upon to smoke a huge black weed for a sequence in Paramount's *The Good Dame,* the first few puffs floored him—and he stayed *out* for fifteen minutes!

Steaks Come High

THE real purpose behind Ramón Novarro's visit to his ranch down in Durango, Mexico, was to find out for himself just which was multiplying faster, cattle or employees. Feed bills had been mounting by leaps and bounds, but so had the payroll, until Ramón began to suspect he was supporting the major portion of the populace of his native land.

Clara Fights Weight

CLARA BOW is continuing her battle against that old bugaboo, plumpness, even though she's not making pictures at the moment.

The redhead is through with Fox, the organization that brought her back to the screen in *Call Her Savage* and followed



Jill Dennett is a provocative miss whom you will see with Charlie Murray and George Sidney in* Radio Dough *which they are filming for Columbia

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD . . .

Continued from page twenty-four

Divorces

LESS THAN twenty-four hours after she had filed a separate maintenance suit against Ian Keith, Baroness Fern Andra changed her mind and demanded an absolute divorce. . . . Mrs. Elinor Herbert (widow of Thomas Ince) divorced Holmes Herbert, Beryl Mercer's ex, in Mexico. . . . Grace Darmond, whose name flickered in electric lights in the silent era, severed the ties that bound her to Randolph Jennings, and will attempt a come-back . . . a London tribunal has finally granted Lord Inverclyde a decree from June, and now she's free to become Mrs. Lothar Mendez. . . . Ruth Clifford and broker James Cornelius have called it quits after ten years.

Births

IT'S A SON at the home of the Harry Greens. . . . Jack and Hannah Dempsey admit the stork is coming, and they're praying for twins. . . . Lina Basquette and Teddy Hays will be eligible to membership in the Parent-Teacher association after April. . . . The Robert Youngs have named their first-born Carol Ann because they like the ring of Wallace Beery's youngster's cognomen.

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BLANCHE FREDERICI, fifty-five, who began her career under the tutelage of David Belasco, has taken her final curtain call . . . a valvular heart ailment was fatal to Neil Pratt, the character actor . . . Charlie Mack, headman of the comedy team of Moran and Mack, "Two Black Crows," clasped the hand of his partner, and whispered "The end has come, Pal," just before he succumbed to injuries sustained in a motor accident in Arizona.

Financial

MARSHALL DUFFIELD, Dorothy Lee's football-playing husband, has got himself a job as head of a big liquor sales agency. . . . Cecil B. de Mille's plea to the comptroller of the currency that he be permitted to retain the $100 in gold lucky pieces he has carried for a quarter of a century has been passed on to President Roosevelt for a special ruling. . . . Boots Mallory and hubby Bill Cagney have invested their savings in a lemon juice factory. . . . Producer John Considine, Jr., handed Mrs. Considine (Carmen Pantages) the deed to a swell Beverly Hills manor as a little mid-week surprise . . . and they're moving in next month.

WITH THE NEWS SLEUTH . . .

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However, Clara is turning over in her thoughts a proposition from Twentieth Century, and it is believed she will sign with this infant among the majors.

That's why she's watching the scales!

He'll Use His Feet

GEORGIE RAFT was a hoofer before he began carving his niche in the movies, and he's going to revert to type on his forthcoming personal appearance tour of Europe. He'll select his dancing partner after he reaches the Continent.

Dick Doesn't Forget

JOBYNA RALSTON is sporting a newly-acquired and costly emerald-cut diamond engagement ring, the gift of her husband, Dick Arlen.

Dick admits he is seven years late in purchasing the gem, but he didn't have the price when he married Joby.

Attention, Czar Hays!

THERE'S really nothing to get excited about in the fact that Joe E. Brown kissed Alice White in a talkie scene, but—

When Hollywood's champion family-man goes in for hot-cha love-making with the colony's newest bride, and sets an all-time record for long-drawn-out osculation, that's news.

It happened in Joe's new vehicle out on the Warner lot. Just as their lips met, something went haywire with one of the cameras, and the director shouted "Hold it!" while experts busied themselves with pliers and screw-drivers.

The script girl said it was better than three minutes by her stop-watch!

Raquel Altar-Bound!

LITTLE RAQUEL TORRES is responsible for the speedy healing of Stephen Ames' heart, cracked when Adrienne Ames suddenly informed him that she was divorcing him in order to wed Bruce Cabot.

The rich New York broker believes he has found the perfect mate in the Mexican actress, and he's coming out here soon to lead her to the altar.

Dick, Jr., in Début

RICHARD RALSTON ARLEN is only eight months old, yet he played his first celluloid rôle in Para-



—*Gaston Longet*

Two cheers and a tiger —oh, well, let it go. In any event Jean Carmen and Chick Chandler are having a lot of fun although the tiger doesn't seem to care much for the line they're giving him



– Clarence Sinclair Bull

It's about time to think about that bathing suit you'll wear this summer. Florine McKinney already is trying out this yellow knit suit with four white straps forming the brassette back on California beaches

mount's ***She Made Her Bed.*** To obtain the services of the Arlen heir, however, the company was forced to revise its shooting schedules, because Joby would permit her son to toil only two hours daily, and that in the afternoons. The balance of Junior's time is occupied with his bath, his bottles and his naps.

Privacy Plus

STUDIO DEMANDS on Bette Davis' time prevented her from slipping away with Harmon O. Nelson for a second honeymoon after five months of enforced separation, so she did the next best thing —leased the impenetrable Santa Monica manor that formerly sheltered Garbo from the public's gaze, for the duration of her husband's stay in California.

Not even Warner Brothers' cameramen were permitted to interrupt the bliss of the reunited pair.

Bruce Wants to be Daddy

FEW of Adrienne's fans were aware of the fact that Stephen and she were the parents of an eight-year-old daughter, Dorothy, until Bruce made his way into a Los Angeles court the other day with a petition for the child's adoption. Dorothy's father, he told the judge, had agreed to the action.

The Fair-Haired Lad

AS AN ACTOR, Lowell Sherman's life was filled with ups and downs, the latter predominating. Then he turned director, and landed atop a pile of money bags, where he seems destined for a long stay.

Hollywood gasped four years ago when Radio Pictures awarded him a contract that provided for payment to him of $1,000,000 for thirty-six months behind a megaphone. Now Universal is handing him even heavier weekly envelopes for similar work.

Sherman steered Katharine Hepburn onto the right path in *Morning Glory,* and the headmen of the Laemmle outfit are praying that he'll be able to do as well by their Margaret Sullavan in *Elizabeth and Mary.*

It is Sherman's flair for the sophisticated that has put him over!

They're At It Again!

ROSCO ATES and his Mrs. are headed for the courthouse once more.

Rosco has taken up his abode at the Hollywood Baths, where he's slaying two birds with that famous single rock. He's taking treatments for a rheumatic condition, at the same time keeping out of sight of his frau.

Their earlier divorce action was halted by a reconciliation just as the judge prepared to affix his signature to the final decree.

Claire's New Flame

ROMANCE CONTINUES to blossom for Claire Windsor, despite her bitter experience on the losing end of that $75,000 alienation of affections action over Alfred Read. As this is written Claire is enjoying another whirl among New York's élite, this time as the guest of the very, very rich Erskine Gwynne, cousin of the late William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.

There was a period when Broadway thought Claire would wed Phil Plant, Constance Bennett's multi-millionaire ex-mate. Then came Tommy Manville, heir to the asbestos fortune, who wanted to make her Mrs. Manville No. 4.

"I have lost my faith in men," Claire confided the other day. "I shall love again, but I shall be wiser in my selection."

And in the next breath:

"Erskine is a dear—so gay, so attentive, and such fun!"

A Tip From Adolphe

ADOLPHE MENJOU, named as one of the world's ten outstanding male fashion plates, insists that any man can be well dressed with only three suits—this despite the fact that his wardrobe contains more than 100 complete outfits.

"If a fellow cannot afford a larger variety," Adolphe explained, "he can be made very presentable with a trio of suits—a dark blue for semi-formal occasions, a well cut, not too bright tweed for knockabout and sports wear, and a brown or some other dark color that lends itself to neat street wear."

Incidentally, Adolphe lists spats among his pet peeves.

Unbetrothed, But—

BEAUTIFUL TOBY WING is wearing a costly engagement ring, and thereby hangs a tale.

When the wealthy Bill Perry proposed to Toby's equally gorgeous sister, Pat, he slipped the multi-carat diamond on Pat's finger, hoping it would remain there. But when Pat and Bill journeyed to New York to be wed in Bill's mother's mansion, mater Perry presented her future daughter-in-law with the ring Bill's father had given her as an engagement token. So Toby, who served as bride's maid at the nuptials, got the spare.

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HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD . . .

Continued from page twenty-four

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Dick admits he is seven years late in purchasing the gem, but he didn't have the price when he married Joby.

Attention, Czar Hays!

There'S really nothing to get excited about in the fact that Joe E. Brown kissed Alice White in a talkie scene, but—

When Hollywood's champion family-man goes in for hot-cha love-making with the colony's newest bride, and sets an all-time record for long-drawn-out osculation, that's news.

It happened in Joe's new vehicle out on the Warner lot. Just as their lips met, something went haywire with one of the cameras, and the director shouted "Hold it!" while experts busied themselves with pliers and screw-drivers.

The script girl said it was better than three minutes by her stop-watch!

Raquel Altar-Bound!

Little Raquel Torres is responsible for the speedy healing of Stephen Ames' heart, cracked when Adrienne Ames suddenly informed him that she was divorcing him in order to wed Bruce Cabot.

The rich New York broker believes he has found the perfect mate in the Mexican actress, and he's coming out here soon to lead her to the altar.

Dick, Jr., in Début

Richard Ralston Arlen is only eight months old, yet he played his first celluloid rôle in Paramount's *She Made Her Bed*. To obtain the services of the Arlen heir, however, the company was forced to revise its shooting schedules, because Joby would permit her son to toil only two hours daily, and that in the afternoons. The balance of Junior's time is occupied with his bath, his bottles and his naps.



—Gaston Longet

Two cheers and a tiger—oh, well, let it go. In any event Jean Carmen and Chick Chandler are having a lot of fun although the tiger doesn't seem to care much for the line they're giving him



—Clarence Sinclair Bull

It's about time to think about that bathing suit you'll wear this summer. Florine McKinney already is trying out this yellow knit suit with four white straps forming the brassette back on California beaches

Privacy Plus

Studio Demands on Bette Davis' time prevented her from slipping away with Harmon O. Nelson for a second honeymoon after five months of enforced separation, so she did the next best thing—leased the impenetrable Santa Monica manor that formerly sheltered Garbo from the public's gaze, for the duration of her husband's stay in California.

Not even Warner Brothers' cameramen were permitted to interrupt the bliss of the reunited pair.

Bruce Wants to be Daddy

Few of Adrienne's fans were aware of the fact that Stephen and she were the parents of an eight-year-old daughter, Dorothy, until Bruce made his way into a Los Angeles court the other day with a petition for the child's adoption. Dorothy's father, he told the judge, had agreed to the action.

The Fair-Haired Lad

As An Actor, Lowell Sherman's life was filled with ups and downs, the latter predominating. Then he turned director, and landed atop a pile of money bags, where he seems destined for a long stay.

Hollywood gasped four years ago when Radio Pictures awarded him a contract that provided for payment to him of $1,000,000 for thirty-six months behind a megaphone. Now Universal is handing him even heavier weekly envelopes for similar work.

Sherman steered Katharine Hepburn onto the right path in *Morning Glory*, and the headmen of the Laemmle outfit are praying that he'll be able to do as well by their Margaret Sullavan in *Elizabeth and Mary*.

It is Sherman's flair for the sophisticated that has put him over!

They're At It Again!

Rosco Ates and his Mrs. are headed for the courthouse once more.

Rosco has taken up his abode at the Hollywood Baths, where he's slaying two birds with that famous single rock. He's taking treatments for a rheumatic condition, at the same time keeping out of sight of his frau.

Their earlier divorce action was halted by a reconciliation just as the judge prepared to affix his signature to the final decree.

Claire's New Flame

Romance Continues to blossom for Claire Windsor, despite her bitter experience on the losing end of that $75,000 alienation of affections action over Alfred Read. As this is written Claire is enjoying another whirl among New York's élite, this time as the guest of the very, very rich Erskine Gwynne, cousin of the late William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.

There was a period when Broadway thought Claire would wed Phil Plant, Constance Bennett's multi-millionaire ex-mate. Then came Tommy Manville, heir to the asbestos fortune, who wanted to make her Mrs. Manville No. 4.

"I have lost my faith in men," Claire confided the other day. "I shall love again, but I shall be wiser in my selection."

And in the next breath:

"Erskine is a dear—so gay, so attentive, and such fun!"

A Tip From Adolphe

Adolphe Menjou, named as one of the world's ten outstanding male fashion plates, insists that any man can be well dressed with only three suits—this despite the fact that his wardrobe contains more than 100 complete outfits.

"If a fellow cannot afford a larger variety," Adolphe explained, "he can be made very presentable with a trio of suits—a dark blue for semi-formal occasions, a well cut, not too bright tweed for knockabout and sports wear, and a brown or some other dark color that lends itself to neat street wear."

Incidentally, Adolphe lists spats among his pet peeves.

Unbetrothed, But—

Beautiful Toby Wing is wearing a costly engagement ring, and thereby hangs a tale.

When the wealthy Bill Perry proposed to Toby's equally gorgeous sister, Pat, he slipped the multi-carat diamond on Pat's finger, hoping it would remain there. But when Pat and Bill journeyed to New York to be wed in Bill's mother's mansion, mater Perry presented her future daughter-in-law with the ring Bill's father had given her as an engagement token. So Toby, who served as bride's maid at the nuptials, got the spare.

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The Man Who Died



—Elmer Fryer

"I was as truly dead as though I never had been awakened," says Edward G. Robinson in telling of the awful experience of his youth when he was drowned

Edward G. Robinson tells of the horrifying time he actually met death!

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

How Does It Feel to die? What does a man think of, what are his sensations, his last reactions as the final veil is drawn across the window of his consciousness and he feels himself sinking slowly but surely into the Great Unknown?

Few of us will ever have the chance to know and then to return to life to record our experiences but Edward G. Robinson did. He has actually been dead, as dead as it is possible for a man to be and yet he was brought back to life to give us, at first hand, the reactions of a man who has felt his immortal soul slipping from his body.

This is no fantastic tale of fiction. Eddie Robinson was dead. He died of drowning. His heart no longer beat. He was actually in the Valley of the Shadow. Not one spark of life remained in his body and he had been pronounced dead by a competent physician. He was dead and that was all there was to it.

Artificial means brought him back to life, emptying his lungs of their burden of water, setting his stilled heart again in motion, restoring consciousness to his brain. He remembers clearly and distinctly, every thought and every reaction during those minutes when he felt himself drifting into Eternity.

● "I was attending school at the Townsend Harris Hall, a preparatory school for City College in New York," said Robinson, "and the boys of the preparatory school were allowed the use of the gym at certain hours of the day. I wanted to learn to swim so badly that I had overstayed my time. The physical instructor, seeing me in the pool, decided to impress upon me the fact that I was over my time and give me what he thought was an innocent ducking. I had just expelled my breath and was preparing to fill my lungs with oxygen when suddenly I felt my feet grasped and I was pulled under the surface!"

In one gulp Eddie filled his straining lungs with water. There was a horrible moment of suffocation as he struggled frantically for breath without being able to reach the surface.

"By this time, I knew that I was actually drowning," continued Eddie, "but the instructor, not realizing what he had done, had swum to the side of the tank, waiting for me to come up. But I didn't come up. It was only when I ceased to struggle and sank limp to the bottom of the pool that they realized I was drowning."

● When he was taken from the pool, it seemed that it was too late. There was not a sign of pulse or respiration and his heart had stopped beating. A physician, hastily summoned, pronounced him dead but in the faint hope of reviving him, ordered artificial respiration. For nearly an hour they worked over him and then, at last, they were rewarded by a faint flutter of his pulse. In a moment he was drawing the blessed air into his lungs. He who had been dead was alive!

"I was as truly dead as though I never had been awakened," he says. "I had been dead so far as my mental processes were concerned. I had felt death creeping upon me and my mind told me that the end had come. My conscious self had been completely obliterated."

Science, or at least one branch of it, says that a man's mind becomes so numbed in the presence of death that he

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—and Lived to Tell the Story!

The budding and blossoming of Garbo's romance with Mamoulian, as seen through the eyes of an actress who worked with her in "Queen Christina" but for obvious reasons must remain anonymous

by

_____?

GARBO FINDS LOVE



Greta Garbo's romance with her director is the talk of Hollywood, and nearly everyone believes that they will soon be married

As One of Those who worked with Garbo in *Queen Christina*, I saw her romance with Rouben Mamoulian bud and grow and flower into love. And I, like the rest of Hollywood, believe they will soon marry.

While they had become well acquainted before actual filming of the picture began, the tenderness and interest in Greta's attitude toward the director developed slowly, but it became quite obvious to all of us.

At first her confiding chats, her comments, her occasionally humorous sallies and even her complaints were limited to John Gilbert and another old friend of hers, that fine actor and gentleman, Lewis Stone. Then, gradually, Mamoulian entered the charmed circle.

After the picture had been under way for about three weeks we realized that he was very much an "insider"; finally that he had entirely usurped first place in her thoughts.

One abrupt change toward greater intimacy and sympathetic understanding came on a particular day when something appeared to have gone wrong between star and director. The picture was about three-quarters done. We had just "killed" a set; that is, we had finished the scenes scheduled to be shot in it, and were moving to another that was ready for us as soon as Bill Daniels, chief cinematographer of the company, and his men had set up their cameras and lights.

Possibly the star-director tiff had to do with whether we'd need retakes on the set we were leaving; I caught words about that. At any rate Greta, temporarily free to go to her dressing room for a rest, lingered uncertainly amid the scurry of changing sets. Then she went to Mamoulian, and took his arm. They walked over to a quiet corner, and stood talking earnestly. The set gossip-monger whispered into my ear:

"S-a-a-y! I heard her talkin' sweet to him—she was afraid she'd hurt his feelings awhile ago!"

Whatever has happened between the two, whatever is going to happen in the future, I think the incident I have just described was a crisis, a turning point that may have been critical. When I saw Greta, frowning, hesitating, start for her dressing room, then go back to the director, who was busy with his set-changing, I could almost read her mind on her mobile face—read that she didn't have the heart to walk away leaving him feeling hurt!



Rouben Mamoulian, the young Armenian director who has won the heart of the world's most famous and sequestered movie star

● Throughout the making of *Queen Christina* everyone was forever asking Garbo how she felt. In her place I should have been annoyed, but she didn't seem to mind. In fact, the query always seemed to brighten her up. Her

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The strange story of Rudy Val- whom even the sophistications



Alice Faye



—*Acme*

Fay Webb kisses Rudy Vallée goodbye in one of their partings before circumstance made necessary their final separation through the divorce courts

RUDY'S VAGABOND

RUDY VALLEE is in hot water again!

His broken romance with Fay Webb, after a stormy two years of separations, reconciliations, irate statements and retractions, has flared up into an open conflict, bringing down on Rudy's curly head once more a whole hornet's nest of lawsuits, accusations and denials, with reporters dogging the vagabond crooner's footsteps, always on the watch to feed the sensation-loving public new thrills.

Again the circumstances of his life seem to have been thrown out of his control. Why?

As one who has known him for some period of time, I shall try to explain. In show business Rudy has constantly surmounted vicissitudes with an inborn Yankee shrewdness which has made him more money and kept him at the top longer than any other star. Business man as well as entertainer, he has shrewdly managed his professional affairs, keeping the money coming in from a dozen different sources—personal appearances, recordings and a night club venture of his own.

At a time when he had begun to slip from his throne as King of the Crooners, he realized that crooning was fast becoming a lost art. Sensibly, he switched his routine to a new rôle as master of ceremonies over the air. Today his Fleischmann's hour is still a leader in popularity polls.

Yet, despite his unequalled success and astute ability as a showman and money-maker, he seems unable to conduct his private life with the same degree of success. That native, hard-headed shrewdness with which he manages his business matters seems entirely lacking in affairs of the heart.

- Why does Rudy consistently fail to live a happy private life?

The reasons, various and complex, are apparent to those who know him intimately. His friends are well aware of his naiveté. It is extraordinary that anyone whose trail of experiences leads from a small Maine university to the most sophisticated spots of Broadway and Greenwich Village could remain so unworldly. This is explained to some extent by Rudy's devotion to his work.

If he had been more of a playboy and less of a hard-working business man during those years he might have had more experience to draw upon and thus managed to save himself from misfortune in love.

Rudy got off to his first unfortunate start in love when in 1928 he married Leona Chauchois McCoy, divorced wife of Frank McCoy and heir to the Chauchois coffee millions.

e's love-life . . . of an idealist
f great fame could not change



—*Acme*

Alice Faye appeared with Rudy Vallée on his radio programs and has a featured rôle with him in* Scandals. *They deny romance but many expect their marriage when Rudy is free



Rudy Vallée

Rudy never talked much about that marriage. There was little fanfare when it was annulled three months after the ceremony, because at that time the name of Rudy Vallée was of little interest to the public.

Whatever happened to end this first love it evidently left Rudy dreading the flame, for during the ensuing years, when radio made him the first great crooner of the air, there was no gossip linking his name with any woman. He devoted all his energies to work, driving, slaving sixteen hours a day, appearing four or five times daily at movie houses, running his own night club—the Villa Vallée—rehearsing for hours and trying out new popular songs in his spare moments.

Then came the romance which eventually led to the difficulties being splashed across front pages of today's newspapers in screaming headlines. When Rudy went to Hollywood in 1929 to make *The Vagabond Lover* it was his first chance for a real vacation. He was like a kid out of school. The ordinary grind of picture production was like play to him, but to the sophisticates of Hollywood he seemed more like a confused youngster than a celebrity.

After a few light-hearted and inconsequential friendships with Mary Brian and other young actresses he met the glamorous and fascinating Fay Webb. Fay had just put one foot on the ladder of movie fame as a Wampas Baby Star. Her exotic beauty and worldliness intrigued Rudy. He began taking her to the beach on his days off—to the Cocoanut Grove, the Ambassador, the Montmartre and other famous play places.

But just as the affair seemed to be taking a serious turn, Rudy finished his picture and had to rush east to fulfill his radio contracts. It looked as though their brief romance was over. But such was far from being the case!

● As soon as Rudy returned there began a long-distance telephone courtship. Then Fay made several trips east at Rudy's urging. At last, on July 6, 1931, they slipped away quietly to West Orange, New Jersey, and were married before a police recorder.

But their marital happiness was doomed to a short life.

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DREAMS

by ALYCE CURTIS

The strange story of Rudy Vallée's love-life . . . of an idealist whom even the sophistications of great fame could not change



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—Acme

Fay Webb kisses Rudy Vallée goodbye in one of their partings before circumstance made necessary their final separation through the divorce courts



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Rudy Vallée

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—*Irving Lippman*

***Claudette Colbert appears as a bride in her latest picture, Columbia's* It Happened One Night**

CLAUDETTE COLBERT SAYS

MARRY YOUNG

Claudette Colbert gives a convincing argument in favor of early marriage

by JERRY LANE

TAKE LOVE WHEN you find it! That is Claudette Colbert's advice. Claudette, who has the French flair for living life fully—and the French appreciation of the art of love.

"It's the most tragic thing in the world," she told me as we sat in the living room of her hillside home, "the number of girls who are deliberately putting love out of their lives. Some of them have been caught in an economic whirlpool. Others are afraid marriage will hamper them. Yet marriage is the one thing every woman needs to make her *complete*.

"I tell you quite frankly I don't think anything can equal the supreme joy of young love. Nothing can make up to two people who really love and understand one another for wasted years—those long years of loneliness.

● "On the boat coming back from Honolulu recently I met a girl by the name of Stephanie, a traveling companion for an old lady. Stephanie told me about herself and her Tommy—how they couldn't marry because Tommy has a mother to support and two small sisters to put through school, while she must care for a paralytic father and an aunt on a meager salary.

"There they were, two young things trying to stave off the greatest force in life. Trying to forget what might have been if they hadn't been caught in a hopeless web of circumstance.

"And the terrible part of it is that there are a million Stephanies and Tommies in the world right now!" Claudette watched the vivid sunset for a long moment. Then she chuckled softly. "You know what I told Stephanie? I told her to see Tommy the minute the boat landed and find a preacher.

"You see, there's usually a way of fooling fate. Of taking it in your own two hands and twisting it to your needs." She chuckled again. And this Colbert girl has the most irresistible, confiding chuckle in the world. "That's exactly what Norman Foster and I did!

"We were nothing but kids when we went down to the city hall for a license. Kids with plenty of obligations, too. Norman had his people to look after and I had mine. Neither of us had any money—no one gets paid during rehearsals—and we were married the morning after *The Barker* opened. Our parts in that play were the first breaks for both of us. We hadn't the faintest idea of how long it was going to run. Actors never do. 'Tomorrow' is always a desperate chance with them. You may get a big salary

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BUT DICK ARLEN SAYS

DON'T!

Richard Arlen reveals an untold story of his past to refute Claudette Colbert's argument!

"No One Should marry until he is twenty-five! I did it. I know!" There are a few subjects on which Richard Arlen waxes warmly voluble. This is one of them.

"If I can prevent some kid from going through a lot of heart break—D'you suppose we can, Jerry, by airing these views of mine?" Dick lighted his pipe and regarded me quizzically. "You see," he went on, " 'moonlight-and-magic' marriages simply don't take. And that is the only kind kids of eighteen or twenty know about, as a rule. For instance, you go to a dance and there's a big yellow moon and good music and the girl has on a shimmery dress. The first thing you know she is in your arms and you're making plans to take the biggest step you'll ever take as long as you live.

"What I say is this—*wait!* It won't hurt your love one iota to be engaged a year or two if you are both good sports and feel the right way towards one another. And there's another item too—you don't want the bank account to blister the first time you put a strain upon it.

"Understand, I'm not a cynic. Nothing like it. No one has cause to know better than I do that the charm and ecstasy of a happy marriage can counterbalance everything else in life. But you have to *work* to make your union a success. And that requires an adult mind. You can't be satisfied to drift along on a current of emotion and expect it to keep you up forever. Sooner or later you're going *down*—sunk in the divorce courts.

"That's why I hate to see youngsters rush headlong, eyes closed and pockets empty, into a state which calls for mature handling. I know exactly what is ahead of them. I once did the same thing myself."

● Dick was barely twenty then. A gay, impetuous young hot-head. Of course he felt qualified to provide for a wife. Hadn't he begun to earn his living when he was fourteen laying pipe lines? And the next summer he made good money as a life guard in St. Paul. Then came the war and Dick lied about his age to enlist in the Royal Flying Corps. Naturally he considered himself pretty much a man when he later met a pretty girl by the name of Ruth here in California. It was the old story—spring and both of them were lonely. Arlen had only his small salary from a makeshift job in a film laboratory. And he hadn't been married a month when he lost that.

"When you are as poor as I was you never have a dollar you can call your own." Dick made an expressive gesture. "It always belongs to someone else. Fifteen dollars for rent; money for gas; a check for the laundryman. The wife worries and doesn't tell the husband. *He* worries and doesn't tell her. Their nerves get frayed and before they realize it they're quarreling over some petty little thing.

"Probably there's a baby coming. Ours was. When a man can't get his wife the necessary comforts it embitters him. Half the time he takes it out on her without knowing

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—*Will Walling, Jr.*

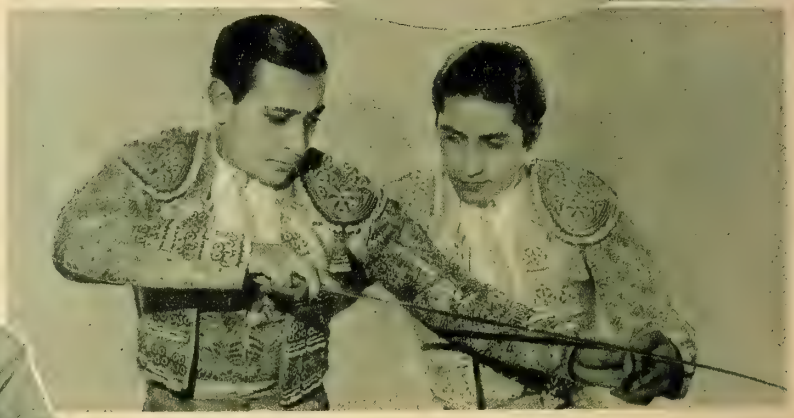
Richard Arlen is appearing currently in Paramount's **She Made Her Bed,** ***formerly titled*** **Baby in the Icebox**

Hollywood NEWS in Pictures

Interesting oddities and events in Cinemaland presented pictorially



Ramón Novarro and Lupe Velez receive baseball tips from Chief Myers, appearing with them in Laughing Boy. *Myers and Christy Mathewson made history with the New York Giants*



George Raft receives instructions from Pepe Ortiz, Mexican bull-fighting champion, for The Trumpet Blows. *Their uniforms, imported from Spain, weigh seventy pounds each and cost $1,000 apiece*

Life seems serious to little Carol Ann Beery as she and her famous daddy, Wallace Beery, visit between scenes for Viva Villa



—*Wide World*

Heather Angel makes a bid for good luck with her pet kitten, Bad Penny, *which she carries in a paper bag every place she goes*



Herbert Mundin, celebrated English comedian, is already teaching tricks to one of his new Scotty puppies, Jock MacMundin



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She Finishes What She Starts

How Joan Blondell battled pain and defied death to complete her latest picture

by MARY NYE



Scene in Joan Blondell's living room when the studio came to her, and she played her part in the last scenes of I've Got Your Number *while still so weak from an appendicitis operation that she had to be carried downstairs*

How Would You Like to go to work on a stretcher? It would take pluck! But, in a manner of speaking, Joan Blondell did just that not long ago. Convalescing from an appendicitis operation, she couldn't go to the studio, so the studio came to her. Or, rather, cameras and equipment came as far as the living room of her lovely home on Lookout mountain. Joan did the rest—even though she was so weak she had to be carried downstairs. Seeing the picture you would never guess that the vivacious girl was concealing weariness and pain beneath her smile. Joan is like that!

Joan let her condition get beyond the danger point in the hope of finishing her part in the picture, *I've Got Your Number*.

Suddenly, a week before production on the picture ended, Joan was stricken with a severe attack of appendicitis. Other slight attacks she had been able to laugh off. This time, though, it was no joke. However, Joan refused to obey orders she go to the hospital. For two days George Barnes, her husband, was numb with anxiety as he watched her move about the set and knew her light manner concealed agonizing pain. But neither his pleadings nor the remonstrances of doctors could persuade Joan to give up.

"I can't quit until my shots are finished," she argued. "I can't leave the picture up in the air."

Good sport! A trouper at heart, she thought of her coworkers and her studio first.

That ended the controversy as far as Joan was concerned. Between shots she rested on a couch with ice packs on her side and gulped down aspirin every hour.

At the end of the second day George looked at her discerningly. "You're through," he announced with jaws set.

"No," she said with trembling lips. "There are still a few shots tomorrow morning."

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LAUGHING LADY

Colleen Moore, headed for new heights of fame, reveals how she has discovered the true meaning of happiness

by MAUDE CHEATHAM

With Sparkling Eyes and a bubbling gaiety, Colleen Moore is in Hollywood again pursuing another chapter in her remarkable career. Colleen is one of the few stars who have made a "comeback" after an absence from the screen. Last year, *The Power and the Glory* marked her re-entry among the top-notchers.

Now, it looks as if in RKO-Radio's *Success Story,* with young Doug Fairbanks, she will get another big boost toward the dizzy heights.

"Funny thing," Colleen told me, "before I knew what happiness was or the value of a smile, I was playing comedy—happy-go-lucky hoydens—and rollicking all over the screen. Now, that I've found happiness and have learned to laugh, I am portraying dramatic rôles in which I even suffer and weep.

"Just before leaving New York, I made *The Social Register,* under Marshall Neilan's direction. That was good comedy and we had a grand time making it. You remember that early in my career I was with Micky a whole year, the best picture of the combination being *Dinty.*

"Never say I'm not a quick worker," she added with a laugh. "I finished that picture at two o'clock one afternoon and two hours later left for Hollywood.

"There was one big flaw in this gorgeous plan; Al couldn't come with me. (Al, being her good looking young husband, Albert P. Scott, successful New York stock broker.) I'm returning East as soon as I complete this picture. No long absences for us. I've grown very wise. My contract specifies that I may return to New York between pictures but I'm subject to call from the studio at any time during the next six months."



● After completing a tense scene in *Success Story,* with Doug, Colleen and I slipped into her dressing room where she stretched out on the couch to rest and we continued our talk.

"Doug is grand to work with and we have a lot of fun between scenes. We spend most of our time writing telegrams and cablegrams for I send Al a wire every day and he sends daily cables to Gertrude Lawrence, in London.

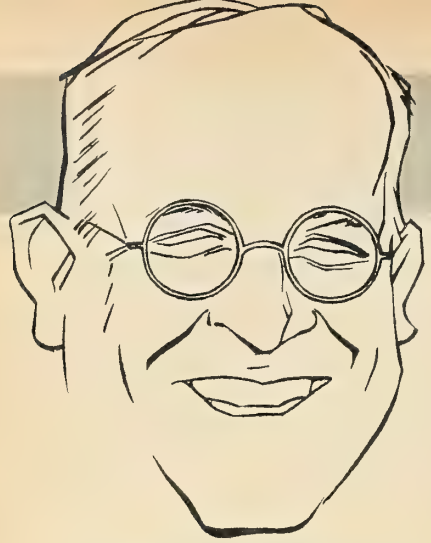
"I hoped we'd have a hot love scene or two," she added mischievously. "But we haven't. I'm the good and faithful secretary who sticks by him. I seem fated never to have any great screen romances or breathless clinches. I have never played a bad woman nor vamped a man from his fireside. I think it would be rather exciting for a change.

"I've made a complete right-about face in real life during the past few years, however, and I feel that I am just beginning to live.

"Once I dreamed of being a pianist and entered a scholarship contest. I was so confident of winning that when another girl took the prize I was completely crushed. I remember my grandmother kept saying, 'Everything happens for the best.' Of course, I couldn't see it. But you would be surprised how often this phrase has come back to teach me it is the truth.

"Soon after this disappointment I went to Chicago on a visit and met D. W. Griffith. He gave me a chance in a picture and started me off on my screen career. Had I

Please turn to page fifty-two



HARRY CARR'S

by Harry Carr

Harry Carr, noted cinema authority, writer and critic

BACK TO HOLLYWOOD again after a ten months' trip around the world.

I found that all you have to do in order to walk on velvet carpets into palaces, have the guard turned out and the drums beat in your honor, is to carry a load of dirt about Hollywood; to know the size of Garbo's shoes and what was the matter with Doug and Mary.

In London, Doug, Jr., took me in triumph into the theatre dressing room to introduce me to his new lady love, Gertrude Lawrence. I can't say she seemed to be properly excited over the honor; but she served it in tall glasses with the ice clinking.

She is older than Douglas, but a charming and fascinating woman—received in exclusive circles. She is the No. 1 star of London.

Doug, Jr., is a big shot in England; but Doug, Sr., doesn't seem to have the batting average that you might expect.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Myrna Loy, now a big success, was released from her contract twice by companies who now would give their shirts to get her back



—K. O. Rahmn

Mary Pickford's future is problematic. The stage has nothing for her, says Harry Carr, who wonders why she dallied with three-a-day vaudeville

Java Head

● Anna May Wong knows the "best people" and has a warm place in the hearts of the English people. It hasn't gone to her head. Same merry-hearted, charming little girl.

While I was visiting her in her dressing room in Brighton, two hours out of London, she received an offer by telegraph to play the lead in one of the most gorgeous stories ever written—Hergesheimer's *Java Head*. It is the story of a Manchu aristocrat who married a Yankee sea captain and came to live in a New England village. It's a great chance but a very tough part. I hope she gets away with it.

The Gishes

● In New York, I saw a great deal of the Gish sisters.

After a long absence from the screen—and having turned down many fine offers—Lillian was persuaded into *His Double Life*—the first screen adventure of Arthur Hopkins, the famous stage director.

With Roland Young playing opposite, Lillian achieved the most delicate and charming comedy. It knocked the critics into spasms of surprise. It opens up a new future for her; there have been too many Gish tears. It is a pity that she came back under a director who knew nothing about pictures. The thing was utterly lacking in tempo. It didn't move along.

Dorothy has had several good screen offers; but the studios have sad memories for both Gish sisters.

Mae West

● Coming back to Hollywood, I found a world filled with Mae West.

If she meant me when she looked out from the screen and said "A penny for your thoughts," I'll give them right here. Mae, it was your figger that surprised me. I had supposed you looked like a Mexican water jar underneath. I was not

Fresh from a world tour, Harry Carr resumes his sparkling monthly discussion of screen events and stars

SHOOTING SCRIPT



Step up and meet a few of the beauties you will see in the Fox Follies. *From left to right: Marbeth Wright, Edna Callaghan, Bonnie Browning, Dorothy Dearing, Gaile Arnold, Jean Alden and Georgia Spencer*

prepared for anything as slender, as svelte and thrilling as your figure in tights.

I found that most people did not like *I'm No Angel* as well as *She Done Him Wrong*, but I did. I'm not sure that I didn't like it better.

The first time, she left me so gasping that it was like critically considering a Fourth of July pin-wheel. I staggered out of the theatre in a daze. This time, I had a chance really to consider her as an artiste.

And take it from me, children, she is a great artiste. I have never seen any other actress on the screen or the stage with such a perfect knowledge of "timing." Just try that pause; then the look; then the wise crack on your ukulele and you will see why no one will ever be able to imitate her. Once in a while she scores by giving the look without the remark—leaving you to fill in your own wise crack. I don't know to what extent she helps in the direction; but somebody is mighty good at it.

Danger Ahead

● At that, Miss West hasn't her triumph completely sewed up. Her first screen part was like opening up a Christmas package; it is difficult to bring back the same thrill. Also, many actors and actresses have bumped peril in finding themselves tied to one line of characters. The audiences tire of seeing them in the same thing; but—singularly enough—will accept them in nothing else. It will be a calamity for Mae if she ever loses Cary Grant. I haven't interviewed enough girls to know if he is the perfect lover; but to my way of thinking Cary is obviously the perfect Mae West lover.

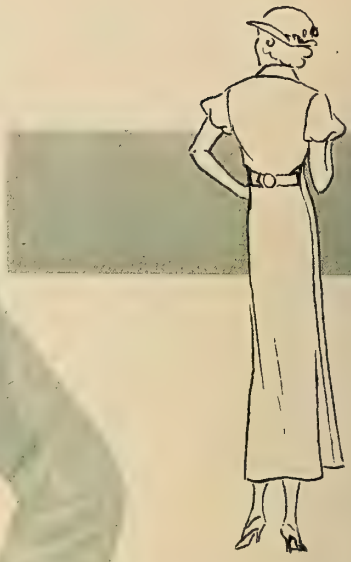
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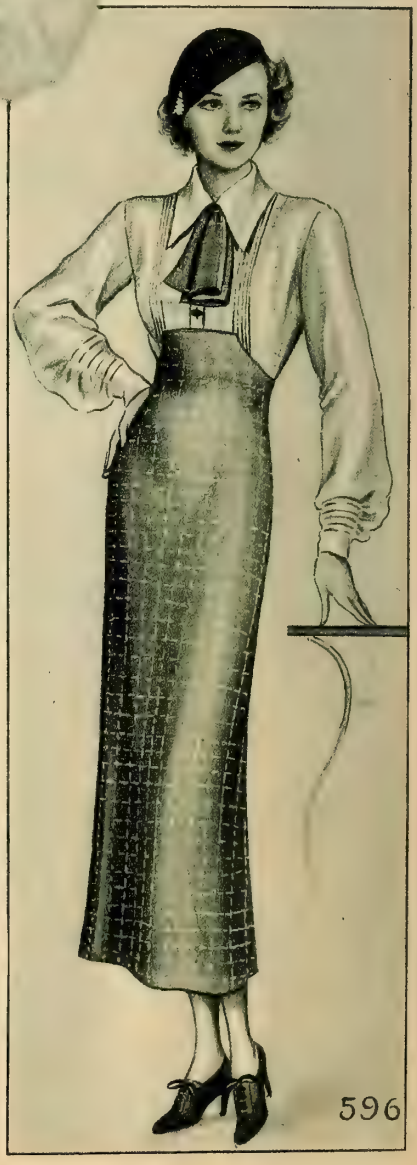
Hollywood's Pattern Service Offers

A CHIC NEW BETTY FURNESS FROCK

Add a smartly original note to your spring wardrobe with this charmingly different frock







Although fashioned of woolen prints, Betty's frock also makes an exceptionally charming model in silk crêpes and similar materials

With Spring just around the corner, we decided that something ought to be done about the matter of seasonal frocks. We asked Betty Furness, whose chic and taste are bywords in filmdom, what to do about it—and Betty promptly reciprocated by offering Hollywood readers this delectable pattern model from her personal wardrobe.

Betty's jaunty frock—and you'll love it—is fashioned of companion woolen prints, the skirt in navy ground overplaided in powder blue and the enchanting shirtwaist bodice in powder blue with navy. Other two-toned materials, however, such as heavy silk crêpes or similar spring and summer materials, may be employed with equal success.

You can duplicate this exclusive Betty Furness dress with Hollywood pattern No. 596, price 15c, which is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years and comes in bust sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40. Other stunning styles await you in our *Spring Fashion Magazine*, 15c a copy. When ordered together, both pattern No. 596 and the fashion book may be obtained for 25c (coin preferred). Address your orders to Hollywood Magazine, Pattern Department, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

HOLLYWOOD PATTERN DEPT.,
529 South Seventh Street,
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For the enclosed.....send me Betty Furness' dress pattern No. 596. Size.....

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Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.

Why did they say this?

"DON'T RUSH INTO MATRIMONY"



Learn all the facts
This book is free



Blind to the changed conditions of today, some mothers still look at their young daughters a little sadly and apprehensively. Girls of twenty, in love, will *not* listen when they are advised "to wait a little longer" before they marry. They never have. They never will. They have never understood why their mothers tried to hold them back.

Women did have cause for worry

The matter of feminine hygiene was probably in these mothers' minds. That used to be a terrible dilemma. Poisonous compounds—or nothing at all? That was the only choice.

Doctors were sympathetic. But they could not advise the use of cresol and carbolic acid on sensitive tissues. There was no such thing—*in those days*—as a non-poisonous antiseptic that was powerful enough for the purpose.

Now Zonite—powerful, non-poisonous

One of the great new benefits to womankind is the modern antiseptic-germicide called *Zonite*. Every woman should know about Zonite. How safe it is. How gentle it is. How *strong* it is.

Zonite is a truly *personal* antiseptic, designed and prepared for use on the human body. It provides surgical cleanliness with complete *safety*. It cannot burn or sear. It cannot cause any of those tragic happenings so likely to mar a woman's life. As to strength and effectiveness, even compared with the poisons, Zonite is outstandingly strong. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of cresol or carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body.

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☐ Facts for Women
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JOAN'S OWN BEAUTY TRICKS

by MAX FACTOR



—Clarence Sinclair Bull

Joan Crawford now pencils her eyebrows in their natural arch. That arch and the backward sweep of her hair off her forehead lend a serenity in impressive contrast to the intensity of her eyes and drama of her mouth

A famous makeup expert reveals the beauty secrets that helped Joan Crawford win fame

JOAN CRAWFORD has travelled a long way up the path to beauty. She didn't arrive suddenly at the goal where she is today. Not by any means! I've watched Joan struggle and work and strive for it with all that splendid energy of hers. To me, it is one of the most inspiring "success" stories ever to come out of Hollywood, because it shows just what a girl *can* do when she sets her mind to it.

You may not be favored with a charming nose like Joan's. You may not have her eyes. But you've got *something.* Everyone is born with a certain accented feature and it's by making the most of it that you become attractive and distinctive.

Do you think, for instance, that Joan admired her really wide shoulders? She did not! She used to wear her sleeves set extra high to make her shoulders seem narrower and many a time I used to tease her about the thickness with which she applied her foundation cream. "But Mr. Factor," she'd protest, "I've got to hide those freckles!"

Today she has learned that by emphasizing the width of her shoulders, her body assumes more graceful proportions.

● Joan has come a long way since those days in 1925 when Hollywood first knew her. They say the secret of progress is change. And how the lovely Crawford has changed!



You can transform yourself, by following the hints given here, as Joan Crawford transformed herself into one of the most glamorous beauties of the screen

She has been a blonde, golden redhead and brunette. From a chubby, round-eyed ingenue she has turned into a slender, dazzling beauty. The chubbiness was due to what is termed "baby fat" so don't worry, you girls of eighteen or twenty, because you're overly plump. Don't eat quite so many sweets and pastries and leave the real thinning-out process to nature. The rest Joan accomplished by experiment and patience. Where she had laid too much stress on every feature before—too much rouge, lipstick applied too heavily, eyebrows too sharply defined—she learned the technique of *artistic emphasis.* That is, playing up one or two features. Dramatizing them.

That is the most important step in make-up. And incidentally, it is the real secret of Joan's unique fascination.

Her eyes were once merely a pretty blue. Today she has made them the focal point in her face. Wonderfully large. Mysterious. They fairly speak, those eyes of Joan's.

First of all, the whites are remarkably clear. That comes from just one thing — good health. Enough sleep. *And no hard rubbing.* People have a habit of rubbing their eyes when they're sleepy at night and when they first wake in the morning. It's one of the worst things you can do. Joan also makes a point of keeping her eyes clean—of washing them twice a day in a mild boric acid solution. There's nothing like a thorough cleansing to give them sparkle. And nothing like correctly shaded eyeshadow to give them depth! Joan uses gray, a new soft tone that is undetectable. She deepens it on the eyelid and blends it off towards the outer edge. She uses eye-lash make-up to give the eyes that very open look. You see, when she raises them they seem to widen the eyes even more that way.

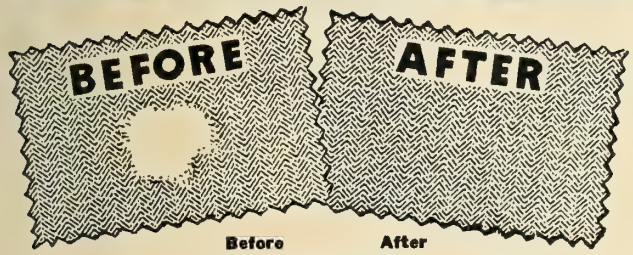
But don't do this if you have really round eyes. The thing to do in that case is to extend the upper and lower lids at the outer corner of the eye with an eyebrow pencil so that the eye appears more almond-shaped.

● Here's another trick the stars have of making their eyes seem larger. They hold their heads down and look up at you to accent the whites of the eyes. There's some-

Please turn to page fifty-nine



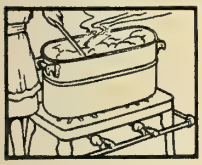
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IT MENDS WITHOUT SEWING



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Repairs made with Sew-No-More wear as long as the rest of the garment. They can be laundered hundreds of times. They can be boiled, washed and ironed—they will not come off! Sew-No-More repairs are PERMANENT, LOOK BETTER and are STRONGER than mends made with needle and thread. The family mending can be done with Sew-No-More in one-tenth the usual time.



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What Users Say

"You're right, Sew-No-More does away with the old needle and thread. It's a wonderful product in every way."—Mrs. John Michalski, N. Y.

"Sew-No-More is a fine invention. It does everything you claim for it. It is a pleasure to recommend it to my friends and neighbors."—Charles B. Hixon, Pa.

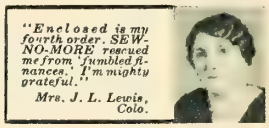
"For quick, neat mends that last, Sew-No-More can't be beat. Fabrics I repaired with it have been washed and ironed—even rubbed hard on a wash board, and they don't come off."—Mrs. Henry Picher, N. Y.

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Sew-No-More is the amazing product with which a hole, rip or tear in any cotton, wool, silk fabric can be mended so perfectly that you can hardly find the mended place. Keeps anything made of cloth in perfect repair wthout the drudgery and eye-strain of old-fashioned needle and thread. Simply spread a little SEW-NO-MORE around edges of the hole or tear, place a piece of the same material over it and press together, and the mend is complete. It becomes part of the article itself—boiling, washing, ironing, rough handling and wear won't hurt it. For housewives and mothers SEW-NO-MORE is just the thing to keep clothing neatly mended and without hard work. Bachelors find it a boon for making repairs without troublesome sewing or outside help.



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SEW-NO-MORE is a scientific, stainless cream with powerful adhesive qualities. It is easy to use. Anyone can make repairs that are neat, permanent—practically invisible. Even striped material or material with checks or patterns can be mended so that the repair doesn't show. Every tube is sold under a MONEY BACK GUARANTEE of SATISFACTION.

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"I have just started—haven't put in full week yet and have sold 256 tubes. When I received my first shipment I made 12 sales in 16 calls."
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CROSS-EXAMINING the STARS



Where HOLLYWOOD readers ask the stars pertinent and impertinent questions

MAE WEST: What were the names of the three songs you sang in *She Done Him Wrong* and is it possible to purchase them anywhere.

They were A New Way to Go to Town, No One Loves Me Like My Dallas Man, *and* Sister Honky Tonk. *Yes, they may be purchased at any leading music store.*

GRETA NISSEN: Did you ever get a divorce from Weldon Heyburn as rumored so many times?

No, we are not divorced.

BING CROSBY: Is it true you will send a picture of your baby to those who ask?

I would if I could, but I can't. That kid of mine is so popular the expense would break me!

ZASU PITTS: How many children have you really, and what are their names?

I have one child of my own named Ann, and an adopted son, Don, who was Barbara La Marr's adopted boy.

RICHARD ARLEN: Who are your best friends among the motion picture colony?

Among my very best friends are Norman McLeod and Bing Crosby.

PERT KELTON: What is your favorite perfume?

Jasmine, and how!

DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr.: Do you and your dad have any pet names for each other?

Dad calls me "Jayar" and I call him "Pete."

RUBY KEELER: Have you a child of your own?

No, we have no children at present but Al and I hope to have both a son and daughter some day.

MAE WEST: What, if any, are your beauty aids to a lovely complexion?

Just the usual care of cleansing the skin thoroughly twice a day with a good cold cream, using a mild skin tonic and nourishing cream. Also adhering to a diet which does not include greasy or heavy foods.



Toby Wing will answer your questions on this page if you write her. See coupon

RICHARD DIX: What do you plan to do when you retire from pictures?

When I retire from the screen, I hope to devote my leisure to raising blooded horses, both draft and stock. I have a large ranch and each year I clear a little more of it, making it ready for grazing lands.

ALICE WHITE: Why did you finally decide to get married after an engagement of five years?

I have always felt that when I married I wanted it to last. For that reason I wished to be very sure Cy and I were really suited to each other before we took the vows. I would rather take a chance on losing the man I loved during a long engagement than to rush into marriage and find later I had made a mistake.

IRENE DUNNE: Do you prefer high-heeled shoes to any others?

Yes, I believe high-heels add poise and confidence. Have you ever noticed that bashful girls always wear low-heeled shoes?

TOBY WING: What are your measurements and what shades of make-up do you wear for afternoon and evening?

Five feet five inches tall, weight 120 pounds, bust thirty-three and one-half inches, waist twenty-six inches, hips thirty-six inches. I use a light suntan powder for both day and evening with orange-toned rouge and lipstick. At night I use violet-shaded eye-shadow and blue mascara.

Write Your Questions on Coupon

I should like to ask .....

the following question .....

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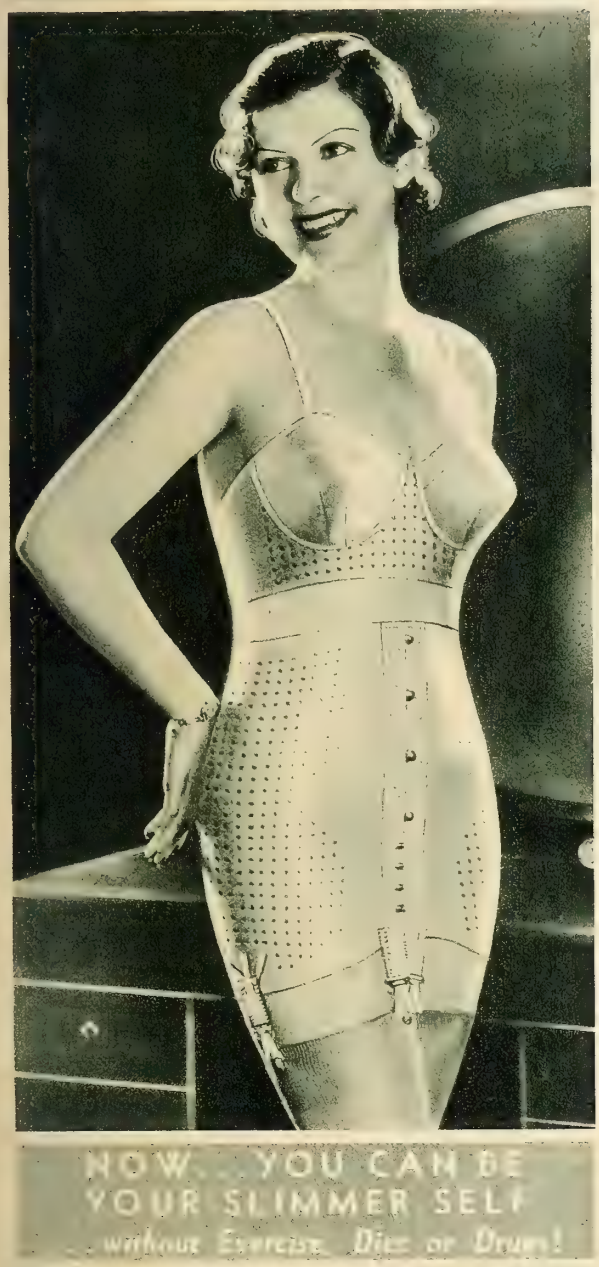
My name .....

Address .....

Mail this coupon to *The Question Editor*, HOLLYWOOD, 305 Baine Studio Bldg., Hollywood, Calif. It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page.

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WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS OR ...IT WON'T COST YOU ONE CENT!





We want you to try

THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY WAIST AND HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy..."I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"...writes Miss Brian..."Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll..."The fat seems to have melted away"...writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

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● The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny. . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results . . . and your money will be immediately refunded.

This Illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle Also Features the New Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere



"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"

writes Miss Healy

"Since last May the Perfolastic Girdle has reduced my hips nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet."

Miss JEAN HEALY
299 Park Avenue,
New York City



"I REDUCED MY HIPS FROM 43 to 34½ INCHES"

writes Miss Brian

"I . . . measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips."

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"YOU'RE JOKING!" He Insisted

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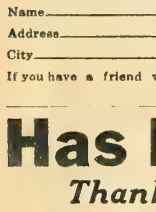
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EDITOR'S MAILBAG

An open forum in which readers express their views on stars and pictures. $5.00 is paid to each of the five best letters received each month



Alice Brady—compelling performer

Not a Type

FOR THOSE FANS who are afraid that Alice Brady's rôles in *When Ladies Meet* and *Beauty For Sale* will type her as an exponent of nit-witticism, I suggest they see Miss Brady's picture, *Stage Mother*. Her performance is compelling enough to keep her audience through the second showing. The appendectomy scene marks a zenith of achievement on the part of both actress and director. The announcement of an Alice Brady picture is all that is necessary to find me tossing a coin through the cashier's window.
($5.00 Letter)

MYRTLE CARTER,
2200 Hill Crest, Forth Worth, Texas.

Dynamic Hepburn

AS *Jo* in *Little Women* Katharine Hepburn at last finds scope for her dynamic personality. Never again shall I think of Hepburn as Hepburn, but as Jo March, my childhood ideal.

With a movement of her suggestive hands or a lift of the shoulders Katharine Hepburn creates a mood or a sensation that others require an entire scene to portray. Let's have more characterizations in which she may do her art justice!

FLORENCE VETTER,
267 W. Hudson St., Elmira, N. Y.

Visual History

SCHOOL CHILDREN dislike history because they do not catch its romance. Talking pictures can supply the missing element. I suggest a series of shorts based upon Charles Kingsley's "The Heroes" and books of a similar nature. They would be interesting both to children and adults and would help to add the missing element of romance to both history and classical mythology.

And here's another suggestion: In pictures featuring the Royal Canadian Mounted Police we are often treated to the spectacle of Indians speaking a strange form of English which, I imagine, is supposed to be their dialect. But Indians in this part of Canada either speak their native Cree tongue or else, having been educated in Mission schools, better English than many white people.
($5.00 Letter)

REV. JAMES E. LEACH,
St. George's College, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada.

Where Honor Is Due

PRODUCERS of the screen version of *Little Women* are to be congratulated. Their work proves that Hollywood is capable of presenting clean, inspiring pictures once the determination strikes her. And believe me, this type of picture is a relief after having lurid sex and gangster films crammed down our throats for the past several months. The favorable reaction of movie goers to *Little Women* should serve as a guide to producers in the future.

HOYT McAFEE,
Forest City, N. C.

Don't We All?

ALTHOUGH I'M OLD enough to have my mind on more serious things I can't help saying that I still derive untold pleasure in seeing cinema fairy tales. I adored *Three Little Pigs* and I sat through two shows of *Alice in Wonderland!*

I can still remember "way back when" I skipped classes to see *Peter Pan*. And that reminds me of an idea I've had all along. Why not a new *Peter Pan* with elfin Lilian Harvey as *Peter* and winsome Charlotte Henry as *Wendy*?
($5.00 Letter)

HELEN P. FRANZEEN,
520 Hampshire, Quincy, Ill.

Hymn to Helen

HAIL Helen Hayes—superb in *The Son Daughter*, magnificent in *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, alluring in *Arrowsmith* and unforgettable in *Farewell to Arms!* Her gracious charm and incomparable acting make one forget oneself entirely. She lifts one out of everyday worries into the very heart of her story, creating an atmosphere so realistically that it is both a shock and a disappointment when the picture is over. Bernhardt of the screen, I salute you!
($5.00 Letter)

CLAIRE S. MICHAELSON,
7 Mt. Pleasant, Manchester 8, England.

He Tops 'Em All

In The rôle of Rocci, the gangster, in *Broadway Through a Keyhole,* Paul Kelly gave a superb performance. His chances of becoming a leading male star are bright, indeed. His appeal to women is as great as Gable's; and as for polish and fascinating reserve, he has no superior among male screen favories.

LUCYBELLE LORTZ,
819 Milton Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Too Much Sophistication

Has America Lost its sense of decency? Have we come to the point where we can tolerate these sexy, sophisticated pictures without a word of protest? It would seem that the picture of a few years ago with its tender, refreshing note is a thing of the past. This modern, indecent display of sex is disgusting. Give us more pictures like *Peg O' My Heart* and *Smilin' Through.*

HERBERT GAW,
Westboro, Mo.

These Collegiate Movies

I AM a college student; and most of the students I know are disgusted with the stories of college life. The only picture to date which has given any sort of realism to college life was *College Coach,* wherein Dick Powell actually shows an interest in chemistry, outside of his football playing and one of the professors is actually likeable. Let's have more like it!

ELIZABETH PORTER,
1185½ E 2nd St., Tucson, Ariz.

Star Material

I Have Just seen Will Rogers' *Mr. Skitch.* With the exception of Will, I think Rochelle Hudson displayed the best acting ability of the cast. Why don't producers build up this dark haired girl and make her a star? She is the prettiest brunette on the Fox lot.

EDWARD LINDSEY,
Frankford, Mo.

Sweet Janet

THANK heaven there's one star who hasn't been sexed and sexed and sexed! That star is the sweet and unsophisticated Janet Gaynor. Her pictures are as refreshing as her beauty. If I had a child I would never say "no" to a Gaynor movie. I think Janet is splendid.

GLADYS L. McCULLOUGH,
506 S. 24th Ave., Omaha, Neb.

Thumbs Down

A Poor Picture with an all-star cast! That sounds impossible to most of the public, but in my opinion, *Dinner At Eight was a poor picture.*

What were producers thinking of when they cast Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery together? I didn't like Billie Burke, either; and I was very disappointed in John Barrymore. Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, Madge Evans and Karen Morley gave good performances, but on the whole, *Dinner At Eight* was poor.

BETTY RANDALL,
423 Clifford Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

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Enjoys Travelogues

A WORD OF PRAISE for the entertaining and instructive travel-talks that are appearing more and more frequently in current picture programs. Every one of them so far has proven thoroughly enjoyable and I hope that the time is near when we can anticipate a travelogue as a regular part of each program just as we have learned to expect a newsreel.

LOLA ARGO,
R. R. 1, Dixie Highway, Shively, Ky.

Spunky Clara

WHY don't we see more of Clara Bow? She is one of the greatest actresses on the screen if she could just get a good break once. Grand in *Hoopla*, she's my favorite actress and will continue to be. She has a lot of spunk—just what it takes to come back.

NELLIE WHITE,
White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

No More Mush!

PRODUCERS AND screen writers seem to think we kids enjoy mushy love songs and pictures. We want film entertainment featuring kids between fourteen and seventeen. Hollywood has lots of this talent. Let's see more of it.

BETTY ALLEN,
1549 Farwell Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Versatile Lewis Stone

LEWIS STONE has the finish of George Arliss, the poise of Clive Brook and the character ability of Charles Laughton. He is being kept in the background entirely too much. It's high time that somebody recognized that Lewis Stone is a star.

MRS. ELLEN M. GAULT,
367 E. Black St., Rock Hill, S. C.

Reason Enough

CAVALCADE, Tug-Boat Annie, This Living Age, She Done Him Wrong, Lady For a Day, The Bowery and *Little Women* are just a few good reasons why America spends its evenings at the movies. Old stars like Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery and new ones like Mae West and Katharine Hepburn are reasons enough for us to expect great things from our movies this year.

MARY JORDAN,
800 N. Mansfield Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Magnetic Joan

TOO bad we haven't more actresses like Joan Crawford! Her vibrant energy seems to transfer itself to you as you watch her on the screen. She makes you feel alive and is a good example of what hard work and determination will get you.

MAXINE H. HOAG,
92 Elba St., Rochester, N. Y.

Wants Return of Seventh Heaven

THANKS TO HOLLYWOOD Magazine for giving us fans more space to voice our opinions. I hope producers will see this letter and bring back *Seventh Heaven* (which I missed) as a talkie with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

JACK GAYDOS,
1525 Winnemac Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Nope—Just An Old Custom

IS IT against the law to print a book, newspaper or magazine without two or three "rare portraits of Garbo?" If not, please give another face a chance.

LLOYD AUSTIN,
3908A Clayton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Typical American Girl

FRANCES DEE strikes me as the typical American girl. Clean-cut, lovely, frank—and what an actress! In such productions as *The Silver Cord* and *Little Women* she has shown outstanding talent and a deep and thorough understanding of her rôles. I predict that she will reach starring heights in 1934.

ROSE ELEANOR LEFCO,
916 N. Hawthorne Road,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

No Nudes Is Good News

LET me protest strongly against the idea propounded by Jay Brien Chapman in his article "Undraped Movies." Aren't they sufficiently undraped the way they are now? Further, I think most of my favorite stars would lose their charm and personality if they were exposed in the nude.

Such a daring venture would draw crowds to the theatre for a time, then their curiosity would abate and they would clamor for the stylish wardrobes these stars now exhibit. All things considered, our stars are prettier in their charm-suggesting fashions than they would be "in the raw."

OLIVIER LEFEBVRE,
3859 Claude St., Montreal, Canada.



Peggy deserves a break

More Power to Peggy

PEGGY SHANNON'S marvelous work in *Society Girl* deserves a reward. The rôles she has had in her latest pictures have not been worthy of her but they have shown that she has that certain something which all great stars have. May she attain to those heights for which she has so valiantly struggled and which she is so capable of reaching!

($5.00 Letter)

FLOYD WHITE,
209 Pacific Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Rudy's Vagabond Dreams

Continued from page thirty-one

By September 1932 they had signed a separation agreement and Fay was on her way home to papa, who is chief of police in Santa Monica. At this time there seemed to be no intention of divorce. Fay, however, slipped out of town without seeing reporters and turned up in Reno a few days later, announcing her intention of establishing a separate residence in order to untie the knot.

But it was not the end—not quite. Fay called Rudy by long distance phone at Atlantic City, where he was fulfilling an orchestra engagement. No one knew what conversation took place between them, but afterwards Fay said to reporters: "It was all a mistake. I was a little fool to think of divorce. Rudy and I are madly in love with each other."

This reunion was brief. Kathleen Smythe Leon filed suit against Fay, charging alienation of the affections of her husband, Gary Leon, the adagio dancer who later figured in the charges and counter-charges that flew back and forth in the New York tabloids.

When Fay unexpectedly filed a suit for separate maintenance—$7,450 a month she asked—a storm of headlines broke: "FAY'S LOVE SECRETS BARED BY VALLEE." "FAY'S LAWYER THREATENS 'SENSATION' IF RUDY SUES." "FAY PINS THREE 'JANE DOES' ON RUDY LOVE LIST."

DAY AFTER DAY the parade of big type went on while Rudy, hard at work on *The Scandals* at the Fox studios in Hollywood, tried desperately to keep up a killing pace—conferring with his attorneys . . . rehearsing his band . . . organizing his broadcasts . . . interviewing insistent reporters . . . It was little wonder that his nerves were lashed raw and he became irritable as he faced the situation day after day. He is just an idealistic boy at heart and the idea that what started as love could reap such a whirlwind was a shattering blow. His vagabond dreams have collapsed again.

What he hoped might be an amiable separation and divorce became a pitched battle with every move in each camp spotlighted by the newspapers.

As this is written, Rudy Vallée is still struggling with the broken fragments of his private life. Bewildered, he is trying to piece them together again.

He refuses to talk, even of Alice Faye, the lovely eighteen-year-old girl who starred in his radio shows and who is now well on the road to screen stardom.

Here, too, it appears that Rudy may eventually face disillusionment providing of course that his interest in Miss Faye should go deeper than mere friendship. Alice has a career of her own and is fast learning the fascination of a new world. Gossip from Hollywood insists that she is very much interested in handsome Lanny Ross, who went to Hollywood from New York's radio broadcasting studios to try his hand at the movies.

Through it all Vallée has behaved with admirable gallantry while under fire. His mistakes, it appears, have been only in his judgment of others. If today he is a tired, disillusioned young man, those who admire him need have little cause for worry. He is young—and youth recovers quickly.



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THE NEW YORK OFFICE of Radio pictures was thrown into a state of wild confusion over the visit of Dolores Del Rio. Dolores made the trip by plane but failed to arrive per schedule and her reception committee was frantic when it was discovered that her plane was lost. Long sighs of relief were drawn when the star arrived hours later to explain that her ship had been forced down in a heavy fog, the pilot narrowly averting a tragic accident as he landed the ship at an emergency field.

●

This is a true story that strains credulity to the utmost. A certain dance director at a major studio rehearsed a chorus for two whole weeks on a sound stage before he discovered that he had the wrong chorus and the wrong picture.

●

More than two years ago, Jean Harlow made her first appearance at a cocktail party in New York, just before her first picture. Poor Jean sat off in a corner while blasé newspapermen ignored her completely in favor of Scotch highballs. When Jean comes to town now, it's an entirely different story. Jean is probably the only star in pictures who can make a newspaperman forget his drinks.

●

Does Katharine Hepburn remember the time she drove down Broadway with a young man of the press and crashed through a red light? An irate copper approached the car bellowing, "Hey, where the h— do you think you're going?" Katy leaned out of the window and shouted back, "And what the h— is it to you?" John Law's jaw fell to the pavement and, speechless at such audacity, he motioned the car on!



***Helen Hayes and Helen Menken in* Mary of Scotland**

BROADWAY BITS—Walter Huston, looking very worried, posing for news cameramen at the AMPA luncheon. Walter probably gets that look from being president so much. . . . Dolores Del Rio doing the town with her handsome husband, Cedric Gibbons. Gibbons is very much in the limelight now, having turned from his duties as studio art director to the job of megging *Tarzan and His Mate* with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . New York is filled with ghosts of Hollywood's forgotten past. Olive Borden, once one of the biggest stars on the Fox lot, still comely and charming, is appearing in shorts in a Long Island studio. Mary Nolan, the tragic star whose life has been a series of sensational newspaper headlines, is now living in obscurity in a small apartment. There are many others, too . . . Claire Windsor, lovelier than ever, in town for a few days and stopping at the swank St. Moritz. She's bound for a southern holiday, with no picture plans in the offing—as yet. . . .



Fredric March vacationed in New York

●

Helen Hayes says she is so happy in New York that she doesn't care if she ever gets back to Hollywood. Helen is doing *Mary of Scotland* on the stage and queening it for the benefit of other Hollywood stars who come to see her just to get a glimpse of how it's done so they'll be prepared for the "queen" picture cycle which has hit Hollywood with a bang. Helen is living in a tiny house with her husband, Charlie MacArthur, and her young daughter.

●

Betty Furness has been having the time of her life doing New York in the grand manner . . . New Yawk's men-about-town giving her a grand rush to all the newest shows.

Garbo Finds Love

Continued from page twenty-nine

rather tired, somber expression in moments of repose or abstraction would change fleetingly. She'd usually reply, "I'm all right" or, "Yes, yes, I feel well."

Hollywood rumor to the contrary, I do not think there is anything seriously wrong with Greta's health. She may suffer one of the milder forms of chronic anemia, which would account for the extreme pallor of her complexion. Her familiar pose of exhaustion, I think, is just a method of working. When she is not working on a picture, I have on an occasion or two seen her waste a good deal of energy quite playfully. When she is making a picture, she relaxes all the time except when she is actually before the camera. This enables her to pour into her scenes every bit of her hoarded energy. You'll agree that her scenes are forceful enough—hardly what anyone could call anemic.

I cannot describe my own scenes in Greta's picture, nor speak of any specific friendly relations between us, for while I do not believe it is true that "telling on Greta" for publication leads to professional blacklisting at her studio, one can't take chances. Hence my identity is rather carefully disguised here. I can, however, give you an idea of Greta's relations with other fellow-workers on her picture. Let me assure you, she pays no attention to their social, professional, official or material rank.

"Hello, you!" I heard her say to a minor company employee. It was spoken as a roughly affectionate greeting.

At other times, she would lightly rest a hand on someone's shoulder.

An electrician ripped open his thumb on a piece of jagged metal. I had not heard her speak to him before, but he was evidently an old hand with the company, for she at once expressed sympathy, and called him by his first name. Several times afterward I heard her refer to his injury, and warn him not to let it get infected. Once as I passed behind her chair, unnoticed, I heard a few words of a lecture she was giving him on the habits and friendliness of germs.

When she does laugh—that's not often—her mirth is the loud and hearty sort. Mostly she expresses her amusement by a low chuckle, hardly audible.

You may have speculated mentally on Greta's reactions to the many jokes about herself, often quite brutal ones, seen in print, heard on the air, and lately, given in talking cartoon pictures. I had a chance to watch her reaction to one of them, and it was most revealing.

It seems she had seen the movie cartoon of herself in which her weird caricature sits at a table in a restaurant and orders a piece of pie in a deep and doleful bass voice. Next morning she described this to some of her co-workers on the set, and acted it out for us. She soon demonstrated that she could caricature herself even more amusingly than the cartoon had done.

Evidently Greta's much-heralded sensitiveness isn't pricked by gibes directed at her person. Rather, she is amused by them. I have seen her glancing at stories about herself in motion picture magazines, heard her occasional chuckle, and knew she was reading about herself with interest and good-natured amusement.



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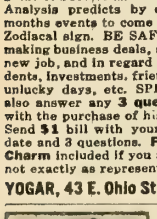
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She Finishes What She Starts

Continued from page thirty-six

George didn't argue, but he quickly bundled her into a car and took her straight to her doctor's office for the second blood count that day.

Both George and Joan had their way. The remaining shots were taken, but not for eleven days because the doctor's first words when he saw the result of the blood count were, "No more stalling. An operation has to be soon."

"Yes," Joan agreed. "I was just telling George there is only a shot or two tomorrow."

"The only shot you'll have is an anaesthetic within the hour," her doctor commanded. To George he remarked, "Drive straight to the hospital."

That was that. In spite of vain sputterings, Joan was operated upon as her doctor had said, "within the hour."

A Week Later when I walked into Joan's hospital room I found her sitting up in bed. Casually I mentioned the unfinished picture.

"It wasn't so serious, not getting to make those last shots," Joan confessed. "I can still do them because it just happens the script calls for me to be in bed."

So that was what had been in Joan's mind as she had lain there passively! Sure enough, the next thing I heard Joan was home. At the studio they had finished everyone else's part except Joan's final scene with Pat O'Brien and that was going to be taken in Joan's own home the next day.

Early that morning the neighbors looked out to see Warner's big trucks loaded with powerful lamps, cameras and set equipment backing up and unloading at the Barnes'. Forty-one men came along to shoot that little scene. Inside Joan's nurse was fluttering around.

"She shouldn't do it," she fumed. "But she's bound and determined. Thwarting her is worse than to let her do it."

Joan was sitting up in bed all dressed up in the studio lace-trimmed gown and a frilly negligee, her eyes dancing with excitement. "I'm ready, George. Come on and take me down," she called.

Downstairs Joan's living room had been transformed into a studio set. A long silk throw was hung from the balcony railing as a background for the bed.

It Was Eleven days since Joan had seen all the stage force assembled but here they were, overflowing the living-room, up the steps into the dining-room. She was thrilled and excited at seeing them all again. "Hello, everybody," she called gayly from the second landing.

There was an effort at a genial response which faded into a hushed silence as Joan was gently laid on the bed. It was a strange, tense moment. Later one of the technicians said, "It suddenly hit us all when we saw Miss Blondell being carried down those steps, still looking plenty sick, that here we were, all hale and hearty, so engrossed in studio business that unwittingly we were using up the only bit of reserve strength the girl had, just to be able to finish a job."

Of course the truth was the studio had not suggested such a thing. It was Joan's own plan.

This pluck of Joan's in determining to finish her picture at any cost to herself will make *I've Got Your Number*, when I see it on the screen, a little different picture to me than it would have been.

◆

Laughing Lady

Continued from page thirty-seven

won that scholarship. I might now be eking out a living giving piano lessons!"

Once launched on a film career, Colleen became tremendously ambitious. She determined to reach the top. Naturally serious and conscientious, she lived, moved and had her very being in pictures. She married the brilliant young producer, John McCormick, and together they climbed to fame and fortune.

Colleen Has Been called a petted child of the gods. In reality her success was won at the sacrifice of everything else.

"Work owned me body and soul," she told me. "I knew everyone in Hollywood, yet had few friends. Even when I went to parties I didn't have a good time. I was always thinking, worrying and planning about tomorrow's work. Usually we were too tired to entertain; but when we did the conversation was all about percentages, distribution, lack of good stories — nothing but pictures, pictures!

"Even my first and only trip to Europe, which I had anticipated for years, turned into a business venture. I met foreign executives, I ran here and there making personal appearances, sat through tiresome dinners and listened to endless discussions. Not one minute was allowed me for sight-seeing or pleasure.

"I gradually woke up to the fact that I was missing everything. It was as if I were sitting on the curbstone watching life go gaily by but having no share in it."

In consequence, after winning success and a large fortune together—but missing the road to happiness, things began to happen between Colleen and John. The only solution seemed separation which led, in turn, to divorce.

"Following this climax in my life, I went to New York," continued Colleen. "There to my surprise, I met charming people who had other interests besides their work. I went to Florida, then to the Bahamas, and learned to play—for the first time in my life.

"Of course, it was Al who really taught me how to get the right perspective on life, how to find pleasure in work without letting it absorb me. He has a won-

derful viewpoint. He wakes up with a laugh and goes to bed with a smile. He loves his business but it never dominates him."

After A Pause, Colleen continued, with a grin, "Wouldn't it be dreadful if Al and I should ever get talked out? You have no idea what chatterers we are. We can hardly wait to get together after even an hour's separation, we have so much to say to each other. And *laugh!* Why, we laugh all the time.

"We like to play jokes on each other. Al's greatest triumph was once when I was trying out a play in Lima, Ohio. Unknown to me, he flew out from New York in time to catch the evening performance.

"In the last act, I stood leaning against a big trunk, weeping my heart out. It was my big scene. Suddenly I heard a voice saying, 'Lady, I've come for the trunk,' and there was Al, all dressed up in a drayman's uniform, hauling the trunk from under me. The audience howled. They thought it was part of the show.

"I evened matters with him last year when we were in California. Al had to go East. I flew to Albuquerque, to meet him on his return and when he stepped from the train there I sat on the platform among the Indians, with a blanket over my head trying to sell trinkets to the tourists."

There is still another vital change in Colleen's life. She has become clothes conscious. "Do you remember," she laughs, "those awful things I used to wear? I shudder when I recall them. I was interested in what I wore in my pictures and realized their importance in building up my characters, but I was dumb about my personal wardrobe. My favorite costume used to be a sweater and an old skirt.

"It was after I married Al, that I woke up to what clothes really mean in a woman's life. One night, he said, 'I sometimes wonder where you buy your dresses.'

"I looked into the mirror. I saw nothing wrong. 'Don't you like this?' I naïvely asked.

"'I should say not! It's terrible!' he exploded.

"Suddenly, I realized what he meant. The next day I went to a famous New York designer, a friend of mine, and for two years she bought all my clothes and taught me what was right and what was wrong. Now, I adore shopping, I love pretty clothes and enjoy their subtle influence on my moods."

Colleen's eyes may have been clouded with ambition at one time. But now she sees clearly. She has an intriguing way of appraising herself yet she is unspoiled, gaily alive and wholly spontaneous.

With her alert intelligence and the experiences that taught her true values, she seems destined to win any old goal on which she sets her heart. And *happiness* is that goal!

◆

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Ricardo Cortez and his bride, the former Christine Lee of New York, are inspecting home sites out Beverly Hills way, and when they find the spot they want, Ric is going to build a manor on it as a gift to Christine.

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April

Romantic MOVIE STORIES



Peg Runs Away

Continued from page twenty

hours of almost continual flying just to rid herself of that nameless fear.

"I'LL probably have to escape rather frequently to keep my perspective in this place—" Peg's feet landed on top a desk and she settled back on the divan. "Everything is so darn out of proportion here. You feel you're living in a world where nothing is quite real."

And realism is the outstanding quality in this Margaret Sullavan. There isn't an ounce of "show" in her. She was so anxious not to have her friends think that she'd suddenly become elegant from all the "dressed-up" pictures of her being published that she did what no star has ever done before. She ordered a hundred un-retouched photos of herself—fluttering trousers, tousled hair and all—sent them. "Can't let them believe Peg Sullavan has let Hollywood change her!" she informed me.

No, but the Peg Sullavans and the Katharine Hepburns and the Margaret Lindsays are bidding fair to change Hollywood!

It's a fact. They've broken every precedent of the film famous. Imagine any beauty a short time ago daring to dash around in dungarees, completely innocent of lipstick!

But these girls—and all three have had good family background and careful schooling—go around looking like young rebels from the backwoods. They have rebelled—against the false glitter, the former showy brilliance of movie town. They've deliberately plunged to the other extreme—the casual indifference towards dress of a twelve-year-old tomboy.

I REMEMBER standing on the set one day during the beginning of production on *Only Yesterday*. Fashionably gowned extras moved about. Gentlemen with faultless English accents.

"Who," asked one of them, "is that little scamp climbing up the scaffold? She's been here every day watching things from up on the rafters or on top the sound booth. . . . Not the script girl, is she?"

"No," I assured him. "She's not the script girl. That is the new leading woman of this play, Margaret Sullavan!"

He looked aghast. "*That* little brat in the dirty pants?"

Margaret shrieked when we told her. She adores jokes on herself, this "five foot, two inch daughter of old Virginia who dared to make a way for herself on the stage—and wound up in Hollywood.

For days before she was needed in front of the camera she was on the set studying screen technique from every angle. Once I heard John Stahl, the director, tell her: "You'll be a star when this picture is released!" And John isn't given to idle prophecies or flattery.

Which is why, when the clamor and Sullavan craze rose to a white heat, I went to him.

"How did you know this would happen?" I asked.

"Because that part was a perfect blend with her personality. Someone essentially honest," he said thoughtfully. "To be quite frank, I wanted a girl who was un-glamorous. The kind of girl who might remind the audience of their next-door neighbor. I wanted her *real*. It wasn't possible to use a well known movie actress in the rôle and I had seen Margaret in the New York production of *Chrysalis*.

"Later I saw a test of her out here . . . I don't think she knows one trick of the theatre. She doesn't need to. She acts exactly what she feels. And I can tell you this—that after working with her for fourteen weeks it is her sincerity and sweetness that stand out. The same qualities that made Janet Gaynor one of the top-notchers. It will be very interesting to see what happens next. Her second picture will be the real test. . . ."

So right now Margaret Sullavan stands under suspended sentence in Hollywood!

HER FILM FATE has yet to be decided—and she may have to serve a thirty-day stretch in the local jail! That came about rather strangely.

On her first day off from making *Only Yesterday* Margaret went driving over the shaded roads of Laurel Canyon. She drives like she thinks—*fast*. A motorcycle cop took objection to her speed. As he was writing out the little pink ticket, Margaret threw away her cigarette. After the forest fires that have raged around these hills that is one of the worst crimes you can commit in California. But she didn't know.

I'm willing to wager that the next hour was not precisely pleasant for the cop until he hauled her into court. They put Peg behind the bars and it wasn't fifteen minutes before she'd learned the love life of a very ebony-colored lady. When harried studio officials found her, her "free" day was over and she was sitting contentedly in her cell listening to a shoplifter discuss the traits of canary birds.

The judge let her out under suspended sentence. But one wrong turn and Peg will serve for a month. "It's like walking a tight rope when I drive now. Every stop sign makes me shudder!" Her old Ford coupe seems to know about it—because it shudders too.

A FORD COUPE—for a girl who gets more a year than the President of the United States. It's a tremendous thing and unbalancing for anyone who's been getting $150 to jump suddenly to $2,000 a week. And Peg is fighting with all her might to retain a sane grasp of things. She refuses to be impressed by salaries, studios or star-shine.

She didn't even wait for the preview of her first picture before rushing home to Norfolk. She was gone three months—and when she returned it was to find herself Hollywood's newest flash. Almost immediately she ran away.

"I'm going every time I feel myself being pushed to the wall," says Peg.

In the meantime she faces the crisis of her career in her second picture. So much depends on it. Lowell Sherman will direct. The man who directed two brilliant stars last year—Katharine Hepburn and Mae West. Under his guidance they "rose and shone." Katy in *Morning Glory* and Mae in that classic of the age, *She Done Him Wrong*. What will he do with Peg Sullavan in *Elizabeth and Mary*? Bring out another Peg even more finely polished and with greater finesse?

Dick Arlen Says Don't!

Continued from page thirty-three

why or being able to help himself. Poverty, I can tell you, is almost fatal to romance.

"One morning after the baby came, a pal of mine and I went out and 'lifted' a couple of bottles of milk for her breakfast. Neither of us had a dime and that sort of thing doesn't make a man feel too good.

"It couldn't last. She was an excellent sport but the marriage ended where such marriages generally do."

Dick took a quick turn around the room, then he said abruptly: "It's like this: A man must get established before he even thinks of proposing to a girl. He ought to fight to get a foothold first. And it's seldom he can do that under twenty-five. *His* business is being the provider. Take that away from him and his marriage hasn't half a chance.

"Long after Ruth and I were divorced and she'd found happiness elsewhere, someone told me a very significant thing: 'Marriage doesn't consist merely of having a line read over you by a minister. It consists of forming a *life partnership*.' That set me to thinking. One doesn't select a business associate without knowing a great deal about him—his integrity, where he stood in the community and so on. Partners. None of this plunging in the dark or we-can-divorce-if-we-don't-like-it stuff. That's setting up obstacles for yourself at the very outset.

"Make it a fifty-fifty proposition all the way through, viewed from a mature slant." And that is what Jobyna Ralston and Dick have tried to do. It's the answer to why their union is one of the most beautiful in all Hollywood.

"I don't believe a man ever had a better partner than Joby," mused Dick. "You see, we made up our minds to pass over the small things. You can only do that when you're older. Everyday trifles, no matter how annoying, never loom up so big then.

"Maybe parents make the path too easy for their kids. The youngsters ought to be taught right at the beginning the meaning of a fair bargain—to share certain family responsibilities. Now it's the other way around. How many times have you seen a middle-aged couple doing without things so their Johnny can have silk socks at college? Only to have him come home so high-hat he won't take a place in family life.

"I don't expect to do that with my son! He'll follow the track along with Joby and me. Neither ahead nor behind. *And if I can drum some sense into him he will not marry before he's twenty-five!*"

◆

Talkietown's Like That

Hollywood Is Just a nutty jig-saw puzzle to eighty-four-year-old Bartholomew Durante, father of the Schnozzle, who is paying his first visit to the land of the stars.

"The girls wear trousers and the boys wear bérets," mused Jimmy's sire after looking over the crowds along Hollywood Boulevard. "What are they doing—playing a game?"

Bartholomew insists that Jimmy inherited his talent from him, even though he got his long nose somewhere else.

HELP KIDNEYS



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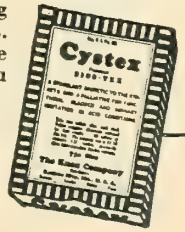
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31x5.25-21		3.25	1.15	33x5	3.75	1.45
28x5.50-18		3.35	1.15	36x5	3.95	1.55
29x5.50-19		3.35	1.15			
30x6.00-18		3.40	1.15	All Other Sizes		
31x6.00-19		3.40	1.15	DEALERS WANTED		
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Is Success Ruining Hepburn?

Continued from page nineteen

same brilliant ability, the same complete understanding of picture-making. But only Katharine Hepburn had recognized it and gone from one producer to another, talking about it. "This man has something. He must be given an opportunity—for the sake of *pictures!*"

IT WAS ON THE DAY after the criticisms of *The Lake* had appeared—in which she is acting in New York—that I talked to George Cukor about her. She had telephoned him, the evening before. She had been discouraged. Critics had not all been kind to her though many had said she was good—but that play was bad. She had been disappointed in herself. And to be disappointed in self is the greatest discouragement to a Hepburn.

"She has reached success. There is nothing more difficult than to be a *successful* actress. To get success is hard. To hold it—" He shook his head. "It's difficult for anyone in any line of work but it is much worse for an actress. I tried to make her understand what she is facing now. She is recognized as *great.* She has that feeling that she must be *really* great—" There was real sympathy in his voice. He had watched her upwards; he had helped her climb. But he knew that no one could help her through that hot flame which must continually sear her, now—"I must top myself!"

He pondered a moment. "She must have plays where she can *burst their seams.* Just a good play is not enough. She requires a *great* acting part. She has hit a great thing. Her conscious integrity (the honesty with self!) is alive on the screen. She doesn't like anything shoddy. Her judgment is not perfect." He smiled. "But if she does *Joan of Arc,* as she hopes, she may make it a true classic. We will never know what she can do, until—. Perhaps Shakespeare played by a great actress might bring an enormous popularity; unprecedented. Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet.* A Juliet that was *divine*—"

He relaxed. I do not believe that he realized that he had let us peep through the veils shrouding this woman, today, as she stands on the threshold of a future which must bring us, indeed, performances that burst the seams or performances which will drop her backwards into average mediocrity.

"OF COURSE, I CAN'T see her with the glamour of one sitting in the front row in the balcony and watching her on the screen or the stage. No director can. It is not glamour to us. But an actress either has excitement or she hasn't. *Katy has excitement!*"

Suddenly, his lips tightened. His eyes became electrical points, flashing warning signals. I knew why they said Katharine Hepburn must have prayed in thankfulness that he had not killed her.

"Why don't you writers leave her alone? She *must* be left alone. She is a woman who must be judged by what you see on the screen. She is not a ham or an exhibitionist. She has no phoney kind of democracy. The kind that is nice to everybody. She does not include everyone in a general smile. When she smiles at you, the smile is for you—a human being.



—*Wide World*

The romantic marriage of Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller has ended in separation with divorce to follow. Miss Mackaill, whose screen popularity dimmed with the advent of the talkies, is rumored to be planning a comeback

"She has a brittle veneer. She allows few people to penetrate it. When she does—she is defenseless. She *can't* admit many people. A ham actor can be nice to everybody. Smile at you because you are a writer and can say nice things about her. Katy can't.

"I could have choked the editor who printed that picture of her with her hands over her face at the tennis matches. She *can't* let people do those things. Let her wear dungarees. Let her be herself. Her family. She adores that family. That long porch on her home at Hartford. That big family gathering each afternoon, for tea. Katy carrying a tea tray that weighs seventy-five pounds to wait on them. Let her keep that family to herself.

"She respects herself. She wouldn't allow even a financial sacrifice to impair the quality of her work—"

HE WAS STILL talking, his hands pounding the table between us. "She has a sense of humor. A sense of absurdity about herself. She laughs at herself constantly. No self-consciousness. A marvelous abandon. Do you know what that means before a camera? Well, let her keep it. Don't make her self-conscious. Don't make her think about herself to take pictures at tennis matches!

"We were making *Bill of Divorcement.* Mr. Tinker, president of the Fox Film company, had come onto the set—a special dispensation. The scene was simple. All she had to do was to pick up the 'phone; walk up the steps. She fell flat on her face. Things like that are constantly happening to her. She picked herself up, laughing madly. To her, it was terribly funny. No self-consciousness. Leave her alone. Let the *hams* tell you about themselves. The ones who like to talk about themselves!

"She is quite prim, at heart. She's naturally a good Hartford girl, you know. Let her keep it. She's naturally shy. I

know. I took her to a party. She was nervous-shy. I kidded her.

"She must be let alone. And then if you meet her and she smiles at you, you know she is smiling at *you*. Not at the whole world. Not because you write about stars. Wouldn't you rather have her smile just at you? Wouldn't you rather know a woman who pays you the compliment of being a human being?"

There were tears in my eyes. I had hounded Katharine, myself. I had come away—ashamed. I had not understood exactly why. Now, I did. George Cukor, the person who knows her better than anyone in Hollywood, had shown me. I left him with two hopes: That Katharine Hepburn would smile at me. That those two might make pictures together for ever and ever.

◆

The Women In My Life

Continued from page twenty-three

myself. I realized that I had lost her and that taught me the lesson in humility I needed. I went to her and told her that I had learned my lesson. We had a long talk and decided to try again. I *had* learned my lesson, too. A large portion of the conceit and selfishness had been taken out of me and we got along swell. Recently there was a report that we were contemplating a divorce but I want to say right now that it's all the bunk. We were never farther from it than we are right now.

If It Hadn't been for Dixie, I'd still be a "bum." But our reconciliation put me on a new track. I decided to quit drifting and make something out of myself. I'm not crossing any bridges until I get to them; but I'm not taking any chances with my financial future, either. That's why I've had myself incorporated under the name of *Bing Crosby, Ltd.* I'm president and my brother Everett, also my business manager, is secretary. And every cent I make is going into that corporation.

Dixie and I are trying to protect our future. We've built a home at Toluca Lake a few miles from Hollywood and there's a tenant in the nursery. His name is Gary Evan Crosby (although we call him *Gunder*) and that just about brings the story up to date.

I'm not much good at describing my feelings about things—the things that go on inside of me. When I used to croon a love song, it was more or less meaningless. But that was before I met Dixie and learned what love really means. When I go on the air and sing a love song now, it comes from my heart. I feel as though I want everybody listening in to be as happy and as much in love as Dixie and I are. And perhaps this new slant on life has something to do with my making better pictures, too.

I have an idea that I was expected to get more romance into this yarn. I'm sorry; but you see, I never had but one and it means so much to me that I sort of choke up when I try to write about it and I . . . aw, you know how it is.

And there you have the story of the women in my life — Mother, Mildred, Elsie and Dixie. They're grand women and I'm immeasurably grateful to every one of them. They've done a wonderful job, considering what they had to work with!

WHICH SKIN FAULT IS SPOILING YOUR BEAUTY?

LARGE PORES?
BLACKHEADS?
PIMPLES?
OILY SKIN?
CHAPPED HANDS?



For new beauty use this *medicated* corrective cream

—*say scores of nurses*

Among the 6,000,000 women who are now using this new kind of corrective cream, there are thousands of trained nurses. And they ought to know what's really good for the skin! Their training has taught them what the skin *needs* to keep it healthy and beautiful.



WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS, TOO

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema improves hands *overnight*.



After you've tried Noxzema, get the new, big money-saving 50c jar.

Invisible Pore Poisons

Science now recognizes that many of the common skin faults come from tiny hidden poisons that lurk unseen beneath the skin surface. Large pores, blackheads, pimples, oiliness, roughness and other beauty-destroying flaws are often caused by these invisible poisons.

Ordinary care is not enough. Creams and lotions that merely cleanse the surface fail to reach these deep-lodged poisons. A special *medicated* cream is necessary. And Noxzema is such a cream. Noxzema is pure-white, greaseless, *vanishing*—containing medicines that sink into the skin, help to keep pores germ-free and restore the skin to normal health and beauty.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. In the morning wash off, first with warm water, then with cold water or ice. Apply a little more Noxzema then as a protective powder base. With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Try Noxzema at little cost—see how wonderfully it clears, softens and refines your skin—see why over 10,000,000 jars are used yearly. Noxzema is sold by all drug and department stores. Ask for the new larger economical 50c jar. But don't wait—start improving your skin *tonight*. Get a jar *today* from the nearest dealer. Or get the generous 25c jar FREE by sending 15c to cover cost of mailing and handling to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 64, Baltimore, Md.

Good Housekeeping Bureau



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

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CORNS
SORE TOES
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RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE

Aching corns, throbbing bunions, painful callouses, soreness on any part of the feet or toes from new or tight shoes—all are relieved at once by Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads stop the cause; prevent sore toes and blisters and quickly, safely remove corns and callouses. Try them! Sold everywhere.



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Dr. Scholl has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 83, W. Schiller St., Chicago.

Harry Carr's Shooting Script

Continued from page thirty-nine

Now Will You Behave?

I DON'T know how it is with others; but I am getting tired of Katharine Hepburn's "line"—although I am not tired of Katharine Hepburn.

She had a tailor sew patches on her overall pants and we all know about it. And she says she isn't married; then says she is married and leaves us to guess. I am tired of guessing. And after all, does it matter so much?

All this guying the public may have helped some when Miss Hepburn was struggling her way into screen fame; but now she is famous.

Of all the girls in Hollywood, she is the surest for lasting position. She doesn't need the rest of it now. She is there; and will stick.

Incidentally I don't believe that a good hard flop did her any harm. And she certainly got one in that stage play, *The Lake*.

It was all wet. Excuse me.

My Mad Moment

MY PRESENT MAD moment is Myrna Loy.

I like to fool around with the science of comparative physiognomy—comparing people to animals. For instance, Wally Beery is a truck horse. Marie Dressler a waddling old sheep dog. Max Baer is also a horse. John Barrymore a whippet . . . Dorothea Wieck a beautiful setter dog . . .

Well, then, Myrna Loy is twins—one of her is a bird, preening its feathers and the other of her is a Persian cat. I'm for both.

It is odd—is it not—that two of the glowing sensations of last fall should have been two girls who had tried and failed? Katharine Hepburn had been fired so often as a failure that she must have a collection of "closing" notices; and Myrna was turned loose twice by companies who now would give their shirts to get her back.

The Prize Fighters

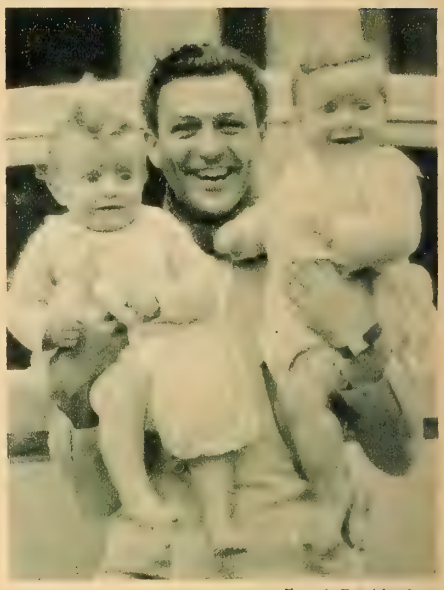
NO ONE can think of Myrna Loy without thinking of *The Prize-fighter and the Lady*.

With three leading names which were not screen names, I'll bet the cost sheet of that picture looked like the French national debt. They had to pay Primo Carnera $30,000 and agree that his size would not be kidded and that he would not be licked in the screen fight by Max Baer.

Maxie just played himself in that picture. Maybe that was why he was so good. I saw him in Reno two years ago in his fight with Paolino Uzcudun. They had to lock him in his training quarters to keep him away from the girls. And even then, did not succeed.

To put on two fighters matched for the championship of the world in a screen fight was one of the smartest pieces of showmanship in the history of Hollywood.

The picture earned more money than the fight will earn.



Frank Buckingham

Carl Brisson, European stage favorite, recently arrived in America to enter Paramount Pictures. Garbo is said to have been in love with him at one time

Why Not Max?

AT THIS WRITING, Cecil B. DeMille is moaning around the country because he can't find an actor who looks like Marc Anthony to play opposite Claudette Colbert in *Cleopatra*.

Why doesn't he try Max Baer? The boy really can act. According to all accounts left by history, Marc was a jovial rough-neck Roman cavalry officer. He and Cleopatra used to go around Alexandria knocking at people's doors and running away when they came. One time they went fishing and Cleopatra sent down a diver to fasten a dead fish on his line. Marc was a pretty good barroom joker.

Too Few Clothes

IF I were the beauteous Claudette, I should be nervous about the part. It has a jinx tied to it. It ruined Theda Bara. Taking off too many clothes also ruined Betty Blythe when she played Queen of Sheba.

According to the best records there are, the real Cleopatra did not look like Claudette Colbert anyhow. It is recorded that she was very small and had a voice so beautiful that every historian has commented upon it.

Joel Goes Altarward

THE PERENNIAL young bachelor, Joel McCrea, has walked up the rice aisle at last. And with lovely Frances Dee.

I can only hope that this marriage will escape the rocks that have wrecked most of the others. They both are cultured, charming young people with fine old families in the background. And, after all, do Hollywood marriages always have to fail?

Joan's Beauty Tricks

Continued from page forty-two

thing strongly appealing about that look. A side glance from half-closed eyes can be extremely alluring. But there's more to that wide-open, straight-forward look of Joan's than to all the siren glances in the world.

Of late she's been delicately penciling her eyebrows in their natural arch. No more angles. That arch and the backward sweep of her hair off her forehead lend her a certain serenity that is in impressive contrast to the intensity of her eyes and the drama of her mouth.

It is that which has given Joan Crawford new glamour.

"My career," Joan said to me once, "has taught me that *correct make-up* is one of the most important factors in a woman's life story. I've learned that by a periodic altering of the method of make-up you can change your whole appearance. The chief thing to remember is to use reliable cosmetics and *those that are natural to you.*

"For instance, I hated being a blonde. Do you know, Mr. Factor, I wouldn't look in the mirror when my hair was light! I did it simply for the cameraman's sake but I never felt quite myself. It's funny to see a stranger looking back at you from the glass. When my hair was red it made me feel rather dashing and different. But oh, I'm so glad to have my original chestnut brown hair back again! Actresses sometimes have to change the shade of their hair for a rôle but I'd advise anyone else not to do it!"

JOAN HAS LIKEWISE discovered how essential a clear, smooth skin is for beauty. And to have that kind of skin one must keep it clean and supple! Joan does this with two special creams—I'll give you the names if you write for them. Her particular little trick is to remove the cleansing cream with cotton dampened in hot water in place of the ordinary tissues.

Joan doesn't depend on creams alone to keep her beautiful skin. She has found out that one must have active blood circulation. To achieve this end she doesn't exercise, but she does believe in dancing.

"You don't have to be a real dancer to get the good out of it. You don't have to take lessons. But to any woman who feels she's getting listless and heavy and in a rut I'd say, *dance!* Roll up the rugs in your room, turn on the radio and do any steps the music suggests.

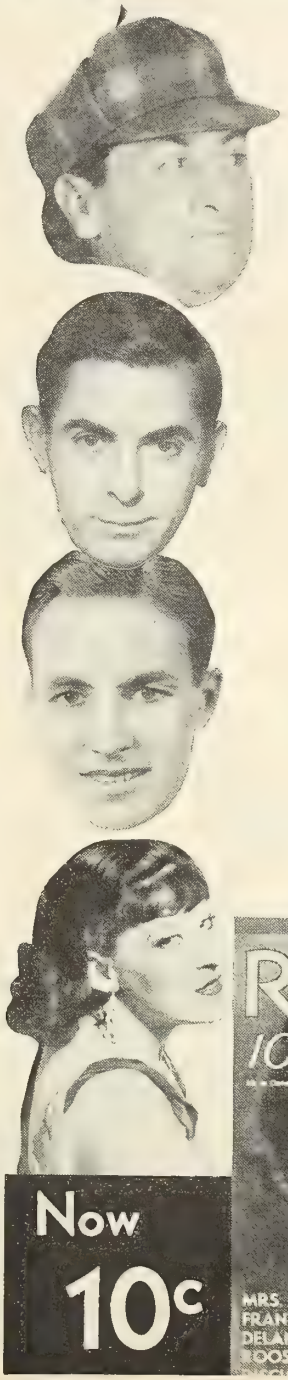
"Let me tell you something. The other night I went home from the studio terribly tired and, as is usually the case when vitality is low, I was depressed. Instead of lying down, I put on a record on the victrola and started dancing all by myself. Instantly, the outer world ceased to exist. If you let yourself go, you relax perfectly—and doctors say that's the first aid to physical perfection. I know that in a half hour I was a new person.

"I honestly think the habit of daily dancing plus a grand new make-up could change a girl's whole life! Try getting by yourself in an airy room and swinging your arms and kicking to your heart's content. Then go to your mirror. Begin making a fascinating new face for yourself with colors that work into your very own coloring—and see what happens!"

What Mrs. Roosevelt Thinks of Radio

The First Lady of the Land speaks for millions of women in an unusually frank discussion of Radio, its successes and failures, its faults and possibilities. Her own experiences as a radio speaker and listener have equipped her with an unusually broad understanding of all its aspects, and you won't want to miss her revealing interview in the big April issue of

RADIOLAND

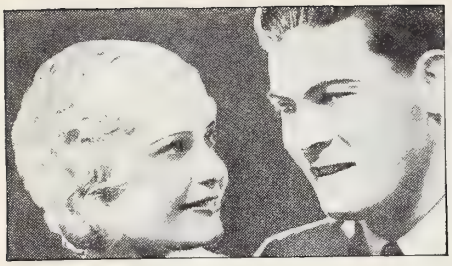


In this same number is a challenging story of the exodus of movie stars from Hollywood studios to the microphone. It's called "Radio Gold Lures Hollywood Stars", and lifts the curtain on an extraordinary situation in the entertainment world. And you won't want to miss the opening chapters of the most fascinating story yet to come from the pen of Nina Wilcox Putnam—a breathtaking romance of the broadcast studios, "Radio Romeo"

Scores of pictures and personality stories on

Father Coughlin—Gertrude Niesen—Lanny Ross—Ed Wynn—Fred Allen—Jack Pearl—Eddie Cantor—George M. Cohan—Rudy Vallee





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ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it's so easy with Blondex. This special shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely restores natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Brings out sparkling lights—adds gleaming radiance. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. Two sizes—$1.00 and 25¢. Get Blondex today and see how beautiful *your hair* can be.
NEW! Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set? Doesn't darken light hair like ordinary wave-sets. Not sticky or flaky. Only 35¢.

Man Can Talk With God, Says Noted Psychologist

A new and revolutionary religious teaching based entirely on the misunderstood sayings of the Galilean Carpenter, and designed to show how we may find, understand and use the same identical power which Jesus used in performing his so-called miracles, is attracting world wide attention to its founder, Dr. Frank B. Robinson, noted psychologist, author and lecturer. "Psychiana," this New Psychological Religion, believes and teaches that it is today possible for every normal human being, understanding spiritual law as Christ understood it, to duplicate every work that the Carpenter of Galilee ever did, even to raising the dead—it believes and teaches that when He said, "the things that I do shall Ye do also" He meant what He said and meant it literally to apply to all mankind, through all the ages.

Dr. Robinson has prepared a 6,000 word treatise on "Psychiana," in which he tells about his long search for the Truth, how he finally came to the full realization of an Unseen Power or force so dynamic in itself that all other powers and forces fade into insignificance beside it—how he learned to commune directly with the Living God, using this mighty, never-failing power to demonstrate health, happiness, and financial success, and how any normal being may find and use it as Jesus did. He is now offering this treatise free to every reader of this magazine who writes him. If you want to read this highly interesting, revolutionary and fascinating story of the discovery of a great Truth, just send your name and address to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. L, Moscow, Idaho. It will be sent free and postpaid without cost or obligation. Write the Doctor today.

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With the News Sleuth

Continued from page twenty-seven

Paul's Stock Soars

WHEN Paul Kelly, then a young star on the former FBO lot, was sentenced to prison following the tragic death of Dorothy Mackaye's husband a few years ago, he vowed he'd never touch another drop of liquor after paying his debt to society. And Paul has kept his word.

Given a come-back opportunity by Darryl Zanuck in *Broadway Through a Keyhole*, Kelly turned in a performance that drew cheers from all Hollywood.

Now Warner Brothers have borrowed him from Twentieth Century for the lead opposite Aline MacMahon in *Fur Coats*.

Zanuck has starring plans for Kelly following a brief build-up.

Ann Seeks Father

ANN DVORAK is conducting a nation-wide search for her father, Edward McKim, whom she hasn't seen since she was seven years old, when he was divorced by Ann's mother, Anna Lehr. She wants him to come to California and make his home with her and her husband, Leslie Fenton.

McKim was a Shakespearean actor.

Fans' Pleas Win

METRO'S 1934 starring program for the veteran May Robson has been revised to provide for the filming of *The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary*, that successful vehicle in which the lovable actress trouped this country for several years before coming to Hollywood.

Studio heads reached their decision following receipt of thousands of letters from May's army of admirers urging that their favorite be given a chance in what they consider the finest characterization of her long career.

When Duty Calls

DICK BARTHELMESS' proposed European vacation drew a new set-back when the Brothers Warner decided to send *A One-Man Woman* into production immediately on the heels of *A Modern Hero*. Dick toiled right through the holidays on the latter picture, hopeful that mid-January would find Mrs. Barthelmess and himself on the high seas.

Hard work has its reward in Dick's case, however, for his contract calls for only three productions a year, and after completing *A One-Man Woman*, he'll be free to travel until late in the fall.

Jean Turns Author

JEAN HARLOW is not idling away her time while her salary battle with Metro is keeping her off the screen. She revealed the other day that she is putting the finishing touches on a novel, which she is naming *Today is Tonight*.

Jean, 'tis said, is standing firm in her demand for $10,000 a week. Studio heads, on the other hand, are equally adamant.

The platinum blonde's contract with M-G-M has two years to run, and unless she is able to reach an agreement with her bosses, the Hays code will keep her off the American screen. English producers, however, are bidding for her services.

Randy Weds Soon

RANDOLPH SCOTT's jaunt to London was not entirely lacking in accomplishments, for he won Vivian Gay's wealthy and aristocratic dad's consent to his suit for Vivian's heart and hand.

While Randy denies that the wedding date has been fixed, his intimates insist he will lead the vivacious manager of Sari Maritza to the altar before June.

Randy has bid adieu to Westerns, in which he rose to popularity on the screen. He will be given an opportunity to bring his dramatic ability into play when he emotes opposite Sylvia Sidney in Paramount's *Thirty-Day Princess*.



—*Freulich*

Dorothy Dix—not the Dorothy of love-lorn fame but an important part of the scenery on the Universal lot. Her latest is* Drum Taps *with Ken Maynard

It's All a Mystery!

LESS than a month after Sidney Fox and Charlie Beahan, the author-producer, celebrated the first anniversary of their marriage by being re-wed, they were en route to see the judge.

Just what happened to change their great love into hate overnight is a mystery to both Sidney and Charlie.

Buster Starts Over

A MORE SUBDUED, saner Buster Keaton will star in a series of two-reel films as his first step in a campaign to regain the heights upon which he was so long enthroned.

When Natalie Talmadge divorced him and he married May Scrivens, who nursed him through an illness, the comedian turned over a new page, disappeared from the spots where he had earned a reputation as a playboy, gave up hard liquor in favor of beer, and settled down to the task of being a successful husband.

And May will tell you that Buster is an ideal fireside companion!

Can't Stop Janet

FOILED in her attempt to annul her marriage to that European prince via the New York courts, Janet Snowden, oil heiress, will seek a Reno divorce.

Meanwhile, William Gill, one-time husband of the late Rénée Adorée, who will wed Janet as soon as she is free, is campaigning for a talkie contract for his bride-to-be.

Despite the fact that her fortune runs into the millions, Janet insists she'll never be happy until she has a chance at a celluloid career.

Lee Marks Time

LEE TRACY will shortly return to the screen!

Metro's erstwhile bad boy, who was shunted into retirement following his now famous scene on a Mexico City hotel balcony, will be signed by another major studio as soon as chatter about the incident has subsided. That's why Lee is refusing lucrative Broadway stage offers.

Meanwhile, Isabel Jewell and Lee have moved back their wedding date until fall. It was done at Lee's suggestion.

"I love Isabel too much to marry her before I've lived this thing down," Lee explained.

"I love Lee and I intend to go to the altar with him," said Isabel. "I know he didn't do anything wrong down in Mexico, and I certainly wouldn't turn away from him even if he had."

Mimi's Secret is Out

MIRIAM JORDAN'S colleagues didn't even suspect that she was a married woman until she filed suit in a Los Angeles court to divorce Joseph Davis, New York and London, whom she charged with "laziness and profligacy."

Mimi and Joe have been separated since 1926.

Ever since Mimi, returning to Hollywood from an Eastern vacation a few months ago, announced the loss of "a costly engagement ring," her friends have been puzzling over the name of the bridegroom-to-be.



"The Broken Romances of Rudy Vallee", an intimate story of a great star, is but one of the intimate fascinating true life stories that fill this popular magazine devoted to love problems. Watch for the April issue of

TRUE CONFESSIONS

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WANTED STRONG MEN FOR THE MOVIES

Over 3,500 athletes now in pictures! Physical Culture training won me a Movie contract. Studios search constantly for men with well developed bodies. I offer you a chance to win a

FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD FREE SCREEN & TALKIE TEST

through my home-study Physical Culture Course. What this training has done for me and many other picture stars it can do for YOU too. Send **NOW** for my **FREE** booklet. Give name, age and address for full particulars.

Joe Bonomo, 220-S Bonomo Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.



GRAY HAIR

You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-bleached hair.

For over twenty-two years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—the active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

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Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and illustrated book on care of the hair. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly, cost of packing and mailing.

Color of my hair is .....

Name .....

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Every Good Boy Deserves Fun



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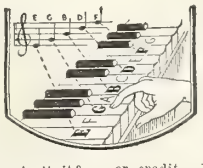
Easy as A·B·C to learn music this way

JUST see how it is! The lines are always E-G-B-D-F. Memorize the Sentence *"Every Good Boy Deserves Fun"*—and there you are! Whenever a note appears on the first line, you know it is e. Whenever a note appears on the second line, you know it is g. And the spaces are just as easy to remember. The four spaces are always F-A-C-E. That spells "face"—simple enough to remember, isn't it?

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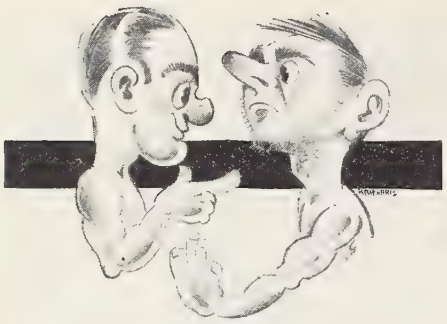
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You Don't Know Bill Gargan!

Continued from page seventeen

was three dollars. His cab fare came to $4.75! At the end of that first day, he decided that there was no profit in it at that rate, so gave it up."

When Bill graduated from high school at the age of eighteen he had no idea of turning his elocutionary talents into money. He decided to become a business man and got a job selling salad oil to chain stores.

"I've never seen anyone so enthusiastic over a job," Mary Gargan laughed. "Every time he came over to my house for dinner he would bring his salad oil with him and insist on mixing salad dressings for us. He made gallons at a time until the house was swimming. It was a lucky thing that the job lasted only two months."

At Nineteen Bill became a private detective. His first task consisted of guarding a jewelry messenger. But he "lost" the messenger almost immediately and his sleuthing days were over.

"I didn't have much luck in the way of jobs. Either I couldn't stick to them or they wouldn't stick to me. I had no idea of becoming an actor. Mary was on the stage and as she and I were going to be married I figured that one in the family on the stage was enough."

Mary had started out as an actress early in life. She played child parts for Pathé in New York in the old silent pictures. Then she graduated to the stage as an acrobatic dancer, working in Ziegfeld, Earl Carroll and George White productions.

Her theatrical days are over now; she has turned that department over to her husband while she takes care of the children and keeps house.

An introduction to the producer of *Aloma of the South Seas*, in which Harry Bannister and Zita Johann were playing, landed Bill his first bit. He learned the play so thoroughly that he soon worked up to the heavy rôle. There was no one in the company who knew every bit of business as well as Bill did, and when the show went on the road, Bill got the job of staging two road shows of it and traveling with them for sixty weeks as manager.

Then came forty weeks with Francine Larrimore in *Laugh That Off*. Bill was on top of the world and he and Mary got married while the company was playing in Chicago. Shortly afterward came the slump. Depression hit the Gargans a wallop.

"There were ten months of it," Bill told me, "and no matter what I tried, everything seemed to go against me."

Then, Just As suddenly as it had come, the slump was over. First there was a spell during which Bill eagerly sought and played extra parts in pictures.

The first of this extra work as a gangster in *Follow the Leader*, with Ed Wynn. His next two jobs were in Claudette Colbert pictures—*His Woman* and *Misleading Lady*.

Some months later, Claudette picked up the morning paper to see a picture of one of Broadway's newest sensations staring at her. She instantly recognized the face of the jovial, good-looking, smiling Irishman who had played extra in her pictures—William Gargan.

It happened that a friend who had bought a vaudeville act called Bill on the phone and asked him to play in it at a salary of $75 weekly. Bill almost leaped through the phone in accepting the offer.

The act opened at the Prospect theatre in Brooklyn and almost immediately William Farnum called Bill and offered him a part in a play, *Headquarters*, at a salary of $225 weekly—apologizing for the smallness of the sum. Bill and Mary had not seen that much money in almost a year!

Jobs came thick and fast after his run in *Headquarters*, and ultimately it led to the rôle of the butler in *The Animal Kingdom* with Leslie Howard.

The Howards and the Gargans are now Hollywood's thickest friends. Leslie helped to push a lot of the play over to Gargan, and when Leslie came to Hollywood to do the film version of the play he would have no one but Bill play the butler in it.

Bill scored highly in *The Animal Kingdom* and signed a long term contract with Radio. Lewis Milestone insisted on Bill playing the marine in *Rain*, De Mille used him in *Four Frightened People*, and other studios put in bids for his services. One of his most important recent loan-outs was to Columbia for *The Line Up*.

Bill Gargan reads all of his fan mail avidly and spends many of his nights personally autographing photos to fans. He is as happy as a child over every fan letter, and feels flattered when they ask for his pictures.

He is a housekeeper's nemesis whenever he gets hold of a newspaper—especially the Sunday paper. He can never keep it together, but ends up with the whole thing strewn over the house.

He has a grand sense of humor and is extremely easy going. He erupts very rarely, but when he does the wise thing is for everyone to run for cover; hates parsnips, turnips, Irish stew, delicatessen meals and Italian cooking, but can eat any amount of Chinese food placed before him.

He has no sense of color combinations in his dress. He would wear a yellow tie and red shirt with a blue suit if his wife didn't watch him.

He is wild about children—especially his own, of which he has two. Barrie, almost five years old, was named after Sir James Barrie, Bill's favorite playwright, and the youngest, only a few months old, is named Leslie Howard Gargan.

He is a handball and football fiend. Never misses a day at playing handball, at which he is considered quite a shark.

He can't stand evening clothes, but prefers sport clothes and silk underwear.

He is a bug on insurance. One of his hobbies is reading up on insurance contracts and rates, and if you give him an opening he will quote them to you by the hour.

"In other words," as Mary Gargan puts it, "he is just a child, devoted father, a marvelous pal, and a problem to his wife."

What's New on the Screen!

Continued from page eleven

Oriental dive, Miss Francis falls in love with physician Lyle Talbot only to find her romance threatened by Ricardo Cortez. Love's redemption and the thwarting of the villain constitute the plot structure of the drama. The principals share acting honors with Warner Oland, Ruth Donnelly and Lucien Littlefield in able support.

The Search For Beauty

● Here's a picture unreservedly recommended for the entire family, revolving around the activities of two erstwhile Olympic champions, Buster Crabbe and Ida Lupino, who first launch a health magazine and then follow it up with a health farm, using as examples of their preachments the winners of a world-wide search for physical perfection. The plot begins to jell when Jimmy Gleason, Robert Armstrong and Gertrude Michael attempt to chisel in on the project. Youngsters will thrill to the elaborate athletic pageants and adults will find plenty of amusement in the antics of the Armstrong-Gleason team.

It Happened One Night

● Crisp dialogue and comedy with a fine dramatic punch combine to make this one of the most thoroughly natural and enjoyable pieces of human drama ever put upon the screen. Clark Gable, newspaperman, aids Claudette Colbert to escape a marriage forced upon her by her father. From that point events move swiftly to a joyful conclusion. Leads outstanding with Walter Connolly and Roscoe Karns distinguishing themselves in supporting rôles. Frank Capra, director, has turned out a hit picture which you must not miss.

Good Dame

● Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March do themselves proud in a sweetly convincing love story laid against the background of a sordid carnival lot. Sylvia, a stranded chorus girl, joins a carnival troupe where she meets March. Thrown together through a series of misfortunes, their love triumphs over various obstacles. A splendid picture which will add much to the laurels of the co-stars. By all means plan to see it.

Looking For Trouble

● If you're looking for entertainment watch for *Looking for Trouble*, which has everything—comedy, thrills, excellent gags and dialogue, suspense, human drama and a remarkable new comedy team, Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie. "Trouble shooters" for a telephone company, they go in for everything from wire-tapping to murder-solving with time out for romantic interludes with Constance Cummings and Arline Judge.

Carolina

● Delightfully entertaining is this story of the financial travails of an old Southern family who conceive the not entirely original idea of marrying off a son to revive the family fortunes. Janet Gaynor is the Yankee girl who becomes the eventual bride of Robert Young. Nice performances by the young people; but Lionel Barrymore steals the dramatic thunder in his rôle of the hard-drinking and slightly insane uncle. Gaynor fans won't be disappointed in this romantic story.

Hi, Nellie!

● It's a long jump from the chain gang to the lovers' advice department of a big newspaper, but Paul Muni makes the leap successfully and thereby hangs up another of his unusual characterizations. His friends call him "Nellie," (when he is forced to forsake his editor's chair temporarily to pinch hit for Cupid), but Paul does a grand job, solves a missing-person mystery and gets a newspaper scoop. Ned Sparks and Glenda Farrell acquit themselves more than creditably but Muni steals the show.

Six of a Kind

● You'll probably be weak with laughter and just a bit dizzy when this riotous comedy finally fades out on your local screen, but you owe it to yourself not to miss it. Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, Burns and Allen, Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields are co-starred in a series of episodes which will have you helpless with laughter from first to final reel. There's a plot, of course—something about Ruggles and Boland taking a second honeymoon which a clever crook tries to utilize as a means of getting away with embezzled bank funds—but it really doesn't matter. Grand fun for everybody, Junior and Grandma included.

This Side of Heaven

● Another treat for Lionel Barrymore fans in a brightly done story of a family to whom everything happens at once. Fay Bainter, noted stage star, makes her screen début and registers heavily. As the story opens, the mother has just sold her first book to the movies; the father, innocently embroiled in an office embezzlement, almost takes an overdose of sleeping tablets; the son cracks up in an auto accident. Matters are a bit hectic but there's a happy fade-out.

The Lost Patrol

● Here's one off the beaten path—a grim and at times draggy story of men without women. Locale is the Mesopotamian desert in 1917. A patrol of British Tommies is attacked by Arabs who kill the youthful officer, leaving the command to Sergeant Victor McLaglen, lost and in desperate straits. The Britons reach an oasis, are surrounded by the tribesmen and are murdered one by one. McLaglen turns in the performance of his life and he's in good dramatic company with Boris Karloff, Wallace Ford, Reginald Denny, Alan Hale and Billy Bevan playing other members of the doomed patrol. Despite the grimness of the theme, you'll like the work of the cast and the beautiful photography.

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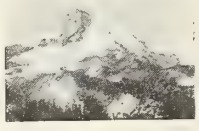
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Marry Young

Continued from page thirty-two

for a week or so and then not work any more for a year. . . .

"I think we must have shut our eyes to everything except the fact that we were in love. I'm glad we did. No matter if things had gone all wrong, I wouldn't give up a single memory of those early days for anything. The experiences we shared. The funny little joys, nothing in themselves, but good fun because we did them together. Like riding atop a bus along Riverside Drive on free afternoons. One afternoon I remember especially. We had been married two months and to celebrate Norman bought me a corsage of gardenias and we went to a tea dance at the Ritz. Mad extravagance but how we adored it!"

For A Long time Claudette and Norman had to keep their marriage a secret. They were desperately afraid someone would try to separate them because they were not of age. In their own way they have worked out, for more than six years now, a married life that is probably the most romantic and colorful in Hollywood. A woman's job, says Claudette, isn't so much seeing that a house is run smoothly and the budget kept straight *as it is keeping romance alive.* "To kill it by hum-drum—why, that's as bad as passing love by entirely," she explains.

"American men have a surprising amount of sentiment that is worth while for any woman to cultivate! Just yesterday I heard one of them doing a bit of reminiscing. He was the big-business-man type and he said something rather remarkable: 'Do you know the happiest time of my life was when I was first married and earning the magnificent sum of $27.50 a week. I remember we wanted new linoleum for the kitchen floor and I went without cigarettes for a month to help buy it. One week I made an extra five dollars on the side and I got my wife a pair of earrings she'd been wanting. Queer thing—I felt more of a millionaire *then* than I do now!'

"There's another friend of mine, a famous woman lawyer, who has about everything the world can offer. One evening we passed a couple in Griffith Park wheeling their baby. They looked like high school youngsters and they seemed pretty tired but there was something in their faces—a sort of rapture. Even as we observed them, he slipped his arm around her. Somehow you knew that couple had found the answer to life in each other. 'They have what I threw away,' said my companion. 'Young love—you can never re-capture the glory of it. I was nineteen. I thought it would hinder the career I had planned . . . babies and tending a boy-husband and steamy kitchens and all. So I chose the career.'

"I can still hear the awful bitterness in her voice," Claudette finished, and her own voice was deep with sympathy.

The sun had disappeared behind the hills now. Shadows were inked in against the far corners of the room as she concluded slowly: "It isn't an easy thing to do—work out a youthful marriage successfully with all its struggles and sacrifices. It's true Norman and I didn't find it easy. But then, no love ever became strong and full and rich without handicaps to hurdle!"

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The Man Who Died

Continued from page twenty-eight

thinks or feels nothing. Another branch insists that it is possible for a man's entire life to pass in mental review in the brief interval before he loses consciousness and that time cannot be measured by the human brain. A dream that seems to cover a period of hours, can take place within the space of a split second. Robinson agrees with the latter school and cites his own experience to prove it,

"In my picture *Two Seconds*, I was electrocuted in the electric chair. Through my mind, in the brief interval between the turning on of the current and unconsciousness, the entire panorama of my life was supposed to pass in mental review. I knew, from my own experience, how really possible that was.

"As I drew the water into my lungs and felt myself losing consciousness, I lost all sense of the passage of time. Mental pictures flashed, rushing through my brain, seemingly without end. I thought of my mother, of things that had happened at home. I saw her sitting, knitting by the gas light and coming to say good night to me in my bed. I recalled simple things, like bringing in wood, getting ready for school, playing ball in a vacant lot so plainly that I still recall the details of the play.

"Superimposed between these concrete thoughts were abstract things. My ambition to go on the stage and the realization that I could never now achieve my goal. I was looking through a kaleidoscope, not knowing what was coming next. Gradually my thoughts became jumbled and began to fade and at last vanished all together. I was dead!

"I Do Not Recollect the actual cessation of thought," he continued. "I had no sensation of fear. Time stood still and I could not say that the few brief moments while I was conscious after drawing water into my lungs, seemed like an hour, a week or a year. There simply was no sense of time. It was just like a dream."

But the sensation which Eddie Robinson felt during those few horror-stricken moments were indelibly stamped on his brain upon awakening. It has left him marked with an obsession which he will never be able to overcome.

"When I go into water of any depth, even now," he says, "a semblance of my former experience is repeated. The mental conception produces an actual physical paralysis. I feel the same constriction of the throat, the same choking, strangling sensation. I suffocate, I gasp for breath. It is a feeling of horror which one who has not experienced it cannot comprehend. I have a distinct dread of water, not to look at or to bathe in or to be on in a boat. When I recently returned from Europe on the Italian liner *Conté Grande*, we ran into terrible storms. I was one of the few who were not frightened."

The panic comes in another form. When he ducks his head under water, he is stricken with an abject and unreasoning fear. Eddie Robinson will bear the mark of that horrible experience for the rest of his life.

◆

Jacqueline Paige suffered painful cuts when struck by an auto-gyro's elevator blade during filming of a scene.

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30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
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33x4½	3.45	1.15
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NEW PRODUCTIONS

AAA—CAROLINA—Entertaining story of impoverished Southern family with Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore.—*Fox.*

AAA—COMING OUT PARTY—Motherhood minus clerical sanction as presented by Frances Dee. Good entertainment.—*Fox.*

AAA—EASY TO LOVE—Light comedy, splendidly played by such able farceurs as Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton. Sophisticated.—*Warners.*

AAA—EVER SINCE EVE—George O'Brien deserts western regalia and crashes New York society. Capable support by Mary Brian, Herbert Mundin and Betty Blythe.—*Fox.*

AAAA—FASHIONS OF 1934—Silk-hat gangsters raid Paris salons to pirate dress styles. Thrills, gowns and dance routines.—*Warners.*

AAA—FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Jungle perils remove civilization's veneer as Claudette Colbert, Mary Boland, William Gargan and Herbert Marshall flee bubonic plague.—*Paramount.*

AAAA—GOOD DAME—Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March garner fresh laurels in convincing carnival love story.—*Paramount.*

AAA—HI, NELLIE!—Paul Muni, lovelorn editor "Nellie" to his friends—solves a missing-person mystery and scores news scoop.—*Warners.*

AAA—HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY!—Excellent comedy by Wheeler and Woolsey. Pretty girls galore and numerous laughs.—*Radio.*

AAAA—HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Roland Young impersonates dead valet, with Lillian Gish in a superb screen comeback.—*Paramount.*

AAAA—IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT—Newspaperman Clark Gable aids Claudette Colbert to escape loveless marriage.—*Columbia.*

AAA—I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Pat O'Brien, phone repair man, mixes business with pleasure, rescues his switchboard sweetie, Joan Blondell, from gang complications.—*Warners.*

AAA—LEGONG—The rare beauties of the exotic island of Bali presented for the first time in color by Connie Bennett's marquis-husband.—*Radio.*

AAA—LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Familiar formula of newcomer who scores when star stages walkout. Splendid acting and direction. Gregory Ratoff, Ann Sothern outstanding.—*Columbia.*

AAAA—LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie teamed as telephone "trouble shooters" who go in for everything from wire-tapping to murder-solving.—*Twentieth Century.*

AAA—ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Hospital romance, plus a gripping operating sequence. Walter Connolly, Ralph Bellamy and Fay Wray apt in medical rôles. Good drama.—*Columbia.*

AAAA—PALOOKA—Prize ring comedy, and a knockout from first to final bell. Fast-stepping and a whirlwind of laughs. Jimmy Durante, Stu Erwin, Lupe Velez.—*United Artists.*

AAA—SIX OF A KIND—A new deal in riotous comedy—with Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, Alison Skipworth, W. C. Fields, Burns and Allen.—*Paramount.*

AAAA—SPITFIRE—Katharine Hepburn in gripping mountain tale of faith healing and bigotry. Kidnaping accusations and attempted lynching put punch into climax. Hepburn's show.—*Radio.*

AAA—STRANGE HOLIDAY—Different entertainment in which Death visits earth to find why people fear him. With Fredric March, Evelyn Venable.—*Paramount.*

AAA—THE LOST PATROL—Grim desert drama harking back to war days in Mesopotamia, with Victor McLaglen.—*Radio.*



***Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland in a frolicsome moment from the successful* Nana**

AAA—THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY—Olympic champions Buster Crabbe and Ida Lupino manage a health farm. Jimmy Gleason and Robert Armstrong try to chisel in on the profits. Good fun for everybody.—*Paramount.*

AAA—THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—Lionel Barrymore, innocently embroiled in office embezzlement. Barrymore splendid.—*Metro.*

AAA—YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—Hit show for May Robson in story based on life of the late Hetty Green. Excellent support by Lewis Stone and Mary Forbes.—*Metro.*

NEIGHBORHOOD SHOWINGS

AAA—ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN—Lee Tracy conducts a "broken hearts" column with amazing results.—*Twentieth Century.*

AAAA—BELOVED—John Boles in best performance of career. Gripping love story with Gloria Stuart and splendid cast.—*Universal.*

AAAA—BLOOD MONEY—Rousing entertainment of the most popular brand. Frances Dee, George Bancroft, Judith Anderson.—*Twentieth Century.*

AAA—BY CANDLELIGHT—Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas practice mutual deception, posing as royalty in intriguing Viennese story.—*Universal.*

AAA—CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—Melodrama on a transcontinental bus with Lew Ayres, June Knight, Alan Dinehart.—*Universal.*

AAA—GALLANT LADY—Ann Harding in poignant mother rôle. Best performance since *Holiday.* With Otto Kruger, Clive Brook, Tullio Carminati, Dickie Moore.—*Twentieth Century.*

AAA—GOING HOLLYWOOD—Marion Davies and Bing Crosby contribute delightful musical entertainment.—*Metro.*

AAA—I AM SUZANNE—Lilian Harvey scores again in fascinating romance of dancer with Puppeteer Gene Raymond.—*Fox.*

AAA—I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Pleasant filmusical with Gloria Stuart, Marian Marsh outstanding.—*Universal.*

AAA—FUGITIVE LOVERS—Exciting melodrama with Bob Montgomery as an escaped convict aboard a cross-country bus.—*Metro.*

AAAA—LITTLE WOMEN—Katharine Hepburn superb in outstanding interpretation. Joan Bennett, Paul Lukas, Frances Dee.—*Radio.*

AAA—MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN—Timely picture of baby abduction. Dorothea Wieck outstanding, Alice Brady engaging, Baby LeRoy his lovable self.—*Paramount.*

AAAA—MOULIN ROUGE—Constance Bennett scores in a dual personality rôle, excellently aided by Franchot Tone, Helen Westley and Tullio Carminati. Grand show.—*Twentieth Century.*

AAA—MR. SKITCH—Will Rogers in a depression cure highlighted by Will's witticisms and movie impersonations of Florence Desmond. ZaSu Pitts, Rochelle Hudson, Charles Starrett.—*Fox.*

AAAA—NANA—Auspicious début of Anna Sten, Russian charmer, in adaptation of famous Zola novel. Excellent screen fare with Richard Bennett as French Belasco.—*United Artists.*

AAAA—QUEEN CHRISTINA—Greta Garbo's greatest triumph. Engrossing story, superbly cast, with comeback of John Gilbert.—*Metro.*

AAA—SON OF A SAILOR—Joe E. Brown performs capably in a made-to-order rôle. Supporting cast, including Thelma Todd, Jean Muir and Johnny Mack Brown, excellent.—*Warners.*

AAA—THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE—Otto Kruger in brilliant portrayal of criminal lawyer. Isabel Jewell outstanding.—*Metro.*



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JANET GAYNOR

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APR -2 1934

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HOLLYWOOD

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

ARTHUR C. JANISCH
Assistant Editor

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Contents for May, 1934



***Carmel Myers sang on the radio and won another movie chance. She is in* The Countess of Monte Cristo**

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

WARREN WILLIAM is a scarf addict . . . he even wears them with his pajamas. . . . Carl Brisson, Danish star, was first to introduce the musical saw to theatre audiences abroad . . . he learned how on his uncle's farm, where the quivering notes of the wood-cutter were used in place of a dinner bell . . . when Henry B. Walthall came up for a telegrapher's rôle in *Operator 13*, they asked him if he knew the Morse code . . . whereupon, he flipped out a sentence with quickly batting eyelids.

Fan-dancing Sally Rand gave her mother, Mrs. Ernest Kisling, a tractor for a birthday present . . . the mater is a rancher, you know . . . in the 1906 sequences for *You Can't Buy Everything*, May Robson wears costumes from her stage wardrobe of that era . . . one cherished taffeta cape was first worn when she played with William Gillette in *The Private Secretary* . . . the secret of Leon Errol's collapsible knee is out at last . . . years ago, when he was trying to teach a dog some new tricks, the canine turned tables and taught him one.

Kay Francis wears bedroom slippers in all movie scenes where her feet do not show . . . but someday the cameramen are going to play a dirty trick on her . . . Bartholomew Durante, the *Schnozzle's* daddy, had two molars extracted the other day, leaving him only thirty of his so-called permanent teeth, which isn't so bad for a lad of 86.

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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
Western Editor

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John Cabot Lodge, socialite screen star, and his wife, Francesca Braggiotti, snapped at Palm Springs

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

CZAR WILL HAYS won by a nose when he went to a Hollywood hospital to battle flu germs . . . Jimmy Cagney's new talkie will be titled *Jimmy The Gent* instead of *The Heir Chaser* . . . Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook who copped the honors in Fox's *Cavalcade*, are to be reunited in Radio's *Dover Road* . . . Ann Harding is going out to Metro to star in *Biography*, a rôle sought by practically every feminine star . . . Ed Blondell, vaudeville veteran and daddy of Joan, has been cast in a Warner picture.

Margaret Lindsay was quite seriously burned when her fur coat brushed against a lighted candle on a sound stage . . . Edna Best is hurrying back from England to be with hubby Herbert Marshall . . . and she's bringing along the baby girl as well as her twin boys by a former marriage . . . Radio is considering an elaborate production of Ziegfeld's *Follies* with Billie Burke supervising . . . Pat Wing has checked in at First National for *Merry Wives of Reno*, her first rôle since her marriage to Bill Perry.

Paramount is going to re-produce Jimmie Gleason's *Is Zat So?* with Bob Armstrong once again the star . . . Sam Goldwyn has bought Frank Scully's *Fun in Bed* as Eddie Cantor's next . . . a nervous breakdown sent Slim Summerville to a hospital . . . marriage and exercise have cut ten pounds off Polly Moran's belt-line.



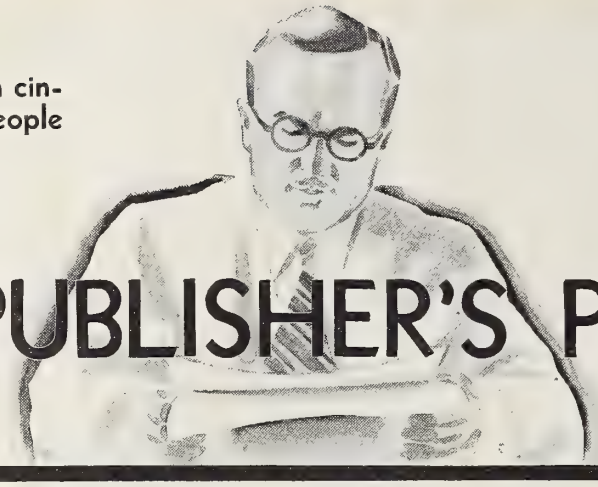
MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

Directed by Josef von Sternberg

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Pointed comment on cinema affairs and people

by
W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine



The PUBLISHER'S PAGE



Jimmy Cagney

Husband Material

A Curious-minded Person asked 143 chorines appearing in *Wonderbar* to name the ten men who they considered would make the best husbands—and only one movie star was included in the list—Jimmy Cagney, never ballyhooed as a great screen lover.

The other nine were John Jacob Astor III, Lindbergh, Jack Dempsey, Mussolini, Ernest Hemingway, "Cotton" Warburton, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alexis M'Divani and Gandhi.

One obvious conclusion must be drawn—chorus girls nowadays are not the flighty, empty-headed creatures of legend.



Ginger Rogers

The New Technique

For Years Cleopatra has been looked upon as a super-vamp but now Ginger Rogers declares that if Cleo lived today nary a man would give her a tumble.

For one thing, Cleopatra was a heavyweight—with too much emphasis on the right curves in the wrong places. And, Ginger declares, her technique was pretty bad—any young modern girl could vamp rings around her.

Ginger may be correct, but we know DeMille will present a Cleopatra who will have all the modern misses agog. The great filmaestro probably could have given Cleo pointers even in her day—for movie purposes.

W. C. Fields is an accommodating fellow and therefore he readily consented to appear as master of ceremonies at a recent, important social function in Hollywood. Dressed in his best bib and tucker, or rather swallow tails, he appeared on a Tuesday night prepared to be his funniest. The party was held Monday!

Hollywood is still chuckling over the way De Mille's announcement that he was looking for an actor of Caesarian birth for the rôle of "Julius Caesar" in Cleopatra *was gobbled up by the press. De Mille, with tongue in cheek, is a veritable fount of such impossible hoaxes—and they're all good for publicity.*



Loretta Young

Loretta's Handicap

Age Is A Woman's greatest enemy always but in the case of Loretta Young this cruel truism probably will be revealed at its worst.

The public believes that all women, and especially movie stars, have a habit of subtracting instead of adding years to their age as the birthdays roll by. It will believe in a few years that Loretta is about ten years more than her actual age. Loretta, now just past twenty-one, entered pictures when she was seventeen and was married and divorced within the next couple of years. The public won't believe she could have crowded all that experience into the few years she has been in pictures.



Irene Dunne

Mysteries of Hollywood

Hollywood Is A Strange place—oh, pardon us; you have heard that before?

What brought this on was the case of Irene Dunne. Irene, possessed of a very fine singing voice, was signed for the screen because of that voice. Then musical films died out and Irene was through—unless she could learn to act. Learn to act she did and won fame as a fine dramatic actress.

Then musical films came back and Irene begged for a chance to sing. She was politely but firmly turned down. Why? Because she was too fine a dramatic actress!

Poor Jimmy Durante suffers and suffers. He has made no secret of his unrequited love for Greta Garbo (for laugh and publicity purposes) and declares the only reason she didn't marry Mamoulian was because she couldn't forget Jimmy's magnetic "poisonality."

At a studio conference to devise a publicity campaign for George Arliss and The House of Rothschild, *a press agent seriously suggested having the actor knighted for the occasion! King George V will be interested to learn how easily those things are done!*



Katharine Hepburn

Fame Is Not For Sale

Money Alone Can't buy a screen career as Kitty O'Dare, dancer and singer and reputed heiress to $1,250,000 will discover. Kitty is now in Hollywood, entertaining lavishly in an effort to break into pictures. She is reputed to have spent $19,000 within a few weeks and plans to pursue this campaign for recognition for six months. But unless Kitty has talent her campaign will be in vain.

Katharine Hepburn had plenty of money but fame came to her solely because of her ability. All the money in the world couldn't have made her a screen success otherwise.



The Invisible Man

Idea For a Comedy

Universal Probably doesn't care, because *The Invisible Man* was a huge box-office success, but they must feel very much like "Merton of the Movies" who put his heart and soul into a serious drama only to discover to his chagrin it was released as a comedy.

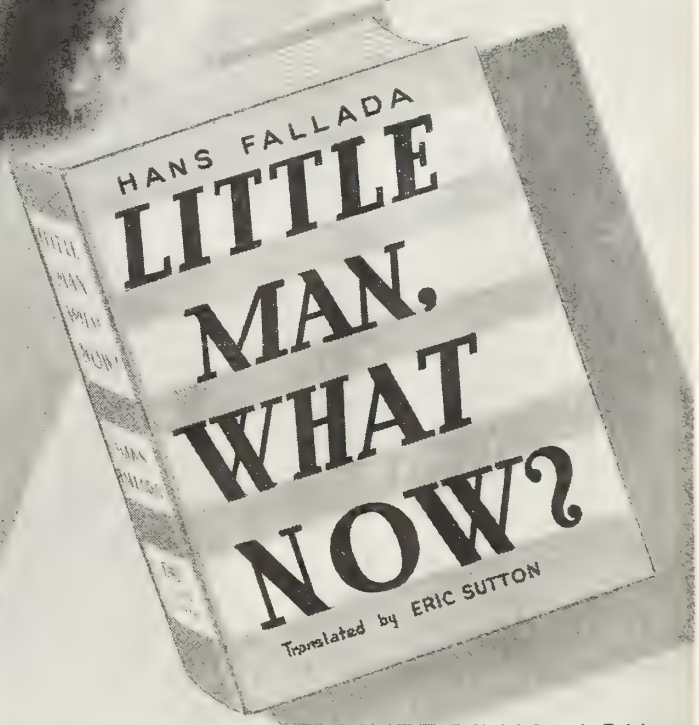
Audiences everywhere laughed at *The Invisible Man* despite the fact that it was a serious mystery drama. They were laughing with the picture, not at it. Pants running around without anybody in them are bound to make people giggle. There may be an idea in this for a comedy that will set an all-time box-office record.

MARGARET SULLAVAN



THE GIRL YOU LOVED IN "ONLY YESTERDAY"

in



A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

FROM THE BOOK OF THE YEAR
COMES THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR

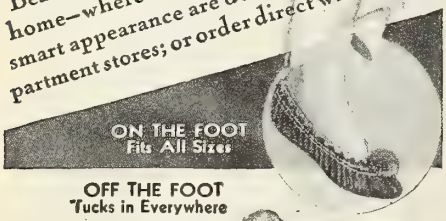
Presented by CARL LAEMMLE

IT'S A UNIVERSAL!

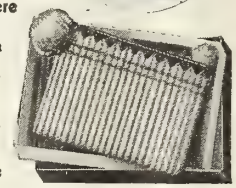
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STEP into SLIPPERETTES and you're in step with Hollywood's newest vogue! SLIPPERETTES are clever, colorful, washable knitted slippers that snugly fit your feet like a glove. You'll love them upon arising, or for lounging, travel or convalescence. So comfortable, soft and s-t-r-e-t-c-h-y, they act like a tonic to achy arches and tired muscles. So utterly light, you'll hardly know you have anything on. SLIPPERETTES are worn everywhere by Screen Stars . . . at Malibu Beach . . . between fatiguing scenes . . . at home—wherever and whenever comfort and smart appearance are desired. At better department stores; or order direct with coupon.



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●MEN—French Blue, Beige, Olympic Blue. $1 a pair.

●CHILDREN—Nile, Lavender, Olympic Blue, Pink. $1 a pair.

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I enclose $_____in money order or stamps.
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What's New ON THE SCREEN

The picture scout's tip-off on what movies are worth seeing

Wonderbar

● With one of the finest casts ever seen in a single picture, with a story equal to any ever filmed, with song hits that captivate and with a general production standard which leaves nothing to be desired, *Wonderbar* comes to the screen as Warner Brothers' greatest offering. Generally speaking, *Wonderbar* "has everything." Quite naturally, Al Jolson is the center of activity, but he is nobly supported by Ricardo Cortez, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, Louise Fazenda and Dick Powell.

Sing and Like It

● Here is a picture for those who want to laugh—it is rated as the season's best comedy. And what a cast of laugh-makers! Nat Pendleton is doing a neat job of safe cracking when he hears the singing of ZaSu Pitts, an office girl who wants to become an actress. Overcome by the song, Pendleton drops his safe-cracking racket and forces Edward Everett Horton to put Miss Pitts into a Broadway show. Pert Kelton is Pendleton's moll and her efforts to win back Pendleton's attentions and Pendleton's rewriting of the play, together with Ned Sparks' wisecracks as Pendleton's crook assistant, make this a laugh wow.

No More Women

● Here we have those hard living lads, Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, cast in another biting story that intrigues those who remember *Cock-eyed World* and liked it. In *No More Women*, McLaglen and Lowe are deep-sea divers and the story is replete with wisecracks, sunken treasure and undersea fights. Sally Blane, the girl who inherits a salvage ship, provides the competition. Minna Gombell is the waterfront huzzy who schemes to collect insurance on a diver. There's plenty of action and plenty of laughs in *No More Women.*

The Cat and the Fiddle

● The thousands of theatregoers who enjoyed *The Cat and the Fiddle* as a stage success will appreciate the work of Jeanette MacDonald and Ramón Novarro, who put into this picture the deep, sympathetic sort of acting that it requires. Henry Armetta, Frank Morgan and Sterling Holloway are excellent in support of the stars. Jeanette's rendition of *Tonight Was Made For Love*, one of the song hits of the play, is especially pleasing and other musical offerings easily make the audience overlook the weak Technicolor work.

Catherine the Great

● From across the Atlantic, Britain sends us a truly remarkable costume picture. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., deserves great praise for his acting, but even this is overshadowed by the performance of Elizabeth Bergner, who plays the title rôle of Catherine the Great of Russia. While historical fact has been swept aside to make way for romance and intrigue, this has served to bolster the audience interest and as presented on the screen, *Catherine The Great* is splendid entertainment. The settings are magnificent and the costumes deserving only of laudatory comment. Flora Robson deserves special praise for her portrayal of Elizabeth.

Registered Nurse

● Although supplied with a somewhat difficult story, a sparkling cast carries *Registered Nurse* ahead of average pictures. Bebe Daniels is the former nurse who prepares to divorce her intemperate husband when he is injured and becomes insane. She returns to nursing and a love plot devolves, centered around two surgeons, John Halliday and Lyle Talbot. The husband, Gordon Westcott, escapes and appears at the hospital for an operation to restore his sanity, but when he learns of Bebe Daniels' great love for Halliday, he ends his life in a leap from his window. Despite this rather morbid scene, the picture is replete with comedy supplied by such artists as Minna Gombell, Vince Barnett, Sidney Toler and Beulah Bondi.

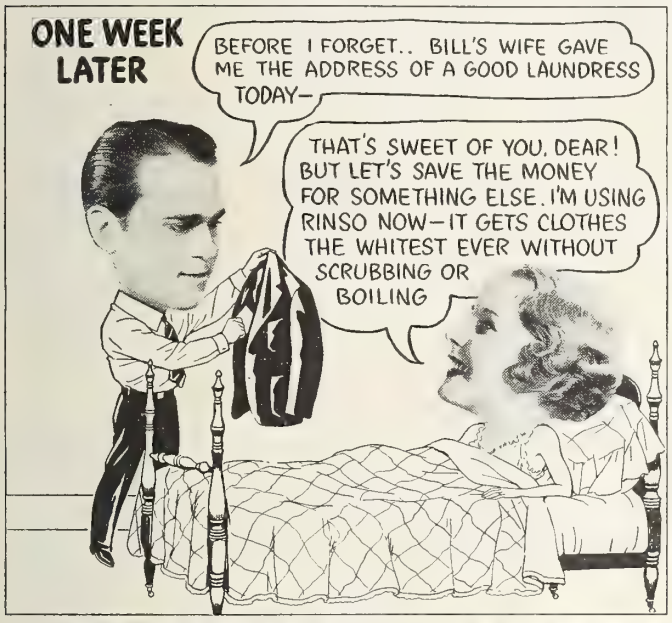
Scarlet Empress

● Josef Von Sternberg brings to the screen another great story of Russia's famous empress, Catherine, on a scale which has seldom been surpassed for lavishness. It is truly a spectacle and as such is one of the season's great pictures. Marlene Dietrich registers a phenomenal success in the title rôle of Catherine. The cast brings splendid support from John Cabot Lodge, Sam Jaffee, Louis Dresser and Gavin Gordon. Marlene Dietrich's own daughter, Maria, gives a delightful presentation as Catherine in her girlhood years. Historical fact has largely been discarded by Von Sternberg for romance and intrigue and many legendary incidents built around the em-

Please turn to page ten









"TRUTH" — A DANGEROUS GAME

NRA

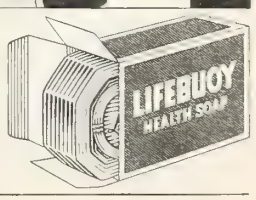




LIFEBUOY'S THE FINEST COMPLEXION SOAP EVER!

LIFEBUOY has improved *countless* complexions—it will do the same for *yours!* Its gentle, purifying lather—abundant in hard or soft water, hot or cold—deep-cleanses pores of clogged wastes. Leaves skin exquisitely clean.

IMPORTANT: Warm or cool days, we perspire a quart. Take no chances with "B.O."—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its hygienic, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy purifies, *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*).



Now . . .
MARCHAND'S
CASTILE SHAMPOO



NEW . . . WHY?

It's NEW—and that's news—great news for millions of women—and men and here's WHY . . .

When the hair is washed with ordinary bar soaps or inferior shampoos—tiny particles of soap stick to the hair, despite repeated rinsings. The soap particles contain alkali which has a harsh effect on hair and scalp. If this is continued hair will become dull and lifeless—scalp will become dry and dandruffy.

Now—after 30 years of experience in the care of the hair—Marchand's experts have developed a Castile Shampoo that RINSES COMPLETELY.

Think what that means—no soap particles, no alkali, no harsh effect on hair or scalp! Little wonder Marchand's new Castile Shampoo leaves the hair so exquisitely, so lustrously beautiful.

A Scientific Beauty Treatment

To shampoo with Marchand's is to give hair a scientific beauty treatment. Marchand's thick creamy lather cleanses gently and thoroughly. It contains the highest quality virgin olive oil. That beautifies the hair, benefits the scalp and helps retard dandruff. Hair is left soft and fluffy—easy to comb—perfect for waving or curling and no undesirable scents or odors cling to it.

Best for children's tender scalps and for men with dandruff. Low price—and the quality in it makes a little go a long way. 35c at druggists.

Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail

Send 35c (coins or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C., for regular size bottle. Fill out this coupon.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

35c enclosed—Please send me your shampoo (A)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

What's New on the Screen

Continued from page eight

press are highly fictionized to sustain audience interest, but this is forgiven because the resultant picture is one which grips from start to finish.

Men in White

● Here is Clark Gable at his best, ably supported by a noble cast. As the young interne, Gable easily gives the most remarkable performance of his brilliant career. Myrna Loy brings all her charm to the screen as the girl who loves Gable but who hesitates to become a doctor's wife. Elizabeth Allen is a student nurse who gives freely of her love to Gable. Just as Gable is about to marry Myrna, he is called upon to operate on the student nurse. She confesses her great love for Gable in the presence of Myrna. The picture closes with Miss Loy bidding farewell to Gable as he leaves for Europe. No review of this splendid picture would be complete without a word of appreciation for the fine acting done by Jean Hersholt.

Gambling Lady

● This picture brings us back to the day of "honest" gamblers. Barbara Stanwyck's father is such, but he commits suicide and she innocently falls into the clutches of a group of gamblers who believe in the adage, "never give a sucker a break." Joel McCrea, as a patron known to the gambling establishment, brings in two guests. They happen to have badges and stage a raid, whereupon the gamblers shout "double cross" at McCrea. Joel and Barbara find themselves in love, complicated by the feelings and attentions of Pat O'Brien and Claire Dodd. C. Aubrey Smith, as Joel's father, tries to block his marriage to Barbara, but in the end she cuts cards and wins her lover. There is plenty of entertainment and good acting in *Gambling Lady.*

Love Birds

● ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville at it again. Stuck with some worthless land far out on the desert, they are about to give up when a bit of filling from Slim's tooth starts a gold rush. The laughs come in regular doses every few seconds throughout the entire picture. Mickey Rooney is back again with an excellent kid performance and Dorothy Christy supplies the love interest with her vamp act.

Keep 'em Rolling

● Walter Huston, as an army sergeant, gives up drinking and his attentions to Minna Gombell when Rodney, a horse, wins his affections. They fight together and perform gallant deeds throughout the World War, after which the government puts Rodney up for sale. Huston, despite army complications, risks court martial and manages to keep Rodney. Frances Dee's acting helps keep the picture interesting, although there have been so few pictures with a horse or dog angle in recent months that *Keep 'em Rolling* is certain to find favor with many audiences.

Sleepers East

● Plenty of action here. Wynne Gibson plays the girl at the stag party, has an affair with the mayor's son and becomes involved in a murder. She keeps going through an adventurous flight on a train, a wreck, a trial and suicide of the mayor's son. Preston Foster, Harvey Stephens, Mona Barrie and Howard Lally all help to entertain.

As the Earth Turns

● While the story of *As The Earth Turns* drags a bit, the cast manages to sustain audience interest. It is a back to the land idea. Donald Woods, a new face on the screen, is the man who returns to the Maine farm and Jean Muir is the farm girl who wins his heart. Dorothy Appleby, William Janney, Dorothy Peterson and David Landau give excellent performances.

Ever Since Eve

● *Ever Since Eve* is the picture which removes George O'Brien from his horse and cowboy rôles. He is splendid as the young miner who goes to Manhattan and marries Mary Brian, a society notable. He dashes away to China to forget when he discovers he has been swindled out of his fortune. Mary's love proves real and so all ends well. Herbert Mundin and Betty Blythe, in supporting rôles, help keep the picture up to the fine standard set by O'Brien.

I've Got Your Number

● Here's a somewhat sophisticated comedy, exciting from start to finish. Pat O'Brien is the wisecracking telephone repair man who manages to keep his date book filled and never overlooks a bet when filling a repair engagement. Joan Blondell, hotel switchboard operator, innocently becomes involved with a gang of racketeers. Pat goes to the rescue, a la Hawkshaw. The picture has a great windup. Allen Jenkins, Glenda Farrell and Eugene Pallette all contribute to the fast action and laughs.

Bolero

● *Bolero* brings Sally Rand and her fan dance to the screen. But it does much more—it gives George Raft the opportunity of his career and he takes advantage of it. As a professional dancer, he toys with one partner after another, until Carole Lombard appears to be the great moment of his love life. When Carole marries an English nobleman, George finds solace in the arms of Sally Rand, but when he is near death from war wounds, it is Carole who affords him comfort. Frances Drake, Gloria Shea and William Frawley show up well throughout the picture, which has first class entertainment value.

The Morning After

● Plenty of laughs in this picture, which is imported from England. Despite the fact that it was made across the pond, most of the mirth is supplied

Please turn to page fifty-six

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN

Suffer Pain—Needlessly

•

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

•



What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become conjested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1) blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.



Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.



*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS *ALKALINE* (non-acid).

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Buy a box of HEXIN *today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy* HEXIN *in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but* HEXIN. *Nothing else is "just as good".*



Lower Cost Than Ever Before

Rail fares cut again! Just see these round trip fares from Chicago:

In 1932	$59.35
In 1933	51.75
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Complete tour of the Magic Wonderland, including meals, lodging, motor transportation, is cut from $54 to $45 (hotels); from $45 to $38 (lodges)!

An exciting free travel book tells the story. A story of roaring geysers . . . magic pools that boil like witches' cauldrons . . . a waterfall twice as high as Niagara.

Ride the famed *North Coast Limited* direct to the Cody or Gardiner gateways—Shortest route, fastest time.

Don't miss the Cody Road! 90 miles added sightseeing through the Shoshone Gorge and over the Absaroka Mountains. Costs not a cent extra!

Your ticket can be routed through Colorado at no extra cost. And include transportation to Glacier Park for a trifling additional fare—a fine 2-day motor tour of the Black Hills of South Dakota for only $24.75 extra.

Travel "on your own"—or join congenial companions in a carefree all-expense Burlington Escorted Tour.

Burlington Route

Plan to go this summer. Let us send you (free) an interesting illustrated guide book.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

Mail this coupon either to Northern Pacific Railway, 901 Railroad Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. or Burlington Railroad, 547 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Please send free Yellowstone Vacation Book.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

☐ Mark here if you wish Escorted Tours Book



EDITOR'S MAILBAG

An open forum in which readers express their views on stars and pictures. $5.00 is paid to each of the five best letters received each month

Altogether, Men!

EVERY TIME I see one of Cantor's pictures, I leave the theatre hungry—hungry for longer looks at the close-ups of the beauties in the various scenes. My gracious, I'd like to feast my eyes, but I'm not given a chance. A second or two and those dream girls are rushed off, heaven knows why! We men don't look only at legs. We're happy to see a beautiful face, too. I should be a director! I'd give the males of the audience what they like. We want longer closeups of those unbelievably beautiful chorines.

($5.00 letter)

CHARLES REISS,
2372 North Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.



Toby would set Hollywood afire

Privacy is Nonsense

ALL this talk about stars' privacy is just nonsense. No actor or actress should expect privacy. The revelation of a star's life is necessary not only to create news but to satisfy the public's demand for intimate details. This builds up the background for the star and helps to awaken the interest of fans, which, in turn is necessary to the success of the star as well as the box-office. Now, since privacy is quite impossible, the sensible thing to do is to live a decent life. If this is not satisfactory to any of these "children of fortune," screen stardom is the last profession in the world for them.

($5.00 Letter)

ASSUNTA D'ATTORE.
126 East 12th Street, New York City.

A Magic Name

RAMON NOVARRO! The magic of that name. Whenever I hear it, my heart leaps. Why can't the United States produce such a star as this? There are four adults in my family and each one of us takes off her hat to Ramón. My elderly aunt wouldn't miss a picture of his for $1,000.

BILLIE BERGER,
225 South Witmer St., Los Angeles, Calif.

That's Her Destiny!

ANYBODY can play the part of a siren, a lover or a hip-shaker, but it takes a real actress to give a performance such as Katharine Hepburn gave in *Little Women*. She seems destined to become the greatest and the truest actress on the screen today.

CREIGHTON PERRY,
Oglethorpe University, Georgia.

Toby and Bob as Lovers

ROBERT MONTGOMERY should be given a real good, sophisticated story of modern life. And Toby Wing should be cast as Bob's leading lady. Toby and Bob would sure draw a crowd. They would set Hollywood on fire.

($5.00 letter)

ROBERT MAXWELL,
Algood Highway, Cookeville, Tenn.

Bing Is Here to Stay

WHAT a heart throb Bing Crosby is! I have just seen *Going Hollywood* and believe me he is the most thrilling delight on the screen. What a combination, his glorious voice, his breath-taking looks and his charming ways. His acting is so natural and refreshingly real. His magnetic personality dominates the whole picture. And what a lover! He has everything we girls are wild about. Believe me, he is here to stay. We couldn't get along without him on radio or screen.

SALLY DELONG.
Troy, N. Y.

This Eskimo Is Hot

I HOPE THOSE of you who have seen *Eskimo* will agree that Mala was grand—he stole the picture. Such a winning personality, even though he couldn't speak English. To me his actions spoke louder than words. He didn't have to slap girls in the face or make love to them to create the realization that he is chuck full of sex appeal. Why he could send my pulse away above normal. He is real, authentic.

MRS. LUCY DURGIN,
149 Myrtle St., Manchester, N. H.

Something for Everybody

EVERYONE is talking about Mae West. Her curves, her beauty, her personality, her excellent selection of words. But do you know what I think? I think she is the most clever little psychologist in Hollywood. She has something for everybody. Fat to please fat ladies, beauty and personality for the thin ones and sex appeal and scanty costumes for the men.

S. FLANIGAN,
559 S. Evergreen Drive, Ventura, Calif.

Styles Authenticity

GIVE US MORE films of pre-war and World War days, but please, when filming them, present them with styles of that era and not of today, as was the case in *Only Yesterday*.

GERMAINE LUSSIER,
88 Melha Avenue, Springfield, Mass.

A Vote for Kay

PEOPLE can say all the nice things they want to about other movie actresses and praise them to the skies, but me for Kay Francis. As an actress she is superb and she has that alluring feminine charm and poise that men like to see in a woman. Let's see more of Kay Francis.

HARRY ROTH,
Quartermaster Detachment,
Port of Manila, Manila, P. I.

A Change for a Change

I WILL NOT SAY *Little Women* is the best picture of the year, but I will say it is the most relieving. In this day of gangsters, molls, eternal triangle stuff, practically nude women, sex, singing and clattering feet, it is something more than a relief to see an old fashioned story of the *Little Women* type enacted before you on the screen. Let's have one occasionally.

WARD KCITRUP,
919 Sumter Street, Columbia, S. C.

Chevalier vs. Denny

HAS it ever occurred that in giving Reginald Denny the go-by for Maurice Chevalier, that we are being badly cheated? Denny has the real goods. I do not mean that Maurice has taken Denny's pictures, but that Denny is what Maurice tries to be. Give Reginald Denny a chance.

MRS. L. F. MORRIS,
West Union, W. Va.

How to Be Happy

I BELIEVE THAT the people who knock the pictures most are the ones who seldom or never go to them. Personally, I can see something good in every picture I see. I believe that the best plan is to go to just any show and not follow certain actors or actresses. This way assures one of a better variety of entertainment.

MRS. C. DAWSON,
221 Avenue D. South,
Saskatoon, Sask., Canada.

Please turn to page fourteen



MRS. ERNO RAPEÉ

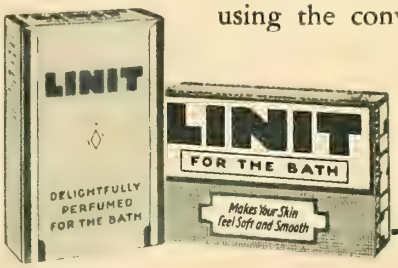
wife of Noted Conductor, 7 Star Revue Radio Orchestra

laughed when she heard about the 50¢ Lipstick for 10¢ and *then*...

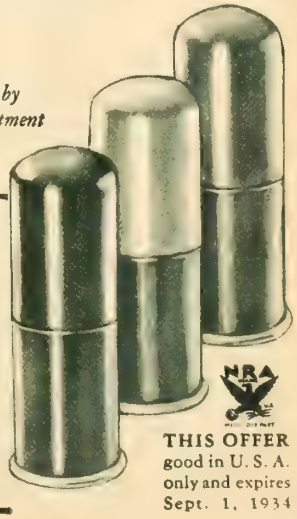
MRS. RAPEÉ tried the marvelous LINIT Beauty Bath, sent for a lipstick (see coupon below) and is now convinced of the genuine quality, delicate scent and attractive appearance of these exquisite lipsticks.

The makers of LINIT, The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin, are offering *YOU* these astonishing values in lipsticks solely to introduce their famous product, LINIT, and prove that using LINIT in *your* bath will give you a new sensation and make your skin feel velvety soft—*immediately.*

Merely send a top from a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage costs) for EACH lipstick wanted, using the convenient coupon below.



LINIT *is sold by grocers and department stores.*



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. F-5
P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me ... ...lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose.. ....¢ and..... .....LINIT package tops.

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

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Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . *State* . . . . . .

THIS OFFER good in U. S. A. only and expires Sept. 1, 1934

To be correct

TATTOO YOUR LIPS



To make sure that you are using your correct shade of lip color, test all four shades of TATTOO on your own skin

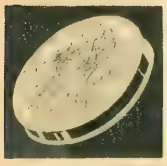


And TATTOO is certainly more interesting than old fashioned "indelible" lipstick. Imagine! No purplishness. No pastiness either. Put it on . . . let it set . . . then wipe it off . . . nothing remains on the lips but transparent color . . . truly *exciting* color . . . the *smartest* ever seen . . . and it won't come off when it shouldn't! Positively non-drying too! TATTOO is a dollar. Try all four shades, on your wrist . . . at the Tattoo Color Selector featured on all leading toilet goods counters.

No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."



No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

TATTOO FOR LIPS AND CHEEKS

TATTOO ROUGE exactly matches TATTOO LIP COLOR, thereby placing your lips and cheeks in perfect color harmony with each other. Used for lips, too. You'll love its smoothness. The price is 75c.

TATTOO, CHICAGO

TATTOO

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE NEW *Transparent* COLOR FOR LIPS AND CHEEKS

Editor's Mailbag

Continued from page thirteen



Garbo, Queen of the Screen

Garbo Still Her Queen

AS ONE of the most hysterical of the Garbo fans, after witnessing that marvelous portrayal of *Queen Christina*, I want to shout from the housetops that Garbo is still Queen of the Screen. Long may she reign.

($5.00 Letter)

MRS. JOE MILLER,
620 North Graham St., Charlotte, N. C.

A Welcome for Lillian

MELODIES OFTEN suggest certain people or some pleasant episode. Ever since I saw *Birth of a Nation* the melody of *In the Gloaming* suggests Lillian Gish. Whenever I hear it I have a mental picture of that lovely actress. Griffith knew his stars and now that we are about to see her in films again I can hardly wait. Dainty, talented, adorable Lillian Gish! We have waited for your return to films and here's hoping we shall see many of your pictures in the future and that the public will appreciate your fine work as it did in the past.

ANN MADDEN PETERSON,
4019 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

Wants "Hoss" Pictures

SO *Smoky* will soon be loping across the screen! Hail to the producers who realize that millions of people who love horses are just waiting to see more "hoss" stories in pictures.

J. R. KEAN,
72 Melbourne Avenue, S. E.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Cheers for Clara

CHEERS FOR CLARA BOW for her fine performances in *Call Her Savage* and *Hoopla!* She is one of the greatest actresses on the screen and truly the most beautiful. Give us more actresses like Clara and less of those half-dead, thin-as-a-rail, lanquid, anaemic ladies who are called "divine."

IRENE HOFFMAN,
9 Cottage Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Tip for Producers

IT SEEMS to me that the producers are overlooking a splendid musical comedy bet in Charley Chase. Surely his talents and ability to amuse are worthy of feature length productions instead of merely comedy shorts. His physical appearance, decidedly pleasing voice and the fact that he can really put over a song in the true Broadway manner, fairly shout aloud his fitness for leading rôles in current screen musicals.

MABEL KRAMER,
905 Lydia Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Nothing Wrong With Jean

I CAN'T SEE How anyone can dislike Jean Harlow. I adore her both as an actress and as a person. I think her voice is beautiful, her figure beautiful, her teeth, her eyes, her hair. In fact, I can't see a single thing wrong with her. Let's have some more pictures like *Red Dust*, *Dinner at Eight* and *Bombshell*.

MISS HARRIET NELSON,
1994 Shenandoah St., Seattle, Wash.

A Part for Lionel

WHY doesn't some smart producer revive Rip Van Winkle and cast Lionel Barrymore in the title rôle? He could portray the part with all the reality and finish of the great Joseph Jefferson, whose peerless acting I shall never forget. I can just see Lionel, with his wonderful pathos and appeal, driven from his home by a nagging wife, then twenty years after awakening on a mountain-top, a creature of rags and tatters with a long, white beard and creaking bones. As our greatest character actor, he would be an artistic triumph and a box office boon.

A. B. CURTISS,
Capac, Mich.

My, What Eyes You Have!

THE EYES HAVE IT! There is not another star who can talk with his eyes as can John Barrymore. Why not Helen Hayes and John Barrymore teamed in a picture?

($5.00 letter)

FRANCES COLEMAN,
808 Church Street, Marietta, Ga.



John talks with his eyes

Reduce...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

..or it will cost you nothing!





In 10 Short Days You Can Be *YOUR SLIMMER SELF...*

WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS!

■ "I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE," writes Miss Jean Healy. "Without your girdle I am lost," says Mrs. Ouida Browne. "I reduced almost twenty pounds," writes Mrs. Noble. "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley. "I have not only reduced a number of pounds, but find my waistline several inches smaller," writes Mrs. Carolyn Jennings. "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Mrs. B. Brian. "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

These are only a few of hundreds of letters from women who have tested the Perfolastic Girdle!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

••• TEST *the* PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE *at our expense!*

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce *you.* You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days...then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

Don't wait any longer...act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 75 New York, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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1001 *surprises!*





Produced with a magnificence, magnitude and imagination unapproached in show history. Dazzling beauties...blazing splendor...amazing novelty...myriad surprises ...laughs, songs, drama, thrills, romance, ...everything!

AND CHEER!"



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JOHN BOLES • JAMES DUNN

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6 SONG HITS!

"We're Out of the Red"

"Our Last Night Together"

"Baby, Take a Bow"

"I'm Laughin' "

"Broadway's Gone Hill Billy"

"She's 'Way Up Thar"
(I'm 'Way Down 'Yar)

1,000 DAZZLING GIRLS! • 5 BANDS OF MUSIC!
VOCAL CHORUS OF 500! • 4,891 COSTUMES!
1,200 WILD ANIMALS! • 1,000 PLAYERS!
335 SCENES! • 2,730 TECHNICAL WORKERS!

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN

Associate Producer and Collaborator on story and dialogue: **LEW BROWN**

Director: HAMILTON McFADDEN. *Lyrics:* LEW BROWN. *Music:* LEW BROWN *and* JAY GORNEY. *Dances staged by* SAMMY LEE. *Dialogue:* RALPH SPENCE *Story Idea Suggested by* WILL ROGERS *and* PHILIP KLEIN.



This pretty girl in Hold That Girl *can tell you Hollywood's reputation for wickedness is greatly over-rated. Sex, to film folk, is merely something that can be capitalized on at the box-office*

Are Pretty Girls Safe in Hollywood?

by
J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

To Me He looked like what he was, a clean cut, smiling young chap, intent upon nothing more lecherous than a mild street flirtation but to the pretty little girl from the Middle-West, who was getting her first glimpse of Hollywood, he was a Big Bad Wolf in sheep's clothing.

She had known that it was going to happen, because, you see, she knew all about Hollywood. She wanted to get into pictures and only that devouring ambition had given her courage to face the girl-traps and the leering demons who lay in wait behind every palm tree, seeking their prey in the form of little girls from the Middle-West. Back in her home town she would have responded to that young chap's smile, perhaps had an ice cream soda and gone to a movie with him, but this wasn't her home town. It was Hollywood and a girl had to be careful.

One of the fallacies which have grown up about Hollywood is that it is a sink of iniquity where no virtuous girl is safe. Most girls who leave the old home town and journey to Hollywood, intent upon a picture career, believe that their first decision must be,

"If it becomes necessary, am I willing to give *all* for the sake of my career?"

Having decided, one way or the other, she looks askance at every man she meets in Hollywood, from the bell-boy who shows her to her hotel room to the picture star who drives by in his open roadster. She is certain that if her virtue survives, it will be at the cost of constant vigilance.

● Picking up a copy of a national magazine recently, I noticed an article by Emil Ludwig, famous biographer. The article was about Hollywood and in one paragraph, after speaking warmly of the home-loving citizens of the movie capital, Mr. Ludwig said,

"Any mother who is anxious about her daugh-

Is Hollywood a sink of iniquity where all girls seeking screen careers must pay the supreme price? Read what these authorities have to say about this moot question!

ter's virtue, could not send her to a safer place than Hollywood."

I do not know how many daughters the eminent Mr. Ludwig may have raised or how much he knows about the preservation of virtue but whatever his knowledge in this respect, he is at least half right. The truth of the matter is stated in his usual trenchant manner by the Reverend Neal Dodd, pastor of The Little Church Around the Corner and fondly known to all Hollywood as "The Padre of the Movies."

"Just as there are two kinds of girls, there are two Hollywoods. One of those Hollywoods is the clean-minded, sober, hardworking side, composed of the people who live cleanly, love their homes, attend our churches and raise their families. The other side is composed of those who like the flesh-pots, the whoopee and who will fill the night clubs and the various dens of vice. The first element predominates by far but there is no denying that the other element exists. A girl coming to Hollywood must make her own choice. It will depend largely upon what kind of a girl she was back home.

"If she is a clean-minded, virtuous girl, honestly trying to gain a foothold in pictures, she will become a part of the first element. If she believes the old falsehood that no girl ever gets ahead in pictures without going the limit for some man, she will become a part of the second. She makes her own choice but let me tell you that the girl who wants to travel straight will find her virtue as much respected and her person as safe in Hollywood as in any other city in the world."

But what about the Big Bad Wolf? Doesn't a girl, by the very fact that she is working in pictures, lay herself open to advances? Hasn't she heard that every camera man, director, assistant director and producer always makes advances to girls aspiring to a screen career? What if she refuses their attentions?

● A woman who has for years been an official in Central Casting and who knows the game from the extra girl's standpoint says,

"It is true that many girls of more or less easy virtue do find it easier to keep working by granting their favors to some man who has influence but these girls are far in the minority and in my years of experience, I have seen few of them ever reach stardom. The men who make pictures are human, just as other men are. If a pretty girl shows a willingness to dally along the primrose path with them they won't refuse but in regard to these stories, don't believe all you hear."

A year or two ago another Hollywood scandal broke in the papers. A woman, formerly a bit player in pictures was arrested with two of her male companions and charged with procuring innocent girls who were furnished to wealthy men as a night's entertainment at a price. The woman was convicted and several prominent men were involved.

Only a few short months ago another white slave ring was uncovered in Hollywood. A group of men and women were found to be engaged in this horrible traffic. Young and innocent girls were lured by promises of employment and found themselves prisoners in a hotel at Pismo Beach where they were forced to accept the attentions of Orientals. Both these cases were actual but they had nothing

Please turn to page fifty-one



Anne Nagel is one of many girls who find Hollywood no different from their home towns





Abram Chasins could scarcely believe his eyes when he received a fan letter from Elissa Landi but it was the start of a friendship time can never kill

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

A fan letter written by Elissa Landi started it—and now the story of its idealistic development should prove an inspiration to all who read it, published here for the first time!

by CAMILLA JORDAN

A Young Lady Sat dreamily before an open fire in her Hollywood home listening to a radio broadcast. With her legs curled up under her comfortably, she rested her lovely bronze head against the back of a large upholstered chair. A book had slipped from her lap unnoticed, shooting flames from the fire cast shadows on her face and half-closed eyes. She was tired from a long hard day at the studio and was enjoying a quiet evening at home.

The program to which she was listening came from New York, where lived a young man whose rising fame as a modern composer was beginning to put him in the musical limelight. He paced the floor of the broadcasting studio nervously listening to his music go over the air. This tall, dark, young man was not yet sufficiently accustomed to fame to take a broadcast without inner tremblings. Although the name Abram Chasins had appeared many times in print, he still had difficulty in connecting the name with himself. At last the program came to a finish and he sighed as he lit a cigarette.

On the other side of the continent, Elissa Landi sighed too. She stirred a bit realizing how tremendously she had enjoyed the program. With an impulsive and generous gesture, she flew to her desk and wrote Abram Chasins a fan letter. Amused at herself, she chewed at the end of her pen smilingly, as she thought about just the right words to express her appreciation of his work. Her choice of words must be carefully selected. She hesitated a moment as she thought of the attractive Englishman in London, whom she had married several years ago, and to whom she is still happily married. He would understand.

The letter was posted the next day when Elissa was hard at work in the picture studio. The picture was almost finished and there would be only a little more time to be spent on the lot. Then she could take a vacation, which she felt was very much needed. She wanted a change of scene, and a change from all the familiar people and surroundings.

Several days later in New York, Abram Chasins sat at his desk thrilled at receiving a fan letter from so great a

Please turn to page sixty

portraits



MARGARET SULLAVAN

—*Jack Freulich*

• Like a token of spring, Margaret's personality brings a refreshing new element to the Hollywood scene. It is expected she will repeat her success of *Only Yesterday* in *Elizabeth and Mary* and *Little Man What Now?* which will soon be ready for showing



JOAN BLONDELL

—*Scotty Welbourne*

• After a short convalescence on Mohave Desert following her recent appendectomy, Joan faced the cameras for *Without Honor*





PATRICIA ELLIS

—Scotty Welbourne

• Continuing to pave her way to fame, Patricia contributes an excellent performance to *Harold Teen*



GRACE BRADLEY

—Will Walling, Jr.

• Laughing lady whose given name of Grace was well-chosen. She has had a busy season, having filmed *Search for Beauty* and *Girl Without a Room.* She is now completing *She Made Her Bed,* in which Richard Arlen and Sally Eilers are featured

KATHARINE HEPBURN

—Ernest A. Bachrach

• Whether or not Katharine's stage appearance in *The Lake* was ill-advised, this venture is not affecting her popularity as is evidenced by the success of *Spitfire.* She is vacationing in Europe now



ADA CAVELL

—Ernest A. Bachrach

• Meet a young lady who is expected to contribute an important page to cinema history! Ada is scoring in *Crime Doctor*



ANN SOTHERN

—Orville Snider

• Another sensational new "find," Ann (whose real name is Harriet Lake) excited raves by her work in Columbia's *Let's Fall in Love.* She was starred on Broadway in *Of Thee I Sing*



JANET GAYNOR

—Otto Dyar

• *The Sun Shines Bright* on Janet and all her fans for in the picture of this title she will again be teamed with Charles Farrell. She recently completed *Carolina,* which also offers Lionel Barrymore



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YOU'D LIKE TO SHAKE HER—

"And Now, Miss Sullavan, just what do you like?" Margaret Sullavan looked at the interviewer with those frank, blue eyes and that quizzical questioning of twenty-two years of wondering what it is all about. She waited a moment and then answered, honestly:

"Oh, I like the trees and the birds; long walks, horse back riding—and Jesus."

The interviewer leaned forward and asked excitedly: "And what kind of *cheeses,* Miss Sullavan?"



This story is true and explains much about Margaret Sullavan as well as the reason why Carl Laemmle, Jr., has issued the order that she is to grant no more interviews—because she does not understand how to talk about herself for publication.

For Margaret Sullavan meant exactly what she said. She always does. She believes in a God and does not understand why she cannot talk about Him. She was being herself.

She was also being herself when another interviewer asked her to come to her home to talk with her. Margaret went. And when the writer said, "And now, Miss Sullavan, we have laid out a nice campaign for your publicity for six months. It will only cost you—" Margaret Sullavan left the house, drove madly to the nearest airport and took the first plane for Chicago. She waited six hours at the landing station in Chicago, took the next plane home. It had taken the wind and the rains, the sun and the panorama of mountains and plains gliding swiftly beneath her to bring back a mental calm with which she could face mad Hollywood again.

● And again she was being sincere. Natural. Her action was typical of this new cyclone that has swept into blasé Hollywood as only one other woman has done, *recently.* The other is Katharine Hepburn.

Comparisons are usually unfair to two persons. Yet, they cannot be avoided. And Hollywood's pet cocktail-sport, right now, is comparing Margaret Sullavan and Katharine Hepburn. And Hollywood finds them alike. They aren't. With a single exception—

The first time I saw Katharine Hepburn she was wearing the garb that has been so well publicized as to become as famous as Marlene Dietrich's pants. Her red fascinator, tied with a safety pin; her dungarees; her floppy, well-worn bedroom slippers. She was walking across the RKO-Radio lot.

The first time I saw Margaret Sullavan, she opened her front door to me with her hair hanging hungrily all over her head, hiding her eyes, completely. She was in an old bathrobe and bedroom slippers. She had just stepped from her shower, washing her head, too, as always. But she would not tolerate the discourtesy of not greeting me, herself, on her threshold. Margaret is Southern.

You can see the similarity in these two tiny incidents. Sincerity. An "I am myself and I'm not going to change" attitude which is rare in Hollywood.

But the "selves" that they are going to remain are entirely different. Heredity would guarantee that. Director George Cukor, who was responsible for Katharine's success in *Bill of Divorcement* and *Little Women* and who knows her better than anyone in Hollywood, told me,

Please turn to page sixty-two

BUT YOU CAN'T HELP LOVING PEG SULLAVAN!

A FASCINATING WORD PORTRAIT BY RUTH BIERY

Dolores Del Rio reveals her secrets of marital happiness

by VAL LEWTON

Author of "No Bed of Her Own," "Yearly Lease" and "Head of the House"



How to Hold a Husband In Hollywood

"Separation Is Very bad, especially in Hollywood. It's dangerous to leave your husband or your wife alone in Hollywood. There are too many temptations; too many charming, handsome and interesting people," says Dolores Del Rio, and when she says it her great, dark eyes, that seem to have two stars of light fixed in their depths, grow very large and very serious.

For marriage to Dolores Del Rio, who has been married twice, once miserably and the second time happily, is a very serious thing.

Interviewed in her suite at the Hotel Sherry-Netherlands on a recent visit to New York with her husband, Cedric Gibbons, a Hollywood art director, Dolores tried to give her recipe for marital happiness when the conversation veered—as it always does—to Hollywood marriages, their success and their failure. Charming in a frock of dull black silk, with collars and cuffs of pleated white crêpe, and wearing a bracelet of emerald beads on her left wrist and two matched rings of square cut emerald on either hand, she spoke frankly and yet with a certain, almost childish dignity.

Dolores Del Rio is one of the few picture stars who is actually more beautiful in life than she is on the screen. I had gone to see her in the expectation of the more mature beauty one sees in her film plays. I was unprepared for her almost girlish charm. She is very young and off the screen she looks so. Seeing her as portrayed by the camera one can form no conception of how lovely is the texture of her dark complexion, the brilliant smoothness of her cheeks, and the glossiness of her black hair. But it takes, I realize, more than mere beauty to hold an interesting husband for more than three years in the emotional maelstrom of Hollywood. And what it takes, Dolores Del Rio has in large abundance.

● When I questioned her about her happiness in marriage and contrasted it with the dismaying flood of divorces that poured out of Hollywood this year, she smiled.

"You must know," she said, "that my friends were all saying when I married Cedric that it would only last two or three weeks. They even told me that, and they told it to Cedric. But we thought we knew better, and you see we did!"

She raised expressive hands in a gay gesture as she said this, then went on:

"It's been frightful, hasn't it, the number of divorces and separations this year?"

I listed the most important of them for her benefit: Doug and Mary; Doug, Jr., and Joan; Carole Lombard and Bill Powell; Adrienne Ames and her broker husband; Lew Ayres and Lola Lane; Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. Dolores' expressive eyes registered dismay.

"Too many divorces for so small a town," she said. "But

Please turn to page fifty

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . .



Toby Wing says dark tops will be used on smart swim suits this summer. Her new suit is dark blue and white

Foreign Affairs

A CABLE BROUGHT WORD of the death in Hungary of Irene Biller's mother just as Irene completed successful tests for rôles with both Fox and Columbia, but she hopped a plane and sped East to catch a ship that would carry her to her mater's bier . . . all the way from Moscow comes a container of rare goldfish consigned to Director Richard Boleslavsky . . . yes, the gift of an admirer . . . Lewis Stone is outfitting his newly-acquired schooner, *Aurora,* for a six months' cruise around the Horn with stopovers in Colombia, Peru, Chile and the Argentine . . . . golden-haired Madeline Carroll has deserted the London stage to try her luck in Hollywood . . . and landed here with eighteen trunks, twenty-three pieces of hand luggage and a burning desire to go shopping . . . London producers are starring our own Anna May Wong in *Chu Chin Chow* and *Java Head,* and there's a possibility that this Hollywood-born Oriental lass will go to China for a talkie . . . the Joe E. Browns are studying maps with a Spring tour of the Orient in mind . . . Polly Moran and hubby Martin Malone are planning a European jaunt on which Polly will do personal appearances . . . and to be sure, they'll take time out to drop over to Ireland and kiss

Lee Is Forgiven!

TALKIE PRODUCERS have planted a figurative kiss on the brow of Lee Tracy, and all is once more serene along the celluloid battle-front.

Universal has purchased an original newspaper story by Lincoln Quarberg, crack reporter, and another week will find Filmdom's bad boy again perspiring beneath the kleigs. Quarberg authored the opus under the title of *Where's Brown?* but Carl Laemmle has retitled it *I'll Tell the World.*

Lee's salary for the *I'll Tell the World* rôle will total $60,000, a considerable boost over previous earnings.

Mae's Star On Wane?

IF ONE is to believe an executive high in Paramount's councils, glamorous Mae West, talkie sensation of the age, will make but one more picture for the organization that lifted her from the footlights into a $100,000-a-picture celluloid berth.

Mae's initial screen starring vehicle, *She Done Him Wrong,* smashed box-office records everywhere, but her second, *I'm No Angel,* failed to drag an equal flow of gold into exhibitors' pockets.

Severance of relations with Paramount, however, doesn't mean that Mae is washed up in the movies. Practically every other major company is eager to get "Diamond Lil" if only for a single rôle.

With the NEWS

by Hal E. Wood

Just A Lover's Spat

GRETA GARBO would have been Mrs. Rouben Mamoulian ere this had it not been for a lovers' quarrel that sent Greta to the desert to seek solace from an aching heart, while the director courted forgetfulness by journeying to New York to inspect plays.

The romance between the illustrious Greta and the fellow who sent her through her paces in *Queen Christina* is by no means at an end, however, if you are to take the word of their many friends.

Greta, they will tell you, is really in love for the first time since her big affair with John Gilbert went into the refrigerator, and when Rouben returns to Hollywood, everything is going to be swell again.

John's Fourth Ended?

IT LOOKS as if the break between John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, his No. 4 bride, is to be permanent.

the blarney stone . . . Bill Haines is off for Europe, where he'll spend six months picking up knick-knacks for his antique shop . . . and do an English picture on the side.

National

MARY BRIAN airplaned to New York to glimpse the Broadway production of *Men In White*, in which she'll star in Henry Duffy's Hollywood theatre . . . Bridegroom Ricardo Cortez has taken his wealthy wife, the former Christine Lee, to New York to meet his ma and pa. Then they'll go on to Danbury, Conn., to say "hello" to the bride's folks

SLEUTH



The lowdown on latest Cinemaland events and doings of the stars

Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby are chummy in We're Not Dressing, *his latest for Paramount*

Virginia and the baby continue to make their home with Virginia's parents, where they sought shelter when the young mother packed her duds and slammed the door of her honeymoon bungalow behind her.

While John, given a comeback chance with Greta in *Queen Christina*, and a new long-term contract as well, is battling Metro in the courts on the ground that the studio hasn't done right by him, Virginia is listening to offers from producers who are convinced that she is starring material.

Marlene Moves Again

MARLENE DIETRICH has taken a long lease on Colleen Moore's elaborate estate in Bel-Air, and has already assumed occupancy along with little Maria, her three armed guards and innumerable servants.

There is a possibility that Marlene will purchase the property before the expiration of the agreement. The mansion has been a white elephant on Colleen's hands ever since her marriage to Al Scott, young New York broker, and over whose Eastern mansion she presides as mistress when between pictures.

Jean's New Fight

HERMAN A. KOCH, public administrator of Sacramento County, California, has lost the suit through which he sought to grab control of the entire estate of Paul Bern, Jean Harlow's deceased second husband.

It was in Sacramento County that Dorothy Millette, who had preceded Jean in Bern's affections, drowned herself a few days after Bern's death. Jean based her defensive campaign on the ground that Bern and Miss Millette never were married.

Doug's New Troubles

HOLLYWOOD INTIMATES of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., are positive the veteran star will ignore the dragging of his name into Lord Ashley's London divorce suit.

While the friendship between Lady Ashley and Fairbanks peer has been blooming for more than three years, there is little likelihood of a marriage for the commoner who won a seat with the nobility and the ertswhile husband of Mary Pickford.

It is another titled lady—one whose name has not yet been dragged into the Pickford - Fairbanks rupture - who is causing Doug's heart to beat faster, tis said.

Lupe Forgives

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HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . .



Toby Wing says dark tops will be used on smart swim suits this summer. Her new suit is dark blue and white

With the NEWS SLEUTH

by Hal E Wood

Foreign Affairs

A CABLE BROUGHT WORD of the death in Hungary of Irene Biller's mother just as Irene completed successful tests for rôles with both Fox and Columbia, but she hopped a plane and sped East to catch a ship that would carry her to her mater's bier . . . all the way from Moscow comes a container of rare goldfish consigned to Director Richard Boleslavsky . . . yes, the gift of an admirer . . . Lewis Stone is outfitting his newly-acquired schooner, *Aurora*, for a six months' cruise around the Horn with stopovers in Colombia, Peru, Chile and the Argentine . . . . golden-haired Madeline Carroll has deserted the London stage to try her luck in Hollywood . . . and landed here with eighteen trunks, twenty-three pieces of hand luggage and a burning desire to go shopping . . . London producers are starring our own Anna May Wong in *Chu Chin Chow* and *Java Head*, and there's a possibility that this Hollywood-born Oriental lass will go to China for a talkie . . . the Joe E. Browns are studying maps with a Spring tour of the Orient in mind . . . Polly Moran and hubby Martin Malone are planning a European jaunt on which Polly will do personal appearances . . . and to be sure, they'll take time out to drop over to Ireland and kiss the blarney stone . . . Bill Haines is off for Europe, where he'll spend six months picking up knick-knacks for his antique shop . . . and do an English picture on the side.

National

MARY BRIAN airplaned to New York to glimpse the Broadway production of *Men In White*, in which she'll star in Henry Duffy's Hollywood theatre . . . Bridegroom Ricardo Cortez has taken his wealthy wife, the former Christine Lee, to New York to meet his ma and pa. Then they'll go on to Danbury, Conn., to say "hello" to the bride's folks



Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby are chummy in We're Not Dressing, his latest for Paramount

The lowdown on latest Cinemaland events and doings of the stars

Lee Is Forgiven!

TALKIE PRODUCERS have planted a figurative kiss on the brow of Lee Tracy, and all is once more serene along the celluloid battle-front.

Universal has purchased an original newspaper story by Lincoln Quarberg, crack reporter, and another week will find Filmdom's bad boy again perspiring beneath the kleigs. Quarberg authored the opus under the title of *Where's Brown?* but Carl Laemmle has retitled it *I'll Tell the World*.

Lee's salary for the *I'll Tell the World* rôle will total $60,000, a considerable boost over previous earnings.

Mae's Star On Wane?

IF ONE is to believe an executive high in Paramount's councils, glamorous Mae West, talkie sensation of the age, will make but one more picture for the organization that lifted her from the footlights into a $100,000-a-picture celluloid berth.

Mae's initial screen starring vehicle, *She Done Him Wrong*, smashed box-office records everywhere, but her second, *I'm No Angel*, failed to drag an equal flow of gold into exhibitors' pockets.

Severance of relations with Paramount, however, doesn't mean that Mae is washed up in the movies. Practically every other major company is eager to get "Diamond Lil" if only for a single rôle.

Just A Lover's Spat

GRETA GARBO would have been Mrs. Rouben Mamoulian ere this had it not been for a lovers' quarrel that sent Greta to the desert to seek solace from an aching heart, while the director courted forgetfulness by journeying to New York to inspect plays.

The romance between the illustrious Greta and the fellow who sent her through her paces in *Queen Christina* is by no means at an end, however, if you are to take the word of their many friends.

Greta, they will tell you, is really in love for the first time since her big affair with John Gilbert went into the refrigerator, and when Rouben returns to Hollywood, everything is going to be swell again.

John's Fourth Ended?

IT LOOKS as if the break between John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, his No. 4 bride, is to be permanent.

HOLLYWOOD

Virginia and the baby continue to make their home with Virginia's parents, where they sought shelter when the young mother packed her duds and slammed the door of her honeymoon bungalow behind her.

While John, given a comeback chance with Greta in *Queen Christina*, and a new long-term contract as well, is battling Metro in the courts on the ground that the studio hasn't done right by him, Virginia is listening to offers from producers who are convinced that she is starring material.

Marlene Moves Again

MARLENE DIETRICH has taken a long lease on Colleen Moore's elaborate estate in Bel-Air, and has already assumed occupancy along with little Maria, her three armed guards and innumerable servants.

There is a possibility that Marlene will purchase the property before the expiration of the agreement. The mansion has been a white elephant on Colleen's hands ever since her marriage to Al Scott, young New York broker, and over whose Eastern mansion she presides as mistress when between pictures.

Jean's New Fight

HERMAN A. KOCH, public administrator of Sacramento County, California, has lost the suit through which he sought to grab control of the entire estate of Paul Bern, Jean Harlow's deceased second husband.

It was in Sacramento County that Dorothy Millette, who had preceded Jean in Bern's affections, drowned herself a few days after Bern's death. Jean based her defensive campaign on the ground that Bern and Miss Millette never were married.

Doug's New Troubles

HOLLYWOOD INTIMATES of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., are positive the veteran star will ignore the dragging of his name into Lord Ashley's London divorce suit.

While the friendship between Lady Ashley and Fairbanks peer has been blooming for more than three years, there is little likelihood of a marriage for the commoner who won a seat with the nobility and the ertswhile husband of Mary Pickford.

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. . . Eddie Cantor has served notice he'll resign as NRA amusement authority if the subcommittee revises the chorus girls' pay schedule . . . Will Rogers is back after an airplane jaunt to Washington . . . but he's not wisecracking about Congress because that new Fox contract won't permit him to poke fun at the lawmakers any more . . . Rita La Roy will try the footlights in Gotham after completing her work in Columbia's *Whirlpool* . . . the Jimmy Cagneys have gone Carmel to such an extent that they've acquired a bungalow in the Northern art colony . . . when Robert Young and Elizabeth Henderson got married, it took all their spare change to furnish a Beverly Hills abode, then came the expense of the baby's arrival . . . but now they've had a breathing spell on outgo, and they're planning a belated Honolulu visit.



Hollywood's latest rave is Shirley Temple, four-year-old who is believed a real find. You'll see her in Stand Up and Cheer

George White's *Scandals* won her a seat with the mighty, Fay Webb, still Rudy's legal Mrs., isn't being left out in the cold.

Alice has been assigned the sweetheart rôle with Spencer Tracy in *Now I'll Tell*, story of the late Gambler Rothstein's career. Producer White, heading back to Broadway to prepare a new stage edition of his *Scandals* for presentation in the big town, has offered Fay one of the principal parts.

Meanwhile, Fay and Rudy are enjoying a breathing spell in their New York and Los Angeles legal campaigns.

Romance

THERE'S A POSSIBILITY that Charles (Buddy) Rogers will wed Dorothy Flood, *Follies'* beauty . . . which should put an end to all that talk about Buddy and Mary Pickford . . . that Shirley Grey-Matty Kemp affair continues to bloom . . . and Sam Coslow can hardly wait until his divorce becomes final so he can wed gorgeous Esther Muir . . . Winslow Felix, wealthy auto dealer, finds it difficult to get a date with Lois Wilson now that Richard Dix is a semi-free agent . . . little Mary Korman, *Our Gang* graduate, is displaying plenty of interest in Leo Tover . . . Heather Angel steps

Chaplin Sheds Tears

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S pictures may serve to make other folks laugh, but Charlie occasionally goes to a theatre for a good cry. Escorting his two young sons to view Metro's *Eskimo*, the comedian shed copious tears as the film was unreeled on the screen.

As a matter of fact, few of the talkie stars who have seen the epic of the North have departed with dry handkerchiefs.

Doug, Jr., Altarbound

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., will middle-aisle it with Gertrude Lawrence, British stage star, late in May, according to a letter from Junior, who is now with his fiancée in London. A big diamond solitaire, the gift of Doug, already decorates the third finger of her left hand.

If Hollywood producers have their way, Doug and his bride will honeymoon in California, for, since viewing the English-made *Catherine the Great*, American studio heads are putting in long hours seeking possible vehicles for the son of Filmdom's royal-family-that-was.



Charles Bickford and Raquel Torres have been making pictures in England which will be distributed in America by United Artists. This is a scene from* Red Wagon, *a circus story

out with Russell Gleason . . . the Don Alvarado-Marilyn Miller romance is colder than an Arctic night . . . and it's a famous tennis player who now draws the dancer's smiles . . . Rochelle Hudson gets three-page telegrams from Barry Trivers . . . Director W. S. Van Dyke used to play the field, but now he has eyes only for Muriel Evans . . . Mitzi Green is growing up . . . at least, she dines and dances with Junior Durkin sans chaperon . . . Sally O'Neil airwayed it to New York to see Tommy Guinan . . . and don't be too surprised if you hear of their marriage . . . Lois January and Freddie Harris are carrying on . . . Russ Colombo continues to keep Sally Blane supplied with orchids . . . and there's no let-up in the Spencer Tracy-Loretta Young affair . . . Lillian Bond seems to have a strangle hold on Sidney Smith, who used to belong to Lily Damita . . . the Jack LaRue-Ida Lupino fire has been extinguished, and Margaret Lucille again decorates Jack's arm at social functions . . . Muriel Kirkland and Leeward Meeker are gazing at each other across night club tables . . . Gloria Shea has an impetuous swain who serenades her at 5 A. M., much to the discomfiture of neighbors trying to grab a bit of slumber . . . Irene Lee and Frank Davis are that way . . . Diana Wynyard and Gordon Westcott weren't glowing in a romantic way, but there's a certain brunette who seems to interest Gordon . . . just in case Diana cares . . . Mae West's brother, Jack, is agog over Mae's friend, Ethel Sykes, who quit the stage

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In *Catherine the Great*, young Fairbanks completely spanned the gap between leading man and stellar rôles.

A Smile Her Reply

JOAN CRAWFORD floats her sweetest smile when queried as to the date of her marriage to Franchot Tone, who again will play opposite her in *Pretty Sadie McKee*. Unlike her ex-mate, Crawford just isn't admitting anything.

But those of us who know the real Joan doubt that she will permit Doug to reach the altar first. In fact, there are some who are wagering Joan and Franchot will visit Yuma or some other Arizona or Nevada town the minute that Los Angeles judge scribbles his name on her final decree.

Won By an Orchid

WHAT WAS FOR months and months the hottest romance in this man's town has now cooled to the tepid state, with every indication that Cupid will cart it off to the ice box. Lola Lane and Al Hall originally set January as the month for their nuptials, then the date was moved back to February, and now—well, Lola and Al agree that there's nothing definite.

The other day I saw Lew Ayres' ex-wife lunching with Sally Eilers and Mrs. Al Rogell, with Lola proudly exhibiting a whole hothouse of orchids.

And they weren't sent by Al Hall, either!

Molly is Puzzled

IT WAS only a few years ago that Molly O'Day, sister of Sally O'Neil, dropped from the cinematic horizon because of excess weight after doing a magnificent portrayal opposite Richard Barthelmess in *The Patent Leather Kid*. In other words, Molly was fat—FAT—and just couldn't seem to reduce. Casting office doors slammed in her face just as she stood on the brink of stardom.

A hundred male eyes glanced up from luncheon tables in the Brown Derby the other day when a lovely, slim girl breezed into the eatery. Suddenly, the air was alive with news that Molly O'Day was back, thirty pounds thinner. And while the weight was disappearing, Molly gained two inches in height. It's all a mystery to Molly!

Kay Steps Out

THE GOSSIPS are trying hard to frame a romance between Kay Francis and Maurice Chevalier, basing their whisperings on the fact that they have been seen together frequently since Kay returned from the Eastern trip that resulted in the collapse of her marriage to Kenneth MacKenna.

Maurice, however, is not without a rival for Kay's companionship. None other than Count Alfredo Carpegna provides the fly in the Frenchman's ointment.

In her action for divorce, filed in Los Angeles, Kay charged MacKenna with having criticized her clothes.

Sally's Heart Throb

SALLY RAND, the little girl who started life with an ambition to be a missionary among the heathens and who ended up by electrifying the world with her fan dance, has been engaged to Charles Mayon, a vaudeville actor, for four years.

Sally's secret might have remained locked in her heart until their wedding, planned for the coming Fall, had not "Chizzy" as she calls her fiancé, fallen victim to a serious stomach ailment. When Mayon was sent to a Hollywood hospital, Sally went along, and for five weeks occupied an adjoining room that she might be near him.

When he was stricken, Mayon was serving as assistant to LeRoy Prinz, Paramount's dance director.

It's the New Deal!

MAYBE THE CHANGED political and economic set-up of the nation is responsible, or perhaps it's just because the gals have wearied of that constant round of cocktail parties and dinner dances, but whatever the cause, there's a heavy rush of débutantes into talkie extra ranks these days.

Winnie Flint, daughter of Amos P. Flint, wealthy president of the Corn Products Corporation, is the newest recruit, having deserted her seat among Chicago's élite for a berth as a Paramount chorus girl.

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Oh, to be a cowboy if the cowgirls are like Iris Shunn as she appears in Stand Up and Cheer



—Don English

"Sex is essentially neither wicked nor dangerous," says Marlene Dietrich. "Rightly used, it can be a great constructive force"

YOU

by MARLENE DIETRICH

WHAT IS SEX APPEAL?

Is it the excitement of amorous passion in men?

Is it the unconscious charm exercised by every beautiful woman?

Is it as dangerous to those who possess it as to those who come under its fatal influence?

Can a woman exert this extraordinary power over men without being labelled "a bad lot"; "no better than she ought to be"; "a scarlet sister"; "a loose woman"; "a lady of no reputation"; and all the other time-worn tags which the more circumspect of her sex have thought fit to hurl at her through the centuries?

My screen past should certainly qualify me to express an opinion on this much debated question. For invariably I have been cast either as a callous little "gold-digger"; a woman of the streets living by my wits; a "lady of the town" beguiling and hoodwinking good men and true from the straight and narrow path; a notorious night club queen, or the vamp *de luxe* exulting in her feminine fascination.

Yet so fraught with misunderstanding is the subject of sex that it is almost impossible to disentangle it from the substratum of half-truths and stupid mis-statement that surrounds it.

Sex is essentially neither wicked nor dangerous. It is only the evil-minded who see in it a hideous and horrible menace. Their viewpoint is probably clouded and distorted by some of these subconscious repressions and hidden complexes we hear so much about.

Rightly used, sex can be a great constructive force, and if in the films in which I have appeared it is shown in a discreditable light, that is an indictment of the civilization that has misused it, not of sex itself.

● After all, sex is the dominating factor of our lives. It brought us into the world. It underlies most of our actions, and certainly all our emotions, such as the love of parents for their children and their astounding indifference towards them when they have ceased to care for one another; it is the motive force of awakening adolescence with its blissful dreams.

In a sublimated form, it is responsible for the promptings of our pity and sympathy for dumb animals, for little children, for the halt, the maimed, the crippled; for the blind hero-worship the young girl feels for the adventurous athlete; for the protective male instinct for the damsel in distress and the glow of satisfaction he experiences when he discerns the adoration in her eyes.

All these things are purely physical—as physical as the love that Othello felt for Desdemona, and she for him. Shakespeare summed up their fundamental attraction for each other in the words—

> *She loved me for the things that I had done:*
> *I loved her that she did pity me.*

● It is only when the little green god of jealousy steps in that ugly passions are aroused and stark tragedy rears its head, as in the case of the unhappy, half-crazed Moor.

But sex appeal is not confined to these great figures of the drama. It is rampant among all sorts of unimportant people, not least among the boys and girls of today. And, believe me, sex appeal can be most devastating of all when wielded by the very young!

For incredible as it may seem sex appeal is not confined to hard-boiled men and women of the world. It can be detected even from the earliest years. You either have it or not, as the case may be. Only very occasionally can it be acquired, and then—like most other hothouse growths—it is never as strong and forceful as the native variety.

A person born with sex appeal is noticeable for his or her self-assurance, self-confidence, self-respect, if you like. One feels right with one's self, in tune with the universe, at one with God.

Yes, the vitality that fairly oozes out from these highly temperamental people, and stirs a corresponding excitement in all those who come in contact with them, is spiritual in essence. It has something to do with innocence—the sort of passionate innocence that betrayed me as the hapless *Lili* in *Song of Songs* into giving my heart into the keeping of the worthless young sculptor.

How often is this magnanimous gesture mistaken for a baser motive?

Have Sex Appeal!

You may call it something else, says glamorous Marlene Dietrich, but it's there just the same



When this natural impulsiveness is combined with beauty and charm, it is irresistible. It is so powerful, so magnetic, that it can make old age and middle age feel young again. It can make youth itself aware that it is alive, and that life, above all else, is worth living.

Can you blame youth for wanting to experience these delightful sensations? Can you deny the boys and girls of today their desire to experience all that life has to offer? Would you withhold from them the rapture and joy of their new-found freedom?

The hunger for romance is a very real phenomenon, and the moving picture seems to assuage, in some degree, this universal craving. It is really rather pathetic when one comes to think about it. I suppose it is because the cinema has come to symbolize for most of us all that is young and vital, charming and romantic. Its constellation of stars scintillate across the screen heavens, and represent romance in a remote yet tangible form.

● Because of its commercial possibilities, film producers have exploited sex-appeal to the *nth* degree.

Soft-focus bathroom scenes and indiscreet bedroom episodes are a common feature of the movies. There is no end to the suspicious circumstances in which the heroine is persuaded to part with her virtue and her modesty. The fertility of the film fraternity in inventing variations on this theme presents an intricate problem for solution by the star who is wholeheartedly sincere about her work. For only the scissors of the film censors can save the reputation of an actress who has once consented to enact these celluloid Delilahs, or to appear in rôles of questionable taste.

I am not exactly prudish. I believe that sex is the biggest thing in life. Without it the world would come to an end. But I realize that it is artistic suicide for an actress to become a slave to one type of characterization.

No actress worthy of the name wants to be cast as a beautiful "clothes-horse"—a peg on which to hang a hackneyed love-tale and some sentimental "close-ups."

Incidentally, if you ask a cameraman, or "close-up" expert, to define sex appeal, he will probably tell you that it is "a face with good camera angles."

Conscious as I am of the enormous debt I owe to my cameraman, I beg to differ from that definition.

Sex appeal is, I think, an infinite capacity for living, a *joie de vivre*, an enthusiasm, an eagerness for the chase, of the hunter for the hunted.

In a single word, "Sincerity."

Is sex appeal the unconscious charm exercised by beautiful women such as Dorothy Dell?

MOTHER CLARA

Clara Bow, Filmdom's hottest mamma, earns her real title in a way you'd least expect!

by DORA ALBERT

As The "Brooklyn bonfire," Clara Bow blazed her way to fame. As the "It" girl, her name became synonymous with sex appeal the world over. Possibly more widely publicized than any other star, Clara's screen career became a succession of labels—all of them descriptive and not a few of them libelous.

For the real Clara Bow is not the madcap personality created by press and public. As a matter of fact, Hollywood's hotcha baby would rather croon a lullaby than a torch song. It all goes back to the somewhat drab days of Clara's youth—to a hungering, poignant desire for mother love that was never quite wholly satisfied. And that same childish hunger, long repressed, has developed in the mature Clara maternal instincts that will not be denied.

Hollywood scoffs at the idea of the "It" girl with a mother complex. Other stars might wax maternal—granted; but not Hollywood's hoyden and erstwhile queen of the flappers. The idea is too, too bizarre.

That is why filmdom, scenting a publicity stunt, snickered when Clara brought her twin ten-year-old cousins from Brooklyn to Hollywood to make their home with her.

"Mamma Now" shrieked the headlines over a picture of Clara, and took care to enclose the word *mamma* in quotation marks. "Not to be out-done," the article read, "by other stars who have adopted a baby, Clara Bow is taking on two 10-year-old cousins. Trust Clara Bow to go the others one better. They adopt one baby and she takes on two."

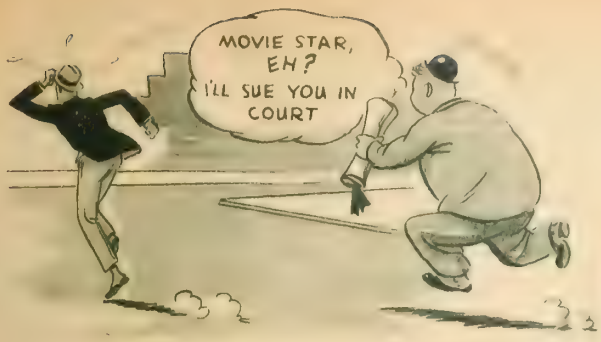


Johnny, Clara, Lilian and Rex Bell, truly Hollywood's happiest family

● When the two children quarreled, as children will, and Lillian became homesick and wanted to go back to her home in Brooklyn, the papers again jeered at Clara. Many of the newspapers ignored the fact that Johnny said he wanted to stay forever with his famous cousin and that he wouldn't go home on a bet.

This cloud of cynicism is based entirely on misunderstanding. When Clara brought these two children with her to Hollywood, she didn't do it to keep up with the other stars. Passionate, maternal, uncalculating, she is emotionally incapable of doing anything simply to compete with anyone else. This was not even an adoption in the ordinary sense of the

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Victor Jory is introduced to that quaint Hollywood custom, suing stars

by DOROTHY SPENSLEY

I'LL BE SUING YOU!

For Victor Jory it never rains but it pours. And when it pours, it pours law suits.

Tall, white-toothed, brown-skined Jory, all-around athlete, actor and adventurer, was recently signed to a Fox Films contract. The next day there was a shower of law suits that made the Biblical flood look like the drip of a leaky hydrant.

To say that Jory was bewildered, is putting it mildly. There were threats of garnishment to the right of him; liens to the left of him; honest debts front and center. Strange men suddenly began waving warrants at him. Sheriff's helpers shoved legal documents upon him. Jory's name had gone up in lights and the legal deluge was on.

It was all very embarrassing to the genial Jory who found himself catapulted overnight into the prettiest legal storm that has threatened any Hollywood actor, newly in the money. Matters developed to the point where it became a favorite morning sport at the Jory bungalow in Pasadena for the two Jeans, wife and three-year-old daughter, to watch daddy do his marathon to the garage, jump into the car and run the gauntlet of a waiting file of process servers. One morning Jory almost ran over a fellow who thrust a paper under his nose. Fortunately he missed him—otherwise there might have been still another suit.

Jory didn't mind the legitimate debts. The ones that, as a struggling, underpaid stock company actor (he's played in practically every city of size in the United States), he had accumulated, even as the rest of us do. Doctors' bills and dental bills were taken care of promptly, as soon as the film company's currency began to swell the Jory coffers.

● The other bills were the ones that gave him the most concern. They took his time, his patience, his attorney's time. Like weevils they ate into his mind at a moment when he was straining every effort to give his best attention to his new contract. Many of the suits dated back four and five years. He had to rack his brain to think of circumstances surrounding almost forgotten events. The statute of limitations does not apply to a roving actor.

He took his troubles to his boyhood pal in Pasadena, John Ruskin Lane, now a successful young attorney. Together they threshed over the claims.

Jory wrinkled his brow at a judgment for $167 granted by default, that had come through the mail. A tailor? For a suit? He couldn't think of any such debt. Then he remembered. In an Eastern city, some five years previous, a friendly tailor, pleased at the amount of business Jory had brought to his shop (it amounted to something like $3,000), had made him a present of any suit in the house. Jory had picked a flannel ensemble, light trousers and dark coat. The price was $115, but the tailor had

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Will Rogers snapped in a characteristic pose while at lunch on the David Harum *set*



—*Acme*

Bad news for gangsters! Mae West recently spent some time on the Los Angeles police target range learning how to operate a machine gun



Perhaps you've never seen these faces just this way before but you'll remember the names—they are Rudy Vallée, Jimmy Durante and Cliff Edwards as they appear in a sequence of the Scandals



Clark Gable returns to Hollywood after a vacation in New York—his first visit to Gotham in years

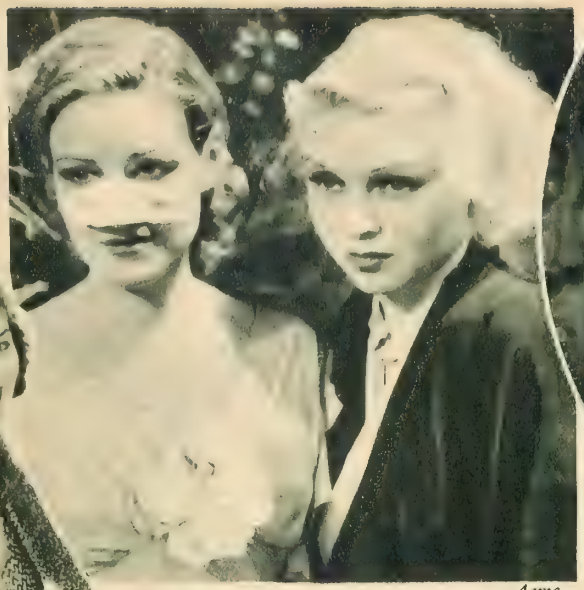


—*Acme*

Jeanette MacDonald bade Maurice Chevalier an affectionate farewell after signing to film Merry Widow *with him. He says they never quarreled*



Pat Daly, Edna May Jones and Marcia Sweet, who decorate this panel, also decorate the chorus of George White's Scandals



—Acme

Mary Tom Blackwood was accidentally kicked by Toby Wing while filming* Come On Marines; *then Toby saved her from drowning



—Elmer Fryer

Eddie, Jr., and his famous daddy, Edward G. Robinson take the air on one of those well-known sunny California days. Eddie, Sr., pays strict attention to words of wisdom from his husky youngster



Dorothy Dell uses a trick seal on her letters which discolors the envelope if water or steam is used in attempting to open it



—Scotty Welbourne

***Ruby Keeler and Hubby Al Jolson enjoy a vacation at the El Mirador hotel, Palm Springs. Ruby recently started work in* Dames *and Al is on the radio following completion of* Wonderbar



—Clarence Sinclair Bull

***Diana Wynyard has returned to Hollywood following a New York stage appearance and, after a rest, started work on* Dover Road**



Will Rogers snapped in a characteristic pose while at lunch on the David Harum set



—Acme

Bad news for gangsters! Mae West recently spent some time on the Los Angeles police target range learning how to operate a machine gun

HOLLYWOOD NEWS IN PICTURES

Filmdom's ace cameramen present the month's film news and gossip of Cinema-land



Clark Gable returns to Hollywood after a vacation in New York—his first visit to Gotham in years



Perhaps you've never seen these faces just this way before but you'll remember the names—they are Rudy Vallée, Jimmy Durante and Cliff Edwards as they appear in a sequence of the Scandals

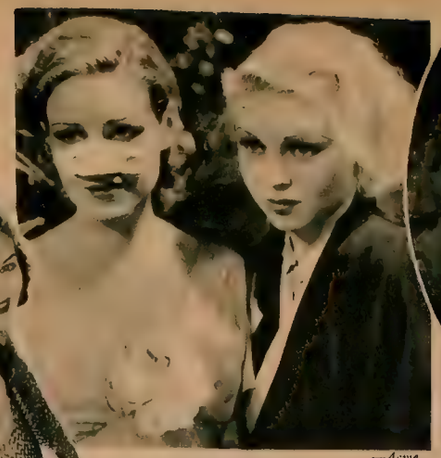


—Acme

Jeanette MacDonald bade Maurice Chevalier an affectionate farewell after signing to film Merry Widow with him. He says they never quarreled



Pat Daly, Edna May Jones and Marcia Sweet, who decorate this panel, also decorate the chorus of George White's Scandals



—Acme

Mary Tom Blackwood was accidentally kicked by Toby Wing while filming Come On Marines; then Toby saved her from drowning



Dorothy Dell uses a trick seal on her letters which discolors the envelope if water or steam is used in attempting to open it



—Scotty Welbourne

Ruby Keeler and Hubby Al Jolson enjoy a vacation at the El Mirador hotel, Palm Springs. Ruby recently started work in Dames and Al is on the radio following completion of Wonderbar



—Elmer Fryer

Eddie, Jr., and his famous daddy, Edward G. Robinson take the air on one of those well-known sunny California days. Eddie, Sr., pays strict attention to words of wisdom from his husky youngster



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LANNY ROSS, RADIO'S FAVORITE TENOR, BECOMES FILMDOM'S

NEW HEART THROB



by JERRY LANE

IF YOU ARE one of the millions who have thrilled to the voice of Lanny Ross on the "Showboat" radio program, just rest assured you can go right on thrilling. In fact, you'll probably tingle a lot more when he comes to the screen for the first time in *Melody in Spring*.

Six feet, two; eyes of blue. Or maybe they are gray. At any rate, he's the biggest romantic threat to arrive in town since Cupid threw the lariat around Gary Cooper and Joel McCrea. Lanny is twenty-eight, unmarried, and admittedly a bit shy of women. Imagine that in a tenor! Those are a few of the details. There are others even more significant.

He has practically sung his way through life—but not for a minute did he intend to make singing his career. Not even after that auspicious—and quite unexpected—début on the train going to Victoria, B. C., from his native city, Seattle. Lanny had lost his money. Which is a sort of scary predicament for a seven-year-old to be in especially when he is hungry and traveling alone. Lanny looked out the window and pondered deeply. Then he spoke hesitantly to the big man across from him.

"Do you think the people would mind, sir, if I sang for my supper?"

Mind? He stood there in the middle of the aisle and solemnly sang *Auld Lang Syne* with only the click of the rails for accompaniment and they wouldn't let him go. They applauded until the coach echoed—and a surprising number of coins jingled in his pocket.

● Music was in the air most of Lanny's young life. His mother was Pavlowa's accompanist. Brilliant, beautiful and bent upon giving the boy a thorough musical training. His father, Douglas Ross, appeared with the Ben Greet company in Shakespearian plays. Altogether, Lanny's background had a distinct international flavor and plenty of variation.

When he was ten he joined the famous St. John the Divine's boy choir in New York. It served also as a distinguished military training school for the youngsters so that they were armed with something besides hymnals! The vested "cherubs" the church knew on Sundays became lusty young militants during the week. Once Lanny overheard an enthusiastic lady call him "precious angel" as he filed in for the service. The "angel" scowled darkly—and there was the wild ripping of a hymn book. The leading boy soprano sang strange words that day.

If Destiny had pointed with an arrow, Lanny Ross could not have gone straighter up the road to success. Sensational success with his voice. He had, of course, meant to travel by another road. A dignified musty one marked "law." But fate will have its little joke. It had an extra chuckle the time he picked up the Taft Prep school's year book and saw himself tagged as a future "song and dance" man.

He had gone there on a hard-won scholarship at fifteen. What Lanny lacked in money he had a way of making up in work.

Please turn to page sixty-four

HOLLYWOOD

Even Kay Francis' dearest friends knew nothing of the beautiful secret she has kept for years!



The Untold Story of KAY'S SECRET MARRIAGE!

by BORIS NICHOLAI

FOR YEARS KAY FRANCIS has successfully concealed the fact that once she was secretly married to one of our country's most prominent men. Only her recent divorce from Kenneth MacKenna revealed the information.

When only nineteen years of age Katharine Gibbs (Kay Francis' real name) had already tasted two years happiness and discontent with her first husband, Dwight Francis.

Kay was packing, Kay was singing; for those trunks would soon be aboard a ship sailing to Europe where, in Paris, Mrs. Dwight Francis would become Kay Gibbs.

And then the doorbell rang!

"Mrs. Francis, may I present Mr. Gaston?" a friend was calling to bid her bon voyage but in that hasty introduction this friend had stopped Kay's heart.

A moment before Kay had been happy in the anticipation of divorcing the last man on earth who would ever tie her down. And now this introduction! What good is freedom to a woman in love? And that moment Kay Gibbs-Francis knew she was in love again with the man to whom she had just been introduced.

William B. Gaston was a member of the Boston Bar Association. Tall; he weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds. He had been a Harvard athlete and even now was a great exponent in the art of boxing. His ruddy complexion bespoke excellent health. Truly here was a man with whom Kay believed she could be happy.

But the trunks were packed. Kay sailed for Europe.

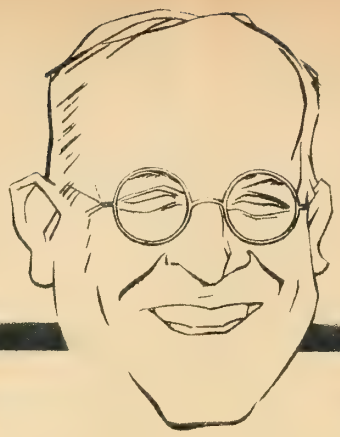
In Paris, the tall, dark Kay idled many happy hours awaiting the conclusion of her action in favor of freedom against Dwight Francis. And then William Gaston again entered her life.

He arrived in Europe for a business trip. Now and then she saw him in the art galleries and at the opera. Quickly Kay realized that her new love not only was an athlete but had that incomparable balance of a mind which also understood and appreciated fine paintings and excellent music. He was a great collector of rare books and first editions. And in America, I have been told, there are few libraries which excel the uncommon and out of print volumes which his book shelves hold.

Mrs. Kay Gibbs-Francis returned to the United States on the same boat with William B. Gaston. Fate seemed forcing them closer to each other. Before the ship had docked once more in his own land this Boston blue blood, whose name could be found listed among

Please turn to page fifty-eight

Harry Carr, noted film authority, who offers his views on the movies in this magazine monthly



HARRY SHOOTING

by Harry Carr



Dale Dee—sounds like some of the musical words one uses when the words of a song are forgotten—is one of the reasons why musical pictures continue in favor. She will be seen in Stand Up and Cheer

I HAVE READ more "inside versions" of the collapse of America's greatest romance than there are outsides to one of these telescoped Chinese dolls.

The real truth is that this tragedy can be laid to a rebellious tummy that gave Mary headaches. Headaches that kept her in the hotels in Europe while Douglas had to wander around the streets alone without a pal. The next time Douglas wanted to go traveling, Mary wouldn't go. Chagrined, Douglas went alone.

—*Clarence Hewitt*

Harry Carr predicts an early end to the costume picture vogue but in the meantime Constance Bennett is expected to score heavily in* The Firebrand *in which she is appearing with Fredric March for Twentieth Century

Mary, equally chagrined that he would go without her, began going to parties in Hollywood for the first time in her life. Safety first, she picked out as an escort, young Buddy Rogers—too young, she thought, to make gossip; but that showed how much Mary knew about gossip. From then on . . . Oh! Oh!

When Doug Comes Home

DOUGLAS is coming home again. He has no intention of living in Europe—despite all reports.

His friends out here have a plan that they hope he will follow; and I hope so too as it might save him. They want him to throw open his ranch in the San Dieguito Valley—half way to San Diego—for a big, three-day old-fashioned California barbecue; invite in all the neighbors and have some of his old roughneck pals like Jack Dempsey and Bull Montana as co-hosts. And see to it that not a single lord, duke, emperor or king is invited.

Douglas' friends have a funny defense against this snob stuff that has brought him so much grief. They say he seldom invited them; they just walked in; moved up a chair and began to eat.

Stop Press Bulletin

THE MOST exciting information I have received for some time is that Joan Crawford's mad moment—Franchot Tone—has eye brows that curl two ways at once. At the moment, I can't think of anything that can be done about it.

The truth is however—in spite of silly stories—Tone is a Cornell graduate and quite a boy. He says, among other things, that he is tired of continually being labeled a "gentleman."

John Barrymore

NEXT to myself, John Barrymore has the most violent case of Mexican fever I know of. We have become such a bore to our friends that John has invited me to go down on his yacht to Guaymas on the West Coast where we can sink ourselves in hot chili and Mexican music. Acting has become for John

CARR'S SCRIPT

Filmdom's favorite critic and screen writer offers his sparkling, keen-edged discussion of current movie topics

just one of the ways that a fellow makes a living. He started out to be a newspaper artist and in the innermost recesses of his soul he is still a newspaper man. John says that the only folks he really admires in the movies are the newsreel cameramen.

Why Didn't They?

WHEN PARAMOUNT put on that really interesting and touching little picture, *Eight Girls in a Boat*, why didn't they teach them how to row? For me it marred an otherwise fine picture.

The whole point of the story was built on the iron discipline that the girl rowing crew had to endure in order to turn out a winning crew. And then when they rowed, some of them faltered; some didn't. Their oars didn't keep time and they made the boat go at the pace of a tired snail.

My Error

I MADE another blunder. I complimented the producers on the little half-Japanese-half-French girl who played the lead in *Eskimo* and on the work of Anna May Wong's little sister Ying as the Eskimo girl who was shot in the picture.

"Hey!" they cried. "Nothing of that for the luva mike; those actors were all Eskimos and if you don't believe it, read our advertisements."

It didn't detract from my enjoyment of that splendid and thrilling story to know that all the natives were not living adornments of an iceberg. In some ways it was the best picture I have ever seen. The whale hunt, the caribou drive, the walrus hunt were simply gorgeous. The director, W. S. Van Dyke, is the most successful man who ever tried that kind of spectacle.

The Grand Old Man

LEWIS STONE gives the best performance of the whole cast in Garbo's *Queen Christina*. And he usually does. I have known him for so many years that they would have to be counted on an adding machine. I have known him since he was playing leads in a stock company theatre on Main street in Los Angeles. But I have never seen him do one bad piece of acting.

High Brows and Such

I DON'T know what the world is coming to. There is a distinct possibility that Mary Pickford will become one of the great leaders of religious thought in this country. And here's Francis Lederer not being able to get much interested in motion picture acting because all of his time is taken up in sending forth anguished cries for world peace. Lederer is so much in earnest about his mission that he refuses to accept a part in war plays. I hope he converts all the other actors; then I will not have to look at any more war plays. My gosh, how I am fed up on war plays!

Why, Lupe!

I DON'T KNOW whether or not this means anything; but the last time that her beloved Johnny got mad and dashed out of her Beverly Hills house, Lupe Velez came whooping out after him and as long as she could, kept yelling, "Papa, Papa! Come back to me, Papa."

She usually yells Johnny after him. Life is never monotonous for the neighbors who live around Guadalupe's mansion.

Please turn to page sixty-one



Elmer Fryer

***Saucy Alice White is rapidly progressing again to the exalted position she once held in the cinema. She was loaned by Universal to Warners for* Jimmy the Gent *and* A Very Honorable Guy**



They jeered when he sat down to play the piano—and continued to jeer as poor Jimmy Dunn played. We suspect it is all in fun, however—a bit of innocent diversion between scenes on the* Stand Up and Cheer *set



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SAY WHAT YOU WILL, ROGER HAS

PRYOR RIGHTS to FAME!

by CLARK WARREN

A FASTER, BREEZIER wise cracker than Arthur Pryor's boy, Roger, never stepped on Hollywood soil. Son of the famous bandmaster and composer, he was certainly born with Pryor rights to fame, but never let it get him down.

When he started learning to play the trombone at a tender age perhaps he counted on his father's prestige to protect him, but when he traded his slide horn for a pair of creased trousers and a purple tie and joined a stock company he was standing squarely on his own feet.

At sixteen he was making plans to go to college, but the family doctor told him he had a weak spine and would never be able to play football. So Roger turned his back on higher education and went on the stage, playing one-night stands in a hundred eastern towns.

● Pretty soon he got to Broadway in the male lead of *The Back Slapper.* Followed *Paid, The Sea Woman, Saturday's Children, Royal Family of Broadway, The Front Page, See Naples and Die, Up Pops the Devil, Blessed Event, Always Juliet* and *Riddle Me This.* Then Hollywood called and Roger listened.

Moonlight and Pretzels was his first picture and brought him a long-term Universal contract. His second was *I Like It That Way* and now he's making *If I Were Rich.*

Young Mr. Pryor is a pretty serious sort of chap. He likes to read good books, enjoys and plays good music (he can make pleasant sounds on half a dozen different instruments) and dotes on modernistic art. By all the standards of Hollywood that would be called highbrow, but Roger doesn't mind what he's called as long as he's called in time for breakfast.

Some actors may never know what oatmeal looks like until they are past fifty—but not Pryor. He rises every morning about six, studiously performs his setting-up

Please turn to page fifty-nine



"If you think trombone playing is funny," says Roger Pryor, "you've never had the neighbors tossing flatirons at you"

Hollywood's Pattern Service Offers Two Patterns of the

STAR'S FAVORITE STYLES

Bring Chic to Your Wardrobe With These Smart New Models



661



Gail Patrick's new beach pajamas are simple in pattern and made of red and white checkered gingham



Patricia Ellis' latest frock is attractive in silk crêpe, lightweight jersey, light wool crêpe, crash linen or pique



659

Popular young screen girls set style with new spring and summer models. If you like them you can have these identical patterns for your own use

HOLLYWOOD PATTERN DEPT.,
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed ..... send me:

Gail Patrick's pajama pattern No. 661 ..... Size .....

Patricia Ellis' frock pattern No. 659 ..... Size .....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.

With The Approach of spring and summer, styles of stars again turn to warm weather motifs.

Gail Patrick, Paramount player, is ready for the beach with pajamas of red and white checkered gingham. You can have the same style by ordering pattern No. 661. It may be obtained in sizes 14, 16 or 18 years, or in 36-, 38- and 40-inch bust sizes.

Patricia Ellis, Warner Brothers player, suggests a frock which is attractive in many different fabrics, such as silk crêpe, lightweight jersey, light wool crêpe, crash linen and pique. You may have this model by ordering pattern No. 659. It is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years and 36-, 38- and 40-inch bust sizes. Address orders to HOLLYWOOD Magazine, Pattern Dept., 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

CROSS-EXAMINING the STARS



Where HOLLYWOOD readers ask the stars pertinent and impertinent questions

JOAN CRAWFORD: Do you think sun-tanning is hard on the skin?

Too much of it is. Persons who live on the desert all their lives prove that. Their skin becomes parched, full of tiny wrinkles and hard. I suggest that the girl who wishes to become a sun-tanned beauty every summer, talk to her doctor and learn to go about it in a sane, healthy manner rather than in the amateur's way of throwing herself down, face up in the sun, to be scorched and coarsened beyond all bounds of beauty.

BING CROSBY: Is it true you receive over a hundred unsolicited original songs each month and never read any of them? Why?

Yes, it's true, and for three reasons. In the first place, few, if any, of these songs could ever possibly be used. Secondly, I might be accused of pirating if I later sang a similar song, and lastly. I can't read music anyway.

DICK POWELL: Do you believe in buying things on the installment plan?

Nope—personally, I think it's bad business. People find it so easy to buy luxuries that they overburden themselves with such payments. Perhaps, in many cases, the installment plan has aided people in their fight for existence, but the thing gets to be a habit in a lot of families and eventually they undertake obligations which take all the joy out of living.

PERT KELTON: Do you find it necessary to diet in order to maintain an average weight?

Naturally a certain stabilization of weight is vitally important to any actress. Their careers for a great part depend upon it. I always go on a milk diet eight days before starting a new picture. While working I eat three square meals a day and find my weight varies only slightly, if any, upon completion of the picture. This fact I attribute to the nervous energy and activity required of my screen rôles. However, the same eight-day milk diet (a quart of milk daily, and that's all) should hold good for the working girl or the busy housewife who begins to "feel" the fat coming on.

LILIAN HARVEY: How do you keep your hair so bright and lovely?

I rinse it with camomile tea, a delicate herb used a great deal in Europe as a hair rinse. I find that by applying tea, leaving it on for only a couple of seconds, and then washing it out with clear, cold water, that my hair is not only soft and lustrous but the wave stays deeper and longer.

FRANCES DEE: Is it true you and Joel McCrea are expecting a blessed event?

Yes, and we're both thrilled and excited about it. I expect to retire from the screen upon the completion of my next picture, Finishing School, *at Radio.*

WYNNE GIBSON: Have you ever been married? If so, to whom?

Yes, to John Galladet. We were divorced five years ago.

JEAN HARLOW: What is your favorite color?

Well, it's not a color—it's white, and everything I prize is just that. All my evening gowns are white; I have a white automobile, a white house furnished in white; a white dog and cat, and I never swim in anything but a white bathing suit.

ROBERT YOUNG: Are you planning to raise your little daughter to be an actress?

I haven't even thought of such a thing! All I'm hoping for right now, along with her mother, is that she will just grow and when the time comes she's the one who will probably tell me what she plans to be.

CLARA BOW: Have you adopted any new pets to take the place of "Pinky?"

Yes, I have just recently been presented with a black spider-monkey from

Please turn to page forty-nine



Wouldn't you like to ask Miriam Jordan intimate questions about herself? You may, and she'll reply on this page.
See coupon

Write Your Questions On Coupon

I should like to ask .....
..... the following question:

.....

.....

My name .....

Address .....

Mail this coupon to *The Question Editor,* HOLLYWOOD, 305 Baine Studio Bldg., Hollywood, Calif. It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page.

A TOAST TO BEAUTY





Barbara Pepper is just one of the girls who make Bottoms Up *sparkle*

FIRST SCENES FROM

BOTTOMS UP

The wine of beauty and mirth and song bubbles over in a gorgeous Fox musical



John Boles, whose magic voice is heard again, and Pat Paterson, a recent charming import from England, as they appear in the picture

HOW TO ACQUIRE SYLVIA SIDNEY'S BEAUTY PERFECTION

A famous makeup expert reveals personal beauty secrets of the stars

by MAX FACTOR



Any girl, through the use of correct makeup can acquire perfection in beauty. Sylvia Sidney, whose face is considered the most perfect photographically in Hollywood, shows how to apply lipstick correctly

JUST WHAT IS BEAUTY? Is it really only skin deep?

The cameramen of Hollywood will answer in the affirmative. They will point, particularly, to the case of Sylvia Sidney and tell you that she has the most perfect "screen" face in Hollywood. It's so wonderfully proportioned, and her skin is so clear.

Expense has nothing to do with beauty. Miss Sidney could make a gingham apron appear as if it had a place on Fifth Avenue. Many screen stars boast of wearing inexpensive frocks. It was publicized throughout the country when Mary Pickford visited the President in a $13.50 dress.

Frankly, there is no excuse for a girl to be unattractive these days.

I agree that the most crucial test of a woman's beauty is a "close-up," either on the screen or street—but particularly in the arms of the man she loves. What do *your* "close-ups" say? Is your skin soft enough to stand scrutiny? Or is it marred by blackheads and by blemishes? If this latter condition exists, the remedy is a simple one.

Very likely you have been eating heavier foods during recent months and taking far less exercise. Now the thing to do is to make a radical change in your diet. Eat fresh greens and rhubarb and cooked vegetables in double proportion to the meat you take. That is the food régime followed by at least thirty Hollywood stars whom I know.

Force yourself to drink more water than you've ever done before. Both hot and cold. And here's another very vital health tip: Go out in the sun at every opportunity and *stretch*. Raise your arms and stretch as if you were pulling yourself up on a sky rope. Be conscious of the warm rays seeping into your skin. Bask in them so that they can give you new life just as they give it to the earth. . . .

Right there you have the basic health secret of the majority of screen favorites. And these wise ladies have something in common with girls in the most out-of-the-way towns . . . *the way they care for their skin.* For by this time every daughter of Eve knows there are three creams necessary if she wants to "keep young and beautiful": Cleansing cream to melt out the dirt in a jiffy, nourishing cream, especially if your skin is dry, that works silently during the night to restore the lost bloom—or to keep it, and foundation cream to give a background to your make-up, so that it not only lasts much longer but has a smooth finished look.

● Only yesterday a letter came from one of you that made me happier than I can say. A young girl wrote: "You've given me the chance through your articles of finding myself! Oh, Mr. Factor, I can't begin to tell you how hopeless I was about my appearance. Everything seemed wrong my

Please turn to page fifty-nine

The Art of Eye Make-Up



Eyeshadow and eyebrow pencil make round eyes almond shaped. The eye on the left is normal, the right is made-up



For deepset eyes, eyeshadow should be used from the approximate center of the eyelid outward



A fine line drawn below the lashes of the lower lid and softened to a shadow enlarges small eyes. Use eyelash makeup on the upper and lower lashes

ALL HOLLYWOOD NEWS FIRST!



Especially posed by Ruth Channing, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player in Men In White

READ
These Last-Minute Hollywood Scoops

- Ann Harding's Love Affair with Her Ex-Husband
- The Most Shocking Woman in Hollywood
- Jungle Jinx Endangers a New Hollywood Romance
- Hepburn's "Father" Talks
- Hollywood's Secret Phone Numbers Revealed
- Sweetheart of the South Seas At Last Finds Love

Brilliant Stories *by* Famous Authors

THE May issue of Screen Book is filled with choice stories and articles. *J. P. McEvoy,* one of America's foremost humorists, contributes a rib-tickling letter to Baby Le Roy. *John Peere Miles,* prominent author and movie scenarist, tells "Why the stars shy at motherhood." *Henry Albert Phillips,* editor, world traveler and literary genius, presents a heart to heart talk with Clark Gable. *Val Lewton,* author of "No Bed of Her Own" and "Yearly Lease," uncovers the real truth about Joan Crawford. These and many others make Screen Book Magazine the biggest dime's worth on the stands today. Get your copy before your newsstand is sold out.

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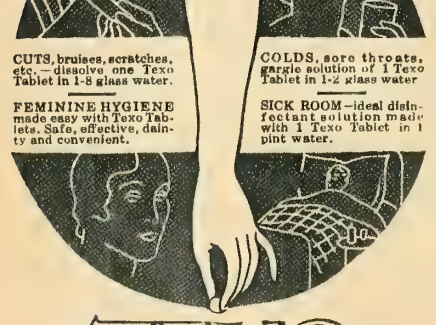
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Hot From Hollywood

Continued from page twenty-nine

to play opposite Lou Holtz in Columbia's *Showmanship*.

Marriages

NOW THAT MERNA KENNEDY actually is Mrs. Busby Berkeley, Hollywood gossipers have one less lass to watch . . . Arthur Granville Collins, Warner megaphonist, Yumaed it with Rhoda Shepherd . . . Myrna Loy and Shirley Hughes vacationed at Del Monte preliminary to Shirley's marriage to Myrna's brother, David . . . that oft'-postponed marriage of Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant finally took place over in London . . . and they're en route back to their jobs before the cameras . . . Marion Burns and Kane Richmond have been linked for a year, but Hollywood just found out about it . . . Colonel Joseph Marmon, U. S. A., is Pauline Frederick's fifth husband . . . Writer Carey Wilson, whose divorce case has long occupied the attention of the Los Angeles courts, will say "I do" with Carmelita Geraghty this Spring . . . Eileen Percy's former mate, Ulrich B. Busch, went out and wed Moscelyne Perrault Pobanz a third time just to make certain everything was legal . . . and Eileen sued him for increased alimony on the same day . . . Harry Langdon and Mary Sheldon and Patricia Eliza Patterson and Charles Boyer are other newlyweds.

Divorces

HELEN VINSON severed relations with Harry N. Vickerson, rich carpet manufacturer, just because he made fun of her friends . . . Marian Dezell Webb is in Reno to divorce Charles F. McGrew II, who was Jean Harlow's original mate . . . Chloe Carter's blackened optic ended her short-lived marriage to Harry Ruby, famous song-writer . . . His Honor signed Chloe's decree after Jean Acker testified as to the force of Harry's sock . . . Clara Ates is demanding $1,561 monthly alimony in her proceedings against the stuttering Rosco because she insists wearing apparel alone costs her $500 every thirty days . . . Laura La Plante has gone back to England to make some pictures, but she'll establish residence in Paris during week-ends, preliminary to divorcing Director Bill Seiter . . . Thelma Todd has been granted a divorce from Pat de Cicco and Doris Kenyon has been given her freedom from Arthur Hopkins.

Births

THEY'RE GIVING baby showers for Mrs. Frank (Director) Capra . . . the Mickey Blacks are pricing layettes . . . Joan Bennett's (Mrs. Gene Markey) new baby daughter will be christened Melinda.

Financial

WHEN MAE MURRAY filed a petition in bankruptcy she admitted debts of $228,196, with frozen assets listed at $324,500, of which $232,000 is in real estate . . . President Roosevelt took time out from his other worries to decree that Director Cecil B. DeMille must fork over that $100 in gold pieces he so long has carried for good luck . . . the Alan Dinehart (Mozelle Brittone) have bought a home in the Los Feliz sector . . . Frankie Bailey whose perfect legs made her the toast of Broadway when grandpap was a young blade, is broker than broke . . . and at seventy-four she's appearing in tights in a Hollywood night spot . . . sixty per cent of the estate of the late Herbert Somborn goes to his daughter, Gloria Swanson II . . . Ethel Hamilton Fenner went to court to void her Hollywood café partnership with comedian Lloyd Hamilton, who used to be her husband . . . Grant Withers and Pat Somerset have appealed to the bankruptcy court in an attempt to shake their creditors . . . Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton will dig into their joint bank account and erect an Andalusian-type farmhouse on their San Fernando ranch . . . Director Jimmy Cruze has obtained a permit to build a $50,000 mansion in the Flintridge hills . . . a federal judge denied Vivian and Rosetta Duncan a financial bath on the ground they failed to properly account for earnings of more than $1,000,000, which creditors allege they have salted.



Mary Carlisle discovered a devoted new fan when she wandered on to the Tarzan *set at her studio*

Courts

WHEN A FASHIONABLE tailoring firm summoned Monroe Owsley into court to force him to pay for a costly overcoat, Monroe argued he already had five in his wardrobe and didn't need a sixth . . . so the judge ruled in his favor . . . Frances L. Langdon has launched proceedings against the glum-eyed Harry for $66,717 in alimony arrears . . . Francis Cushing Weldon is demanding $50,000 from Ted Healy on the ground that Ted slapped him . . . Anita Louise and her mamma have had their film names legalized, Anita dropping a tail-end Fremault entirely, and Mrs. Anne Fremault changing her cognomen to Ann Beresford . . . George S. Kaufman and Robert Sherwood are suing Sam Goldwyn for $25,000, claiming authorship of

Eddie Cantor's *Roman Scandals* . . . but Sam is countering with a claim that the writers merely submitted a rough draft and refused to work it into acceptable form.

Fashions

A HOSTESS GOWN designed by Adrian for Joan Crawford to wear in *Pretty Sadie McKee*, consists of 1,500 jewels, held together by an elaborate spider web of silken cord . . . Mae Murray appeared at a theatre party in a black and white tailored print evening frock with a deep V decolletage in the back . . . Carole Lombard harked back to 1914 for the design of her newest evening creation . . . it is of pale yellow flamisol, with skirt slit to the knee, the sleeves draped and dramatic, and the waistline high and carrying a wide sash . . . Muriel Evans introduced knee muffs to the Hollywood ladies . . . Kay Francis has a natty green tam with a chic brown feather . . . but it isn't every girl who could get away with such headgear . . . Artist Charles J. Bensco has fashioned a new-style hairdress for Irene Dunne to fit her slightly up-turned nose . . . and the Marquis de Banes of France has created a new perfume especially for Jeanette MacDonald . . . after shopping all over the town in an effort to find a béret of the same shade of blue as her woolen stockings, Alice White called off her trip to the mountains . . . just couldn't go anywhere without the proper kind of a hat.

Social

IRENE FRANKLIN, wearing a high pompadour and an untidy pink kimono, presided as "Mrs. Bunger" when the Dominoes converted their clubhouse into a Gay '90 theatrical boarding house . . . Jimmy Gleason was the hard-boiled baggage-smasher, while Lucille (s-h-h-h-h, in tights) portrayed a club-swinger . . . and a good time was had by all . . . the Boris Karloffs tossed a party at their Toluca Lake home in honor of Jeff Williams, who celebrated his seventy-third birthday and the fiftieth anniversary of his stage début . . . Mrs. Anna Le Seuer had daughter, Joan Crawford, as guest of honor when she entertained at a theatre party for a crowd of out-of-towners . . . everything was a la Mexican when Alice White and Cy Bartlett entertained at Sonora Inn to introduce their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Proto of Mexico . . . everybody who is anybody turned out for the Mayfair's second supper dance of the new season . . . Freddie March is president of the organization . . . and he flew back from New York just to attend.

Aviation

AFTER FLYING his plane 2,500 hours in all kinds of weather without injury, Paul Lukas went horseback riding and did a Prince of Wales, sustaining a fractured collar bone . . . because little Carol Ann got up t'other morn prattling about snow, papa Wally Beery bundled her into his plane and flew to his mountain cabin on Silver Lake, where there was plenty of the white stuff to say nothing of eighteen inches of ice . . . Margaret Sullavan has assumed fore rank among the aviation nuts of the film colony . . . Peg spends from six to eight hours daily at the flying field, hopeful of winning her pilot's license before beginning work on her next picture.

Get the Clear, Lovely Skin Men Can't Resist!



CLARK GABLE AND CLAUDETTE COLBERT *in "It Happened One Night," a Columbia Picture*

Read How a Remarkable Pasteurized Yeast Ends Ugly Spots and Blemishes and Keeps the Skin Youthful and Alluring

A CLEAR, lovely skin, a fresh, radiant complexion, eyes that sparkle—have you these charms that win men's hearts? If not, try eating this new type, scientifically pasteurized yeast that is bringing beauty and vivacity to thousands of women.

Skin and complexion troubles, says medical science, are nearly always caused by constipation or a run-down, nervous condition. To combat these causes of bad skin you need to enrich your diet with certain nutritive elements. In many of our most common foods these elements are entirely lacking. Few people get enough of them for maximum health.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain concentrated stores of these corrective substances. These tablets are pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G.

These precious elements strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs. They fortify your weakened nervous system. Thus they aid in building the health and vivacity that make you irresistible to others.

These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are nothing but pure yeast pressed into convenient, easy-to-take form. A scientific toasting process gives this yeast a delicious, nut-like flavor. It cannot cause gas or discomfort and it is always uniform.

This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Look and Feel Years Younger

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Then watch the improvement in the way you feel and look. See how your friends note the change in your appearance.

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Thankful for clear skin again: *"I certainly am pleased at the results Yeast Foam Tablets have given me. Before I started taking them my face looked terrible. Now it is beautifully clear. I can't thank you enough for the relief your yeast has afforded me."* OAKWOOD, WIS.

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A GENTLE FLUSH



Avoid Laxatives that *Constipate* You

Ever hear of "cathartic constipation"? Medicine laxatives cause it. Most of them work by irritating the delicate membranes of the digestive tract—lose their force when taken regularly—compel you to keep increasing the dose.

That's why more than 50,000 physicians recommend Pluto Water. For Pluto is not a drug or medicine-laxative but a saline mineral water. The same amount each time—no need to increase it—always performs, does not gripe, gives positive results in less than one hour. It cannot give you the laxative habit!

Pluto Water is gentle—but speedy. It promptly opens the pylorus valve—permitting the flush to enter the intestines without anxious hours of waiting.

The proper dilution—one-fifth glass Pluto in four-fifths glass hot water—is practically tasteless. Take it whenever sluggish—get results within an hour—and end that laxative habit! In two sizes: Splits (8 ounces)—large bottles (3 times the quantity). At all druggists.



PLUTO WATER
Promptly Opens the PYLORUS ...VALVE...
That's Why You get QUICK ACTION

PLUTO WATER
America's Laxative Mineral Water

I'll Be Suing You!

Continued from page thirty-three

merely waved him out with a smile.

It was a pleasant memory for Jory until the arrival of the judgment (they had apparently served the wrong person in the suit, in error, and won by default) plus the bill for $167. The original sum, plus court costs and various legal fees, had grown into a sizeable bill. It was up to Attorney Lane to file an answer, which he did, and the entire matter was set aside.

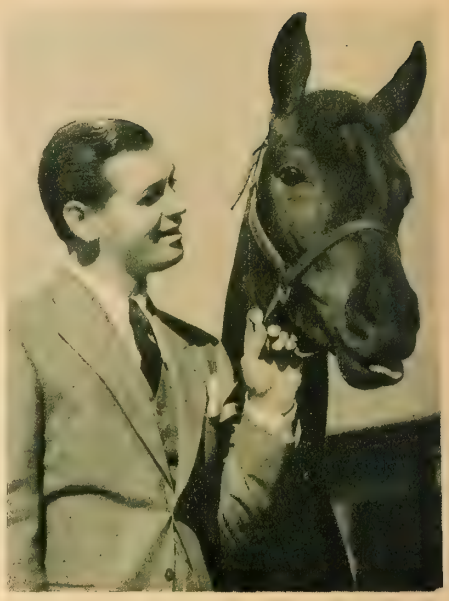
The Next Claim that the boyhood pals tackled was easier. An eastern hotel, probably gulled by a smart imposter, rendered a bill for room, meals and incidentals. At the time Jory was presumed to be running up an account, however, he and attorney Lane were on a fishing expedition at California's June Lake. Mr. Lane promptly apprised the hotel management of the facts. Equally prompt was their reply. The hotel answered that it wasn't Mr. Jory, they found, who had taken advantage of their hospitality, but a friend who had said that Mr. Jory would guarantee the account! Needless to say, the matter was easily settled.

A little groggy and gasping for breath, the boys continued the battle. Jory was getting a taste of the sort of thing that seems synonymous with screen fame. Along with the rest of Hollywood's notables, he was discovering that being famous was equivalent to becoming the target for a barrage of suits, scandals and notoriety. And he was rapidly learning what most of Hollywood has already learned—that it is often better to pay, even when the suit is a patent fraud—than to be dragged through a court trial with its attendant messy details.

Fraudulence did not enter into the next suit. It was simply a case of someone having to hold the sack—and Jory was duly appointed. A middle western stock company of which Jory, arriving from the West Coast with his small theatrical troupe, was a member, failed with disconcerting suddenness after a two weeks' run of a play. The debts incurred amounted to something under $5,000. Jory, leaving for Minneapolis to fulfil another stock engagement, left without knowing that he was being held responsible for the deficits.

A roving actor, he wasn't aware that a judgment awaited him, until notice came fluttering to him in Pasadena. Attorney Lane settled for him, out of court. It cost Jory $125.

And That Wasn't All. An agent once got Jory two days' work some eighteen months before the signing of the actor's long-term film contract. Although he had received his commission for this service, the agent decided that the newest Fox player owed him ten per cent on all monies he was to draw from the Movietone outfit during his seven-year contract. In addition, he figured that it might be well to check up on the Jory earnings during the past three or four years and collect a commission on them, too. The resultant suit brought attorney Lane to the rescue. He proved that the suing agent had given up his offices and allowed his agent's license to lapse more than a year before Jory landed his Fox berth. And that was the end of that!



Clark Gable's two-year-old filly, "Beverly Hills," shows great promise of becoming a heavy winner on the race tracks

But Jory was still not out of the legal woods. A boxer, playing in pictures, sued Jory for personal injuries sustained in a fight scene in a film. The amount was $20,000. According to report, the pugilist told his attorney that "Victor," at Fox, had punched him too realistically before the camera. Now at Fox was also Victor McLaglen, ex-fighter, who packs a wicked wallop for screen purposes. It is coincidental that Jory is also an ex-fighter, holding both the light heavyweight championship of British Columbia, and the National Guard wrestling and boxing championship which he took at Monterey, California, some years ago.

Mix-up though it was in name similarity, it took time, energy and expense to investigate and dismiss the charge. The incident did put Jory in fighting trim, however, for the next round. En route to a tennis game at six o'clock one morning, Jory and a friend tangled cars with a lady motorist.

Jory is a bit rueful about this. Immediately after the accident, feelings seemed mutually friendly; but apparently it didn't last. The eventual demands totalled $10,000. The actor's insurance company, in a hurry, settled with the lady for $1,200. And the civil suit which hung over Jory's head has just been cleared to the actor's advantage.

At the moment, the legal skies are fairly clear. The barometer shows fair weather, and all overhanging suits are rolling away. But there is always the threat of foul weather (suits, legal entanglements, court battles) on the Hollywood horizon—and that, opines Jory, is the bunk.

His reaction is that of a number of stars too numerous to name who have likewise found that the penalties of film fame overweigh its pleasures. Too often have they heard, loud and stridently, the words "Sue you in court!"

Cross-Examining the Stars

Continued from page forty-two

my friends the Lewis Lewyns. They imported him from Mexico, and next to "Pinky" he's quite the cutest pet I've ever owned.

JOEL McCREA: How have you invested your money?

Insurance, savings, annuities and a ranch house.

ALICE FAYE: You are so beautiful! Won't you give us some of your beauty secrets?

You'll be surprised when I tell you, but here they are and thanks for asking. As a powder base I use hand lotion. I never use soap and water on my face, but massage my skin morning and night with gobs of cold-cream. I wash my own hair with castile soap and always dry it in the sun. I never use an astringent.

BING CROSBY: How tall are you, what color are your eyes and hair?

I am five feet eleven, my eyes are blue and my hair is light brown.

GLENDA FARRELL: Is Charlie Farrell any relation of yours?

No, but I wish he were. He's a swell guy.

MYRNA LOY: Was it you who really sang in *The Prizefighter and the Lady*?

Yes, did you like it? You might be interested to know that studios seldom resort to the dubbing of voices anymore. Improvements in recording mechanisms have made it possible to give the average voice a pleasant quality and resonance.

PAUL KELLY: Do you expect to make any vaudeville appearances in New York? If so, when?

It is possible I may return to New York sometime in the near future to do a stage play. At this time, however, I cannot say definitely just when that will be.

DOLORES DEL RIO: Do you plan to let your hair grow long again?

Yes—I shall wear it long in my new picture at Radio, Green Mansions.

GRETA NISSEN: Do you think the smartly dressed woman should give as much attention to her jewelry accessories as to her gowns?

Personally, I always get my jewelry first—I adore costume jewelry. Then I choose my clothes to match the bracelets, earrings and rings. Most women go about it just the other way, but I have always enjoyed making my selections of accessories first.

PERT KELTON: Do you really take an interest in managing your hotel in Hollywood?

Certainly, it is quite a heavy investment and I naturally spend all the time I can seeing that it is properly managed. And business is quite good, thank you.

MY SECRET to give Beauty ADDED Loveliness



As told to Florence Vondelle by CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Starring in Paramount's "FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Powder

...the first essential is face powder to harmonize with my colorings...black hair, dark eyes, olive skin. Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct. A color harmony tone, richly beautiful, to enliven the beauty of the skin. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly, and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.

Rouge

...next, to impart a youthful, natural glow of color to the cheeks, rouge must, of course, harmonize with your face powder and your colorings. Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone ...and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it blends evenly...imparting a delicate, lifelike coloring.

Lipstick

...last, and so very important, is lip make-up to accent the lovely appeal of your lips. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It is moisture-proof, the color is natural and permanent and once I've made up my lips I know they'll appear perfect for hours.

WHEN you see the lovely beauty of Claudette Colbert flash upon the screen, you know that she gives extra thought to her make-up.

"To me, make-up means the accentuation of nature's colorings," explains Claudette Colbert. "That is why color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, is so perfect. The color tones of powder, rouge and lipstick harmonize to bring out a new enchanting loveliness."

New loveliness for you, too...for you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Max Factor's Face Powder, One dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, Fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, One dollar. Featured by leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...*Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, in* COLOR HARMONY

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY *in* FACE POWDER *and* LIPSTICK

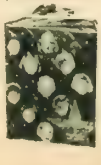
MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Tester, four shades, I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-pg. illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...FREE. 5-5-74

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Grey, check type above and here ☐
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REMOVES CORNS and CALLOUSES







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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

How to Hold a Husband in Hollywood

Continued from page twenty-five

then you mustn't forget that Hollywood is a hard place to be happy unless you're so absorbed in your work that you haven't time to get into mischief. I do believe what I say when I tell you that no married person should leave husband or wife alone in Hollywood. There's too much temptation. Think of all the charming, intelligent people out there."

It seemed a fresh viewpoint, but it reminded me of a theory of Donald Henderson Clarke, author of *Millie* and other popular novels. In one of his books he remarked that fidelity is a matter of association, that absence may make the heart grow fonder, but usually for someone else, in a paraphrase of the song.

DOLORES HAD MET Clarke in Hollywood when he was writing the original story for her next picture, *Dance of Desire*. She spoke of what an engaging man he is and how much she had enjoyed meeting him.

"He knows much about the world," she said. "I like men like that."

This reminded her of further details in her present domestic happiness.

"It's one reason Cedric and I get along so well. We like the same people. Our friends are usually writers, directors or artists; people who think."

I ventured the remark that this seemed a knock at her own profession. She was quick to deny it.

"Oh, don't misunderstand me. I like actors and I like actresses. We've lots of them among our friends. But I like writers and artists and directors better; they're more creative. Cedric feels the same way about it. But then we feel so much the same way about so many things; even sports. We both like tennis and swimming and dislike horseback riding and golf.

"I think," she said, suddenly thoughtful, "that that's the best foundation for marriage; liking the same things. You can't imagine how I appreciate being married to a man in the picture business. He can understand why it is that I sometimes have to miss dinner at home and work half the night at the studio, and he can listen intelligently when I tell him about the day's work, and what he has to say—because he is in the same business—is interesting and vital to me."

She paused for a moment to jump up and peep into the bedroom of her hotel suite, where her husband was impatiently waiting for the interview to be concluded. After three and a half years, a husband who frets and fumes at every minute spent away from his wife is certainly in love with her. Assured that her husband was peaceful and happy in the bedroom, Dolores returned and went on:

"You know, I really think," she said, "that one of the greatest lures of Hollywood is work and at the same time one of the greatest curses. Now Cedric and I are happy because we're both immersed in our work; we live and talk pictures day after day. Not that we don't like amusements, plays and books and parties and dancing. We do these things together, but we work alone. That keeps us from getting into one of those married mental ruts. Every time we see each other we have fresh ideas to contribute, studio news to exchange and by the end of the day we're both tired enough to enjoy our home."



—*Clarence Hewitt*

Of course you remember this gentleman! Come, come; it's Fredric March in character for* The Firebrand, *romance of the 16th Century in which he is appearing with Constance Bennett

I had heard about Dolores Del Rio's home. Designed by her artist husband in the most recent of the modern trends, this home is one of the seven wonders of Hollywood. I asked about it.

"Our home is lovely!" the star exclaimed. "It's been built just for our own needs and our own ideas of comfort; that's what makes it so perfect and beautiful."

I told her I had seen pictures of her home in a magazine.

"Oh, I'm glad! I'm so proud of our house," she exclaimed. "And of my dog! Did you ever see pictures of my dog?"

But I had never seen pictures of her dog.

"He's a bull terrier—a lovely white dog. We call him Michael. Both of us love him. We're going to mate him this year and have puppies."

I asked her if this dog really occupied a miniature replica of her bed and is served at her table just like a human being as has been reported.

"Oh, yes, I do have a little bed for him just like my own and he does sleep in my room—but he eats in the kitchen," she said.

When I prepared to leave Dolores smiled and said.

"The only thing you haven't asked me is what I eat. Isn't that part of the repertory of interviewers?"

"Well, what do you eat?"

"Everything—and look—" she pressed slim brown hands against her precise hips, "—I don't even have to worry about diet."

Are Pretty Girls Safe in Hollywood?

Continued from page nineteen

to do with the picture industry. In both cases the girls who were involved had no connection with the film industry. A woman, who must be nameless because of the nature of her occupation and who is the most famous "hostess" in the cinema city, scoffs at the idea of a white slave traffic in Hollywood.

"No nice girl need worry about being dragged into what they call a life of shame," she laughed, "for there is an over-supply of the other kind, girls who are not only willing but anxious to work for me. They knew all the answers before they came to Hollywood. Why should I be interested in influencing young and innocent girls? Don't make me laugh."

And There is another reason why Hollywood is safe for a pretty girl. There is that classic story of the Hollywoodite who was informed that Lady Godiva would ride down the Boulevard that afternoon. His eyes popped out.

"I mustn't miss it," he gasped, "why I haven't seen a horse in years!"

As a matter of fact, for all its undraped beauties and passionate screen embraces, Hollywood is the most sexless town in the world. Sex, in Hollywood, is merely something that means box-office. Despite the stories of wild orgies, the many divorces and the general pap and hullabaloo which is handed out for public consumption, that part of Hollywood which makes pictures is either too tired after a long day under the studio lights or too intent upon its tennis, golf or its horseback riding to worry much about wild night life.

A famous musical picture director, when accused of gazing too long and fondly at the hundreds of beautiful young chorines with which his set was filled, yawned.

"My word," he groaned, "don't accuse me of that. To me a leg is merely something to stand on."

The Studio Club, a large, homelike building on Lodi street in the very heart of Hollywood, is the place where many movie aspirants make their Hollywood home. It was founded some years ago and is operated under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. Mrs. Williams, an understanding, kindly woman who mothers the 150 girls who occupy the club, says:

"It's silly to say that a nice girl isn't safe in Hollywood. We have 150 of the nicest girls you ever saw in the club and they never complain about their virtue being menaced. Our rates are reasonable and what the average extra girl can afford and we try to give the girls a real home."

And so, if you are a girl who shares the general fear of Hollywood's Big Bad Wolf, don't let that keep you away. You'll be as safe along Hollywood's palm shaded avenues as you are in your own home town.

◆

How Times Change!

Sighted In The classified advertising section of a Los Angeles newspaper: "Noted male picture star wants private loan of $1,000 for three months. Well secured. Address Box 5-6277."

WINNIE'S WORRY —by Gil







Posed by professional models

New pounds for skinny figures —*quick!*

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. and lovely curves in a few weeks with amazing new double tonic

DOCTORS for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast*, imported from Europe, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is *ironized* with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, new health come.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 285, Atlanta, Ga.

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says
Mary Brum



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YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carmine and Coral.

If you paid $1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.
Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral.

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Send me FREE your new book, "Designing Hollywood Fashions," and full particulars of your home-study course in Costume Designing. My age is.....

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Mother Clara

Continued from page thirty-two

word. It might have brought greater joy and happiness into Clara's life if she had "adopted" these two cousins of hers, but she knew what hurt it would bring to her uncle and aunt. So Clara took them along to live with her, to give them clothes, schooling and the best of care, and to take from them nothing except the love that they would willingly lavish on her.

Those who have accused Clara of taking the children with her because she wanted to keep up with the rest of the Hollywood procession might like to know what really happened.

Clara has always had the urge to "mother" people. She mothered Gilbert Roland when he was young and unknown. She begged Producer Schulberg to sign him up. She mothered Gary Cooper when he was shy and unhappy. She said so herself. She admitted once, "I felt something like Gary's mother. I wanted to rumple his hair, listen to all of his troubles." And so it went through all Clara's love affairs, the maternal in her always dominant, until she met Rex Bell. And even with Rex, her love is partly the love of a woman for a man, partly the love of a mother for a little boy.

CLARA HAS always been fond of pets, and if you know anything about psychology at all, you know what that means. She has five baby dogs, a chipmunk and a white mouse she carries with her, and still it isn't enough. As she has more of everything else than other girls, so is her mother instinct more vital, more passionate. And never having had anything more vital to expend her mother love on, Clara has lavished it on her pets.

There's a touching little story back of the acquisition of Clara's mouse. One day she was walking in the desert near her ranch when a series of terrified squeaks attracted her attention. Looking to see what caused them, she saw a tiny gray mouse being attacked by two snakes. With her whip she drove off the snakes and picked up the tiny mouse in her hands. Clara decided to adopt him and took him with her to Hollywood. She fed him and took the best of care of him, but "Pinkie" died, because of the change in climate. Clara was as heartbroken as if she had lost a friend, and one of her friends, seeing how unhappy she was, gave her a little white mouse as a gift.

All that may seem far away from Clara's decision to give the children of her uncle certain advantages, but it is all part and parcel of the same starved mother instinct in her. You see, Clara originally wanted to take just Lillian, a small girl with dark hair and big brown eyes. But when Johnny thought he was going to be left behind, he cried as if his heart would break, and Clara just couldn't bear it. That was when Clara decided to take both Johnny and Lillian with her.

All her life Clara has been trying to blot out memories of her early years. Her own childhood was not particularly happy. That is why she welcomed the opportunity to give her small cousins the advantages which their parents could not afford.

CLARA'S BIRTH was not a source of joy to her father and mother. They lived in a tiny flat with two rooms. Two children had been born before Clara—both girls. One lived two hours, the other two days. The doctor told Clara's mother that she must never have any children, that Clara's birth might cause her death. She lived, however, after Clara was born, but it was a living death. Her fear, her anxiety, the terrible labor pains, affected her mind. There were times when she was fiercely tender, maternal, protective, and there were other times when she turned on Clara as though her child were a stranger.

And yet when her mother was not troubled by these moods she showed Clara the greatest tenderness and love. Clara, with her strange, unworldly intuition, understood and worshipped her mother. She cannot speak of her even now without choking up and great tears welling into her eyes. When her mother died Clara was desolated, but it was Clara's portion in life to go on living, even when she felt there was nothing to live for.

Her childhood memories in Brooklyn are bitter. Death was all around her, and the mocking faces of hunger, and violence and tragedy. When she was only five her grandfather dropped dead at her feet while he was swinging her. Frightful tragedy, of the kind you think exists only in a Greek play, touched everyone she knew and loved. There was one little boy she always played with and went to school with. One day after school when she was alone upstairs she heard a terrible noise. She rushed down to find that her little friend had gone too near a fire and was burning. She rolled him up in a carpet, did everything she could for him, but he died in her arms. And for months after his death she used to wake up in the night and dream she heard him calling, "Clara, Clara—help me."

You all know how she found fame and money and beauty in the strange alien world of the movies. She left the past behind her, or tried to leave it behind. She must not, dare not think of it. She must wipe out every memory, every unhappiness, every tragedy. How? How? How? The question beat against her brain. It mocked her. Her very success mocked her. How to forget? How to keep from thinking? It was thinking, remembering that was so terrible, that froze the very blood in you. She told an interviewer once, "I don't want to look into the future. I don't care. I distrust the future. If someone would lift the veil for me, I wouldn't let them. It is better not to look ahead and not to look back. I *will* not look back. I must not. And I dare not look ahead. I am afraid."

There must be no yesterday for Clara. There must be no tomorrow. Only today, today to be lived with laughter on your lips and hectic gayety. There must be no time for thought. You had to do things to forget. When pain gnawed at your heart, laugh. If memories crowded in on you, live more hectically, faster, faster, faster. And so Clara Bow's life kept on turning like a merry-go-round that didn't know where it was going but

kept on and on and on . . . and underneath the hectic gayety there was a heart that was breaking.

All The Time underneath the mask she wore of a young, carefree girl, she must have been silently groping for something else. Afraid though she was of love, underneath she must have wanted to be loved by someone who would care for her, Clara, and not for her jewels or her money or her fame or publicity. She was groping for that love, groping for herself in a world of darkness. She was so terribly alone. Her friends weren't real friends. Her lovers didn't really love her. They loved themselves too much.

When Rex Bell came along, nobody in Hollywood gave him much thought. "Oh, just another boy friend in Bow's life," they said. After all, he was just a cowboy actor, and they thought that he, like all the rest of Clara's men friends, was out for what he could get from Clara. And Rex? Well, when he'd first seen Clara's pictures he hadn't liked her. It wasn't until he got to know the real Clara that he fell in love with her. Not with the screen Clara, mind you. But with that lonely little girl from Brooklyn who was trying to forget her hectic past.

Rex's mother adored Clara, still does, I guess. She felt the need of a mother in Clara's life, and she took the place of a mother to her. Rex and his mother opened up a new world to Clara. They showed her the beauties of the desert and answered the starved need of her heart for beauty. They themselves had found a measure of happiness through a certain philosophy and they gave Clara books to read about it. One of the things Clara learned, so she told me, was that if you make up your mind to do anything, there is nothing you cannot do, if you know yourself. And because she believed that, Clara, who had been afraid of the microphone and had lacked confidence in herself, was able to make her grand comeback in *Call Her Savage*. She was able to go ahead and reduce her weight to 117 when everybody but Rex and his mother told her it couldn't be done. What the new philosophy really gave Clara Bow was self-confidence.

But Clara, who had gone so far from her early environment, had still farther to go before she could find herself. She wanted to get way to far horizons. New York was only one spot in the world. Ranch life, though she adored it, was only a part of life.

Europe! That was the next step. But she found when she came back to New York, after her trip to Europe, that her heart is still close to the simple things of life. She went back and visited the scenes of her childhood, and now there was no longer any need in her to forget. Peers and counts? Do they really matter? Will they ever really matter to Clara? She who had escaped as far as possible from her early environment went back to her uncle and aunt and humbly asked them to be allowed to do things for their children, her cousins.

Clara, who tried to forget, has found herself through remembering. She has found where she belongs, with her own people, her own kind, poor and humble and distraught though they may be. She has learned to think of the past without bitterness, of the future without fear.

"I'm not afraid of anything now," she told me, her eyes flashing.

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Just think! In 10 days your skin, even if blemished, has again begun to look new and fresh as a baby's—texture finer, pores reduced, blackheads and oiliness gone, pimples (if any) clearing up.

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It's NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM, first prescribed by doctors to end skin faults. Next adopted by nurses as an overnight skin corrector. Now the "miracle" formula that's saving *fortunes* on beauty care for 6,000,000 delighted women.

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HOW TO USE: Start on the Noxzema Beauty Plan today. For quickest results apply twice daily—at night before retiring after removing make-up. In the morning wash off with warm water, then cold water or ice. Then apply a little more Noxzema as a corrective foundation for powder. You'll have Noxzema working for you *all* the time—bringing new life, new beauty to your skin—the soft, smooth loveliness that you've longed for.



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Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema improves hands *overnight.*



After you've tried Noxzema, get the new, big money-saving 50¢ jar.

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Noxzema Cream is sold by all drug and department stores. If your dealer is out of Noxzema, take advantage of this special offer—fill out the coupon and send for a FREE 25c trial jar—enough for two weeks' treatment! Simply enclose 15c to cover cost of packing, mailing and handling.

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Please send me a 25c FREE trial jar of Noxzema Cream—enough for at least two weeks' treatment. Am enclosing 15c to cover cost of packing, mailing and handling.

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DO YOU long for the allure of a soft, smooth skin . . . a complexion young and radiant as a morning in May?

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A single drop lasts a week!

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To pay for postage and handling send only 30c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. **PAUL RIEGER,** 212 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

With the News Sleuth

Continued from page twenty-nine

Favorites Return

ROOSEVELT'S New Deal is all of that and more to some of our former screen stars.

It's been a long time since Carmel Myers had a flicker break, but you're going to hear her sing in Universal's *Countess of Monte Cristo.*

Carmel lent her voice to Rudy Vallée's radio hour recently, producer Stanley Bergerman heard her, and that was that.

And Monte Blue can thank Paramount's *The Last Roundup* for providing him with the opportunity he needed to re-establish himself in the firmament.

Farrow Cuts the Tape

JIMMY FARROW, whose difficulties with Uncle Sam have occupied the attention of the federal courts for some four years, has finally wiped the slate clean by traveling down to Mexico and re-entering the United States under the Australian immigration quota.

Now Johnny is waiting the coming of that special dispensation from Rome so he, a divorced man, can marry Maureen O'Sullivan in the church of her faith.

Maureen was betrothed to Farrow before she became the fiancée of Jimmy Dunn, and when the latter romance chilled, it was on Farrow's shoulder that she shed her tears.

The Gals are Warring

"OH, FOR a studio with but a single star!" sob Universal executives as they watch the current nose-tilting bout between their two feminine luminaries, Margaret Sullavan and Gloria Stuart.

Gloria stepped into the front office and voiced a loud protest because, she charged, the powers-that-be are handing all the fat rôles to Margaret, who also has figured in several temperamental outbursts of late.

When Gloria partially backed her threat to tear up her contract by skipping off to Carmel-by-the-Sea, whom should she meet in the art colony's Main Street but her arch enemy, Margaret.

And just to make matters worse, they ended up as guests at the same house party!

Wild West Polo

CHARLIE FARRELL and Virginia Valli have christened their new desert home at Palm Springs *Peaceable Spot.*

In the main, their guests consist of Hollywood stars and Charlie's polo playing friends, who use cow ponies as mounts and baked sand as a field.

The game gets rather rough at times, too, for Charlie's walking with a noticeable limp, the penalty for being tossed by a bucking broncho.

Gary Mixes 'Em

HONDURAS may provide the destination for the first leg of the extensive honeymoon Gary Cooper plans for his bride, Sandra Shaw, and if the scheme goes through he will put a dash of business into the trip. Producer Charles Rogers is negogiating with Gary to star in *Green Gold*, to be filmed in its native setting.

The Stork's En Route

JOEL MCCREA and Frances Dee have made some sudden changes in the plans for that almost-completed ranch-house out in the San Fernando valley. Just as the carpenters were putting on their finishing touches, the newlyweds summoned the architect and told him to add a nursery.

Frances confided the extra room will be necessary in about five months.

Ronnie's Crush

VIRGINIA PEINE LEHMANN, erstwhile wife of a rich Chicago merchant, was selected as Ronald Colman's dinner partner at the party Howard and Bessie Love Hawks tossed in celebration of Ronnie's return from his world tour, and Ronnie's been up in the air ever since.

The former hermit of the Hollywood hills now steps out nightly with the beautiful young matron who cast her lot with the talkies after tiring of the windy city's social whirl.

Steve's Heart Mends

IF STEPHEN AMES' heart hasn't completely healed after the injury suffered when Adrienne greeted him with the announcement that she wanted a divorce so she could wed Bruce Cabot, it must be at least fairly well on its way to a normal state.

Raquel Torres is doing her best to replace Adrienne in the broker's affections, as witness this announcement by her over the radio from the Hollywood première of *Queen Christina*:

"I'm the happiest girl in the theatre tonight, because I'm here with the man I love. I want you to meet Stephen Ames."

ZaSu Is a Bride

ZASU PITTS, she of the tearful voice, dropped in to see her ex-husband, Tom Gallery, the other day.

"Tom," said ZaSu, blushing, "I just wanted to tell you that I'm off for New York on my honeymoon. I'm Mrs. Edward Woodall now."

Tom wasn't any more surprised than was the balance of Hollywood when the news leaked out the next day. It seems ZaSu and Eddie, a tennis expert turned broker, were wed in Minden, Nevada, while ZaSu was on location with the *Wild Birds* company.

The date was October 8, 1933.

Wedding Bells Wait

CARMEN SAMANIEGO's marriage to Carlos Novarro, Mexican film executive, will have to wait until Carmen completes a tour of South America and Mexico with her brother, Ramón Novarro.

The date for the dancing Carmen's nuptials had been set for March, when Alice Terry suddenly backed out on plans to accompany Ramón on his concert jaunt in favor of returning to her husband, Rex Ingram, in Paris, so sister Carmen and Carlos talked it over and decided to wait a while longer.

The betrothed pair have been friends since their childhood down in Durango, Mexico.

Irene Seeks Decree

FILMTOWN didn't know Irene Bentley was married until she filed suit for divorce from George Kent, New York broker, in the Mexican courts. Wed in April, 1928, their bliss lasted but eight months.

Lawrence Gray, back after a stage engagement in the East, now plays Irene's devoted slave.

Mae Holds Out

IT IS ONLY THE fact that Mae Clarke refuses to set the date that keeps Sidney Blackmer's name in the bachelor column.

"I have done everything possible to get Mae to fix the time, but so far I haven't been successful," moans Sid. "I hope it is because of her absorbing interest in her work, and that some day soon she'll change her mind."

Blackmer's eyes still well with tears at mention of the name of his ex-wife, Lenore Ulrich, who now divides her favors between C. O. Kerrigan and Alfred Marketson.

No Love Rift There

IF YOU'VE been hearing rumors of friction in the Barbara Bennett-Morton Downey household, just take them with a grain of salt.

Though they're miles apart, none of the Downey family is neglected by Barbara. She flew to Memphis recently to be with Morton for two days, then back to Hollywood and the children. Now, via plane, she has again joined her touring husband, this time in St. Louis, from where they will go to Kansas City to celebrate their wedding anniversary.

Baxter Plays Safe

WARNER BAXTER isn't taking any chances with burglars on that new Bel-Air estate of his. He has equipped the house and extensive grounds with a system whereby photo-electric cells set off an alarm when anyone scales the fence or approaches a door or window.

Barrymores Are Home

THE John Barrymores and their children are back at the homestead after a yachting cruise down the coast to Mexico.

Dolores upset the peaceful routine of life in ancient Guaymas, Mexico, when she went ashore clad in colorful silk beach pajamas.

It was the first time the natives ever had seen such garb.

Norma Faces Test

NORMA SHEARER is trying a bold experiment in her forthcoming production, *Rip Tide*, the vehicle in which she comes back to the silversheet after a long absence. Throughout the entire initial reel of the epic, Norma's fans will not have a single glimpse of her face.

The idea was hit upon by Author-Director Edmund Goulding as a novel means of building suspense for Norma's re-introduction to her army of followers.

When you first see Norma she will be wearing a shimmering Adrian creation with a head-piece disguising her as a lady sky-bug, and to carry out the plot, Herbert Marshall will walk at her side as a man-sized beetle



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Get ready for a glorious vacation! Mail this coupon to Capt. W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point Lodge, Pequot, Minnesota, for pictorial booklet, rates, all information about Breezy Point Lodge.

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FWG-5

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ZIP PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

What's New on the Screen

Continued from page ten

by two American players, Sally Eilers and Ben Lyon. Allan Dwan of Hollywood directed the picture which is a burlesque on the mythical kingdom type of screen stories.

Long Lost Father

● Screen fans have become accustomed to seeing John Barrymore in pictures that rate above the average. In that respect, *Long Lost Father* is a bit disappointing, despite the splendid support supplied by Helen Chandler, Donald Cook, Allen Mowbry and Natalie Moorehead. It is the story of a head waiter, Barrymore, who deserted his family and meets his daughter when she has grown up. She becomes a dancer in his café, despite her bitter feeling toward him, and becomes involved in a robbery. She is about to lose her boy friend, Donald Cook, when Barrymore saves the situation.

She Made Her Bed

● If you like melodrama, here it is with Robert Armstrong, Sally Eilers and Dick Arlen dishing it out in grand style. You will find plenty of shudders and those who weep will have their moments. Robert Armstrong and his wife, Sally Eilers, run an auto camp near a fair grounds. Armstrong is a villainous husband, at once brutal and unfaithful. Sally is induced by Dick Arlen, a traveling fakir, to run away with him but at the crucial moment she learns that motherhood is to be her lot and woefully decides to remain with her wedded mate. The end is extremely effective. An escaped tiger runs amuck and endangers the baby—but all ends well.

Heat Lightning

● A well balanced movie diet of comedy and tragedy. *Heat Lightning* features Aline MacMahon and Ann Dvorak as two sisters operating a desert auto camp. Preston Foster and Lyle Talbot, bank bandits headed for Mexico, arrive. Glenda Farrell and Ruth Donnelly, wealthy divorcees from Reno, drop in for a night's rest. Foster decides to rob them and is seen leaving the room by Ann as she returns from a rendezvous with her boy friend. There is tragedy when Talbot shoots Foster. Fine photography and excellent location shots give the picture a very vivid touch of realism.

Success Story

● Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the young man with too much ambition and self-assurance. He goes up in the world and then crashes. Colleen Moore is the secretary who loves Doug through poverty and riches. The picture is not spectacular, but it does provide entertainment. Genevieve Tobin and Frank Morgan help brace the leading characters.

David Harum

● *David Harum* is the answer to the Will Rogers fan's plea. He is exceedingly well cast in the rôle of banker-horse trader, who, between buying up mortgages for poor widows and swapping balky horses, finds time to play Cupid for two young lovers, Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. Louise Dresser, Noah Beery, Charles Middleton and Stepin Fetchit all do their part to make this the sparkling comedy drama what it should be. Will Rogers makes *David Harum* on the screen the same lovable character he was on the stage and in the book.

I Believed in You

● This is a story for sophisticated audiences. Rosemary Ames is the orphaned girl who accepts as genius the peculiarities of her Greenwich Village friends. She goes to jail for slapping John Boles when he ridicules her companions, particularly Victor Jory. Boles, a rich man, schemes to give her a true understanding of her friends and offers to finance them for six months. All, including Jory, fail and Rosemary finally realizes Boles' worth.

Harold Teen

● Hal Le Roy, the lad with the dancing feet, is well cast in the title rôle of this comic strip which has been brought to the screen. Rochelle Hudson is delightful as *Lillums* and the cast includes such luminaries as Guy Kibbee, Patricia Ellis and Hugh Herbert. Chic Chandler introduces two intriguing songs, *Two Flies On A Lump Of Sugar* and *College Wedding*.

Jimmy The Gent

● Just what you would expect with Jimmy Cagney heading the cast of characters. *Jimmy The Gent* gives the Cagney fans their money's worth, with Jimmy playing the rôle of a fast thinking, wise-cracking promoter who has his finger in many an unsavory financial pie. He gets genuine support from Bette Davis, Alice White, Alan Dinehart and Mayo Methot.

No Greater Glory

● Columbia turns out another winner in *No Greater Glory*. It is a powerful story of rivalry between two juvenile gangs. Amid tragedy and pathos it brings forth a deep feeling and understanding of the juvenile mind. Ralph Morgan and Lois Wilson play the two adult rôles and the juvenile acting is extremely well done by George Breakston, Jimmie Butler, Frankie Darro and Jackie Searl.

Lazy River

● With the picturesque background of Louisiana's Cajun country as a setting, *Lazy River* brings an assortment of melodrama, comedy and love interest. Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton leave prison but are not reformed. They plot to blackmail pretty little Jean Parker's mother, thinking her wealthy, which is contrary to the real condition. The plot fails and they stay to help her lift the mortgage from the old homestead. Robert Young helps Jean Parker carry the love interest, which is flavored with Louisiana's shrimp fishing industry. This Metro offering is different.

Wild Cargo

● This is Frank Buck's sequel to his other animal epic, *Bring 'Em Back Alive*. To those to whom the jungle drama appeals, this is even more effective than the first film. Narrow escapes and effective jungle battles make Radio's *Wild Cargo* a mighty interesting and highly entertaining film.

The Firebrand

● This United Artists' picture is a very sophisticated and well done story of the loves and intrigues of Benvenito Cellini. It is replete with beautiful costumes and elaborate settings. Fredric March plays the part of Cellini and Constance Bennett that of the glamorous young Duchess who alternately loves and condemns to death Signor Cellini. Frank Morgan and Fay Wray are excellent as the jealous Duke and Angels, Cellini's scorned mistress. Plenty of comedy and drama throughout.

Strictly Dynamite

● This is a Jimmy Durante special for those who want laughs by the carload. Radio presents the long nosed comic as the great radio broadcaster who gets the poetical Norman Foster to write his gags for him. Marion Nixon, Lupe Velez, Minna Gombell, William Gargan, Eugene Pallette and the Mills Brothers all contribute their efforts toward making *Strictly Dynamite* one of the laugh riots of the year.

House of Rothschild

● With an excellent cast, a delightful and intriguing story and directional excellence, Twentieth Century brings to the screen a rare treat in *House of Rothschild*. Quite naturally, the story is based on the founding and rise of the famous English banking family. George Arliss is at his very best, while Loretta Young, with a love problem of unusual type, is outstanding as his daughter. Robert Young, her sweetheart, does a splendid bit of acting. *House of Rothschild* is a genuine film spectacle and should not be missed by Arliss fans.

George White's Scandals

● Undoubtedly Fox, in bringing George White's *Scandals* to the screen, presents one of the most successful musicals seen to date. Alice Faye's film début reveals her as a splendid actress, possessed of great beauty. Rudy Vallée is excellent in two vocal numbers. Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards and Adrienne Ames make the best showings of their careers. Others in an all star cast who do themselves proud are Jimmy Durante, Warren Hymer, Gertrude Michaels and Gregory Ratoff. There isn't a dull moment throughout the entire picture.

◆

Blondell Goes Dramatic

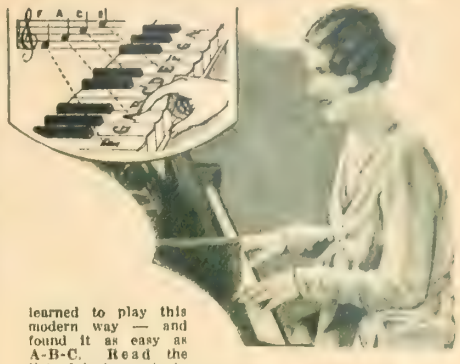
Like All Good comédiennes, Joan Blondell has lived for the coming of a day when she would be hailed as a dramatic success.

Now Joan is to have the opportunity, for Warner Brothers have assigned her to the lead in *Without Honor*, a rôle dramatic to the 'nth degree.

She'll be co-starred with Jimmy Cagney.

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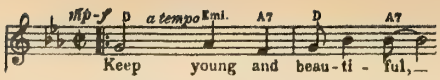
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The Untold Story of Kay's Secret Marriage

Continued from page thirty-seven

the pages of a New England social registry, had professed his ardent love for the cello voiced divorcée. He exemplified everything which could make any woman happy. Is it any wonder that Kay Gibbs-Francis loved him too?

Upon Arriving Kay went immediately into rehearsals with a new Broadway show. William B. Gaston hurried to his firm in Boston. Eagerly, both wished to be married but he was such a prominent man and their courtship had been of such short duration. Obviously any elaborate ceremony was out of the question.

A pact was made!

At a certain hour Kay would send a telegram to Boston and at the same hour William Gaston would send one from Boston to Kay Francis in New York. If Kay regretted her all too brief status as an unmarried lady, or if William Gaston could possibly throw off cupid's hasty love dart, their ceremony of marriage was to be forgotten. Here was romance too great for any film. Here was suspense too trying for any Hollywood producer. But that was the pact they made. And they both seemed sure. They both were sure for within a week Kay Gibbs-Francis secretly married William B. Gaston.

All too soon Kay Gibbs-Francis-Gaston learned that her new husband was all and more than she desired. Clever? Even better. Bill Gaston has a penchant for interior decorating. He can enter the barest hotel room and, by tossing a hat here or placing a traveling clock there, transform the most austere of quarters into a livable domicile. But his business which brought him to Kay in Europe now kept him too long away from home. Unknowingly, Boston's busy playboy neglected this tender creature whose artistic soul demanded constant, mellow affection.

Few people ever knew that Kay Gibbs-Francis had acquired the name of Gaston. And, when a new divorce had separated Kay and Bill Gaston even few knew that it was ended.

Again a pact was made! Both had a tacit understanding never to divulge their secret. And that is why Kay Francis rarely speaks, even now, of the man she loved and wed so secretly.

Her second marriage blighted, Kay Gibbs-Francis-Gaston, adhering to their agreement, even doffed the socially famous name from hers and plunged with heartsick abandon into a very definite stage career. In *Crime*, Al Woods produced another of his great successes. And in that cast with Sylvia Sidney, Douglas Montgomery, Kay Hammond, and Barbara Barondess appeared the simple name "Kay Francis."

But William Gaston? When he was freed from Kay what became of him?

He married his third wife, Miss Rosamund Pinchot. She, the daughter of Pennsylvania's famous Governor; the millionairess who had been so ceremoniously presented before the crowned heads in the royal courts of Europe. She too had been an actress. Even yet famed for her rôle of the nun in Rhinehardt's famous play *The Miracle*.

William B. Gaston gave up his Boston law practice to enter the firm of Lehman Brothers, Wall Street Investment brokers. He is in business with the governor of New York! But even yet, a powerful figure in the worlds of banking and politics, this gallant man always had time to pause in order that he may speak tenderly to those who know of his secret wife, Kay Francis.



June Knight and Russ Columbo, teamed in* Love Life of a Crooner, *seem headed for double harness in real life. June's romance with Max Baer is definitely ended, she says, despite contrary rumors

When Kenneth MacKenna abducted Kay Gibbs-Francis-Gaston from a sickbed she was only too happy to add his name to hers. True, he had no affiliations with governors nor was he a blue blood member of the Boston Bar Association. But Kenneth MacKenna was gifted with a directorial genius and he loved Kay Francis even as she loved him. His father was a famous painter and his brother, Jo Milzener, is acknowledged to be with Rollo Wayne, one of New York's best designers of Broadway stage settings. What could be more fitting than that Kay Francis should marry into one of the most prominent families of her chosen profession?

This marriage to Kenneth MacKenna lasted longer than any of Kay's previous weddings. Perhaps it was founded on a deeper, longer courtship. Perhaps it was because she was older and more emotionally settled.

At any rate, about six months ago Mrs. Kay Gibbs-Francis-Gaston-MacKenna said, "I am happy. In Kenneth I've found something enduring."

True to Hollywood tradition we all looked around for the little black fellow in the woodpile and thought we found him. William B. Gaston and Rosamund Pinchot were divorcing. That was August. Three months later Kay Francis announced her separation from Kenneth MacKenna!

Around Hollywood dame rumor is again busy. Is Kay returning to her secret, silent love? Is she again to wed William B. Gaston? But that is a question only Kay and Bill can answer!

Beauty Perfection

Continued from page forty-four

hair, eyes, figure . . . But when I read what you had to say it gave me new courage. *Do you know what that means to a helpless wallflower like I was?* I cut out your articles, and began experimenting with my looks according to the directions. I took one feature at a time, beginning with my eyes, and practiced making them up until they were as near perfect as I could get. It wasn't long before I was a 'changed' person! Even my young brother wanted to know what I'd done to get my 'looks' . . . And the most exciting part of all is—I have more dates now than I can keep!"

You see how it works. Nothing succeeds like beauty. You may have a brilliant college or office record *but do your looks say you are smart?*

YOU CAN SIT in front of your mirror and analyze your face for yourself, comparing it with Sylvia Sidney's, which, as I have said, expert cameramen consider an ideal face.

Take a ruler and measure the distance between your eyes. There should be the width of *one* eye between them.

The width of the face should be twice the length of the nose.

The upper lip ought to equal the lower one in size.

And the length of the face should be divided into three equal distances. From the top of the forehead to the bridge of the nose = from the bridge of the nose to its tip. And this, in turn, = from the tip of the nose to the chin.

Don't get discouraged if these proportions come out wrong. Sylvia's is one face in a thousand where they come out *right.* The only thing to do is to give them the *appearance* of being balanced.

If you discover, for instance, that your forehead is too high, just bring the hair down in a soft line over it or arrange your wave so that it comes out over the temples. If you have a narrow brow, then brush the hair straight back off of it. And while we are on the subject here is something else to remember. A very important "something." Don't draw your hair behind your ears if you have prominent jaw bones. They need the softening of a curl or two.

Noses—the "second distance"—seem to be the "bones of contention" in many a girl's life. "There isn't much you can do about a nose—except have it operated on!" said a little friend of mine. Oh, but there is. I know any number of girls who would have shed agonizing tears if a certain screen star's nose had been wished on them. Yet *she* made it famous. It's a part of her fascinating individuality. That is what clever women do, you see. They take a feature that doesn't comply with set rules of beauty and turn it into their most distinguished characteristic.

Mouths—which play the dramatic part in the "third distance"—are comparatively easy to build up or reduce. All it takes is a little practice with the lipstick. If the upper lip is narrow, by all means enlarge it so that it's similar to the lower one—especially if you have a small or upturned nose.

I THINK IF THERE is one special feature that ought to respond to the call of Spring in a very special way it is the eyes. They ought to reflect the gaiety and youthful spirit.

Suppose you want to make your eyes seem larger. With an eyebrow pencil draw a fine line just below the lashes of the lower lid. Now soften this line by blending with the finger-tip until it becomes a shadow. This immediately magnifies the eye. Notice how eye-shadow and eyelash make-up deepen the color of your eyes!

Deep-set eyes have a natural shadow at the inner corner of the eye socket. What you want to do is offset that *by using your eye-shadow only from the approximate center of the upper eyelid outward.*

Occasionally women complain about round, "baby-doll" eyes. They want them more slantingly sophisticated. In that event, take your eyebrow pencil and extend the line on the upper and lower lids at the outer corner of the eye. Blend this, of course, to give it a more natural effect. And put more of the eyelash make-up on your outer lashes. With your eyebrow pencil extend the line of the eyebrow a trifle and be careful to make it darker near the nose.

◆

Pryor Rights to Fame!

Continued from page forty

exercises and runs once around the block before breakfast. On days he isn't working he runs around the block twice.

"WHAT'S WORTH doing at all is worth doing well," is his attitude toward everything from horn tooting to enacting love scenes with glamorous leading ladies.

Roger's musical talent came to him as naturally as Jimmy Durante's nose. And he's always taken it very seriously.

"If you think trombone playing is funny," he says, "you've never had the neighbors tossing flatirons at you."

Pryor admits that the camera still has him baffled a bit, but he's not the kind that complains often. He's determined to get on in the movie business and so far hasn't hopped on the Hollywood merry-go-round.

Of all players, he's most like Lee Tracy. In fact while Tracy was playing in *The Front Page* in New York Pryor was doing the same rôle in Chicago. And Pryor created on the stage the *Blessed Event* rôle that Tracy did on the screen.

But Roger doesn't believe in emulating Lee or anybody else. He has his own original style and delivery and he's going to keep on being himself.

The only place he acts is in front of a camera or on a stage. He doesn't believe in being a show-off. And his suppressed desire is *not* to play *Napoleon* or *Hamlet.* He is six feet tall in his stocking feet, weighs 160 pounds, has dark, curly hair and brown eyes.

His hobbies are golf, swimming, fried chicken and sympathy for other trombone players.



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29x5.00-19		2.85	1.05	34x4	3.25	0.85
30x5.00-20		2.85	1.05	32x4½	3.35	1.15
28x5.25-18		2.90	1.15	33x4½	3.45	1.15
29x5.25-19		2.95	1.15	34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5.25-20		2.95	1.15	30x5	3.65	1.35
31x5.25-21		3.25	1.15	33x5	3.75	1.45
28x5.50-18		3.35	1.15	35x5	3.95	1.55
29x5.50-19		3.35	1.15	All Other Sizes		
30x6.00-18		3.40	1.15			
31x6.00-19		3.40	1.15	DEALERS WANTED		
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[] I will pay postman plus 20c P. O. charge. Outside U. S. $1.25—no CODs.
WRITE NAME—ADDRESS IN MARGIN

MAIL COUPON NOW

Hollywood's Most Beautiful Friendship

Continued from page twenty

goddess. Pleased as a child, he was replying at once, and his pen scratched along forming words of thanks. The pen rolled on, giving in glowing terms his admiration for one who was so famous and so kind. Little did he realize that though a continent divided him from his lovely lady, a gay correspondence and a great moment in his life was to be begun.

At First He felt a little shy, but finally came to the conclusion that a cat can look at a queen and became natural and easy in his manner. Their correspondence increased and their friendship grew. His dark eyes sparkled with pleasure as he wrote to her of his music, youthful hopes and ambitions. He read with delight that her books and work filled her with similar yearnings. Somehow he felt that, great star though she was, she was also a lonely person. Later he realized from her letters that it must be because that capable brain of hers spun thoughts and ideas way above the average person's interest. He was thrilled when she wrote that she was glad to have a friend who would talk with her, taking her for what she was, a very human person, and not the lady of the screen before whom everyone was artificial.

It Seemed strange to him that this girl of royalty (he knew her mother was the Austrian Countess Zanardi-Landi), brought up in the staid society of London, should so capably strike out for herself. He admired the fact that she had made her home in her adopted country, not as a princess in exile, but as a woman who worked at the best job of all—that of giving pleasure to other people.

On the strength of their developing friendship she wrote in her last letter and asked him to meet a friend of her's who was arriving in New York. To please, as a favor to her, see that the girl was entertained. She gave a brief description and thought he would recognize her from that.

So, fulfilling her request, Abram went to the station. Perhaps it was because he wanted an especially good report to go back to her through her friend, that he had dressed with particular care. He looked exceedingly handsome in his dark overcoat and from under the brim of his hat his quiet eyes speculated. As the train pulled in, Abram went to the designated Pullman car and waited patiently for the passengers to emerge. People filed by him, porters were busily hurrying about, and still he saw no young lady who answered the brief description given. The platform of the station was beginning to look empty and he wondered if he had missed her. Perhaps she had not come after all.

Then his gaze suddenly beheld a lovely creature of five feet five inches, with beautiful green-blue eyes, step on the platform and stand poised a moment, in natural hesitation. He gasped, for before him stood the princess of the stage and screen of two continents, Elissa Landi.

It Was a tense moment and it wasn't until a spontaneous "Hello" was exchanged that his spell was broken.

A little while later, Abram was shifting her baggage about to please her in a suite in a big hotel. She was laughing at him as he juggled with a large wardrobe trunk.

"Really, Abram, you look too absurd. —Do you know I simply cannot call you 'Abram' it's just too much for me."

"My nickname is Bubby, take your choice," he answered giving a final tug at the trunk.

"Bubby? Oh, how lovely!" She laughed and pointed an impudent finger at him. "Bubby, of all things to call a long-legged, dignified young man—but I love it, Bubby it shall be henceforth."

And so it was.

That night he was immaculate in tails when he called for her in plenty of time for leisurely dining before the opening of a new play. And it was at dinner they agreed to have a rollicking good time during the ten days of Elissa's vacation.

"Let's pretend," she said, "That we are irresponsible youngsters. Let's have the spirit of—fun for a day. Yes, that's it, fun for a day will be our motto. Let's forget about work for a few days. You see, I do so little in the way of amusement when I am home, people sometime think it is because I am snooty or something. It's not that I am high-hat, or inclined to live a hermit-like existence, but when I'm working, I have only time for that."

"I know how you feel," Bubby said with warmth, thinking of the long, hard hours he puts in at the piano, oblivious to all except his work.

At Supper after the theatre, they sat in a small, funny out of the way restaurant, whose pianist looked a little the worse for wear, and who during intermission was having a cigarette.

"You play something for me, will you Bubby, play something of your own?" she asked.

"We're here to have fun, you don't want—"

"Yes, I do," she said emphatically taking him by the arm and leading him to the piano.

The piano gained, she sat him down and drew up a chair alongside of him. Making faces at her, he picked out a tune with one finger. She had to smile. Then he burst into his own modern interpretation of a Spanish air, while Elissa listened and admired.

They went to see other performances, they went many places to dine. They danced together by the hour. Bubby, with music in every fiber of his body guided her about ecstatically, while she, who for three years had studied for the Russian Ballet, floated in his arms with joy.

Seated across the table from her at dinner, the charm of Elissa held him spellbound as the charm of Venice, where she was born, that city of islands, soft music and romance. And perhaps to him, the green of her eyes seemed to take their color from the green of the sea that floods the canaled streets of her birthplace.

And, perhaps, over an afternoon cup of tea in her suite, with Bubby at her side, this cool, aloof lady's heart was touched by the stories of his humble beginning, his ambitions and hopes. She listened quietly and sympathetically as

he told her of the years of hard work it took to get him where he is today, and the years of grind it would take to get him to the place he really wants to be. She laughed at and with him when he boyishly told her how pleased he was with the success he had gotten, and she loved that quality in him, because it was so natural.

Then The conversation would turn to her. She could explain to an understanding person, how when she was a little girl, she recognized a fascinating and sometimes distressing psychological fact (and there she would pause for emphasis) that there were two Elissas in the one girl. She told him of how today there is the film star and there is the serious minded person who writes books. As she spoke, he pictured her in his mind, painstakingly writing by hand her latest novel—silent, thoughtful, oblivious to all about her.

She recalled that one of her two selves had been a child who loved to play and romp with her brother and other children. The other Elissa preferred to read quietly by herself, to walk alone among the flowers in her English garden, or to dream away the hours. She told him, while he sat in wrapped attention, that while she writes for publication and acts before the camera, she faces squarely the brutal fact that the motion picture screen favors Youth. He could not think of the girl before him as ever growing old. But she softly reminded him that she could not always be "twenty-one." She added that she realized that the author can go on and on, and that was why she insisted upon keeping at her writing, for someday the actress must give way before ever advancing time.

Perhaps that is why, with her realization of fleeting time, she cherished the carefree, happy times she was spending with the humble musician.

But all things must end, good and bad alike, and the time came for the pair to go back to their different occupations. He must carry on in New York, and she must return to her work. At the station where they stood waiting for the time the train was to leave, she told him with her chin buried deep in the fur collar of her coat, that it was difficult to realize it was time to go home. It hardly seemed possible that ten such happy days could fly by so quickly. It had been such fun going places and doing things together.

After she left, Chasins, back in his apartment, sat a long while in front of his piano unable to work. He pictured her arriving home, where she must become a different person, a person who is neatly typed out in script, but who becomes alive when the vibrant qualities of *his* Elissa take hold.

He knew if the part required a scatterbrain, a tom-boy, she would be as ready before the camera to do the part as she was the afternoon they met; when she helped him shift the luggage in her suite. It would be the same person whom he had pictured while she told him of her home life, cantering, helter skelter, up the hills and down the dales of California, hair shining in the early morning sunlight, eyes sparkling with the brightness of youth.

But he knew too, that if the character required a sober, pensive, sorrowful lady, she could drop back into the mood she was in the night she wanted soothing music and he had played for her. The aristocratic Landi could do these things easily he knew, for often he had watched and loved her quick change from the sublime to the ridiculous.

It was a picture he could never forget.

◆

Harry Carr's Shooting Script

Continued from page thirty-nine

What Germany Lost

After seeing Elizabeth Bergner in *Catherine the Great*, you begin to realize Hitler's folly in chasing all the Jews out of Germany.

The German film studios might as well fold up and turn the buildings over to the cows. The German studios cannot hope to survive. There are too many great Jewish artists; incidentally, there are too many Jewish exhibitors who will be asked to buy pogrom pictures.

My Pick

I Have My first choice for the prize play of 1933—in case the medal-awarding committee of the Motion Picture Academy wants to know—which it probably doesn't.

Mae Suffers

Mae West wants to find a newspaper that will print the answers she wanted to hand back to the lawyer who cross-examined her in that robbery case. Every time she thought of a bright crack, the lawyers objected that it was incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. Incidentally, the wise-acres in Hollywood are not so sure that Mae is going to be a lasting attraction on the screen. Her stories and her parts are too much alike. If she changes her parts, the customers will not like it; nor will they like it if she continues in the type of rôle that brought her fame. So, what to do!

Seventh Son of a Seventh Son

And Now Let's see what kind of a prophet I can be. This is the way the ache in my corns reads to me:

These historical pictures will stop as suddenly as they began. And the fellow who makes the last one will burn his fingers.

Mae West will slip back.

At least two leading men will pop up to stellar fame.

Garbo will go bigger than ever.

Doug Fairbanks, Sr. will give up the screen.

The present mood of the young fellows—even the flappers—is an earnest search for information. Some bright bird will put on an informative picture and make a hit. There is no reason why literal, hard-boiled facts — romance with the cover blown off—should be reserved for past periods when gentlemen wore frilled panties for sleeves and dug hardware into each other.

GETS SPEEDY RELIEF FROM BURNING EYES!



When eyes burn from reading, sewing or office work, or from exposure to sun, wind and dust, apply a few drops of *Murine*. It *instantly* eases the burning sensation and quickly puts an end to the heavy, tired feeling! *Murine* is approved by *Good Housekeeping Bureau*, costs less than a penny an application, and is sold by druggists everywhere. Write Murine Company, Chicago, for free book on eye care.

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30x4 50-21	2.40	0.85		31x4	2.95	0.85
28x4 75-19	2.45	0.95		32x4	2.95	0.85
29x4.75 20	2.50	0.95		33x4	2.95	0.85
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05		34x4	3.25	0.85
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05		32x4½	3.35	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15		33x4½	3.45	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15		34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15		30x5	3.65	1.35
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15		33x5	3.75	1.45
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15		35x5	3.95	1.55
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15		ALL OTHER SIZES		
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15				
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15				
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You'd Like To Shake Her—

Continued from page twenty-four

recently: "You must never forget those New England forefathers. Katy is New England. And all that *that* implies."

While Margaret is Southern, and all that *that* implies.

Katy is reserved, hard-shelled and honestly timid. So frightened at the thought of appearing before people socially that she trembles and frets until she tears off her evening gown and decides to go to bed rather than attend a party which she has already accepted. Or, if she does push herself out in public, she makes for the most dismal corner, hoping no one will see her. Yet, before the camera she throws off that New England, ancestral exterior, baked through many generations, and becomes almost over-emotional. Her one opportunity to *forget* all that New England has instilled in her!

THERE IS NEVER a necessity for a publicity department to guard Katharine Hepburn's statements, for instance. She simply cannot talk to people. I have heard her stutter—hunting for something that might fill the gap between her New England reserve and an interviewer's questions. Her refusal to talk to reporters is not because she desires to be different but because she *is* different. When I asked her about her family, she cried, "They are *mine!*" with a passion that only a New Englander, trained never to show passion, could depict when that hard-shell had been m o m e n t a r i l y broken.

But Margaret Sullavan, with the hot blood of the impetuous South coursing madly through her veins, loves to talk. Adores it. Her words are so amazing that she remembers, frequently, and bubbles forth, "Oh, please don't print that, will you?"

The first time that I talked with her I laughed most of the time and chuckled for two days afterwards. Let me give you a few of her sentences, chosen at random:

"I didn't grow until I was nineteen (she's twenty-two, now). Thyroid. When I was nineteen, I sprouted. Came into my own.

"When I enrolled in the Copley Theatre, E. E. Clive was the head of it. He said: 'My child, you'll never get anywhere with that Southern accent.' And my first lines on Broadway were: 'What you all doin' out theah?'

"Oh, no, I have never told this same story to anyone. I always exaggerate or make up new angles. I would be too bored saying the same thing twice.

"When I played in a small stock company, my family didn't even know it until I hit Norfolk, Virginia." Her eyes twinkled. "They came to see the play. My father sat and watched me as though I were undressed. My mother, nobly, holding him.

"While we were making *Only Yesterday*, I kept begging for a day off. I never knew people could work so hard. I was willing to grant interviews. That's when all that stuff started about my copying Hepburn. I *couldn't* grant 'em. I was on the set from eight in the morning until midnight. They didn't seem to think—oh, well, I guess I shouldn't say that."

SHE DASHED to Arizona to forget Hollywood.

"I hate it. Don't know why, but I do. Everyone seems to think I'm something strange and they talk about me and want me to be somebody else and I can't. I've tried—"

So she went fishing in Arizona. And returned three days later with a black eye and a big torn spot on her cheek. She explained it:

"I was fishing in a stream. The fish were biting, too. The sinker flew back and hit me in the eye and the hook grabbed my cheek. I came back—"

Most people didn't believe her. I do. That's just the way a fishing rod would treat Margaret Sullavan. She'd galvanize it into unprecedented action. The reporters hinted a man had administered that wound. But that wouldn't be unprecedented. So it couldn't happen to Margaret Sullavan.

She got tired of telling the story and having it laughed at—by Hollywood. So



***Gloria Swanson visited Carole Lombard on the set of* We're Not Dressing. *Gloria recently signed to do a talkie version of Elinor Glyn's* Three Weeks

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she telephoned the studio she was leaving for New York.

"When?"

"In half an hour."

"But you can't go. Your picture—"

"I'll be back in five days. I just want to see if I like New York as much as I think I do. Maybe the skyline won't look the same now. Then, maybe I'll like Hollywood, more."

And she gave the name of the people she would be with—

Only, the studio discovered—when the plane had gone—that those people are now visiting in Hollywood. So they decided she hadn't gone and gave out a story she was lost. When a telegram arrived from Kansas City saying a girl listed under the name of Margaret Sullavan was on a plane. "Has black eye and torn cheek and refuses to talk—" Then they knew she'd told the truth. Probably didn't even know her New York friends were in California.

For she usually tells the truth. Not always. I asked her if she'd ever been married. "No. Never." Her eyes were as candid as a babe's peeping from his cradle. I knew perfectly well that she had. Yet I didn't contradict her. Perhaps this was because I also knew that she loved this boy from whom she was now separated. Loved him with a madness that comes with genuineness. They had trouped together in small companies. Not eating for days at a time and then feasting when Fate suddenly smiled. Her love had been so great—And the Fame, *Her Fame*, would never be great enough to make her talk about memories that would always be greater. Perhaps that's why I let her lie and let her think I believed her. And perhaps it was because I'd rather let her have the black eyes.

Oh, well, I could go on for pages. But there's supposed to be a main point to this story. Margaret Sullavan is *not* like Katharine Hepburn. And she is not imitating her. For Margaret to imitate Katharine is as ridiculous an idea as Hollywood's old theory that Katharine was imitating Garbo. There are some women so individual that they can neither imitate nor be imitated. These are two such women.

And when you know them both—well, you have this sort of feeling. You like Katharine. You respect her. You even feel a little sorry for her. At times, you want to shake her—grab that hard, firmly enameled surface from her so you can get down to the real woman. Yet you know the real woman is on the screen. Only the camera will ever penetrate that surface, molded by so many generations.

But you love Margaret. You want to protect her from herself. Save her from the results of her emotional nature, as the world has so long wanted to protect the effervescent Southern women. At times, you want to throw yourself in front of her and tell the world to "go to h—" and leave this easily-hurt, soft exterior, alone. And you know that all of this woman will never be on the screen. The camera can never catch all of the fire and fury of these turbulent emotions, untrained for so many generations.

And you understand perfectly why producers urge Katharine Hepburn to talk more and why they order Margaret Sullavan not to talk at all. For producers understand that they are alike only in one way: Each is sincerely herself and all of Hollywood, banded together, will never alter either.

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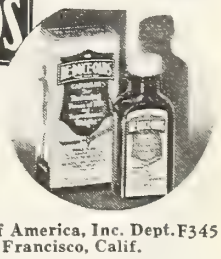
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New Heart Throb

Continued from page thirty-six

"Going to try out for the track team?"

"Yes."

"Want to join the Glee Club?"

"Sure."

"How about doing a little reporting for the good old Taft newsy?"

"All right."

Before he graduated he was track man number one, leader of the Glee Club and editor of the paper. Which gives you some idea of the Ross vitality but nothing of the Ross charm. It took Mae West to describe that. She did it just a short time ago at Emanuel Cohen's party. "He doesn't know what he's got—that Lanny. But it's the certain fascinating something that makes us weak sisters weaker."

When Lanny matriculated at Yale he would have run ten miles if you'd told him it was to be the stepping stone to Hollywood—for him. Grease paint? Acting? That wasn't in his line! And he was getting better at running right along. In his third year—1927—he defeated Ray Barbuti, the coming 1928 400 meter champion and "Bud" Spencer, world's record holder at that distance.

In his second year he had won another scholarship which took care of the tuition for his junior and senior sessions. But in the meantime there was the little business of getting enough money for his board and room.

Another boy, two classes ahead of him, was paying his way through by leading an orchestra at dances in nearby towns. A boy by the name of Rudy Vallée.

He was a kind of shining light to Lanny. The way he worked to keep up with his grades—to keep his orchestra in shape. At graduation he had saved some four thousand dollars to face an insensitive world with. Four thousand—which in less than five years was to become as many millions.

"Radio—that's the big thing now," Rudy told Lanny. But Lanny had his eyes focused on a judge's bench.

He couldn't lead an orchestra like Rudy. And his people were in Europe. What to do? In June he went down to the agent for the American-Hamburg lines and persuaded him to take him on as an unofficial master of ceremonies. The cabin-tourist cruises were just beginning. Lanny found himself taking the blame for tough steaks . . . wandering dogs . . . lost shawls . . . and brawling children . . . while the Atlantic heaved and roared. Lanny, the white hope of old Eli in the coming '28 Olympics, chaperoned poodles across deck even while he assured Mrs. Jones the ship was *not* sinking.

Once they landed on the other side, however, he was free for six weeks. Free to roam through the English countryside and play small parts in the London theatre with his father. That first summer, abetted by his mother, he gave a concert. Successful enough to stimulate his interest again in things musical.

During three vacations young Mr. Ross shepherded tourists over the ocean. Then, rather swiftly, came the turning point in his life.

It was the summer of his graduation from Yale.

"You'll soon be leaving with the Olympic team, Lanny, eh?"

"I'll soon be leaving with the *Glee Club!*"



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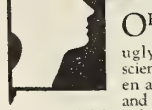
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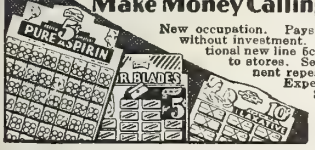


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The boys formed a startled circle around him. It wasn't possible! Giving up the chance for new track records at the big event in Amsterdam! But Lanny had made his choice. What lay back of that decision one can only guess. This much is certain: A friend of his, a boy he had defeated in the try-outs, took his place on the track team—and so fulfilled a dream of dreams. The Glee Club tour that year took in thirteen European countries.

Meanwhile the National Broadcasting Company, on the look-out for fresh talent, had "spotted" the leading tenor in the club. One Mr. Ross. He went to see them on his return to America. And on Christmas Eve, accompanied on the piano by his mother, Lanny made his début over the air. It was pretty exciting . . . with everybody celebrating . . . and the chimes ringing outside . . . and telegrams coming in from people who had heard him.

And Still Lanny considered his singing just a means to an end—earning enough money to put him through law. He enrolled at Columbia University. Days he was buried in dry legal books. Nights he made the ether glow with stirring love songs. But there was no time for any personal romances. Not if he wanted to finish a three-year course in two—which he did.

That's when old lady fate had another chuckle. Lanny was offered two jobs the same week he passed his bar examinations. One was to join an old and distinguished law firm at $200 a month. The other was from the General Foods Company. They wanted him for the Maxwell House Coffee program at $2,000. What would you have done?—That's exactly what Lanny did too.

"All right," he said, "I'll make music my career." Just as if Destiny hadn't decided that from the start!

For the first time he took private singing lessons—at the noted Juilliard school where Katie Hepburn and Doug Montgomery and so many others "found their voice." The concert stage was Lanny's goal now. Pictures never entered his head.

"But," he thought, "I might as well make personal appearances at the local theatres for the experience."

"Oh, of course!" chortled Dame Destiny.

And—"He's a *find!*" cried the Paramount scout who saw him at the old Roxy.

That's the way things happen. That's the story of a tenor who wanted to wear a judge's gown. But not *all* the story. The Hollywood part has only begun. I asked him about it as we walked across the studio lot.

"I'm still up in the air," he confided.

"Isn't that where a radio singer belongs?"

He silenced me with a scornful look.

"That from you! But as a matter of fact I wouldn't have come if I could not have stayed right on with the 'Showboat' program. They've given me a six minute 'spot' to myself out here and I have the privilege of choosing my own songs.

"There is so much to learn. Hollywood is a sort of super-place. Unbelievable . . ." He glanced around at the man-made sky, the backless boat, the gay Swiss scene in which he was about to take part. And was it just by chance that he started very softly to sing *Sweet Madness?* . . .

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29x4.75-20	2.50	.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.95	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
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31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
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32x4	2.95	.85
33x4	2.95	.85
34x4	3.25	.85
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
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33x5	3.75	1.45
35x5	3.95	1.55

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36x6 Truck	8.95	3.95
34x7 Truck	9.95	3.25
36x8 Truck	11.45	3.95
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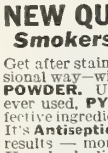
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THE GUIDE TO NEW PICTURES

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NEW PRODUCTIONS

AAA—AS THE EARTH TURNS—Screen version of a famous back-to-the-soil book. Donald Woods and Jean Muir, film newcomers, have the leads.—*Warners.*

AAA—BOLERO—George Raft splendid as a dancer. Sally Rand and her fan share his love interest with Carole Lombard, who weds a nobleman, but comes to George as he is dying.—*Paramount.*

AAAA—CATHERINE THE GREAT—British-made picture featuring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Elizabeth Bergner. Elaborate in costumes and settings and story is romantically entertaining.—*United Artists.*

AAA—DAVID HARUM—You'll love Will Rogers in this well-known characterization of a beloved country banker and horse trader. Excellent supporting cast includes Louise Dresser, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Noah Beery, Charles Middleton and Stepin Fetchit.—*Fox.*

AAA—EVER SINCE EVE—George O'Brien as the young miner who invades New York, marries a society girl and is swindled out of his fortune. Mary Brian, Herbert Mundin and Betty Blythe. —*Fox.*

AAA—GAMBLING LADY—Barbara Stanwyck as a gambler's daughter who goes straight despite bad companions. Joel McCrea, Pat O'Brien, Claire Dodd and J. Audrey Smith. Good entertainment.—*Warners.*

AAAA—GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—An outstanding musical featuring Alice Faye, Rudy Vallée, Jimmy Durante, Cliff Edwards, Adrienne Ames, Warren Hymer and others. Don't miss it. —*Fox.*

AAA—HAROLD TEEN—The newspaper comic strip brought to the screen with dancing Hal Le Roy in the title rôle. Rochelle Hudson, Patricia Ellis, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert provide laughs. Chic Chandler introduces several new and catchy songs.—*Warners.*

AAA—HEAT LIGHTNING—Comedy and tragedy in a desert auto camp. Well acted by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Glenda Farrell, Ruth Donnelly, Preston Foster and Lyle Talbot.—*Warners.*

AAAA—HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD—George Arliss at his best. Story based on noted English banking family. Loretta Young and Robert Young offer fine support.—*Twentieth Century.*



***Ann Sothern, who proved a sensation in* Let's Fall in Love, *and Lanny Ross, popular radio singer, have romantic rôles in* Melody in Spring**

AAA—I BELIEVE IN YOU—A sophisticated story of a girl who loses her head over Greenwich Village life, but is saved by the man who loves her. Heading the cast are John Boles, Victor Jory and Rosemary Ames.—*Fox.*

AAA—I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Pat O'Brien, a telephone trouble-shooter, who keeps his date book well filled. Allen Jenkins, Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Eugene Pallette all contribute to the picture's success.—*Warners.*

AAA—JIMMY THE GENT—Here is the answer to the Cagney fan's plea. Jimmy as an unsavory, fast thinking, wise-cracking promoter. And you'll like Bette Davis, Alice White, Alan Dinehart and Mayo Methot.—*Warners.*

AAA—KEEP 'EM ROLLING—Walter Huston as the hard-boiled army sergeant gives up drinking and Minna Gombell to devote his entire attentions to Rodney, his horse. Frances Dee helps make things interesting.—*Radio.*

AAA—LAZY RIVER—Louisiana life in shrimp fishing industry, flavored with melodrama and love. Jean Parker, Robert Young, Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton all excellent.—*Metro.*

AAA—LONG LOST FATHER—John Barrymore, years after deserting his family, finds his grownup daughter a dancer in his café and in trouble. Helen Chandler, Donald Cook, Allen Mowbry and Natalie Moorehead.—*Radio.*

AAA—LOVE BIRDS—Typical ZaSu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedy of a worthless real estate boom. Mickey Rooney gives a fine kid performance; Dorothy Christie is a nifty vamp.—*Universal.*

AAAA—MEN IN WHITE—Clark Gable in one of his best performances as a young interne. An intriguing love theme carried by Myrna Loy and Elizabeth Allan. Jean Hersholt is excellent. Marvelous picture.—*Metro.*

AAA—NO GREATER GLORY—A story of youthful gangs. Good entertainment. The adult players are Ralph Morgan and Lois Wilson and the juveniles George Breakston, Jimmie Butler, Frankie Darro and Jackie Searl.—*Columbia.*

AAA—NO MORE WOMEN—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, once Quirt and Flagg, go in for deep-sea diving, which Sally Blane and Minna Gombell tangle with love and laughter. Very funny.—*Paramount.*

AAA—REGISTERED NURSE—A combination of comedy and tragedy with a hospital background. Gordon Wescott insane husband of Bebe Daniels, kills himself when he learns of her love for John Halliday, a surgeon. Lyle Talbot, another doctor, is his rival. Minna Gombell, Vince Barnett, Sidney Toler and Buelah Bondi.—*Warners.*

AAAA—SCARLET EMPRESS—Massive historical presentation based on life of Catherine the Great of Russia. Marlene Dietrich heads the cast which includes John Cabot Lodge, Sam Jaffee, Louise Dresser, Gavin Gordon and Dietrich's daughter, Maria.—*Paramount.*

AAA—SHE MADE HER BED—A brutal husband and a loving wife, Robert Armstrong and Sally Eilers provide real melodrama. Dick Arlen is heroic villain. Loads of thrills.—*Paramount.*

AAAA—SING AND LIKE IT—Plenty of laughs in a mixture of theatricals and safe blowing. ZaSu Pitts, Pert Kelton, Edward Everett Horton, Nat Pendleton and Ned Sparks, all at their laughable best.—*Radio.*

AAA—SLEEPERS EAST—Murder and adventure and a court trial. Preston Foster, Wynne Gibson, Harvey Stephens, Mona Barrie and Howard Lally excellent.—*Fox.*

AAA—STRICTLY DYNAMITE—Jimmy Durante as the great radio broadcaster is a riot. Norman Foster, Marion Nixon, Lupe Velez, Minna Gombell, Eugene Pallette and Mills Brothers complete great cast.—*Radio.*

AAA—SUCCESS STORY—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as an ambitious young lad who makes good and then crashes. Colleen Moore is the sweetheart who stands by.—*Radio.*



***Warner Baxter and Madge Evans are stellar members of the imposing cast offered in* Stand Up and Cheer**

AAA—THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—The well-known stage success well done on the screen by Jeanette MacDonald and Ramón Novarro and a fine supporting cast. Much delightful music and song.—*Metro.*

AAA—THE FIREBRAND—Sophisticated story built around life of Benvenito Cellini. Fredric March, Constance Bennett, Frank Morgan and Fay Wray all outstanding.—*United Artists.*

AAA—THE MORNING AFTER—Sally Eilers and Ben Lyon in a burlesque on the mythical kingdom type of film stories. Plenty of laughs.—*British Gaumont.*

AAA—WILD CARGO—Frank Buck's worthy sequel to his *Bring 'Em Back Alive.* Plenty of thrills.—*Radio.*

AAAA—WONDERBAR—A super-musical built about Al Jolson and a cast including Ricardo Cortez, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, Louise Fazenda and Dick Powell. Don't pass it up.—*Warners.*

NEIGHBORHOOD SHOWINGS

AAA—CAROLINA—Entertaining story of impoverished Southern family with Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore.—*Fox.*

AAA—COMING OUT PARTY—Motherhood minus clerical sanction as presented by Frances Dee. Good entertainment.—*Fox.*

AAA—DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Different entertainment in which Death visits earth to find why people fear him. With Fredric March, Evelyn Venable.—*Paramount.*

AAA—EASY TO LOVE—Light comedy, splendidly played by Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton.—*Warners.*

AAAA—FASHIONS OF 1934—Silk-hat gangsters raid Paris salons to pirate dress styles. Thrills, gowns and dance routines.—*Warners.*

AAA—FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Jungle perils remove civilization's veneer as Claudette Colbert, Mary Boland, William Gargan and Herbert Marshall flee bubonic plague.—*Paramount.*

AAAA—GOOD DAME—Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March in carnival love story.—*Paramount.*



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Vol. 23
No. 6

HOLLYWOOD

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

ARTHUR C. JANISCH
Assistant Editor

Contents for June, 1934



Louise Fazenda is making a sensational screen comeback in* Wonderbar. *The dog is her pet poodle

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

●

Merna Kennedy and Busby Berkeley spent the major portion of their honeymoon at San Quentin penitentiary . . . but they were there as students of criminology rather than as inmates . . . perhaps we shouldn't worry about such things, but Jean Muir wears a larger shoe than Greta Garbo . . . Carole Lombard thought the world had come to an end when she dragged the train of her metal dress across an exposed electric cable on Columbia's *Twentieth Century* set.

●

Mae West refuses to make scene No. 13 in a picture . . . she calls it 12-A instead . . . Rosemary Ames, California girl who crashed Hollywood via the London stage, used to earn spending money by exercising a neighbor's dog back in Oakland . . . writer John Meehan got so mad at his ever-losing racehorse, he gave it to his trainer . . . and now it's a consistent winner.

●

Joan Crawford and the *Sadie McKee* cast would have been plenty scared had they known that Matt McHugh was driving an auto for the first time when he did some chauffering in that talkie . . . as a youngster, Gary Cooper stuffed birds and small animals, and sold them to artistic-minded Montana saloon-keepers . . . Will Rogers will portray *Judge Priest* when Fox screens Irvin Cobb's magazine series.

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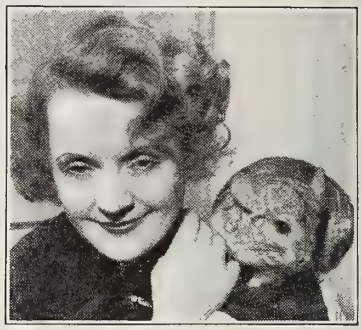
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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
Western Editor

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Billie Burke, in* The Dover Road, *with $1600 worth of chinchilla from the world's only chinchilla farm

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

●

Mary Astor escaped uninjured when she figured in her first auto crash . . . but there isn't much to be said for what remains of her shiny new car . . . Lionel Barrymore is celebrating the 25th anniversary of his screen début . . . Leila Hyams, who has been so busy getting her new residence into shape that she's had to neglect her career, returns to the screen in *The Quitter* . . . Dorothy Lee and Bette Davis went to the hospital with laryngitis.

●

Ray Walker who won hearts along Main street while playing in Monogram pictures, has graduated to the majors . . . Paramount gave him a termer and cast him opposite Sylvia Sidney in *Thirty Day Princess* . . . Grace Bradley will sing in Harold Lloyd's *Cat's Paw* . . . RKO-Radio will star John Barrymore in *A Hat, A Coat and A Glove* . . . Nils Asther portrays a hypnotist in Universal's *The Humbug.*

●

Katherine Mauk, Eddie Cantor's acting protegée, was seriously injured when thrown from a horse . . . Pat Wing is deserting the talkies to devote all her time to being Mrs. Bill Perry . . . Jane Murfin has been made a supervisor by RKO-Radio, the first of her sex to land such a post . . . Jane began her writing career as a sob-sister on a Detroit newspaper . . . Jimmy Cagney is raising another mustache, this one for his rôle in *Without Honor.*

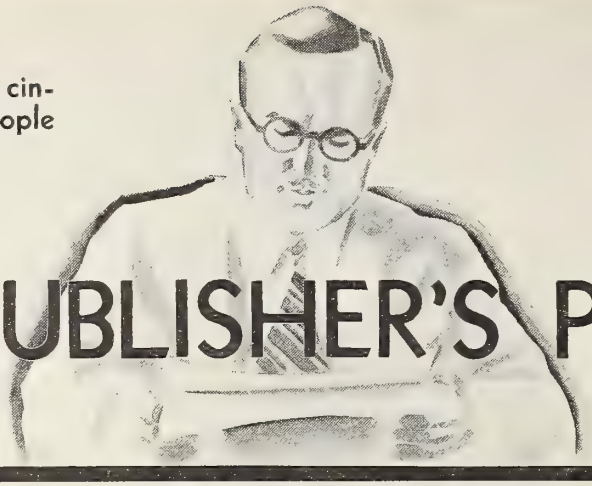


Mae West in "IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown. Duke Ellington & Band... Directed by Leo McCarey

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE...it's the best show in town!

Pointed comment on cinema affairs and people



by
W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine

The PUBLISHER'S PAGE



Lilyan Tashman

Lilyan Tashman

LILYAN TASHMAN has answered the final call and the cinema has lost one of its most distinctive personalities. Movie lovers mourn her as a departed favorite star—Hollywood mourns Lilyan Tashman the woman.

Lilyan delighted in her reputation as Filmdom's style dictator. Women envied her uncanny ability to anticipate far in advance the trend of fashion and gloried in her introduction of the bizarre and unusual in style. For nearly a decade she was married to Edmund Lowe and their devotion was well-known. Lilyan Tashman had much to live for; her span of life was far too short. We grieve with Edmund Lowe and the world in her passing.

The romance between Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez of a few years ago is well-known. Later the Countess di Frasso apparently succeeded Lupe in Gary's affections. Now both Gary and Lupe are married—and Lupe and the Countess di Frasso are inseparable pals!



ZaSu Pitts

Neighborliness

ZASU PITTS has revived the quaint old custom of keeping a cow and donating milk to neighbors.

ZaSu and Claudette Colbert have been neighbors for more than a year but did not meet until recently when ZaSu visited the *Cleopatra* set and introduced herself. During their talk ZaSu discovered that Claudette drinks milk in an effort to increase her weight. ZaSu, with true neighborly generosity, offered to send Claudette a quart of milk daily from her private cow.

It is not easy to picture a cow in the backyard of a movie mansion, yet this actuality is one of the many human sidelights of Hollywood.

Hitch-hikers will throng the Hollywood highways more than ever now. Recently one of them thumbed down a sporty looking car driven by a beautiful blonde. He got the ride and a job in a box factory through the efforts of the driver who was—Jean Harlow!



Marlene Dietrich

Here's Hope

THE BEGINNINGS of screen stars should help those who believe they are doomed to a colorless existence in an unappealing job.

We might never have heard of Greta Garbo if she had been content lathering faces in a barbershop; Marlene Dietrich might be a violinist known only in her native Germany if prolonged practice had not injured her hand, and Fredric March might be peering out from a teller's window if the stage had not triumphed over banking.

Dauntless determination and a will to realize their ambitions lifted them from the ordinary to the position they now enjoy.



Charles Laughton

The Academy Awards

THE MOTION PICTURE Academy's 1934 awards should bring much satisfaction to all fans.

No fault can be found with the Academy's selection of Katharine Hepburn for the award going to the actress doing the best work during the season. Katharine won the honor through her work in *Morning Glory*. And it is agreed that Charles Laughton justly received the actor's award for his performance in *Henry VIII*.

Fox enjoys the unique distinction of winning three awards for *Cavalcade*: for the year's best production, the best direction (Frank Lloyd), and the best art direction (William Darling).

Mae West likes to tell about the time she went riding with a too impetuous gentleman. She asked him if he could drive with one hand and he eagerly said he could. "Then help me eat these apples," Mae replied.



Patsy Kelly

Comedy's Her Business

PATSY KELLY'S business is being funny. Coming to Hollywood from the New York stage, she succeeded within a short time in establishing herself as one of the screen's foremost comédiennes. Her business is to make other persons laugh—and to forget she will not live more than ten years longer.

Patsy was riding with Jean Malin when he accidentally drove his car into the Pacific and lost his life about a year ago. Patsy survived only to learn that physicians can do nothing about the sand that seeped into her lungs—they grant her ten years.

Comedy—laughter—life—death—and a trouper who is going to make every minute of those ten years count.

An eager screen newcomer asked George Burns recently if he thought makeup was harmful—and especially if lipstick did any harm. George referred her to Gracie Allen with the remark that the lipstick Gracie found on his cheek didn't do him any good!



Joel McCrea

In Search of Privacy

MOVIE STARS discovered long ago that secret telephone numbers are far from secret. Many of them have to change their numbers once a month or oftener. Now they are building hideaway homes miles from a telephone where they can be reached only by telegram.

If you want to send Joel McCrea and Frances Dee a telegram it will cost $1.50 to have it delivered to their ranch home. Ann Harding has a one-way phone—she can talk over it but no incoming calls can be received.

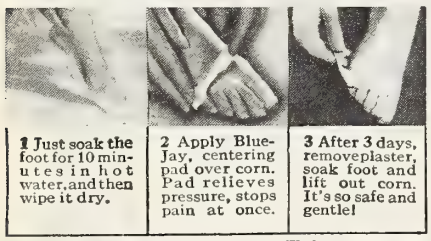
It must be nice to avoid wrong numbers in the middle of the night!

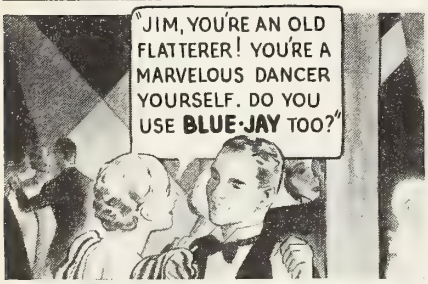

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What's New ON THE SCREEN

The picture scout's tip-off on what movies are worth seeing

Murder at the Vanities

● Three cheers for Paramount and Earl Carroll! They have brought to the screen in *Murder at the Vanities* a type of picture that will appeal to everyone. His beauties certainly live up to their reputation. Carl Brisson, Denmark's new contribution to the American screen, is excellent. Victor McLaglen carries the mystery plot as a detective. Jack Oakie, Kitty Carlisle, Lona Andre, Toby Wing, Gail Patrick and others contribute plenty of laughs and entertainment.

I'll Tell the World!

● Here we have Lee Tracy back on the screen—and how! Universal has cast him in another newspaper rôle, but it's pretty genuine throughout and Lee is his old fast-talking, fast moving self. Sent as a correspondent to cover troubles in a mythical kingdom, he finds a rival reporter in Roger Pryor and dashing love interest in Gloria Stuart. If you don't see *I'll Tell the World!* it's your own fault.

The Crime Doctor

● Unless mystery pictures are *very* good, they are usually rather boring. This one is *very* good, being based on a novel but logical plot and backed up by excellent acting. Otto Kruger is the detective who plans and executes his perfect crime and nearly sends Nils Asther to the chair. Karen Morley, as Asther's lover, is splendid, and Judith Wood proves her screen worth as the victim. Fred Kelsey and J. Farrell MacDonald contribute much to the success of the picture.

Come On Marines

● If you can imagine a bevy of beautiful girls from a finishing school alone at night in a jungle under a tropical moon with a bunch of love-starved Marines, you can imagine the situations in this fast-moving picture. There's a battle and other bits of action and no end of entrancing dancing and vamping. Richard Arlen and Ida Lupino carry the heavy love interest and Grace Bradley, Roscoe Karns, Toby Wing, Monte Blue and others help keep the screen from going frigid.

Twenty Million Sweethearts

○ Warners bring us a sure-fire musical that manages to keep highly interesting without suggestive lines or objectionably brief costumes. It supplies a number of new tunes that undoubtedly will soon be whistled everywhere. The plot is thin, but that isn't important. It weaves around a singer who makes good through the help of a fast-talking manager and the sacrifices of his sweetie. Marriage interferes with his career and so marriage, career, everything go smash. The happy ending is when all are regained. The red hot cast includes Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Ginger Rogers, Allen Jenkins, the Four Mills

Please turn to page ten



Douglass Montgomery and Margaret Sullavan in a poignant scene from* Little Man, What Now? *Universal's picturization of the celebrated best seller by Hans Fallada

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Warner Baxter—Favorita Salad
Clark Gable—Angel Food Cake
Maurice Chevalier—Welsh Rarebit
Douglas Fairbanks—Gnocckis a la Romaine
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—*Irving Lippman*

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What's New on the Screen

Continued from page eight

Brothers, Ted Fio Rito and his band and plenty of others. Don't pass this up.

Take the Stand

● Those of you who would be interested in the demise of a scandal writing columnist under rather unpleasant circumstances will find satisfaction in this Earl Derr Biggers mystery yarn. Jack La Rue is the lamented columnist and Russell Hopton does a right smart bit of acting as the clever young detective. The excellent cast is completed by Thelma Todd, Gail Patrick, Leslie Fenton, Jason Robards and Vince Barnett.

Upperworld

● Warren William and Ginger Rogers, by superior acting, save an otherwise dull picture burdened with an ancient plot. It concerns the man married to a woman whose social ambitions cause her to neglect him and throw him into the arms of the other woman. The receiving arms are those of Ginger Rogers, who, after playing William for a sucker, falls in love with him. Mary Astor does a nice bit of acting.

This Man Is Mine

● For the audience which enjoys sophisticated romance, *This Man Is Mine* is delightful. Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy and Kay Johnson and Charles Starrett are happily married couples. Constance Cummings, an intriguing little adventuress with whom Bellamy once was in love, will not let him forget. This almost leads Irene to divorce, but Sidney Blackmer leads Constance off on other trails. An excellent cast in a splendid picture.

The Mystery of Mr. X

● Occasionally we find a mystery story that is different and *The Mystery of Mr. X* is one of these. Robert Montgomery is cast as a diamond thief who enters into a romantic tangle with Elizabeth Allan and Ralph Forbes and untangles the mystery in order to save himself. Without doubt, this will stand out as one of Robert Montgomery's finest screen portrayals. Lewis Stone, Forrester Harvey and others of like capabilities help keep this Metro picture above par.

Bottoms Up

● An excellent cast carries this musical along through some highly entertaining spots. There are quite a few delightful musical numbers and an abundance of pretty girls well exhibited in chorus work. The players include Spencer Tracy, John Boles, Pat Paterson, Harry Green and Herbert Mundin.

Midnight

● O. P. Heggie registers a remarkable dramatic performance in this story of a grand jury foreman who is instrumental in sending a woman to the chair for murder, only to discover

on the eve of the execution that his own daughter has committed an almost identical crime. It leaves the audience to decide whether there is an excuse for passion killing. This is a powerful story and other players who share honors with Heggie are Sidney Fox, Helen Flint and Moffat Johnson.

Bedside

● This is one of those pictures wherein the players are cast in rôles that cause the audience to engender a personal dislike for them. Warren William is a crooked doctor who buys his medical certificate and rises to fame via the publicity route. It is a tough assignment for a star who wants to keep popular with his public. Others in the cast include Jean Muir, David Landau, Allen Jenkins and Kathryn Sergava.

Let's Be Ritzy

● For a well rounded picture affording the utmost in screen entertainment, Universal can well be proud of *Let's Be Ritzy*. Robert McWade, that lovable old character actor, nearly steals the show away from Lew Ayres, Patricia Ellis, Frank McHugh and Isabel Jewell. It is the story of a young couple whose married life is almost wrecked by outside romance and intrigue because they cannot make ends meet on his $30 a week salary.

Honor of the West

● For those who enjoy a bang up horse opera, *Honor Of The West* fills the bill. Ken Maynard is the hard riding sheriff of a western town and also plays the rôle of his twin brother, a weakling who runs a grocery store. Cecelia Parker loves Ken and is in turn desired by the weak brother. Fred Kohler heads a gang which robs the brother's store safe. From there on the plot moves rapidly through false accusations, kidnaping and all the rootin', tootin' wild west trimmings.

The Trumpet Blows

● *The Trumpet Blows* is a refreshing drama of the life and loves of a Mexican bull fighter, with George Raft cast as the matador who is in love with Frances Drake. Adolphe Menjou has a powerful rôle as his brother, a noted bandit who poses as a rancher and harbors a love for his bull fighting brother's senorita. Replete with excitement, suspense, love interest and excellent comedy, this Paramount picture should not be passed up.

Please turn to page sixty-two

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I wish somebody would tell her!



"ISN'T it a shame? There's a girl who has '*come hither*' if I ever saw one. But it becomes '*go thither*' after a minute in her presence. Why doesn't some kind girl friend put her wise?"

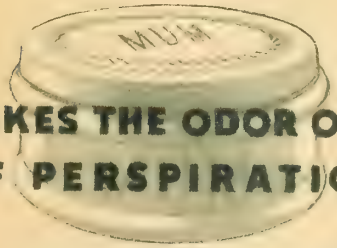
The surprising thing is that there still are girls and women—attractive ones, too—who need to be told that soap and water cannot keep their underarms free from that ugly odor of perspiration which refined people hate.

Smart girls who prize their popularity know that the *quick*, the *easy*, the *sure* way to keep their underarms always fresh and odorless, is with Mum.

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe for *all day*.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can shave your underarms and use Mum immediately.

Don't ever let anybody say you are careless about underarm odor. Use Mum regularly and you'll be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

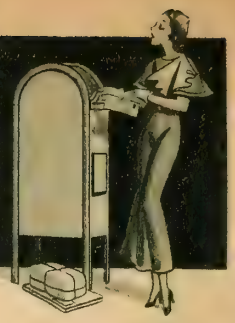


TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum is also a wonderful deodorant for this use—guarantees protection from unpleasantness.

EDITOR'S MAILBAG

An open forum in which readers express their views on stars and pictures. $5.00 is paid to each of the five best letters received each month





Anna is magnificent

No Bunk

FOR once the build-up ballyhoo for a new cinema star wasn't a gross exaggeration, because Anna Sten really is a magnificent actress, a beauty of distinctive loveliness. In fact in *Nana*, despite a trite story, Miss Sten out-does even the most enthusiastic of the publicity boys. Her subtle charm and her enigmatic allure make Garbo seem quite ordinary and Crawford just another clothes horse.
($5.00 Letter)

F. H. KENNEDY,
1946 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Craves Something New

WHY IS IT THAT the newsreels are abandoning the service of history and putting out a shingle as entertainers, with the result that they are simply a collection of sideshows, recurring athletic events and things which can better be viewed at a fair or vaudeville theatre? Even the newsreel announcer seems to regard it as a fence post to which is attached a complacently cheery and atrociously facetious brand of humor. I realize that history caught off guard is rare, but surely there are more interesting sights than cute kids, speechmakers, King Faud opening parliament, girls showing shapely legs and all the other events seemingly so vital to the twentieth century. For instance, why doesn't some news camera give a sight of the old studio lots in Hollywood? On a recent visit there I saw some of them, so interesting as a panorama of past screen productions. Why aren't sights like these incorporated in our newsreels? Are other fans just as tired as I am of being fed fillers, prepared speeches and bathing girls?
($5.00 Letter)

KERRY KAVANAUGH,
6220 37th St., N. W., Seattle, Wash.

Cynical Critics

THIS hue and cry for something new and different in pictures sounds a hollow note when we see nurses and doctors flock to see pictures concerning the medical field, college students crowding to watch college pictures, aviators and mechanics filling the seats for air films and so forth. Surely, they don't expect something new and different in a picture dramatizing something which is an everyday common occurrence in their lives.

Do you suppose the instinct to critisize and find fault is the answer? You so often hear nurses behind you say loud enough to be heard, "Oh, poof! No surgeon ever wore an ironed gown to operate in," or some collegian in the front say, "We couldn't get away with that in our college," or an aviator on your right say, "Yep, that's Hollywood's idea of flying." Why do these people yell for something new and different?
($5.00 Letter)

JESSIE CZARNECKA,
Children's Hospital of Michigan,
Detroit, Mich.

Aristocratic Cameo

IRENE DUNNE, you charming little aristocrat. To me you seem like a clean cut cameo, endowed with human emotions. You possess an illusive something which at times causes Homeric impulses, later soothed by the sweetness of your personality. After viewing one of your pictures, I go home with a feeling of contentment, knowing I have seen that rare thing, a perfect performance.
($5.00 Letter)

NORMAN H. YOUNG,
316 S. Broadway, c/o Russell Hotel,
Los Angeles, Calif.



Irene, charming aristocrat



Judith needs a break

An Old Story

WHY does Judith Wood never get a real break in the cinema world? at, has a delightful voice and is a finished stage actress. She scored a tremendous hit in the original New York cast of *Dinner at Eight* and had already proven her mettle upon the screen at that time, and yet Hollywood, usually so eager to sign up stage favorites, gave her part to Jean Harlow in a film version of the same play.

PRISCILLA TOWNSEND CAMPBELL,
Little House, Peterboro, N. H.

Likes "Horse Operas"

WESTERN PICTURES are deserving of a more favorable niche in the cinematic hall of fame, I think. There used to be some very laughable and lively "horse operas," but nowadays some mighty fine films are appearing with that real old Western tang and packed with action. We grown-ups thrill to such fast moving screen epics as *To the Last Man* and *Frontier Marshal* just as much as do the kids, even though we may not stamp our feet and holler when George O'Brien or Randolph Scott gallop heroically through tight situations.

MAX W. VAWTER,
Leadville, Colo.

Lessons on Life

I SOMETIMES wonder why there is so much bitterness shown towards so-called "sex" and "triangle" pictures. Don't you think that films of this sort often prevent similar situations occurring in real life? When I am watching such pictures, I am forced to form a mental picture of what would happen if the events of the story occurred in my own life. This usually gives me a feeling of deep appreciation of the happiness of my own hitherto lamented lot. I say to myself, "I am no Jean Harlow and my boy-friend is no Clark Gable, but our lives are full of happiness and understanding." Let us always heed the warning of the lessons that come to us via the screen.

($5.00 Letter)

MARY JENSEN,
1912 Thomas Avenue, N.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Paging Marian

WHAT HAS BECOME of Marian Nixon? Is it another case of colorless rôles ruining a good actress? She is far more

Please turn to page fifty-six

SYLVIA SIDNEY
and
FREDRIC MARCH
in Paramount's
"GOOD DAME"
B. P. Schulberg Production
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively



The Appeal of
LOVELY BEAUTY
invites
Romance

COLOR has an emotional appeal. Psychologists know that certain color tones and color harmonies attract, actually create desire.

In Hollywood, we have proved this . . . and to give beauty a secret attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, created color harmony make-up to emphasize the allure of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

★ **Powder**



Creating a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours, Max Factor's Brunette Face Powder blends in color harmony with Sylvia Sidney's brownette coloring. Perfect under any close-up test.

★ **Rouge**



Harmonizing with the color tone of the powder, Max Factor's Carmine Rouge imparts a soft, lifelike glow of color to the cheeks...Smooth, like finest skin texture . . . it always blends evenly.

★ **Lipstick**



Accenting the color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Carmine Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof . . . the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick in harmonized shades . . . created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, is available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At all leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

NOW FREE...YOUR COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP CHART



FILL in and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illus. Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, I enclose 10c for postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

5-6-76

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray check
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	type above and here ☐

SOCIETY MAKE-UP
★ *Face Powder,*
★ *Rouge,*
★ *Lipstick*
in COLOR HARMONY

Together again

The most *Glorious* sweethearts of the Screen



Janet GAYNOR

Charles FARRELL

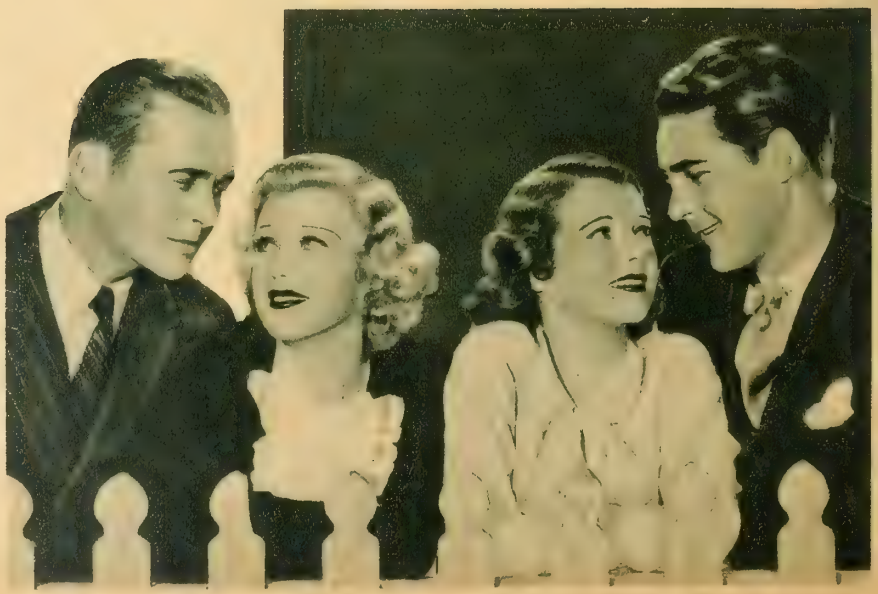
Just as they captured your hearts in "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up", they'll win you again in this lovable romance of young hearts, young love—

CHANGE OF HEART

with

JAMES DUNN
GINGER ROGERS

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN
Directed by John C. Blystone. From the novel "Manhattan Love Song" by Kathleen Norris



FOX

FAVORITES OF THE SHADOW STAGE



- Otto Dyar

PAT PATERSON

● These alluring dimples and entrancing smile have quite captivated Hollywood. Since her arrival from England the gorgeous Pat has filmed *Bottoms Up* and is now appearing in *Call It Luck* for Fox



- Scotty W[illegible]

MARY RUSSELL

● Not so long ago Mary was working as a stylist in a San Francisco department store. Then Louise Fazenda saw her and arranged a screen test and a contract and rôle in *Dames* for Warners were forthcoming



—*William Walling, Jr.*

IDA LUPINO

● There was a little girl and she had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead—and her conquest of male Hollywood was quite complete. Ida is to be seen currently in Paramount's *Come on Marines*



—*Kenneth Alexander*

RONALD COLMAN and LORETTA YOUNG

● Fresh from his extended vacation abroad, Ronald Colman is engaged in filming a sequel to one of his greatest successes, *Bulldog Drummond.* Loretta Young plays opposite him in Twentieth Century's *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*



IRENE BENTLEY

● One of the busiest stars on the Fox lot, Irene Bentley, is proof that all society girls do not enter pictures as a lark. She has been constantly in demand for screen rôles since her film début and her latest screen hit is *Three on a Honeymoon*



—*Freulich*

MINNA GOMBELL

● Any studio is Home, Sweet Home to Minna—perhaps no other star is in such demand. Among recent films in which she has contributed her work are Universal's *Cross Country Cruise* and Radio's *Strictly Dynamite*



HERBERT MARSHALL
and
NORMA SHEARER

● A new and more delightful than ever Norma will delight fans in *Riptide*, her first picture following a lengthy screen absence. Herbert Marshall and Robert Montgomery share honors as her leading men



BABY LEROY
and
CAROLE LOMBARD

● Ah, *The Handsome Brute*—meaning Baby LeRoy, of course, who is slated for the picture of that title. Carole is now completing work in *We're Not Dressing* with Bing Crosby for Paramount

HOLLYWOOD

SCOOP! Lilyan Tashman's Last Interview!

HOLLYWOOD Magazine offers exclusively the last interview granted by Lilyan Tashman before her untimely death!

by HARRY N. LAIR



—*Anthony Burke*

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman were one of Hollywood's truly happy married couples. They were married in 1925 and were intensely devoted to each other. This picture was made at Palm Springs shortly before Lilyan went to New York where she passed away

WHEN I TALKED to Lilyan Tashman in her dressing room at the old Biograph studios in New York, little did I realize that only a few days later she would answer the Final Call at the untimely age of thirty-four.

In the first place, Lilyan was always so eager, so alive. She fairly brimmed over with the joy of living. Wherever she was, there you would find laughter. With her there was never a dull moment.

Her last talk with me was filled with excited plans. She was considering an offer to broadcast a series of radio talks from a Chicago station. There was a personal appearance tour to be mapped out. There was a complete new wardrobe to buy.

All this she told me between "takes" on her latest picture, *Frankie and Johnny* in which she played the rôle of Nellie Bly who steals Johnny away from Frankie, played by Helen Morgan. She had never looked better in her life. Both Chester Morris and Helen later told me what a fine performance she was giving and what a joy it was to work with her. The day before her death her first starring picture, *Wine, Women and Song* was premièred on Broadway.

● When I expressed sympathy over the fact that she had to be working in New York during the coldest weather in years, she laughed.

"It's my job," she told me. "I'll go wherever my work takes me. Besides, I like cold weather!"

As she reclined on the wicker chaise longue in the glare of the strong mid-day sun, I noticed that she seemed a little tired. Behind her hovering in the background were her secretary, a rather severely dressed young woman, and her colored maid. Beside her was a luncheon tray, practically untouched.

"Don't let me interfere with your eating," I suggested. She pushed the tray aside. "I'm all through," she answered. Perhaps in that one incident can be found a contributing cause for her death at an age when most women are just beginning to enjoy life. Lilyan Tashman, jealous of her title as "the best dressed woman on the screen," has been accused of literally starving herself to keep her figure slim and youthful. It is highly possible that this continued abstinence from food seriously undermined her health so that when her last illness overtook her, all the fight had gone out of her system. An emergency operation had failed to save her from the advanced tumorous condition which brought about her death.

When the dreadful news reached me I was sitting in a theatrical office with Colleen Moore and Nita Naldi. Nita, who had known Lilyan since childhood was completely stunned. They had been chums for years. When Lil first broke into the Ziegfeld *Follies* of 1917 it was Nita who helped her to make-up and helped develop her undoubted style sense. Lil had been a teacher at Hunter College until Florenz Ziegfeld saw her in a restaurant and offered her work in the *Follies*. She and Nita had lived together in New York for years, sharing the alternate disappointments

Please turn to page seventy-two



JANET GAYNOR

Janet Gaynor declares war on loneliness and unhappiness . . . and you'll be surprised at the result!

HOLLYWOOD

A NEW JANET GAYNOR is ready to face the world which she has shunned for over a year! Soon Hollywood will recognize her as the grown woman, no longer afraid of life, that she has become. The transformation is complete.

Idol of all small towns, butt of cruel Hollywood ridicule, Janet has been living an unheralded and unpublicized life such as Garbo could only imagine in her dreams.

It has been a strange picture—that of a girl whose fan mail and weekly salary check rank with any of the movie industry's most popular entertainers separated from her fellow workers by as wide a gulf as could come between people in the same business.

"What?" Janet exclaims. "Live among all those picture people and their petty squabbles? I should say not!"

● Janet doesn't forget that she is a picture person herself. She just can't convince herself that she is part and parcel of Hollywood. And she isn't! She works at the studio, draws her salary from a producer, and there the likeness ends.

She realized this when she withdrew from Hollywood society a year ago this spring and surrounded her private affairs with an inpenetrable cloak of silence.

But today she wants to try again. She wants to live, free and unhampered by her fear of what Hollywood might have to say. The heartbreak and discouragement which drove her into seclusion are things of the past. She has recovered her sense of equilibrium.

When Janet and Lydell Peck were divorced, Janet thought she wanted seclusion from everything Hollywood was. She broke all her ties with the cinema capital and plunged into an entirely new life, completely foreign to anything in the past.

At the time of her divorce, the harsh light of unfavorable criticism was being played on her work in pictures by sophisticated critics and snobbish actors. Rumors were abroad that Charles Farrell was largely responsible for the dissolution of her marriage ties. Sickened, Janet made up her mind to completely alienate herself from Hollywood.

Now the first keen hurt has been dulled. She wants to mingle again with those she tried to forget, live what she thinks would be a normal life for an actress. She decided to strike a happy compromise and it turned out to be the solution she was seeking. Yet she spurns the offers of a gay Hollywood whose only demand is that she become an integral part of it. That she will never do!

● Her life of the past few months has taught Janet that she must retain more of her individuality than do most of Hollywood's film stars, if she is to return to their life and be happy.

Three servants, a cook, a personal maid, and a chauffeur, run her home which stands between Beverly Hills and Hollywood. She lives here because she found it imperative to be in such close touch with her studio. Otherwise, her home would be miles from the capital of filmland.

She does manage to have her personal refuge to which she flees when it is vacation time. Malibu Beach is the natural choice of nearly every Hollywood personage of importance enough to afford its beach houses. Because Janet was only too well aware of this fact, she selected an

by FRED RUTLEDGE



Janet Gaynor is far too sensible to cherish dreams of a real-life wedding with Charles Farrell for she knows that while that is not impossible it is highly improbable



Following her divorce from Lydell Peck a year ago, Janet Gaynor became Hollywood's loneliest, most unhappy star

entirely different location for her own seaside bungalow.

It stands down at an unfashionable beach just past the oil wells at Venice, silent and nearly without neighbors. White sand stretches out in both directions, washed by the Pacific ocean. And there Janet stays, lying for long hours on a beach which has no other occupant.

Occasionally her closest neighbors are at home. They are Fay Wray and her husband, John Monk Saunders. Perhaps Janet will meet them on the sidewalk which runs along in front of their two cottages.

"Hello," Janet salutes them, and with a wave of her hand she is gone. Never another word, except a congratulation or two if a picture has just been released.

Back for work at her Beverly Hills home, Janet rests after studio hours in the cloistered privacy of a huge flower garden. She walks among the different beds, noticing with pleasure the artful effects they obtain, putting in the back of her head suggestions for slight changes she will make to the gardener.

The hardest part of living a life withdrawn from the community to which she owes her earnings has been the absence of enough spontaneous gaiety.

She has found that privacy, freedom from prying gentlemen of the press, rest from a constant round of parties, grow into almost insurmountable obstacles in a path to normal enjoyment of life.

It is all well and good to go two or three nights a week to the neighboring picture house without fanfare of studio publicity, to see a favorite star. It would be more than enough—if it were possible to stop and chat with people who were friends.

At first, in her seclusion, Janet cast around for obvious

Please turn to page seventy-one



Janet's beach home is segregated from those of other film stars. She has consistently avoided their companionship but now all that is over. She is resolved to forget the past and live only for today!

WAMPAS BABY STARS OF 1934

EVERY YEAR THE Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers—press agents to you!—select from the many lovely Hollywood newcomers thirteen WAMPAS Baby Stars. This year they chose Judith Arlen, Betty Bryson, Jean Carmen, Helene Cohan, Dorothy Drake, Jean Gale, Hazel Hayes, Ann Hovey, Lucille Lund, Lu Anne Meredith, Gigi Parrish, Jacqueline Wells and Katherine Williams—Stars of Tomorrow! The four pictured on this page are a luscious sample of the 1934 Wampas Babies!



—*Freulich*

Lucille Lund, a Northwestern University co-ed, came to Hollywood after winning Universal's All-American beauty contest. You saw her first in **Saturday's Millions**



—*Kornman*

Lu Anne Meredith is a Texas gal. She began her stage career at the age of thirteen, dancing with the Fanny Brice revue in Los Angeles. In 1931 she was a Follies girl. You'll be seein' her in Harold Lloyd's picture, **The Cat's Paw**



Helene Cohan has the distinction of being the daughter of Broadway's very famous George M. Cohan. You saw her in **Lightnin'** ***and*** **The Penal Code**



Gigi Parrish comes from Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is a sister of Ann Parrish, the famous novelist. Gigi made her screen début in Sam Goldwyn's **Roman Scandals**

The Stars of Tomorrow make their bow today! These youngsters have their feet on the golden ladder, so watch them step

THE MAN IN GARBO'S PAST



The true story of Garbo's first love and the inspiration that guided her to fame!

by AL SHERMAN



—Ray Jones

***Day after day Greta Garbo used to gaze with enraptured romantic longing upon Carl Brisson. Her idol is making his American screen début in* Murder at the Vanities**

COUNTLESS STORIES HAVE been penned about Greta Garbo. Page after page of comment, factual and fictional, about the glamorous one have filled periodicals of all sorts and descriptions. By this time the lad—or lass—who cannot give you the "inside" facts about Garbo's past, present or future just isn't in the thick of things. In fact, as a conversationalist he's on a par with the poker player who wandered into a bridge experts' convention by mistake.

But in all these stories one hears little or nothing of Carl Brisson. We know of Mauritz Stiller. We all have heard how this director nurtured the genius of Garbo to bring it to its full flowering under the warming sun of Hollywood. But of Carl Brisson? Those who have wandered abroad and knew of his fame as an actor in Europe's halls can recall his name. They know he has been signed by Paramount for American pictures and will be seen in *Murder at the Vanities*. But they seldom, if ever, linked his name with Garbo.

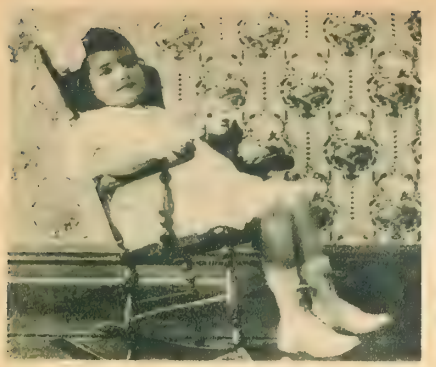
Yet Carl Brisson is the man who, with Stiller, brought the romance of fame into the shopgirl's life. He, alone of the many who claim a share in the success story of Garbo, has been the primary reason why the Gorgeous Greta is the one conspicuous world figure in the cinema of today.

It is a romantic story—a tale of pathos and cheer; of devotion and honest affection.

Out of the past, a strange, romantic past, has come Carl Brisson, the one who first recognized the talent hidden deep within the nervous, spindling milliner's apprentice of Stockholm. It was he, who by his understanding, tact and devotion, helped the Greta Gustafson of those days to become the glamorous, glittering Greta Garbo of today. And he, again, will be with the Greta who once listened, shining-eyed, eagerly, as he unfolded the mysteries of acting before her rapt gaze.

The story becomes doubly interesting. For today Greta is seen gazing, with admiring eyes, at the Rouben Mamoulian whom she calls "Mamoo" when they are alone

Please turn to page fifty-two



Claudette Colbert at the age of three listening to her Grandpa sing in Paris. When she was six her parents moved to the United States



When Claudette was eight years of age she received her first communion in New York. She lived in the heart of Manhattan



Leslie Howard and Claudette became close friends when she was appearing on the Chicago stage in 1926 and often played tennis together

STEPPING STONES

THE GLAMOROUS TRUE LIFE STORY OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Claudette's latest film is It Happened One Night *in which Columbia stars her with Clark Gable*

THERE WAS No doubt about it; Grandpa could sing.

Not good, perhaps, but loud. Very loud. So loud that his powerful voice shook the living room of the little farmhouse so that four-year-old Claudette Chauchoin listened in fear lest the white-washed ceiling should tumble in upon her.

Claudette Chauchoin, Claudette Colbert to be, recalls the scene in the farmhouse as one of her first recollections. It is stamped deep in her memory, as these early childhood impressions usually are. Since those days, many things have happened to Claudette. She has become a star on both stage and screen, met success and failure, had the thrill of great personal success—but she still counts the sight of her tall, white-haired grandparent singing in the low-ceiled room, one of the most impressive of her life.

Grandpere Chauchoin had been educated for an operatic career in his youth, but his dream of becoming an opera star never matured. After marriage he settled down to the more certain and profitable one of a French farmer. Grandpa sang with a voice far more powerful than musical, but to the little Claudette it was one of the most wonderful voices in the world.

The future film star was born in Paris in 1907, in the section, just within the walls, called Sainte Mandé. She remembers little of her early life in Paris except the long walks with her mother in the Bois de Boulogne which was very near her home. Sometimes it was her elder brother, Charles, who took her on these walks. On Sunday afternoons it was her father, Georges.

Papa Georges and Mama Jeanne had many things to talk about while Claudette and brother Charles were on their strolls in the park. Georges, never too successful as a business man, had met with two reverses in a row.



Claudette (center) and two members of the cast of La Gringa, *the first play in which she starred on the stage. That was in 1928*



Claudette and Ben Lyon were featured in For the Love of Mike, *her first movie which was filmed in 1927 under Frank Capra's direction*



Claudette's first big stage chance came when she appeared with the Leah Kleschna Co. in Chicago during the first year of her career

TO FAME

by CLARK WARREN

A chain of pastry and bon-bon shops he had started had failed; an ink factory in which he was a heavy stockholder had gone to the wall, and the couple spent long hours debating the advisability of taking the family to America and starting anew. Mama Jeanne cried often at the thought of leaving her dear Paris, but Georges was afire with the desire to get to America, the land of opportunity, to start again in that land of promise. Claudette remembers little of the trip to America.

New York, to a six-year-old French girl, was a city of wonders. The roar and bustle of the street traffic, the screech of elevated trains, and the rumble of the subways were sometimes terrifying to her, but it was all interesting. She could not speak or understand a word of the Yankee language, but she could stare in open-eyed wonder at the hurrying crowds, the huge buildings and all the strange, new sights which greeted her eyes at every turn.

Papa Georges soon ensconced his family in an apartment in Fifty-third street at Lexington Avenue and set out to look for a position. His letters of introduction finally won him a post in the foreign department of the First National bank.

● Claudette can not remember when she first learned to speak English. It was not at home, where neither of her parents spoke it. All family conversations were in her native tongue. Even when her mother and father could speak English, they insisted that Claudette and Charles address them in French.

"It wasn't because they didn't like America or the English language," explains Claudette. "Mother knew she spoke with an accent, and knew that I would retain my own accent if she talked to me in broken French-English. She preferred that I learn it at school, from my teachers."

Please turn to page fifty-eight



Some fun, eh? Claudette Colbert and John Williams enacted this romantic scene for The Kiss in a Taxi *which was produced on the New York stage in 1926. The taxi, apparently, was left outside—waiting*



—Elmer Fryer

***A breath of Ireland is seen in the bonny smile of Maxine Doyle, junior star on the Warner lot, who will appear in* The Key**

WITH THE NEWS SLEUTH

All the news of the month as noted by our ace reporter while hobnobbing with the stars at work and at play

By HAL E. WOOD

Marie Beating Back

MARIE DRESSLER is recuperating from another illness, and her vast army of fans will utter a prayer of thanks.

The beloved picture-stealer has been sicker than even her closest friends realized, but now is believed on the road to restored health.

Her next vehicle has been ready and waiting for several weeks.

Garbo Frowns Again

GRETA GARBO is anything but pleased over the action of Metro in assigning Victor Fleming to direct her in *The Painted Veil.* In fact, there are rumblings to the effect that the Swede is dusting off that over-publicized line of her's, "I tank I go home!"

It isn't that Greta has anything against Victor. It's just that she wants Rouben Mamoulian to megaphone her again!

Love Grows Apace

THE RUDY VALLEE-ALICE FAYE romance goes merrily on, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

Three thousand miles apart, the crooner and his protegée-fiancee are continuing their billing and cooing by telephone and telegraph.

Ria Is Happy

NO ONE is more delighted over the enthusiastic manner in which femininity swooped down on Clark Gable during his New York stay than is his own wife.

Ria never has been jealous of Clark's screen popularity. Instead, she is praying that it continues to mount.

Georgie Ignores Mae

GEORGE RAFT looms against the cinema horizon as the man in a million. He's the first Hollywoodian to decline Mae West's throaty invitation to "Come up'n see me some time!"

George even went so far as to threaten another walk-out should Paramount officials insist upon his playing opposite Mae in *It Ain't No Sin.*

George argued that the story gave Mae 99 per cent of the breaks which, he pointed out, wouldn't appease his own fan public.

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . . . .

Foreign Affairs

JACK OAKIE of Yorkshire, England, has written Hollywood's Jack, revealing that he won first honors at the Yorkshire fancy dress ball with his impersonation of the latter . . . Edna Murphy, who preceded the Warner heiress as Mrs. Mervyn Leroy, will resume her residence in Spain as soon as she winds up her current Hollywood sojourn . . . despite all the hue and cry over the Lee Tracy incident, Mexican government officials have put their okay on the completed *Viva Villa* film . . . Thomas Meighan is back in Florida after walking out on the British talkie in which he was to play opposite Norma Talmadge . . . and to make matters worse for the Englishmen, Norma fled, too . . . Metro's London barristers have appealed that court decision awarding $125,000 to Princess Irena Youssoupoff, who charged she was libeled in *Rasputin and the Empress.*

National

MOVIE PRODUCERS and their expensive aides are all a-twitter over the airing of their heavy salaries and bonuses in the United States Senate . . . Sam Goldwyn can't understand why Congress would want to pass the Dickstein bill clamping down on foreign artists on the American screen . . . and the boys in Washington are going to have to put up some tall arguments to convince Sam that Maurice Chevalier has done any harm in this country, or that Norma Shearer's draw in England isn't a fair trade for Ronald Colman's take on this side of the Atlantic . . . the War Department has commissioned W. S. Van Dyke, roving megaphonist, as a captain in the army reserve . . . ZaSu Pitts and



—Scotty Welbourne

And such is a dog's life in Hollywood! Warren William and his attractive wife are enthusiastic devotees of the wire-haired terrier. Their pets have won many blue ribbons

Take Gertie, Too, Or—

RKO-RADIO wants Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for the lead in *Green Mansions*, and Doug has countered with one of those love-me-love-my-dog proposals.

Junior, it seems, would be very, very pleased to return to America for the rôle—providing the studio will sign his fiancée, Gertrude Lawrence, to play opposite him.

The hitch seems to be that Gertie is a bit too mature for the fairy-like young girl characterization.

Co-Star on Stage

DOUG AND GERTRUDE have signed for a stage production, opening in Manchester, England, late in April, jumping over to Edinburgh and Glasgow, then crashing in on London.

Doug is hopeful the vehicle will eventually carry him onto Broadway.

The pair plan to wed immediately after the Manchester première.

Who's Laughing Now?

RONALD COLMAN seemed to be getting along swimmingly with Virginia Pine, known in Chicago social circles as Mrs. Virginia Peine Lehmann, until Raft crossed Virginia's trail, and now she can't see Ronnie at all, at all!

The Killer Emotes

MACK GRAY, George Raft's bodyguard, whom Carole Lombard renamed "The Killer," no longer has to bask in the reflected glory of his idol. Mack's an actor in his own right nowadays.

Paramount gave him a rôle—an important one, too—in *Half Way Decent*,

Incidentally, Mack would like to have the world know his fiancée, Jean Lacy, isn't an extra girl after all. Instead, she plays bits on the Hal Roach lot.



***Minna Gombell's terrier is as fond of surf bathing as she is. She is appearing in* Strictly Dynamite**

bridegroom John Woodall had to cut short their Gotham honeymoon because of a summons from the studio . . . Hollywood wasn't interested in El Brendel's services until after he got under way on a personal appearance tour . . . then, suddenly, every producer seemed to have a rôle for the Swede impersonator . . . Irene Dunne is a celluloid widow again . . . hubby Francis Griffin having returned to his medical practice in Gotham.

Romance

KAY FRANCIS must have been joking when she told that Los Angeles divorce judge she was through with matrimony . . . because now that she's got her decree, she's seen everywhere on the arm of Maurice Chevalier . . . and are they lovey-dovey . . . Georgie Raft is so very disconsolate when he's away from Virginia Pine . . . there's love in the eyes of Jack Holt as he sits, hour after hour, on the sets where Lilian Bond is emoting . . . Gary Cooper's a bit oversized for the rôle, yet he was the real-life Cupid who introduced sister-in-law Barbara Baliff to handsome Jay Lloyd . . . and it's a gay foursome when Gary and Sandra go stepping, for they drag Barbara and Jay along . . . Glenda Farrell was recuperating from the flu down in Palm Springs when fiancé Bob Risken phoned her that he was too lonesome . . . then Glenda forgot about the germs and fled back to Hollywood . . . Henry Willson is all agog over Patricia Ellis, on whom he showers red carnations, a bushel at a time, in heart-shaped baskets . . . now that Director Bill Seiter and Laura LaPlante have agreed to divorce terms, Bill is stepping with Grace Williams . . . that fellow who has been pouring sweet phrases into Alice Brady's ear is none other than Louis D'Arlclay, the ultra-expensive interior decorator . . . Don Alvarado is forgetting about his shattered romance with Marilyn Miller by squiring Irene Bentley to the night spots . . . Charles J. Irwin has won Helen Mack's heart . . . and consent . . . Rose Davies, sister of Marion and ex-wife of a newspaperman, divides her attentions

WITH THE NEWS SLEUTH . . . .



—*Wide World*

Ricardo Cortez and his beautiful bride, the former Mrs. Christine Lee, are popular figures in Filmdom's social life

Joan Picks June

JOAN CRAWFORD will marry Franchot Tone some time in June.

The couple held a joint celebration of their birthdays, beginning with a party on the *Sadie McKee* set, and continuing with dinner in Joan's Brentwood manor.

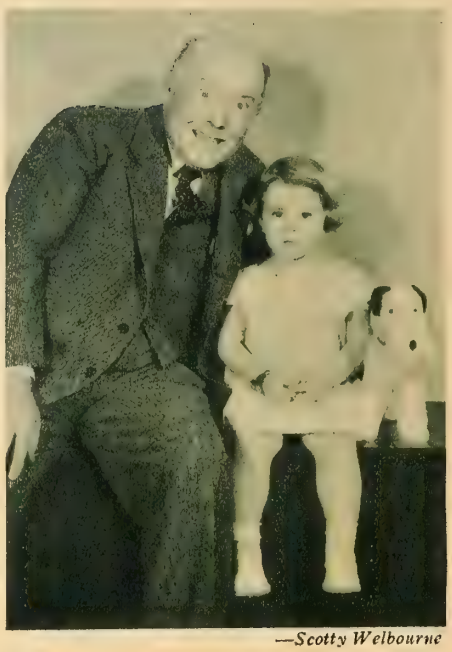
Joan gave her betrothed a 10-karat star ruby ring, matching the cuff-links she presented to him earlier in their courtship.

Joan Goes Arty

THE TONE influence on Joan grows more noticeable with each passing day.

It was Franchot who induced Joan to cut down on the amount of lip rouge and go in for more subdued attire. Now she has taken up high-brow theatricals in a big way, thus meeting Tone on a common hobby.

She plans to build a little theatre in her own backyard, where Franchot and she can emote to their hearts' content.



—*Scotty Welbourne*

Guy Kibbee is a mighty proud daddy when little Shirley Ann visits him on the set. His daughter finds picture making rather serious business

Bill Buys a Home

WILLIAM POWELL has purchased the Hobart Bosworth home in Beverly Hills, and is contracting for all sorts of alterations and additions.

There's no cause for alarm among Bill's feminine admirers, however, for he is not contemplating another marriage.

He plans to share the new abode with his mother and father.

Divorce in Air?

THE FATES SEEM to be doing their best to keep Edna Best off the American screen.

Perhaps you are still able to recall that time Metro brought Edna to Hollywood to play opposite John Gilbert, only to have her run away because she was so lonesome for Herbert Marshall, then on the New York stage.

And now that Edna is making a second start, with *The Key* as the vehicle, her heart just isn't in her work.

She's so busy denying divorce rumors that she has few moments for anything else!

Eddy to Warble

THE grand voice of Nelson Eddy, which Metro has been hiding under a bushel while using him in straight dramatic bits, will burst forth into song in *Naughty Marietta*, in which he will be co-starred with Jeanette MacDonald.

Nelson has been straining at the leash during his build-up period at the Culver City plant.

A Sensational Widow

WITH THE PEACE dove still hovering over *The Merry Widow* sets, Metro is convinced it has a smash hit, what with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier struggling to the last breath to outdo one another.

Unbiased reports are that *The Merry Widow* has every prospect of becoming the cinema's biggest money-maker for 1934.

Maurice's Romance

THERE'S love in those sparkling orbs of Maurice Chevalier as he flits hither and yon with gorgeous Kay Francis.

What started out as one of those drop-in-sometime companionships, has spouted into a heart affair of the first water.

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . . . .

between Princes Serge and David M'Divani . . . Writer Harry Ruskin ran Jack Oakie a close race for sweatshirt honors until Earl Carroll arrived with his Gotham beauties, but now that Harry's gone nertz about Earl's Dorothy Daws, he's taking lessons from Adolphe Menjou on how to be a well dressed man . . . Mack Sennett, recovered from injuries suffered in the crash that killed his pal, Charlie Mack, is scampering about with Vivian Keefer, a blonde cutie from Broadway . . . Matt Moore continues to be headman in Aileen Pringle's life . . . Lola Lane's too-hot romance with Al Hall is on ice for keeps . . . so Al, who has a flock of feminine admirers, is back in circulation again . . . after three years of love-making, Astrid Allwyn and Al Kingston have struck a discord . . . Associate Producer Efe Asher divides his hours between toil and Peggy Gottler . . . that *affair* between Tommy Brown and Anita Louise has endured for a year, so Tommy gave Anita a Scotty pup named "Wee Kirk," and Anita presented Tommy with a double cameo ring . . . rich Howard Hughes' return to the picture business faces a delay since he succumbed to the charms of Billie Grabinger down there on the Florida beaches . . . Kathryn Carver Menjou is mooning with Randy Scott and the town wonders that has become of Roland Brown.

Marriages

THE ALTAR jaunt of Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow suffered a temporary setback when Maureen was cast in *Thin Man* . . . Fox is capitalizing on the elopement of Pat Paterson and Charlie Boyer by sending them into *The Royal Command* . . . script on the French actor's first American picture had to be rewrit-

Wherever you see Kay these days, you're certain to find Maurice, too, whether it be a cocktail party, a dinner or one of those late dance spots.

Miriam Ransoms Dog

MIRIAM JORDAN has "Pretty," her favorite canine, back after carrying on extensive telephonic negotiations with unidentified persons for several days, and finally paying a heavy reward.

Miriam was just another victim of the new Hollywood racket, on which city detectives have been working for weeks.

The gang has been grabbing off plenty of easy money by kidnaping stars' pooches.

Ruby's That Proud

RUBY KEELER is more enthusiastic over Al Jolson's return to the silversheet in *Wonderbar* than she was over her own great success in *Forty-second Street*.

The gal who would rather be Mrs. Jolson than anything else insists her husband is destined for a celluloid comeback that will send him to heights surpassing those he attained in his first talkies.

Ruby flew across the continent to be with Al at the New York premiere of his film, returning two days later to report for work in *Dames*.

Josef Tags Along

WHEN MARLENE DIETRICH'S exhausted physical condition sent her to La Quinta, the desert resort, following completion of her stellar tasks in *The Scarlet Empress*, Josef von Sternberg, her mentor, trailed along.

So close has the Von Sternberg watch over Marlene's welfare become, Hollywood has stolen a line from the fairy tales, and now refers to the noted director as Marlene's little lamb.

Bruce a Daddy Now

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Dorothy Jane Ames underwent a major legal operation when Judge Samuel Blake signed the adoption petition making her mamma's new husband, Bruce Cabot, her foster-father.

Adrienne took advantage of the court

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—*Elmer Fryer*

Ginger Rogers' smile may well be one of serene contentment for she has become one of Hollywood's most popular stars both on the screen and off. Her latest picture is* Twenty Million Sweethearts *in which she has a featured rôle

ten to include a part for Pat . . . Edward Halperin, indie producer, middle-aisled it with Dorothy Gray McFarlane, social light . . . Wera Engels and Ivan Lebedeff are co-authoring a wedding announcement for mailing in the very near future . . . Frances Lee is the bride of Alex Bennett, insurance broker . . . Mickey Neilan, Blanche Sweet's ex-mate, is counting the hours until he says "I do" with Louise Strauss Brandstatter, heiress to the bond fortune.

Divorces

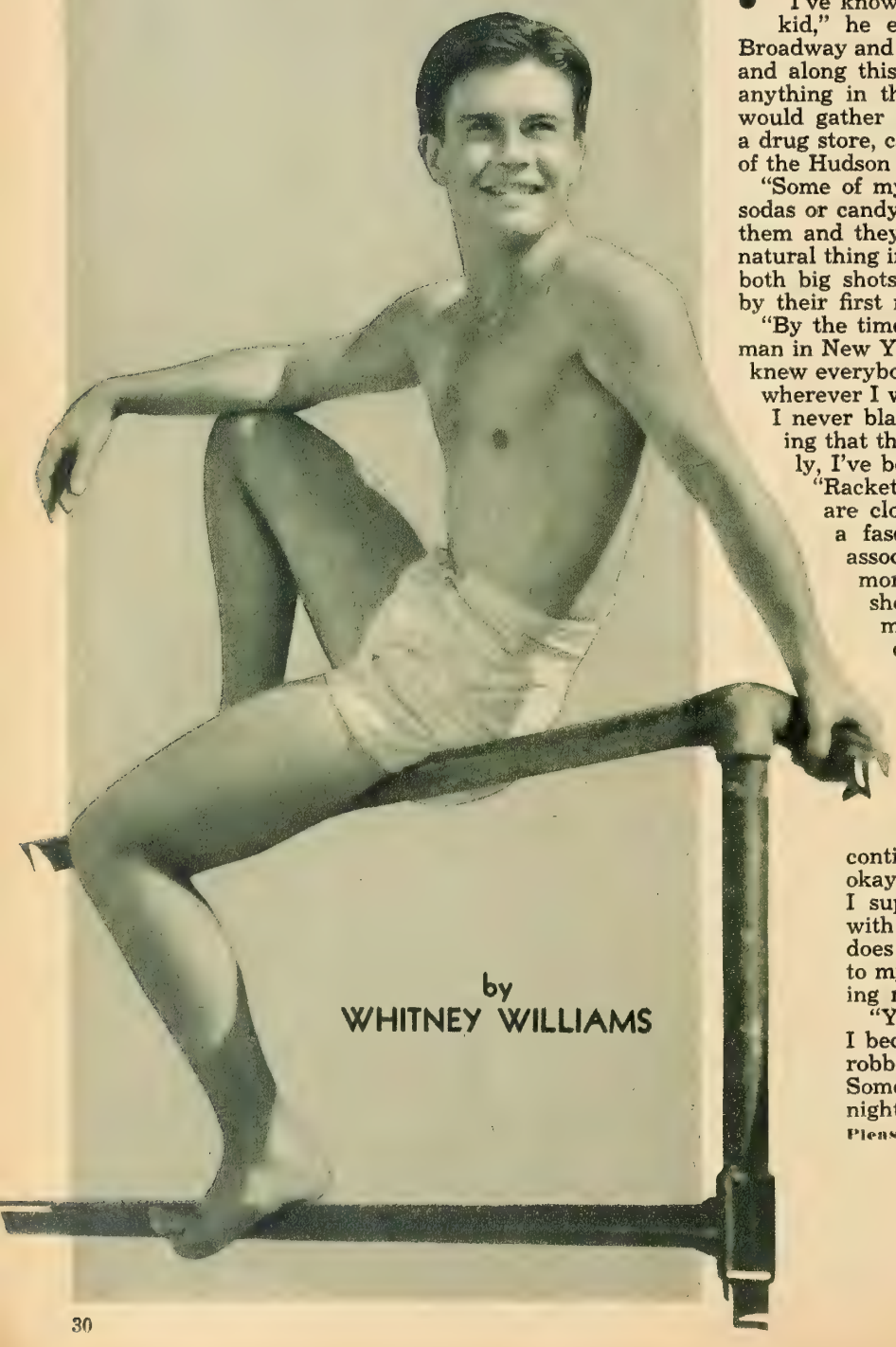
THELMA TODD won a decree from Pasquale J. de Cicco, known to social circles as the broccoli king . . . but she's keeping her ex-mate on the payroll as her business agent . . . Lila McComas found her name posted as co-respondent when Ethel Weeks Shepherd, social leader, sued Dr. Hovey Learned Shepherd . . . Neil Miller was an accomplished lover when he had a Honolulu moon for lighting effects but under the Hollywood kleigs he was a flop as a husband, Dorothy Mackaill told the judge, so Dorothy's second marriage went the way of her first try, and she's free again . . . Sheila Terry won her liberty when she swore Major Lawrence Clark, wealthy Canadian, broke her heart by calling her "awkward and clumsy" . . . Charlie Foy, one of the late Eddie's many sons, divorced Grace Hayes, radio star, because she objected to the size of the joint laundry bill . . . Clara Ates' plea for temporary alimony from the stuttering Rosco has been delayed . . . and it looks like another reconciliation for this battling pair . . . George Raft's wife, Grace Mulrooney, is sueing for legal separation . . . Miriam Jordan and Joseph Davis have been granted a divorce.

Births

THE MERIAN COOPERS (Dorothy Jordan) have gone to Honolulu to await the coming of their heir . . . Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown are shopping for baby things . . . and Sally's *so* thrilled.

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HE'S A "RIGHT GUY"



by
WHITNEY WILLIAMS

THINK OF GANGDOM and racketeering . . . and you immediately put the finger on Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, George Raft. They've played so many sinister rôles that one just naturally places them in the same category with Mister Capone and his cohorts.

It remains, however, for a fairhaired lad, just turned twenty, whom no one would ever even associate with the more seamy side of life, to know the underworld habitues by their first names; to know the habits and weaknesses and whimsies of every big-shot racketeer in New York.

Tom Brown is that lad, and he numbers among his acquaintances nearly every racketeer and gangster in the eastern metropolis.

Not so long ago, he picked up a Los Angeles morning paper and nearly missed dunking his doughnut in the coffee when he read that two old-time friends had been killed the previous evening in a Vermont Avenue Italian restaurant. Another gang murder, a double-header, the newspapers described the event. Two weeks later, he learned that another friend had been put on the spot and rubbed out in the east.

● "I've known most of the mob intimately since I was a kid," he explains. "I lived in 45th Street between Broadway and Sixth Avenue, in a theatrical rooming house, and along this thoroughfare everybody who amounted to anything in the theatre, in sports or in the underworld would gather daily. Most of them congregated either in a drug store, called Sam and Abe's, or along the back wall of the Hudson Theatre.

"Some of my earliest memories are of them buying me sodas or candy or giving me nickels and dimes. I amused them and they liked to have me about. It was the most natural thing in the world, then, for me to meet everybody, both big shots and small-time grafters, and to call them by their first names.

"By the time I was ten or twelve there wasn't a mobsman in New York who didn't accept me as one of them. I knew everybody . . . everybody knew me. I was welcome wherever I went because they knew they could trust me. I never blabbed. They called me 'a right guy,' knowing that their secrets were safe with me. Consequently, I've been 'a right guy' to them ever since.

"Racketeers, especially the big ones, and the theatre are closely allied in New York. The stage holds a fascination for them and they're continually associating with the theatre crowd. Many of the more wealthy members of the mob finance shows, both for the purpose of making more money and for some avenue in which to account for their tremendous earnings along less legitimate lines. There are very few stage people who don't know many of the more prominent racketeers. I possibly am more familiar with them than many, due to having grown up in their midst.

● "I never condemn a man for what he is . . . it's none of my business," Tom continued seriously. "As long as he treats me okay, I accept him for his face value. That's why, I suppose, I have always gotten along so well with the mob. I'm not inquisitive; what they do does not concern me. So long as I pay attention to my own business, I think I'm justified in making my own friends.

"Years ago, one of the big shots told me if ever I became involved in trouble, or was held up or robbed, to get in touch with him immediately. Some jewelry of my mother's was stolen one night and I went to him at once. The following

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Tom Brown's amazing adventures in gangland!

"I Was Terrified!"





What was the sinister menace that drove Pert Kelton terror-stricken from her home to escape the eerie groans and ghastly scraping of unseen fingers that made her nights hideous?

by DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Ghosts She Doesn't mind—much. It was the nocturnal groans, the eerie thumpings from the cellar, the ghastly scraping of unseen fingers on plaster walls, that finally drove Pert Kelton out of her eight-room Italian villa.

She didn't mind—much, when the electric light switch, with no human aid, clickety-clacked three or four times in the guest chamber, and no light issued from the bulb. In fact, the clickety-clack of the spirit-controlled light switch (she never, pressing the wall device with her own well-manicured finger, could get a gleam of light from the bulb) became a staccato accompaniment to a witches' festival of strange sound and occurrence.

It was only when, at four one dark morning, unearthly groans were thrown up from the cellar, that Pert called the radio police.

"I'm not easily frightened, and I'm not any more superstitious than any other person who has been on the stage all her life," said Pert, now snug in her new Hollywood apartment, surrounded on right and left by neighbors, "but I've never had a more horrible time than in the four months that I lived in that perfectly charming house.

"All of my life I have wanted a home, and when I saw that stunning house I said to myself 'Here's heaven. Here's what I have always been looking for!' It *was* lovely. Tall trees—eucalyptus and peppers, all swaying in the wind, and the house standing alone in the center of them. Too much alone. There wasn't a neighbor that I could yell at when it became apparent the place was haunted by ghosts.

● "Maybe it was my imagination—but I doubt it. The night of the last earthquake, I lay in bed reading the latest jungle book. I had just reached the part where a leopard and a monkey tangle in a death battle, when the bed started to churn, the furniture began to dance and the walls shook. I was down the hall in two seconds flat, with the sheets and bed clothes draped around me. But that was a natural occurrence, the earthquake. I was convinced that the noises I heard in my lovely villa were supernatural.

"The unnatural feeling about the house got on my nerves. I wasn't sleeping at all at night. I got so I'd lie in bed waiting to hear the next sound. Sometimes there would be a groan from deep within the house. Our two bedrooms were on the upper floor, fortunately. But you never caught me with a flashlight in hand peeping around cellar braces to surprise a ghost.

"The living rooms and the giant reception hall were filled with authentic Italian antiques. How do I know but what one of the hand-carved *credenzas* might have been the wedding chest of a Borgia? Perhaps it came from the palace of a political enemy of one of the great poisoners. Perhaps its owner had swallowed a poison administered by a Borgia, had writhed in agony to his eternal grave, and had commanded his immortal soul to haunt the very piece of furniture, elaborately carved and beautifully made, that decorated the living room of my Italian villa.

"I don't know, but I do know that mother and I stood four months of ghostly torment and then we packed our trunks and left. But not before our house guest, my cousin June

Please turn to page seventy-three



You gasped at this! But the ape was only an enlarged image of a very small model projected on a huge screen



Note how the **Invisible Man's** *black makeup on the lower part of his face blends with the shadows of his coat*

The CAMERA DOES LIE!

by ROBERT EICHBERG

Revealing for the first time the real lowdown on how those clever trick camera shots that thrill and baffle you are made!

DON'T THINK for a minute that the motion picture producers enjoy "fooling" the audiences. They prefer, whenever possible, to stage genuine scenes and to attain this objective they have sent crews to the far ends of the earth.

Only recently *Eskimo* was filmed in the frozen north. Scenes for *Viva Villa* were photographed in Mexico City, as the reading public well knows. *Four Frightened People* took an expensive company all the way from Hollywood to Hawaii. The list could be continued indefinitely, for picture producers have learned that the film fans are an exacting lot.

Yet, when they find it necessary to turn to trick photography, the producers do it on a lavish scale. So much so that many theatre patrons now find enjoyment in attending certain pictures just to figure out how they were made. Trick photography has become an art and the trick photographers artists.

If it were not for their highly developed and specialized art, it would be impossible to produce—either because of excessively high cost or great danger of injury to actors—many of the best motion pictures you see. Not only that, but trick pictures like *King Kong*, *The Masquerader* and



Don't worry! Arline Judge, pictured on the wing of this plane, is actually only three feet above a platform



Ronald Colman meets Ronald Colman on a flight of stairs. Realistic as it is, the picture was photographed by double exposures, using a special projecting screen



When you see a thrilling picture of actors fighting on the wing of a flying plane, the ship is on a platform

The Invisible Man, which have thrilled and amused millions, could never have been filmed without the witchcraft of the trick photographers.

One of America's ace trick photographers agreed to break an old taboo and disclose exactly how movie magic operates. In this article, he takes you behind the scenes in the studios and tells you just what is done.

The Invisible Man was based upon trick photography and dealt with the adventures of a young scientist whose body had become completely invisible. This novel and ingenious idea was conveyed in several ways, such as showing an apparently empty suit of clothes walking about a room, books being lifted and carried by an invisible agency, footprints appearing in fresh snow, step by step, and so on.

My informant and I went to see the picture, and as we walked out of the theatre we heard people in the lobby wondering how it had been made. The stunt cameraman chuckled.

"That sequence in which the man took off his clothes—and there was nobody inside 'em had them guessing," he laughed. "So did that bit where the empty pants ran down the road after the old lady, and the crowd chasing the vacant shirt around the room."

How *was* it done?

"Well, I didn't take the picture, but I can tell you this much," the camera expert explained. "It was made through the use of double exposures. There are several minor variations of this method, and I've used them all."

Then he explained one of the commonest means of getting the desired effect when an object is to be introduced into a scene in such a way that it covers only certain portions of the background.

"Let's consider the bit about the trousers chasing the lady," he said.

"As I analyze it, they first made the picture of the old woman screaming in terror as she fled along the lonely road. They developed the negative and printed it just like an ordinary movie film, except that the print was made in tones of orange instead of the usual gradations of black and grey.

"Then this orange film was put into a movie camera, between the lens and a new, unexposed negative, with which it was in contact. The camera was set up in a studio, the floor of which was painted a flat black, and a dead black backdrop was used.

"The actor, wearing only a pair of trousers, and with all the exposed portions of his body covered with a dull black make-up, ran toward the camera, just as the woman did.

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—*Marigold*

***Not Joe E. Brown but Gordon Evans who will portray the comedian at the age of four in* The Circus Clown**



—*Wide World*

Virginia Peine Lehmann, Chicago heiress known in pictures as Virginia Pine, is said to be George Raft's newest flame



—*Reineking*

***Lanny Ross was snapped in action in a corner of the sound stage while he rehearsed a song for* Melody in Spring**

HOLLYWOOD NEWS



—*Reineking*

Dorothy Wilson is displaying great form on the tennis courts and is becoming one of Hollywood's foremost net experts

—*Ray Jones*

Virginia Cherrill and her husband, Cary Grant, return to Hollywood after a 14,000 mile honeymoon. They were married in England





—Wide World

Bill Hopper, son of De Wolf and Hedda Hopper, makes stage début at Hollywood Little Theatre with Betty Blythe and Molly O'Day

IN PICTURES

A candid camera record of the latest doings of the stars at work and at play



—Wide World

Alice White was beseiged by hundreds of fans when she appeared at the May Co., Los Angeles department store, and autographed copies of May **Hollywood,** ***on the cover of which her portrait was featured***



If all toreadors were as attractive as Frances Drake, bull-fighting would become America's favorite sport. She is in costume for **The Trumpet Blows**



Bruce Cabot and his wife, Adrienne Ames, and Lupe Velez and her husband, Johnny Weissmuller, were snapped at a recent Hollywood first night. . . . Exotic Myrna Loy returns from a month's vacation in Hawaii. . . . Richard Barthelmess, vacationing at Palm Springs, joined the cycle brigade for his daily constitutional. . . .

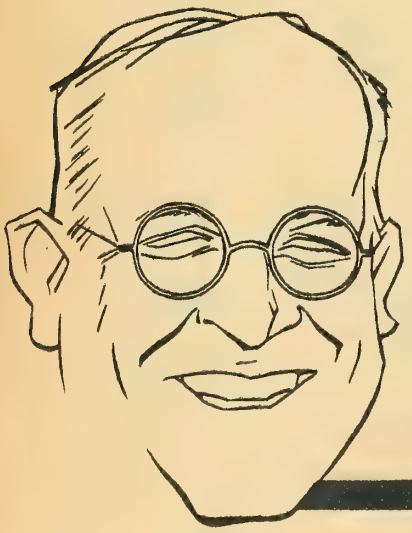
VIEWING THE HOLLYWOOD PROCESSION THROUGH

Dolores Again

FATE HAS SWUNG round one more big chance for Dolores Del Rio. After being in eclipse for several years, she came to life in *Wonderbar;* now she is to play *Du Barry* for Warner Brothers with probably a contract to follow.

If the *Du Barry* of the projected picture is intended to be anything like the *Du Barry* of real life poor Dolores will find herself mis-cast again. The real *Du Barry* was a common vulgar little tart whose one life ambition was to have the king force Marie Antoinette to speak to her.

Once before, after being knocked almost into oblivion by a bar-maid version of *Carmen,* Dolores got to her feet to do *Bird of Paradise,* which was the world's weirdest failure.



Ramon Comes Back

RAMON NOVARRO—just to show it is a Mexican year again—did much to restore a falling reputation in *The Cat and the Fiddle* with Jeanette MacDonald. He was charming; also she. But, at that, it wasn't any picture to rave about. The outrageous inconsistencies of comic opera go well enough on the stage, but are pretty awful on the screen.

Big Chief's Daughter

CECIL B. DE MILLE parts are usually longed for with prayer and fasting but one actress turned down cold an offer to play a featured rôle in his *Cleopatra.* It was his daughter, Katharine. She informed him that she was not going to be Papa's petted darling in any studio. She would make good on her own or quit.

If her work in *Viva Villa* is any sample, Cecil B. will have to keep on hustling up other actresses. The gal knows how. She is vivid, colorful and smart.

Charlie's Life

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is supposed to be again at work on his life story. He works nights sitting up in bed, a typewriter on his knees and sleeps days.

For the last twenty years, the intimate life story of Mr. Chaplin has been a threatened literary event. Everybody has started to write one. I started one myself; but, in the middle of it, Charlie always changes his mind and thinks he had better not tell it.

Meanwhile, most of the great literary stars of the world have written a burning analysis each of the real Charlie Chaplin. That none of these real Charlie Chaplins resemble each other in any particular, is beside the point. But I suppose after all, there must be a real Charlie Chaplin somewhere.

Treasure Island

SOMEBODY IS GOING to make *Treasure Island* again and I wish him luck. These pictures of stories everybody loved in childhood, seldom click.

HARRY CARR'S SHOOTING



Al Jolson sinks a short putt on a Palm Springs golf course while Ruby Keeler (his wife) acts as caddy. . . . Mary Brian, one of Hollywood's most popular girls, has been seen frequently lately with Dick Powell . . . will Dick be the lucky man to capture her heart? . . . Heather Angel was snapped by the cameraman while hurrying from stage to dressing room

THE EYES OF A NOTED FILM WRITER AND CRITIC

Harry Carr

George Was Wary

GEORGE RAFT was wise in climbing out of the Mae West picture before it was too late. Any actor who plays in a West picture is due to be just furniture. Miss West may be an unselfish star—although I cannot say that I have ever seen such. But it would not alter the case. Her plays are built like her corsets to fit Mae.

Claudette Is Twins

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is enjoying the experience unique of making fame in two lines at the same time. There is a comedy Colbert, as in *It Happened One Night* and a heavy drama Claudette as in *Cleopatra*. De Mille has ordered her to put seven or eight pounds of fat on her bones before playing Egypt's famous queen.

Joel Lassos Calves

JOEL McCREA tells me that the money he has made in the movies has enabled him to fill one of his life's ambitions. Which is to own a place where he can lasso calves.

That being one of the strongest hankerings of his soul—and he being a talented expert with the riata—he and his wife, Frances Dee, have installed themselves in a fine ranch in Chatsworth Park in the Santa Suzanna Pass.

Joel is one of the finest boys I know in Hollywood. He saved his money as it came and when the time comes to retire, he will go out to the rancho and live the life of an old California ranchero.

Marlene's Goat

THE DELECTABLE Marlene Dietrich went down to the United Artists Theatre to see the opening performance of Anna Sten in *Nana*. She hit it back to Hollywood on a dead run and attended the next performance with Josef von Sternberg.

After I saw the show it was easy to see what was afflicting the calm composure of Marlene. In *Nana*, the Russian star sang a song that sounded like an exact echo of the one Marlene sang in *Morocco*. It was hard to think that it was not intentional. Accidents like that don't happen.

Rex The Lover

REX INGRAM came back to Hollywood with a picture shown at the Film Arts—*Love In Morocco*. It was the first important work that has come from him for years.

Like all of Rex's old pictures, it had beauty and atmosphere; but the talk was so bad that it sounded as though they all wore false teeth. Rex took the leading rôle himself. As a passionate French lover following his Arab dream through the crooked alleys of the native quarter, Rex had all the fervor and fire of a remnant counter saleslady three minutes before closing time.

Morals In Delaware

A CRUSADER IS PREPARING a law in the State of Delaware that will prohibit the showing of any picture in whose cast is an actor or actress who has been divorced.

Well let's see; the only actors who will be seen in Delaware . . . well, darn it, there must be somebody!

SCRIPT

Filmdom's favorite commentator offers his monthly analysis of high spots in cinema events

—Wide World

During an interlude in picture making, June Knight joined other screen and stage stars in a vacation at Miami Beach, Florida





—Farrell

Constance Talmadge and Kathryn Carver, divorced wife of Adolphe Menjou, watch their favorites approach the barrier at the Agua Caliente Jockey Club. The stars flock there during the racing season

The Stars'

Vacationing with the stars at Filmdom's most popular outdoor rendezvous



—Anthony Burke

Lilian Bond is taught how to pull a bow by Don Duncan, archery expert, at the El Mirador range, Palm Springs. The popular desert resort offers almost every known variety of sport for vacationing stars



Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor of HOLLYWOOD Magazine; Minna Gombell and her husband, Joseph W. Sefton, San Diego bank president, were interested spectators during a recent Agua Caliente meet



—*Wide World*

Donald Dilloway and Mary Carlisle study the racing forms as they await the barrier trumpet for the running of the $25,000 Agua Caliente handicap



Townsend Netcher and his wife, Constance Talmadge, posed by desert cacti, are leaders in Palm Springs social activities



—*Bert Longworth*

Richard Barthelmess and his lovely wife bask in the sunshine before enjoying a refreshing dive into the crystal clearness of the El Mirador pool

Favorite Play Spots

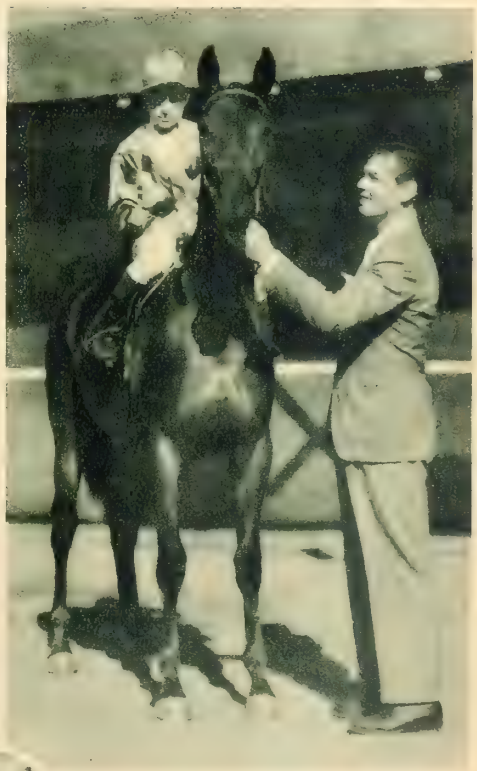


—*Anthony Burke*

Edward C. Jones and Gilbert Roland prepare for a fast set

—*Anthony Burke*

Mona Maris is another disciple of the sun who makes the most of the invigorating desert air at Palm Springs



Jockey G. Wolf and "Beverly Hills," prize two-year-old filly, receive final instructions from their master, Clark Gable, before an Agua Caliente race

"I'm Sure He's Nuts...



—*Freulich*

Douglass Montgomery, who scored a hit in* Eight Girls in a Boat *and is now filming* Little Man, What Now? *has an infinite capacity for living—a talent that all Hollywood envies

Douglass Montgomery may prove that all actors are crazy . . . but you'll agree it's a most appealing "divine insanity of genius"

by CHARLES GRAYSON

THE LATE ROBERT AMES, himself a Thespian of some note, once declared that all actors are crazy. That may be a little exaggerated, but believe you me in my time I've known some funny ones. These have ranged from downright bugs to simply vague, from riotous to all but unconscious.

There is one, however, whose odd actions stem from that delightful indifference to results which the late Lilyan Tashman, using it as a term of admiration, called "mad." He is that blond fellow (real name, Robert Montgomery!) whom you once knew as Kent Douglass, and who recently has returned to you under the moniker he made so well-known on the stage, Douglass Montgomery. He is now appearing in Universal's *Little Man, What Now?* with Margaret Sullavan.

Like most of Doug's friends, I am sure he is a little nuts. And like the rest of them, I am not sure that I am not a bit envious of him. For if there is anyone screwy or sane who has a better time than does he in this erstwhile vale of tears, I have yet to meet him, her, or it. He has, without question, a mighty lot of what editorial writers call a Capacity for Living.

I have seen him in all the situations which ordinarily distress the rest of us: ill, in love, contract trouble, financial pinches, jail and bum parties. And in all of them his never failing "madness," his screwy reactions, have turned the menace into a gag.

Few knew, for instance, that he worked all through those storm scenes of *A House Divided*—his last film before his recent return to pictures—with a sprained ankle and incipient pneumonia. Rather than hold up the picture, however, he used his disabilities as a good excuse to stay pleasantly and necessarily mellow all through the closing scenes of the production. And in them he did his best work.

One night, bored with a party, we started for Agua Caliente. It was raining fiercely and near Long Beach the car slipped off the highway. We were mired to the hubcaps. Dressed in a white suit, Doug got out in the road and waved his arms until a truck stopped.

"What's a idea?" the driver demanded angrily. "What's a matter with ya, anyway?"

"Just wanted your autograph," Doug said blithely, "but I changed my mind. Drive on, you humorless mug."

Charlie Bayly, the playwright, lives in Long Beach. At last we reached his home, soaked. We all were cold and miserable and glum, so Doug, between sneezes from a terrific cold, set out to lift our spirits. He borrowed a mandarin robe, painted himself up with picture-frame gilt, and gave us imitations of Mei Lang Fang until the rain stopped. That is how the legend started that he gilds his toenails.

Please turn to page fifty

...and I Envy Him!"

The Men in Mae West's Life!

Diamond Lil's true romance revealed in the most appealing story ever written about her!

by NED WILLIAMS



Jack Meuchner and Girard Thompson captured Mae West's heart and for ten years she has been their sweetheart!



Mae West, The Glamorous, the alluring, whose fan mail of love letters from men all over the world reaches new heights every week, has promised her heart to two boys back home. They're only twelve now, but Mae has agreed to wait.

For nearly eleven years, Mae has watched the growth of two neighborhood children under her tutelage. She has trained them, taught them, counselled them. Their lives have been inextricably entwined with hers.

Near the corner of a wide street, miles past Brooklyn on Long Island, stands a freshly painted green and white house, so similar to a block of other houses on either side, that dark nights mean hopeless confusion to owners whose eyesight is poor or partially blurred.

This was Mae West's home until four years ago! Mae has moved, leaving Long Island for California and a new, richly furnished apartment in Hollywood. But her closest neighbors back home have remained, and her two boys are marking time until she comes east again.

Jack Meuchner and Girard Thompson, aged twelve, when interviewed, agreed on just two things: That they run their neighborhood together, and that Mae West is their sweetheart. In fact, she has been for ten years.

At Easter two huge baskets arrived at their two modest homes on Long Island. They were filled with all those delicacies which appeal most to young boys, but the only thing that thrilled Jack and Girard was a white card with Mae West's name engraved on it. It was further proof to them that Mae is keeping her promise.

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Rx Prescription for Personality

by FIFI DORSAY

As told to MARY WATKINS REEVES

"CHARM?" SAID FIFI DORSAY, rolling a big French "r" and two still bigger gray-green eyes. "My charm? *I laugh.* Always I laugh at everything, even the things that disappoint me. Always I laugh when things go wrong, when little things almost make me angry, when I'm tired. I *must* laugh, you see, even when I do not feel all gay inside, because it keeps me sparkling."

Sparkling. When Fifi's bowed, full mouth puckered up to pronounce that word whole chapters were spoken about charm.

You can see it in every physical aspect of the vivacious little French Canuck girl who determined to get somewhere in pictures and did! Sparkle. Laughter. A gay, brave outlook on life. These are the things that have combined with time to make the personality and the entire physique of Fifi Dorsay what it is today. When next you see her, look well. Take full note of her wide open eyes, her little-girl look when she talks, the gracious curve of her smile, the frank, upward-and-outward sweep of her whole face. Here's a girl who bubbles. *And men love it!*

"The things you think," Fifi went on, "oh, they do so actually shape your features. I can't be grumpy. If I've got to be grumpy I'm going to go to sleep and be a bore to only Fifi. If I'm grumpy when I'm wide awake I'll grow that way. And I must stay young and happy for my work and for Maurice."

I knew I wouldn't have to mention Maurice Hill. You couldn't be around Fifi for five minutes without the subject just naturally turning to the handsome, wealthy young medico who succeeded in four months at changing Fifi's preference from orchids to orange blossoms. Other men had tried for years. But as Fifi explained, "I never married before just because I didn't, I couldn't fall in love until I met Maurice. We are so happy now I feel like a new person."

Please turn to page fifty-seven



Vivacious Fifi Dorsay reveals the secrets of her distinctive, inimitable charm

—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

"I laugh at everything," says Fifi Dorsay, "when things go wrong, when I am angry, when I'm tired, when I do not feel gay, because it keeps me sparkling"

CROSS-EXAMINING the STARS



Where HOLLYWOOD readers ask the stars pertinent and impertinent questions



Is Alice White's hair naturally blonde? What are her beauty secrets? Ask her these or other questions you would like answered and she will answer them on this page

ANN SOTHERN: What are your beauty secrets ? How do you keep your figure so perfect, and always the same?

I play a great deal of tennis, it is my main form of exercise. I do not watch my diet very carefully, because I enjoy eating. However, I do keep pastries, pork and beans off my diet. I eat lots of fresh vegetables, fruit and lean meat and always drink lots of orange juice. I chew lots of gum, of course not in public, to ward off a double chin. Plenty of sleep is the greatest beauty aid—I never get less than seven hours a night. I also dance a great deal, partly to keep in trim and partly because I love it.

RUBY KEELER: Is your real name Ruby Keeler? Where and when were you born?

Yes, Ruby Keeler is my real name—that is my maiden name. My legal name of course is Mrs. Al Jolson. I was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, August 25, 1909.

FRANCHOT TONE: Is that your real name? How old are you? What year did you graduate from Cornell? Did you ever room with Albert Wiser while you were there? Did you have a brother named Richard who is now living in Dixon, Ill.?

Yes, that is my real name. Franchot is my mother's family name, so it was wished on me. I graduated from Cornell in 1927. No, I never knew Albert—would I have been any the Wiser if I had? Sorry, no brother named Richard.

WILLIAM HAINES: What are you doing now-a-days? Have you given up your picture career entirely? If so, why?

I have given up my picture career to devote all of my time to my antique and interior decorating shop. It has always been my hobby, now it is my life work, and acting is my hobby, if that. I do not expect to get back into pictures, the other is more interesting to me, and more permanent.

JEANETTE MacDONALD: What is your address, how tall are you, what color are your eyes and hair?

My address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City. My hair is strawberry blonde and my eyes are grey green. I am five feet, three inches tall.

DICK POWELL: Are you any relation to William Powell? If so did he help you get your contract with Warner Brothers?

Sorry, Bill Powell is no relation to me, though I shouldn't mind a bit. It is just a coincidence that we two Powells are at the same studio.

GEORGE RAFT: Why do you always die at the end of every picture?

I have no choice in the matter, I have often wondered myself. I am getting so used to it that I will probably try to get up for a retake when the real time comes—hope it works!

JANET GAYNOR: What are your hobbies? Is your hair really red?

Sports clothes, Hawaiian music and poetry. Recently I acquired another hobby—collecting Lalique glass. Yes, my hair is really red, and I have freckles, too.

JEAN HARLOW: What is your real name? When and where were you born?

My real name is Harlean Carpenter. Harlow is my mother's maiden name. I was born in Kansas City, March 3, 1911.

JAMES CAGNEY: How can you act so tough on the screen? Are you really that way, and are you a caveman to your lady friends?

I have never had any complaints in real life, in fact they say that I am a rather easy sort to get along with. It really is just part of my act.

LYLE TALBOT: Were you ever on the stage? Did your parents approve of your becoming an actor?

Yes, I was practically born on the stage. My parents were both on the stage, and wanted me to become an actor. I began my acting career when I was sixteen years old as a magician, if you can call it that. My first real rôle was when I was nineteen.

Write Your Questions on Coupon

I should like to ask.....
the following question.....
.....
My name .....
Address .....

Mail this coupon to *The Question Editor,* HOLLYWOOD, 305 Baine Studio Bldg., Hollywood Calif. It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page.

THE STARS' OWN BEAUTY HINTS FOR THE JUNE BRIDE



Jean Parker is very particular about her lipstick and is careful to have the proper shade for every occasion

A famous Hollywood beauty expert relays advice on holding a husband

by MAX FACTOR

So You're Going to be married. . . . One of these soft June days you're going to the altar—and then what? Is it going to be the beginning of romance for you? Or the end?

Nine times out of ten the answer lies with you yourself. *In what you do with your looks. . . .*

It isn't a matter of "keeping up your appearance." It is a matter of becoming more beautiful than ever! If you were pretty before, triple your attractiveness now. That is your big job!

When a girl becomes a movie actress she automatically grows lovelier as the months go on. Why? Because she is concentrating on her looks. She works with herself, changing her hair, adopting this style — rejecting that one. Perfecting her make-up. Guarding her skin as if it were a treasure. And, in truth, it is. That's the way it should be after marriage. No "let-down" such as you so often see, but a grand "build-up." It's not your screen test. It's your life test.



The bride should look a bit ethereal and can do this by effecting a subdued make-up, which is one secret of Jean Parker's charm

Take your wedding day. That, of all days, is when your most charming self should step out and take command. You want to look a bit ethereal. So—wear a subdued make-up. Lips that are gently curved but not too vivid. Just a faint flush on your cheek. To achieve this apply your powder and rouge the way the screen stars do. After applying your powder foundation, blend the rouge in with infinite care—in the manner particularly suited to the contour of your face—and then powder over it. Apply powder profusely, then press it gently into the tiny lines that may creep out around the eyes. After this remove surplus powder with a face powder brush. This will insure that creamy glow.

But it is your eyes that should be outstanding. Your husband-to-be will eagerly look into them . . . they are expressing your happiness . . . they deserve to be given your special attention.

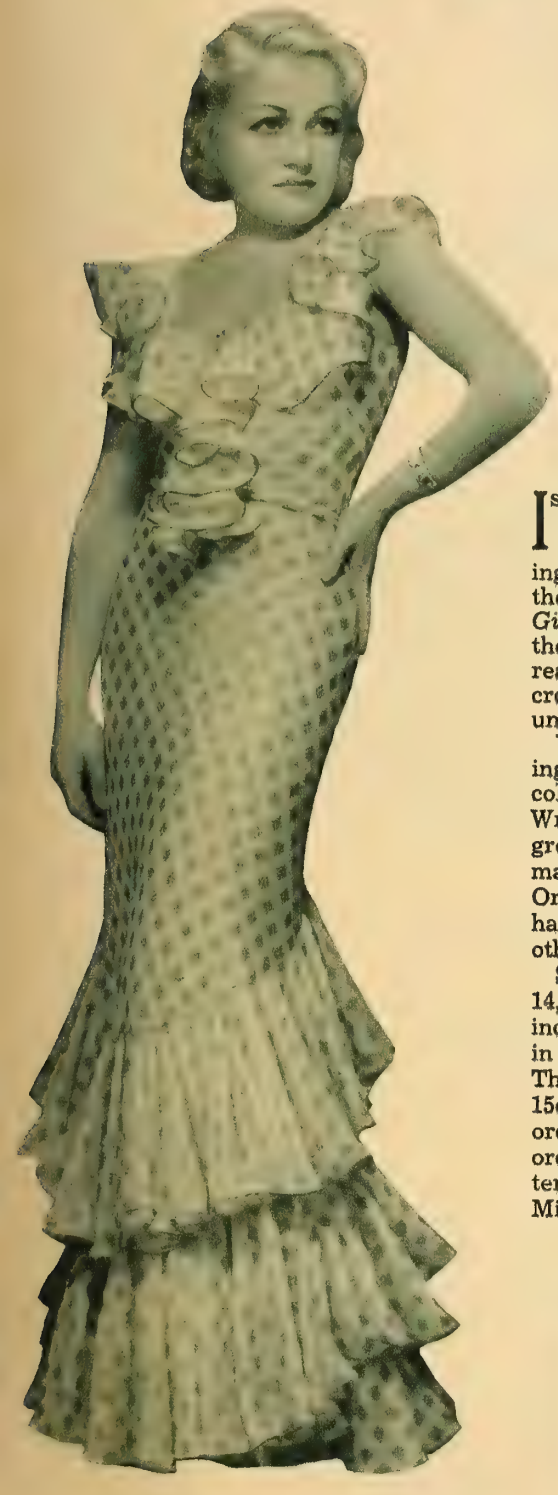
Before you slip into that white satin dress, sit down at your dressing table and do your best with your eyes. Bathe them. With a soothing motion then stroke cream on the upper and lower lids with the pads of the fingers.

Please turn to page sixty-nine

HINTS FOR BRIDES

1. Avoid that unsightly "cold-creamed" look. It is unnecessary with modern scientific preparations.
2. Make yourself as attractive in bright morning sunlight as in mystic moonlight.
3. Beware of "housewife" hands.
4. Personal daintiness at all times is a woman's greatest asset.
5. High-powered eyes keep husbands at home!

WEAR THIS STUNNING STREAMLINE WYNNE GIBSON FROCK



Wynne Gibson, star of Universal's "I Give My Love," offers you the pattern for her new evening frock, "Streamline"



ISN'T THIS an adorable creation for evenings?

When we saw Wynne Gibson wearing it we immediately prevailed upon the delectable star of Universal's *I Give My Love* to permit us to offer the pattern to HOLLYWOOD Magazine readers. And here's a delightful secret about it—you can make it for an unbelievably small sum!

You'll agree it is a divinely flattering model with its Spanish ruffled collar and swishy skirt flounces. Wrinkle-resistant cotton voile in white ground patterned in red diamonds made this exquisitely lovely dress. Organdie prints, net, chiffon, lace and handkerchief finish lawn prints are other delightful mediums for it.

Style No. 926 is designed for sizes 14, 16, and 18 years, and 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. The pattern price is 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred). The new Spring Fashion Magazine is 15c per copy but is only 10c when ordered with the pattern. Address orders to HOLLYWOOD Magazine, Pattern Dept., 529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Wynne Gibson's adorable evening frock can be made of wrinkle-resistant cotton voile, organdie prints, net, chiffon, lace and handkerchief finish lawn prints for an unbelievably small sum

HOLLYWOOD PATTERN DEPT.,
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.....send me:

Wynne Gibson's frock pattern No. 926.....Size.....

Name .....

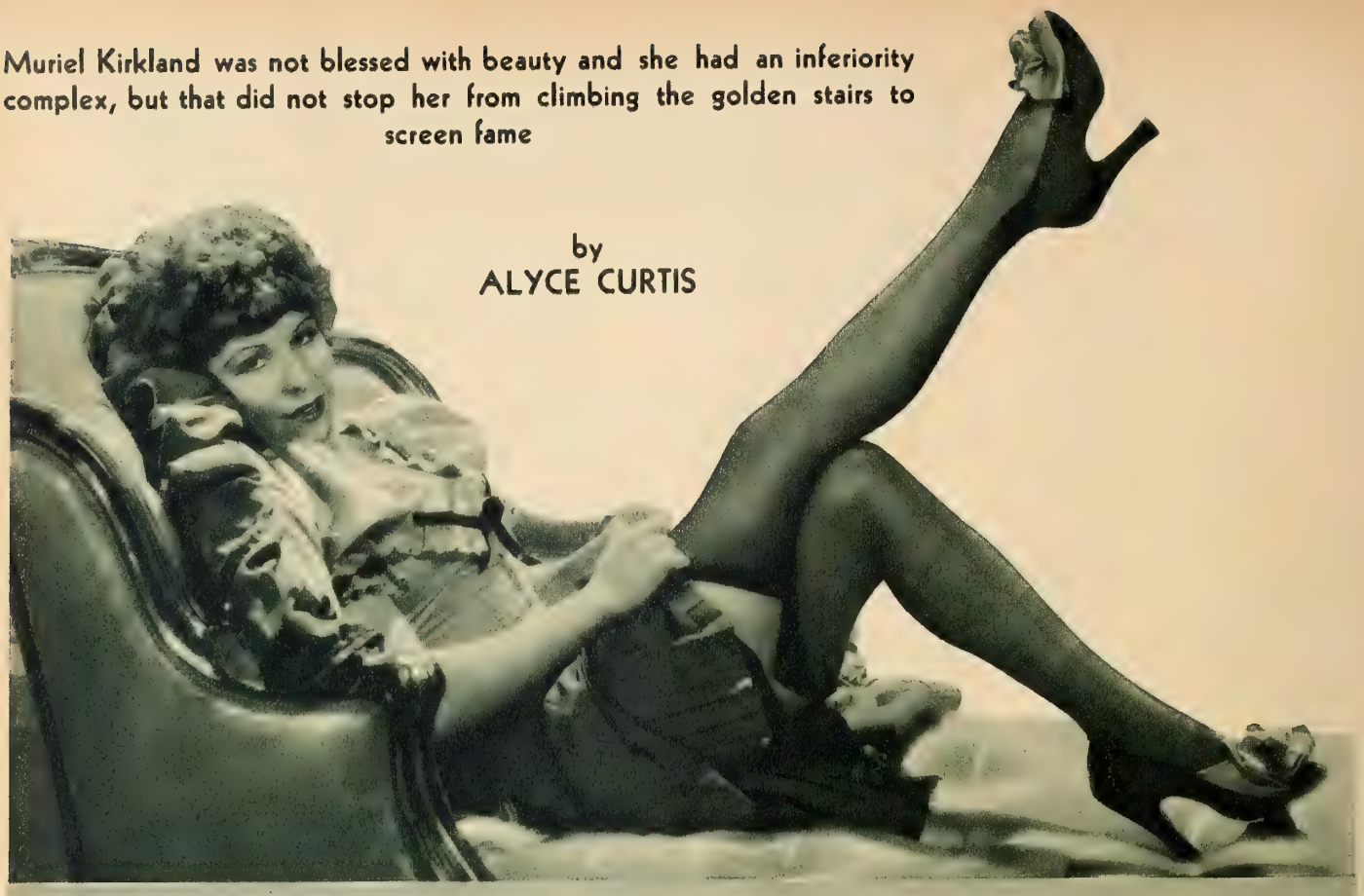
Street .....

City .....State .....

Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.

Muriel Kirkland was not blessed with beauty and she had an inferiority complex, but that did not stop her from climbing the golden stairs to screen fame

by
ALYCE CURTIS



WITHOUT BEAUTY!

If She Had been more beautiful, Muriel Kirkland might be going to the movies in New Rochelle today, instead of acting in them out Hollywood way. You see, Muriel, the youngster who attracts real attention in the rôle of *Mimi*, one of Anna Sten's friends in *Nana*, was the ugly duckling of the Kirkland clan. Which doesn't mean that Muriel wasn't pretty. It just means that the Kirkland women had the sort of faces that made her an ugly duckling by comparison! Such beauties as Mother and Virginia and the aunts and girl cousins, had given Muriel, with her strange little heartshaped sort of face, with her great brown eyes and crooked smile, an inferority complex of horrible proportions. And her voice! It wasn't like any of their voices!

Muriel, at sixteen, just out of the convent, worked herself into such a state of shyness and self-consciousness about this beauty business, that Mother and Father decided against waiting for her to get over it. Muriel in fright and dismay, heard their decision. And protested tearfully.

"But, Mother," she sobbed, "I don't want to go to the American Academy of Dramatic Art. I don't want to be an actress. I couldn't be an actress—I'm not beautiful—"

"Of course not," said mother placidly, "but you're going there to overcome all this self-consciousness, darling."

"How can I stop being self-conscious there? That's the worst place in the world for me, Mother! Dad, please, I'll—I'll be worse! All the pretty girls—their pretty voices—oh, please, Mother, don't make me go."

The firm tone which the Kirkland children knew was final, was in Mother's voice now. "You've lovely eyes and a lovely disposition and Father and I think your voice is very sweet. You're going to stop all this fretting about such things. You don't have to be an actress, darling, but you're going to avoid becoming a recluse because of your shyness!"

● And so it was that Muriel Kirkland was enrolled at the American Academy of Dramatic Art. And there it was that after six months of agonized study she was called into the office and told that they were dropping her from their student list.

"You will never," they told her, "be an actress. We are sorry."

Muriel stood before them, a strange new emotion tugging at her heart. An emotion stronger than her shyness. How dared they pronounce her at sixteen, a failure? Suddenly she was angry. Gloriously, furiously angry! And her first ambition to be an actress was born of her defiance of the pronouncement they were making.

Her voice was strange, was it? She lacked beauty, did she? Quite calmly she looked at the head of the school.

"Thank you," she said, "you have made me an actress!" And closed the door very quietly as she left the room.

● With scant opportunity for the formulating of any plan of attack, and without discussing the matter further with the family, she started at once, the dreary, usually discouraging round of the theatrical agencies. Their dreariness, their pessimism about her could not discourage such determination as she had summoned to serve her. And her first small triumph was proof that a prophet does, occasion-

Please turn to page sixty-five

With the News Sleuth

Continued from page twenty-nine

hearing to have Dorothy re-christened Barbara, and because Bruce's real cognomen is Jacques Etienne de Bujac, daughter will be henceforth known as Barbara Ames de Bujac.

Meanwhile, Stephen Ames, real papa of Dorothy or Barbara, is prolonging his Western visit until it's time to lead Raquel Torres to the altar.

Jean Takes a Rest

MENTAL EXHAUSTION has caused Jean Harlow to run away from her troubles, legal and otherwise.

While she still was battling with Metro over her demand for a big salary boost, along came the public administrator trying to strip her of Paul Bern's estate in order to turn it over to the heirs of the late Dorothy Millette.

Hal Rosson finally bundled his bride into a car and carried her off to the Canadian Rockies in an attempt to save her from a complete breakdown.

That's Real Love

THE Loretta Young-Spencer Tracy romance has reached the point where Spencer escorts Loretta to church on Sunday mornings.

It used to be that Tracy would rise early on the Sabbath, attend to his religious duties at early mass, then hie himself to the polo field for a workout before the afternoon matches.

Now Spencer's polo pals are permitted his company only when Loretta is too busy to see him!

Sisters Co-Starred

LORETTA'S SISTERS, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young, are being co-starred in *Stolen Sweets.*

They Can't Awe Alice

ANOTHER person's dignity is mere mud under the prankish heel of Alice White.

Imagine the embarrassment of Orry-Kelly when Alice breezed into his office in the midst of an important conference and greeted the fashion expert with:

"What's going to be smart for Spring, Toots?"

Alice's Faith Wins!

THROUGHOUT THE five years that the rest of Hollywood gazed on Cy Bartlett as a crack bridge player and a swell fellow, nothing more, Alice White nursed the conviction that all the man of her dreams needed was a good typewriter.

And now that they're wedded and settled down to a work-a-day existence, Cy is showing them that his bride's faith wasn't misplaced.

He has written an original, *The Princess From Kansas City,* sold it to Warner Brothers as a starring yarn for Joan Blondell, and now he's been signed to scribble off the screen adaptation.

Dorothy Starts Over

DOROTHY DUNBAR, the recently ex'd Mrs. Max Baer, has leased Mrs. H. B. Warner's residence in Beverly Hills as the first step in her campaign to regain the screen prominence she relinguished to wed the Larraping Lothario.

Dorothy says she may marry again some day, but that her next husband won't be a pugilist!

Clara Gets Wise!

THERE WAS AN ERA, and not so long back, either, when Clara Bow would rather gamble than eat. Now she's doing neither!

The talkie folks with whom she has been mingling during her Palm Springs sojourn are amazed at Clara's display of will power in passing up the card and dice games that abound at the resort.

They insist the redhead finally has discovered that the percentage is in favor of the house—a bit of education gleaned after costly experimentation.



—*William Walling, Jr.*

Beryl Wallace was one of the principals in the Broadway production of* Murder at the Vanities *but gave up her stage rôle to appear in the talkie version

Myrna Finds Romance

MYRNA LOY'S current Romeo is none other than Arthur Hornblower, an associate producer.

While Myrna was absent on her recent vacation, black clouds hid Arthur's sun, and now that the exotic one is back, he's s-o-o-o-o-o happy!

Extra! Papa Approves!

EVELYN VENABLE'S professor-father apparently put his stamp of approval on Hal Mohr when he came to Hollywood to visit his daughter and put the O. O. on the ace cameraman.

Now the townsfolk are waiting for the announcement that Hal has been permitted to kiss the supposed-to-be-unkissed Evelyn!

Connie Plays Safe!

CONSTANCE BENNETT, heroine of three marriages, isn't going to give the tongue-waggers any more food for gossip.

When the glamorous one went down to Palm Springs to cheer Gilbert Roland to victory in the desert tennis tournament, she was properly chaperoned by no less a personage than her own father.

Dick Bennett is almost as enthusiastic a Roland rooter as is his daughter.

Dick Is No. 1 Beau

WITH DONALD COOK now the bridegroom of another and no longer figuring in the life of Mary Brian, Dick Powell, the personality prince, is finding it easier sailing.

When Dick was in San Francisco for a series of broadcasts, Mary traveled North to pay him a visit, and now that he's back in Cinematown, it's Mary who accompanies him to the dine and dance places.

George On the Fence

GEORGE BRENT meanwhile ponders a vital problem.

A Los Angeles court has ruled that he must finish out his long-termer with Warner Brothers. His only alternative is to retire from the screen.

George sued his employers in an effort to terminate the agreement and collect $1,425 the studio deducted from his pay envelope when he declined to go into the cast of *Mandalay.*

He lost out on both pleas.

A New Star Looms

WITH JACKIE COOPER, who inherited Jackie Coogan's crown, rapidly outgrowing child rôles, RKO-Radio has imported tiny Frank M. Tuttle, who won his spurs in the Broadway production of *Wednesday's Child.*

In addition to purchasing the talkie rights to this vehicle, in which Frankie is to be co-starred with John Barrymore, the picture corporation has acquired four other plays for the young newcomer.

Eric Home Again

ERIC LINDEN, who did a Houdini on Hollywood the day after Frances Dee announced her bethrothal to Joel McCrea, is back in town, a tour of Europe having healed his aching heart.



New Health and Beauty

This Very Simple Way

WHY let the poisons of constipation drag you down, rob you of health and happiness? Why be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you?

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." Another enthusiastic user says: "I always had trouble with constipation until last winter when I started taking Yeast Foam Tablets. Now my elimination troubles are completely corrected."

Yeast Foam Tablets contain rich stores of the vitamins B and G — the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes disappear. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new beauty and new health.

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They cannot cause gas. They keep fresh for months. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today!

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Helen Mack, Ida Lupino, Joe Morrison and Evelyn Venable were snapped in a gay mood as they gathered about the luncheon table at Paramount studios where they are under contract

Miriam Has Her Way

WHEN PARAMOUNT failed to heed Miriam Hopkins' demands for stronger vehicles, the actress packed her trunks and returned to the Broadway from whence she came.

It took promises a-plenty to drag her back to Hollywood, and now that she has agreed, the studio is doing its utmost to keep her satisfied.

When Love Departs

THAT too-great love that blossomed for Kathleen Burke when she came to the silversheet via the "panther woman" contest, has found its way into Cupid's refrigerator.

Kathleen and Jack Reardon, Chicago photographer who piloted her to victory in the nation-wide competition and whom she married over the protests of her studio, have parted.

Russ Still Head-Man

FOR A FELLOW who claims to be unlucky in love, Russ Columbo seems to be getting along rather well with Carole Lombard.

Southern California orchid growers are convinced the depression is a thing of the past, and all because of Russ' extravagant expenditures to keep Carole swathed in the delicate blooms.

The pair are seen together everywhere, and always very, very tête-à-tête.

John's Pleas Ignored

A LUMP surged into my throat the other day as I watched attractive Virginia Bruce, sad-eyed and alone, making her way into the Chinese Theatre where *Queen Christina*, in which John Gilbert makes love to Greta Garbo, is the attraction.

Virginia had just come from a conference with her attorneys. Negotiations for a property settlement have already been opened, and action for a divorce is inevitable.

John's daily pleas to the mother of his new off-spring fall on deaf ears.

Virginia plans to resume her interrupted talkie career as soon as she is free from the celluloid Romeo.

Lupe Couldn't Argue!

LUPE VELEZ was in gay spirits as she dragged Johnny Weissmuller into the Brown Derby the other noontime to celebrate the passing of twenty-four hours *sans* argument with her Tarzan.

But what Lupe failed to tell the interested diners was that laryngitis had completely silenced her vocal cords during the peaceful periods!

She Pays Her Way!

THERE'S grit a-plenty in Eva Beryl Tree's veins.

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Page the Countess!

WONDER WHAT happened between the rich Countess di Frasso and Lyle Talbot?

Just when it looked to Hollywood as though Lyle was all set to fill the void Gary Cooper's marriage to Sandra Shaw left in the Countess' life, we find Lyle dividing his leisure among a dozen or so charmers, with the Countess nowhere in sight.

Lyle squired Rita Kaufman to the Leon Errol party, but had Judith Allen in tow at a night club twenty-four hours later.

And in between, he kept a luncheon date with Alice Faye, Rudy Vallée's heart throb.

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ELMER CLIFTON, veteran producer-director who gave Clara Bow her first screen rôle when he megaphoned *Down to the Sea in Ships*, believes there are a flock of celluloid diamonds in the raw in Filmtown.

He has set out to produce a series of twelve featurettes featuring young unknowns.



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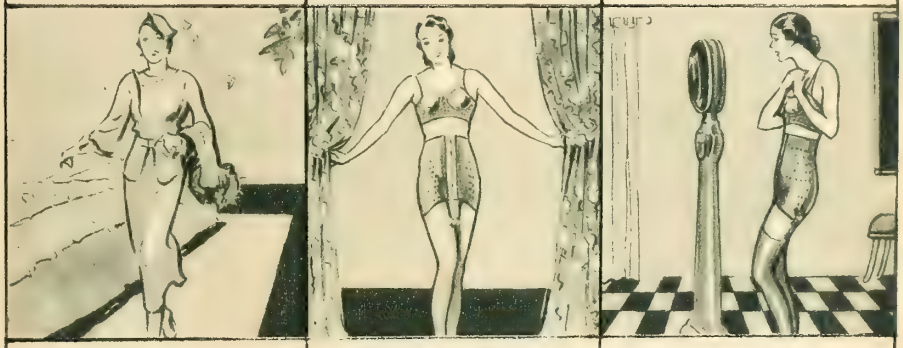
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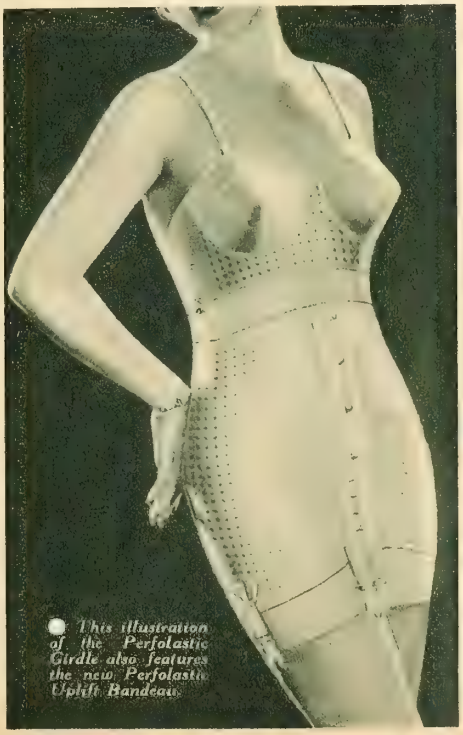
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—*Wide World*

Mrs. John D. Spreckels, III, is the latest prominent socialite to enter pictures. Her husband, who recently came into an inheritance of more than $20,000,000, is the son of the late John D. Spreckels

"I'm Sure He's Nuts"

Continued from page forty

ANOTHER NIGHT we were driving through the late streets in that always recognizable ancient roadster of his, when a motor cop sirened us over to the curb. The officer's face was alight with glee. "I been looking for you for a long time," he told Doug happily. "Remember me arresting you a year ago?"

"Vaguely," Doug said. "So what?"

The copper was looking in the side pockets for liquor, and presently he pulled out the ticket he had written the year before! "So!" he yelped. "This is the attention you pay to 'em, is it? This is the way you show up to pay your fines, is it?"

Doug slowly examined the tab. "Fred H. Schmaltz," he read. "What a handle! Officer Schmaltz, have you ever tried numerology?"

It was six o'clock in the morning before I could get him out of the tank.

He appeared in the room where the rescue party waited, his face glum. Knowing he had an important test that morning, I told him we soon would have him sprung. He shrugged. "That's all right. I kind of like it here. I'm seeing life. The only thing is," he hesitated, "they won't let me sing in there."

Well, most writers have a more or less secret yen to paint, and I know a sculptor who fancies himself as an adagio dancer. But Doug's passion for singing is truly an awful thing. Despite the stoutest opposition he will render—and that's the proper word—musical compositions with no warning. And these, oddly enough, are always the numbers of his extreme youth.

Last year, during his engagement as guest star of the Pasadena Community Playhouse many were puzzled why he chose *Green Grow the Lilacs* as a vehicle. The reason is not far to seek. The play contains the cowboy songs he dotes on.

The summer appearances at the Pasadena theatre, where he appears without pay, are out of gratitude for the fact that here he received his dramatic training. Graduating from high school, he chose this famous school of the theatre in place of college and under the tutelage of Gilmore Brown played in everything from Shakespeare to (hooray!) musical comedy.

Presently, still in his 'teens, he was appearing in Los Angeles as the son of Sarah Padden in *Hell Bent For Heaven*, of Bert Lytell in *Silence*, and of Lionel Barrymore in *The Copperhead*. He then set the whole town talking with swell performances in *Kempy* and *Desire Under the Elms*—and deserted it in favor of New York.

Doug's success in New York should be ample refutation for the ancient contention that genius has a difficult time being recognized in America. True enough, there were few boys ever willing to give more to their work than was he.

"I was willing to give everything to get ahead," he once admitted to me. "I thought that if I could get to be a leading juvenile on Broadway it would be everything that I wanted from life—that it would be food for me, love and play . . . everything."

Making his New York début in *God Loves Us*, he started the list of plays which in four years brought him to the enviable position of having playwrights bring their stuff to him for appraisal. His work in *Daisies Won't Tell*, with Pauline Lord, was of such quality as to win him the rôle of the boy in *Crime*. In this piece also appeared Chester Morris, James Rennie, Kay Johnson, Jack La Rue, Kay Francis and Sylvia Sidney—all of whom subsequently have scored in pictures.

This play established both Doug and Sylvia, and after *Women Go On Forever* and *The Garden of Eden*, Max Marcin and Sam Shipman wrote a show, *Kidnaper*, expressly for him. Then he capped his ambition by being taken into the Theatre Guild as a featured player.

With the Guild, Doug was to have his greatest success. The rôle which gave him the most satisfaction was in *Volpone*, when he took over the part introduced by Alfred Lunt and played it for an

entire season. Then *Faust* and *Caprice*, with Lunt and Lynne Fontanne. In this latter he was an outstanding hit in New York and London, as well as on tour for two seasons. Next he did Sam Behrman's *Meteor* (Behrman once told me that he never went to a fashionable party in London at which he did not find Doug conspicuously in attendance), and *Many a Slip*, in which he again appeared opposite Sylvia Sidney—which gives an idea of his consistent good fortune!

THEN, THREE YEARS AGO, with the closing of an engagement of summer stock in Baltimore, he decided to vacation in the old home town. He hadn't been West for four years—not since he had sallied forth to battle the theatrical dragons. So he appeared at *Edgecliff*, to rest, to swim, to read under its magnificent old trees, and hike about in the surrounding hills. To get acquainted with the *earth* again—the urge which every Californian periodically feels.

Too, he wanted to test a theory which slowly had come to him when the Theatre Guild was making its celebrated tours; that the movies are the American theatre of today. All his short life had been packed as tightly as possible with activity pertaining to the footlighted stage. Yet—and it is to be remembered that in the cities which so famous an organization as the Guild plays, it allegedly is *the* attraction—whenever he was outside New York proper he was faced by the irrefutable evidence of hundreds of movie theatres for every legitimate house.

"I began to wonder if perhaps I wasn't affiliated with a dying profession. The crowds all were going to the pictures, and the patronage of the crowd shows the state of an enterprise's condition. I thought 'Am I not too young to be with anything which seems to have had its best day? Shouldn't I, as a young actor, be with the most active theatrical affairs of the period?'

"And thinking so, I would look more and more to those huge, glittering signs of the picture palaces, those great gatherings of people—all that magnificence which goes to make the opportunity of the motion picture actor the greatest the world has ever known."

But the test ended, for him, in disappointment. He made several pictures, and though he was well received, concluded that pictures were not for him. He went back to the stage, and there he stayed until given the chance to appear opposite his old friend Katharine Hepburn in *Little Women*. This was an inspiring engagement, in that he considers that she has "the greatest natural talent in the business today"—and he next took the part of the young student in *Eight Girls in a Boat*, which further clinched Hollywood's opinion of the sincerity and fine articulation of his work. He was an inevitable choice, then, for the rôle opposite Margaret Sullavan in *Little Man, What Now?*

"Naturally, I'm enthused," he says. "Who wouldn't be, getting such parts? And if I continue to get them, I'll continue to stay here, and gladly. It seems that I may have the chance to do this, what with pictures growing up as amazingly as they have been doing. If not, well, I suppose I'll be off to the races again!"

And there, frankly stated, is the credo of one of the most eccentric, talented—and honest—young men in filmdom. Will Hollywood be able to hold him? We shall see—we shall see.

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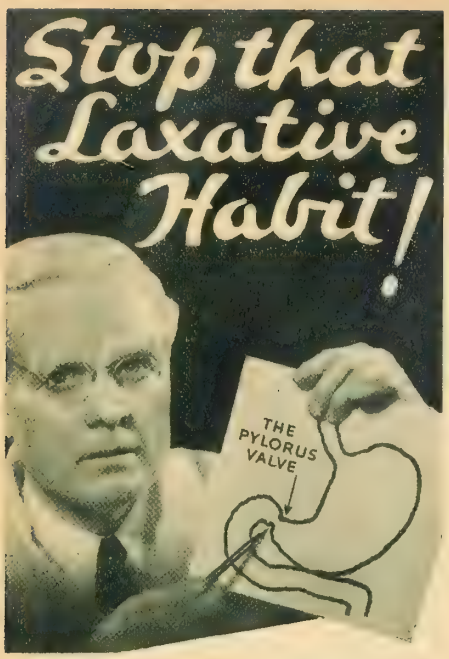
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The Man in Garbo's Past

Continued from page twenty-three

but who is her impassioned director when the cameras turn over on the stages of the studio. It is a triangle that should stir the fiction experts to rhapsodizing in prose.

WHAT MANNER OF MAN is this who knew his Garbo when, as the saying goes?

Well, Carl Brisson is tall, with a prizefighter's shoulders. And, frankly, deservedly so. For Brisson, as Carl Petersen, his real name, was a prizefighter of note in Denmark. In fact, an amateur welterweight champion at that. I know. I saw the medal he got for it.

He's a nondescript blond, with Nordic blue eyes. Slim-waisted. A pair of deep dimples that will have all the women gaga. A smile that's always happy; plus a keen assurance and an understanding of the difficulties of life.

His one passion is prize-fighting. His one enthusiasm (other than Garbo, of course), is Jack Dempsey.

He spoke without reservation. He told of his friendship for Jimmy Walker, the mayor who meant New York as much as New York meant him.

I remarked before that Brisson, as Carl Petersen, was a prizefighter. This was before he took his mother's name and decided to chance the stage. And Brisson gets a real kick out of recalling those days of sock-and-take-it.

"You mention to me that life has its ups and downs," he said to me. "And I know even better than you think. It wasn't always like this (waving his arm around his palatial home). Sometimes it was hard, very hard.

"I can remember one time when I was just a youngster, trying so hard to be a great prizefighter. I had gone to a town some forty miles away from Copenhagen for a fight. And, after the fight, I wanted to get home. But all I had was four marks—not enough fare. So what could I do?

"Well, I passed a music store and there I saw a piano key, you know, the key piano-tuners use to tune pianos. It was priced four marks. I took a chance. I bought the key.

"And then I went from public house to public house, you know, saloons, asking to tune pianos. Finally, I made twelve marks, enough money for fare to Copenhagen and to get something to eat. I don't know what the people who hired me thought, after I got through tuning their pianos.

"You see, I had never tuned a piano in my life before—and I haven't since."

HE KNOWS MANY more stories like that. They all have the ring of truth. For Brisson has worked hard to achieve what measure of fame the gods have been kind enough to hand him. But his greatest pride is in the success achieved by Greta Garbo.

Mention Greta Garbo to Brisson and you find a man who is a fan, an admirer and appreciative student of the complexities that have kept this luminous figure of the shadow world so consistently in the headlines ever since she first stirred an American movie-going public to a frenzy of enthusiasm.

"I have known Greta ever since she was so high," said Brisson, suiting the action to the word. "She would stare at me, with her beautiful eyes, as I acted on the stage of the Academy.

"For, to Greta, I was a personage. After all, to her, I represented success. I already had achieved a certain following. And she—well she was beginning and so anxious to learn, so anxious to know all about acting.

"I can recall how she would sit there, just watching, watching. She then was Greta Gustaffson, an ambitious youngster who knew that the spark of genius burned within her.

"And somehow that spark of genius stirred Mauritz Stiller. I had persuaded him to talk to Greta and he did.

"Stiller was going to make *Gosta Berling* at that time. He asked me to be the leading man. And he planned to have Greta play a part in the picture. He wanted me for the title rôle. I told him I couldn't because I had signed to go to London to appear on the stage there.

"I offered my London manager any sum to be released from the contract. I was willing to make all sorts of concessions. I wanted so much to play the rôle and to play with Greta. But I couldn't get away—and Lars Hansen got the part. The rest is history.



—*Freulich*

Lovely Jacqueline Wells finds one black cat that offers no menace but she finds many thrills and countless perils in Universal's* Black Cat *in which she plays the feminine lead. Karloff and Bela Lugosi are featured

"For *Gosta Berling* brought Stiller to the attention of American producers. They asked him to come to Hollywood. And he wouldn't go unless they agreed to take Greta too. They thought it a strange whim, I suppose, but Greta went along. And it was Greta who became famous.

"I was most unhappy when I was told of this. I felt that Greta would be gone forever. And so it seemed to me. For Greta Gustaffson became Greta Garbo—and I never knew this until some years later."

"And Then I Signed a contract to make a picture in Denmark. And I returned like a hero from the wars. I was fêted and dined and it was a merry time.

"My picture was to be shown at a theatre in Copenhagen. And I was to make a—what do you call it—oh, yes, a personal appearance. I stepped outside my carriage at the theatre. My sister was with me.

"A young girl, beautiful, oh, so beautiful, stopped me. She held out her hand to me and said:

"'Good luck to you, Carl!'

"I said: 'Thank you,' and turned to step inside the theatre.

"She said: 'Carl, don't you know me?'

"I looked again. It couldn't be—but it was. It was Greta, little Greta Gustaffson. But so changed. So beautiful, so, so self-composed. But at that moment, so unhappy. For I, the famous one, seemed to have ignored her, to have forgotten her.

"I stopped: 'Greta, little Greta, how are you, how are you?'

"I stammered, I hesitated, I hunted for words, like a school boy reciting a piece. And while I stammered, she turned and rushed away. I wanted to rush after her. I shouted, 'Greta, come back, come back!' but she didn't hear me.

"I went into the manager's office. I waited until it was my time to go on the stage. And there I stood, telling them how happy I was, how thrilled and all that sort of thing. And all the time I was thinking:

"'Why did Greta run away? What had I done to hurt her?'

"And then I went off the stage, back to the manager's office. My sister came to me. She said: 'Greta is outside. She wants to know if she may come in.'

"'Come in?' I said. 'Of course she may—and why shouldn't she?'

"And then my sister said: 'You know, she is Greta Garbo!'

"I looked at my sister. My little Greta Gustaffson had become the great Greta Garbo! I had heard of her, of this actress who, in America, had become so famous.

"It Was Like a dream, a beautiful dream come true. And then I realized what I had done. I, the famous one, the success, had failed to understand. Had not recognized true genius. I, who should have known, had not realized that the little Greta Gustaffson was and should be the great Greta Garbo.

"And then Greta came, so sweet, so truly the fine person she is. We sat and talked of old times.

"And yet, there she was—world-famous—content to wait at a theatre door while a former friend had his little moment of glory. She is so wonderful, isn't she?"

And what could I do but echo his words:

"She's wonderful!"

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The Men in Mae West's Life

Continued from page forty-one

THE COURTSHIP started when the boys were two years old. Mae was just beginning to startle vaudeville audiences into applause with her amazing new movements on the stage. Sex, as far as New York was concerned, had never really reared its head until Mae West perfected her art.

Mae was rapidly becoming a neighborhood celebrity. Those living nearest to her were awakening to the fact that there was a rising star of the stage in their midst. It was at this time that Mae became acquainted with Jack and Girard.

"I've never seen a girl who was so crazy about children," Jack's aunt, Mrs. Theodore Weigand, recalled. "But she ran true to form even then. She wanted what they called 'boy children.' Girls never did appeal to her."

The friendship blossomed in no time at all. Jack and Girard weren't sure about the sweetheart angle then, but they did know that if they toddled across the street and into Mae's house, they were sure of the warmest welcome of their lives. Before long, the only time they spent at home was eating and going to bed.

At Christmas, that first year, Mae decided the boys were old enough to learn the manly art of boxing. Her father, Jack West, then a professional fighter of some fame, agreed. So when the big morning arrived, Jack and Girard found huge boxing gloves under their trees, with a card of warning from Mae that the gloves were to be used.

It took Mae some time before she could say to herself that her two protegées were making any progress. They had difficulty at first in even standing up with boxing gloves on their hands, but by the next Christmas they could stretch out on their toes and swing at each other with real vehemence.

"It was Mae's ambition," Mrs. Weigand said, a faint smile of approbation on her lips, "to have the boys the champs of the neighborhood. I'll have to admit that she succeeded."

While Mae was working in vaudeville, with its attendant late hours, she found it hard to get enough sleep and still see her two boys every day. She finally found a solution—she had them come over in the morning while she was still in bed.

Jack and Girard would run over, their boxing gloves tucked under one arm, and race upstairs to Mae's bedroom. Bursting in on a tired and heavy-eyed Mae, they would clear the room until a small ring had been squared.

"Look, Mae!" Jack would shout. "I've got a new punch I wanna show you. Girard and I'll have a swell fight this morning."

"Okay, boys," Mae would reply, wide awake and eager to see the latest trick in fighting.

Wham! Jack would catch Girard off balance. In a minute Girard would retaliate. In another minute Mae would have to jump from bed and separate the two.

"They never could decide who was the better of the two," Mrs. Weigand said. "Mae couldn't, either. She would have them fight it off every so often, but it always ended in a draw."

SOMETIMES AFTER a fight, Mae decided that her two amateur boxers deserved a reward for their efforts. With a shout across the street to Jack's uncle, Mae would rush the boys downstairs to get the garage doors open. In a few minutes the three of them were outside, while the uncle fought to get the old model T Ford started.

Then for the ride! Each excursion they took was the thrill of a lifetime for all three of them. Out over Long Island, down to Brooklyn, a glimpse of roaring Manhattan; Mae at the wheel urging old Nellie on to greater speeds.

The boys soon grew old enough to have school interfere with the courtship. Winter mornings were no longer as carefree and happy for Mae. Jack and Girard had to sit in a room filled with students, counting the time until they could leave and hurry back to see Mae at lunch.

Summers were the same, however. Mae bought them cowboy suits. The neighbors objected a little at first to the blood-curdling war-hoops that suddenly burst out behind garage doors, but Mae took the boys' side. As far as she was concerned, it was just another way for them to grow into strong and active young men.

Mae, at this time, was being showered under by floods of invitations for parties, dinners, dances. The neighbors watched with interest to see what effect popularity and adulation would have on Mae. Here is what one of her closest friends remembers about those days:

"No, Mae West was never the gay one she pretends to be on the stage and in the movies. It always seemed strange to me that such a vivacious and beautiful



—*Bert Longworth*

Aline MacMahon's constant companion when resting in her garden at home is this favorite spaniel. She is completing

A Woman in Her Thirties

girl would prefer to stay home with her mother.

"In all the years I knew her, I can't remember a single wild party that Mae ever attended, and in this neighborhood it's pretty hard to do anything like that without having someone know about it."

"Sure she was popular," Jack said with a shrug of his already wide shoulders, "but she stayed home. Girard and me were too young to go out."

Then Mae wrote and produced *Sex*, the play that all Broadway still remembers and still talks about in awed tones. The first year of its run, nothing much was said against its being bad for public morals. Suddenly, public officials swooped down on an evening performance, closed the doors and arrested the performers.

Public indignation was at its highest. Mae West was painted as gaudy and publicity seeking. Those who knew her only through her acting were spreading stories about her. But her neighbors, those who knew her private life, stuck by her!

"I went with my baby one afternoon to see Mae," another neighbor recounted. "It was while *Sex* was running without interference from the city. When I saw her in her stage costume, my eyes nearly popped out of my head.

"Then Mae showed me how she had padded her shoulders and hips. When I told her she was no more like her stage part in real life than I was, Mae laughed and agreed with me."

Jack and Girard weren't quite certain just why the show was closed, but they did know that Mae had to serve ten days in jail. If they had known where to go, they would have been glad to take on the warden and free their idol.

The Saddest Day in their young lives came at this time. Mae told them she was moving. Success was hers at last and Mae needed living quarters closer to town. No, she confided, she wasn't selling her house. Just renting it out to someone.

Although Mae was no longer just across the way, the two boys were not without her friendship. She made frequent trips back to the familiar old street to see them and give them advice.

Even the distance between New York and California failed to end the courtship. Mae came back to New York as soon as she could, and hurriedly took the long, tedious journey out through Long Island to call on them.

Mae appeared anxious when she visited her two boys. "What neighbor is having a hard time of it?" she asked them as soon as they had greeted her. "Who hasn't enough money to live on?" When they told her of a needy case or two, Mae took immediate steps to see that their suffering was relieved.

Right now Jack has a cousin who is just past the three-year-old mark. Mae has only seen him once or twice, so Jack and Girard don't consider him a real rival. There is another thing that worries them, though.

As yet Mae has not sent Theodore, junior, any boxing gloves. Is Mae weakening, they wonder? Has Hollywood finally won her over and reformed her with its softening influence?

The question will have to wait until next Christmas when Mae's gift box arrives, unless Mae comes to New York sooner than that. When she does, Jack has a new left to the jaw he'll use on her if he thinks she has changed any!



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Editor's Mailbag

Continued from page thirteen

attractive than some of the "pop-eyed" ones forging ahead of her. As to her versatility, witness her flair for comedy in *Rebecca*, her dainty girlishness in *Too Busy to Work*, and her unforgetable portrayal of the unwed mother in *Pilgrimage*. Why not re-team her with Ralph Bellamy, whose work, by the way, in *Once to Every Woman* deserves an orchid?

RUTH KING,
2 Hamilton Avenue, Cranford, N. J.

Natural Team

ABOUT that picture *Going Hollywood*. I've never seen Marion Davies look so beautiful. She certainly has "it." And with that crooner's voice of Crosby, it reaches to a sensation. Let's have them again.

JACKIE N. BISSOMUTTE,
210 Main St., Apt. 4, Hull, P. Q., Canada.

Men vs. Women

PICTURES STARRING men always, or nearly always, depict high ideals, noble purposes, great deeds, patriotism, heroism, sacrifices and martyrdom, such as the rôles in *Cavalcade* portrayed by Clive Brook, *Ben Hur* by Ramón Novarro, *Night Flight* by John Barrymore and *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde* by Fredric March. In pictures starring women, we are never allowed to lose sight of the fact that they are females—females in everything they do, say or think. I cite *A Farewell to Arms, Strange Interlude, Rain* and scores of other sexy-themes. To one Joan of Arc, there are a thousand sexy-female themes. Give us stories about heroism in decent women.

CORA WALKER,
535 Greensboro Ave., Starkville, Miss.

Should Parents Tell?

JUST the other day I read an article in The Editor's Mailbag about "baby stuff." "Children should learn that stuff at home," quoted one writer. That's the whole trouble—they don't. Whenever a sex question comes up the mother tells the child to "wait until you grow up." When he or she does grow up, it is too late—the trouble is done and cannot be undone. The mother is frantic and says, "Why didn't you ask me?" I know because I was brought up in darkness and I learned from the movies. So don't put a ban on the "baby stuff"—it's worth its weight in gold.

CLEMENT LAVINSKY,
96 Liberty St., Ansonia, Conn.

They Go Anyway

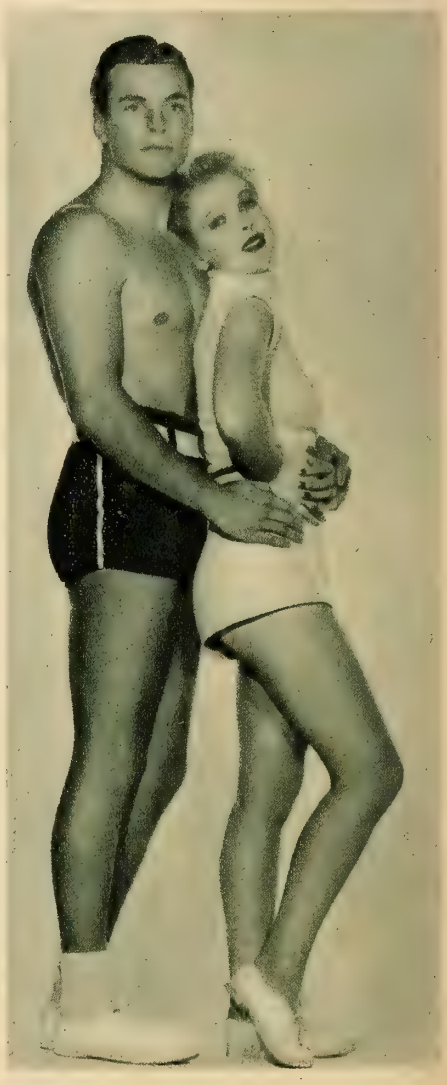
THIS "comeupandseemesometime" might be getting old, but Mae West still holds those complaining audiences spellbound. *She Done Him Wrong* was excellent and Mae West proved she knows her acting. *I'm No Angel* was a miraculous success and I am biting my finger nails until *It Ain't No Sin* pops up in my town. There may be critics who always have something to say about Mae, but bring on her pictures, for I would go hungry for a week to see her act.

ALVIN MEYER II,
1122 Nolan Street, San Antonio, Texas.

Approves Big Salaries

WHY all this howl about the huge salaries paid stars? It seems to me that the public is taking an unfair attitude toward our screen artists since no protest is made against the immense sums of money paid to famous prize-fighters, baseball players, attorneys, authors or specialists in various lines. A star who can pack theatres should be regarded as a specialist of the highest order and paid accordingly.

MABEL ARGO,
New Albany, Ind.



Buster Crabbe and Ida Lupino, togged out in their new Banda-Wikies, are ready for some plain and fancy swimming. Ida has an expert aquatic instructor for Buster, of course, is an Olympic champion

HOLLYWOOD

Prescription for Personality

Continued from page forty-two

That happiness shows in the girl, too. Now it happens to be real happiness but it hasn't always been. And when it hasn't Fifi has made believe. She has laughed and sung anyway, uphill or down, and every bit of that gayety—forced or genuine—has done a lot toward the actual formation of her bright, pert little face.

From The theoretical to the practical Fifi went on.

"When you talk about beauty I talk about make-up. Make-up is to me the greatest assistance a woman has toward making herself more attractive. See, I learn my make-up by trying this way and that. Maybe I wear my rouge high on my cheeks one day, low the next. Then someone says to me 'Fifi, you look smart today' and I know I have found the right way to use coloring on my face.

"For street wear I think a woman should accentuate her eyes and her lips. An eyebrow pencil, a bit of eye shadow, the correct shade of lipstick—and you're perfect! No one can really tell you how to make up your face; people can only suggest. A woman must try many ways, always experimenting, until she finds the one for her—and when she finds that one her mirror will tell her she is right.

"Now you talk about health. Diet, plenty of sunshine and sleep, exercise—about those I am like others. I must look out for the needs of my body; I am even strict with myself about them. But oh, above all I must keep clean—my hair, my skin. I could not sleep if I should get into bed without cleansing my face well. Maybe cold cream tonight, maybe soap and warm water tomorrow night, but I cannot leave make-up on while I sleep. No woman can do that and expect to remain lovely. I *must* attend to my complexion."

And now Fifi's laughing, that throaty, gutteral laugh that starts in her toes and ends in a hearty effervescence of the very *joie de vivre* of her being. Almost an appealingly feminine guffaw, for here's a girl who does the job up right when she's amused. And she is amused because I've interrogated her plans as to the job of husband-holding that handsome Maurice, voted the most attractive college man in the United States two years ago.

"I want to hold Maurice because I love him. And the woman who loves her man enough—she can hold him all right. First of all she must keep herself pretty and interesting and sweet. But beside all that the little strategies are important too. It is not well to let a man be too sure. Sure, yes, of your constancy. But it is well when you remind him now and then that you are attractive to others too. It keeps his interest on fire.

"Those are the little things for women to know. Almost they come natural, don't you think?"

Most always, I'd agree. But in case you haven't thought of all of them, Fifi's letting you in on her charm secrets. The most important of which, one look at her tells me, is the "Be gay even if it kills you" rule. There's something about sparkle that molds one's very features. And a smile can become one of the most permanent things in the world.

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Stepping Stones to Fame

Continued from page twenty-five

Of her early school days she remembers vividly that she was always called upon to sing little solos, and to speak pieces before the class more often, she says, than any other pupil. Claudette modestly claims it was because of her accent which the teacher and the class found amusing.

From the grammar school she entered Washington Irving high school and for the first time in her life was allowed to enter into social and class activities. She made the basketball team and was asked to join the French dramatic club, because she could speak the language. In the few plays in which she appeared, she attracted the attention of her English teacher, Alice Rostetter, who drafted her into the English dramatic club.

Miss Rostetter took a deep interest in her little pupil, as she believed the girl had talent which should be developed. She was acquainted with several of the Provincetown players in Greenwich Village, and had sold the organization several plays and playlets. The theatre was located on McDougal street, in the very heart of the Village.

The teacher persuaded Jasper Deeter, manager of the troupe, to give her protegé a chance, and soon Claudette was rehearsing for *The Widow's Veil.*

HIGH SCHOOL graduation day came, and Claudette sallied forth to face the world, secure in the thought that the studies of art and designing, which she had mastered in her high school classes, would fit her to battle for a livelihood. Father Georges was still in the bank, and promotion was not as rapid as his enthusiastic fervor in France had imagined.

With a pad of sketches under her arm, Claudette went into the world in search of a position as designer. From one store to another she carried the bulky bundle. At last, one store manager informed her that he had a job for her in the workrooms and Claudette accepted it.

It was not a bit like the little would-be artist imagined, for she was little better than a janitor to the place, carrying heavy bundles of materials, and ceaselessly struggling to keep the floor swept clean of scraps of material. In vain she appealed to the manager to allow her to design a few gowns and she was met with the usual refusal until one day, when the other artists were overbusy, he asked her to turn in a half-dozen designs for blouses.

Claudette worked all morning on her first sketch. In her ignorance she tried to make it a full drawing. "A regular portrait it was," she says, and had hardly got a start on the design before the manager asked her for her sketches. Claudette showed him the half-completed work of art.

"Where are the other five?" the manager asked.

"The other five—this is all there is—" Claudette gasped.

That ended her career in that shop then and there.

Seeing that the future in art was somewhat nebulous, Claudette found a few pupils to whom she taught French, dabbling in art in her spare time.

It was the French lessons which led her back to the theatre. Among her small list of pupils was Helen Hackett, an actress, who told her again that she should go on the stage. She introduced Claudette to Ann Morrison, who was about to produce *The Wild Westcotts* on Broadway. Miss Morrison gave the girl a chance.

Claudette's big Broadway debut consisted of a rôle as one of three guests at a house party—and her speeches were three lines. But she got a thrill out of it. First presentation of the play was at the Frazee Theatre, on Christmas 1924.

HARDLY HAD *The Wild Westcotts* closed before Claudette was sitting in Brock Pemberton's office telling him what a great actress she was. Pemberton had never heard of the dark-haired and dark-eyed miss, which was a good thing for Claudette, for she told him a string of white lies. She told him of the hundreds of plays in which she had appeared in France; of a theatrical ancestry which dated back to Charlemagne. It was sufficiently impressive, for Pemberton gave her a leading rôle in *The Marionette Man,* which starred Ulric Haupt, the great German player.

She fooled Pemberton—but she couldn't fool Haupt.

"He knew I was faking the first scene we had together," says Claudette. "He was a good sport, though, and didn't betray me."



Claudette Colbert as she appeared in* The Barker *on Broadway in 1927. She met her future husband, Norman Foster, while playing in this production. It was her last stage rôle before entering pictures

It was at this time that Claudette decided to drop the family name "Chauchoin" and adopt that of her grandmother. She called herself Claudette Colbert, and pronounced it to rhyme with "shirt." It is only since she entered motion pictures that she has been pronouncing the name to rhyme with "care."

But although Claudette had picked the stage as her life work, Papa and Mamma Chauchoin had other ideas. The stage, to them, was a place only for bad and fallen women and decidedly not the place for a French girl of tender up-bringing. It was not for a long time that the parental scowl was missing every time the theatre was mentioned.

Claudette's mother was won over first. Her father, up to the time of his death, would never openly admit that he was proud of his daughter. But, although he would not say so, he was secretly proud of his daughter and of her success.

"A few days before my first starring rôle in *The Kiss in the Taxi* he passed on.

When *The Marionette Man* closed, Claudette Colbert determined to get more training and turned to stock companies, the school of experience that has turned out so many fine players.

Among those to whom she applied was Jesse Bonstell, and Claudette being very, very eager to work, made enough of an impression to bring a query from the producer as to what salary she expected.

"I had heard that stock players were obliged to purchase their own wardrobe," says Claudette, "so I spoke right up and asked for $200 a week. I have never heard anyone laugh harder nor longer than Miss Bonstell when she heard my request. It was nearly five minutes before she recovered enough breath to explain to me that stock players were usually paid thirty-five or forty dollars a week, and to ask wherever I had got the impression that salaries ran that high. She was very nice about it, though, and explained that she couldn't use me just then.

"In less than two weeks, though, she called me on the telephone. Katherine Alexander was leaving the cast of *Leah Kleschna*—and she could use me in Miss Alexander's rôle. I hustled right down to the office and signed."

Then followed ten weeks in such a fine company! Arnold Daly! William Faversham! Lowell Sherman! Helen Gahagen! Jose Rubin—and Claudette Colbert!

The play went to Chicago and finished its run there. It was during the Chicago engagement that she met Leslie Howard who gave her a letter to Al Woods, the New York theatrical producer.

Back In New York, she presented her letter to Al Woods, who was properly impressed with the fact that she had been one of the illustrious *Leah Kleschna* troupe. He gave her a rôle in a new play, *The Cat Came Back,* which opened in Chicago. It died aborning there, and never lived to see the lights of Broadway.

Although *The Cat Came Back* had only a short run, it was enough to impress Woods with Claudette's ability, and he gave her the leading feminine rôle in *A Kiss in a Taxi.* It survived a Chicago engagement and moved to New York, and Claudette Colbert's name blazed from the marquee lights as leading lady. She was such a success that the wiley Woods lost

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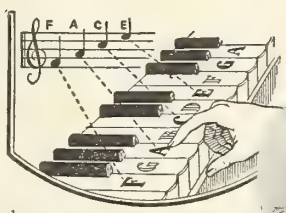
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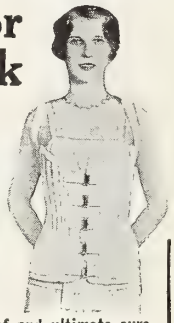
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—*Bert Longworth*

Ruby Keeler devotes some of her spare time after filming* Dames *for Warner Brothers to teaching her Peke some new tricks. She was snapped before the fireplace of the home at Burbank which she shares with her husband, Al Jolson

no time in signing her to a five-year contract.

Between his own shows and farming her out to other producers, Woods kept Claudette very busy. She played in rapid succession in *Tin Pan Alley, High Stakes, Fast Life, La Gringa, The Mulberry Bush, The Ghost Train, Pearl of Great Price,* and *Dynamo,* her fame and ability mounting with every performance.

War broke out anew between them shortly after when Woods wanted her to do the leading rôle in his new play, *Crime.* Claudette wanted to do a play for the Selwyns, called *The Barker.* She had read the manuscript and loved the play, and did not care for the part in *Crime.* She told Woods that it wasn't a good part for her.

"You're crazy," he shouted. "It's a great part—a regular star-making part. Go with the Selwyns; I'll take an unknown girl, put her in *Crime* and make her famous!"

Woods found his unknown, put her in the rôle. She was a sensation. The girl was Sylvia Sidney. Claudette wasn't wrong, though, about the merits of the rôle in *The Barker.* It did as much for her as *Crime* did for Sylvia Sidney.

It Not Only firmly established her as a star, but it introduced her to the man destined to be her future husband, Norman Foster, the juvenile in the production.

"The first time I saw Norman I was disappointed," Claudette declares. "It was at the first day of rehearsals. I asked Walter Huston, who had the featured rôle, which of the players was the juvenile. Naturally, I was interested, for most of my scenes were with him. Walter pointed to a man, sitting on the stage floor, on a telephone book. I was disappointed for he seemed only about three feet tall. It wasn't until he stood up that I realized that he was quite a man."

Almost exactly three weeks to a day after that first meeting, Claudette and Norman were engaged.

"We did keep it from the public, though, and from my mother. She would never have approved of an actor as a husband. And I didn't elope with Norman, as has been reported. We didn't have time. Mother didn't discover we were married until a year later, when she read it in Walter Winchell's column."

When Claudette came back from the London run of the play, she was offered contracts in motion pictures, which she steadfastly refused. She had made one silent picture during her contract with Woods, and didn't like them at all. But about this time, talking pictures became possible, and Claudette's interest in the screen was awakened.

By a strange co-incidence, the silent picture, *For The Love of Mike* was directed by a young man by the name of Frank Capra. It was quickly and cheaply made, and one of the first feature length productions Capra had ever directed. Her latest picture, and one in which she has established herself as one of the great stars of the screen, *It Happened One Night,* in which she is co-starred with Clark Gable, was also directed by Frank Capra, now one of the screen's greatest directors. Ben Lyon also played in *For The Love of Mike.*

Motion picture offers that required her to go to California were consistently refused by Claudette. She didn't want to be separated from Norman, her husband.

Then Paramount offered her a contract and she refused it. She would not go to California. They told her that she didn't have to cross the continent; all she had to do was to cross the bridge into Long Island city, and so she signed and Woods sold his contract with her to the motion picture concern.

The arrangement of separate living quarters for Claudette and Norman, which startled Hollywood and caused

much speculation, wasn't intentional. Neither of them anticipated such a thing. When they went to London together in *The Barker*, they had dreamed of a husband-and-wife team that would grow to everlasting fame together.

But it wasn't to be. Claudette received her offer from Paramount and the contract which followed. Norman, too, had received many screen offers and finally signed with Paramount just to be near his wife, with the idea in mind that they could be as famous as a husband-and-wife screen team as they could be on the stage. That they wouldn't be featured together, or that they might even be separated by some three thousand miles never occurred to them. But that's just what happened.

Paramount sent Norman to California and Claudette was kept in New York.

Foster made his picture in Hollywood and then calmly told B. P. Schulberg, production head, that he was going to New York to visit his wife. Schulberg just as cooly told Norman that he was going to start him in a picture on the next day.

"That didn't appeal to Norman at all," says Claudette. "Norman was stymied until he told his troubles to a lawyer friend who dug up an old California law that provided that no employer could keep husband and wife apart more than three months.

"Armed with a copy of the law, Norman went to Mr. Schulberg. Seeing nothing he could do but bow gracefully to the situation, Schulberg gave him the permission and Norman took the train the next day."

Paramount got smart. They sent Claudette to California.

But by this time, Claudette and Norman were accustomed to living apart. When they met again it was like a new honeymoon and so they decided to maintain separate establishments, retain their own hours, their own careers, and their own privacy. Claudette sent for her mother and her aunt, took a house, and settled down. Norman rented a place just a short walk away. It worked out wonderfully well.

WHEN CLAUDETTE first came to Hollywood, she hated the place.

"I loved New York so much that I couldn't get interested in any other city," she declares. "But I've gotten over that. Today I'm living in the first house I've ever occupied, and I've got my own garden and my own flowers—and it's grand! Would I go back to New York? Ye-e-e es—I might—but I'm not eager to go—right now.

Claudette's present home is in Brentwood, one of the most beautiful sections of Los Angeles. It is the house previously occupied by Greta Garbo.

Claudette finds many things about California that she likes, and doesn't hesitate to tell which she likes and which she doesn't. The beaches, which so many easterners find so attractive, do not appeal to her. She isn't crazy about bathing. She loves to motor and often takes long drives in the evening after the day's work at the studio is finished.

And she likes to play golf, although she admits that her game is bad. Tennis is her favorite sport.

Most of her friends are not in motion picture circles. However, she numbers the two movie Joans, Crawford and Blondell, among her intimates, and also Mrs. Paul Lukas and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn.

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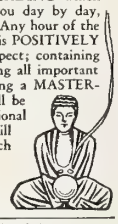
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***Girls who wonder how Jimmy Durante's nose can be missed when kissing him will find their problem solved by Lupe Velez. At least the famous Schnozzle caught some of her lip rouge in this scene from* Strictly Dynamite**

What's New On The Screen

Continued from page eleven

Journal of Crime

● Love and murder run rampant through the reels of *Journal of Crime.* Ruth Chatterton, jealous of her husband, Adolphe Menjou, kills her rival, Claire Dodd. Guilt is fastened upon a man who has just committed another slaying. When she finally confesses to her husband, Ruth Chatterton is compelled to live with him without benefit of love. This punishment is too severe and she decides to admit her guilt. On her way to the police she is involved in an accident and suffers loss of memory, after which Menjou becomes reconciled to her. A bit morbid for the average fan.

The Show Off

● Metro brings the stage success to the screen and little is lost of this play's charm in the transition. Spencer Tracy has the title rôle and lives up to it in grand fashion. Madge Evans is equally fine as this super-egotist's long suffering wife, while Clara Blandick does a fine bit of acting as the deflater of Tracy's ego. Louis Wilson, Claude Gillingwater and Grant Mitchell help the action with smaller rôles.

You're Telling Me?

● W. C. Fields has his big moments in this picture, which certainly should fill the bill for Fields' fans. He is an inventor and a close friend of John Barleycorn and his antics threaten to prevent the marriage of his daughter, Joan Marsh, and Larry "Buster" Crabbe, but Adrienne Ames saves the day. A golf course sequence is one of the finest bits of Fields humor to hit the screen.

The Crosby Case

● Here is a mystery film which would make Sherlock Holmes take an aspirin before he could untangle it. From the moment Warren Hymer's taxi strikes a man already dead, until the murder is finally solved, there is a constant run of thrills. Onslow Stevens, Skeets Gallagher, William Collier, Sr., J. Farrell MacDonald and Wynne Gibson form an excellent cast.

All Men Are Enemies

● Despite the handicap of a worn plot, Hugh Williams, a newcomer from England, reveals himself as an actor of promise. In the picture, his father wants him to marry a girl, while he desires another, from whom he is separated by war. He carries out his father's wish, but the marriage goes on the rocks. All ends well when he finally marries the girl of his choice. Helen Twelvetrees, Mona Barrie and Herbert Mundin give splendid performances.

Stand Up and Cheer

● Will Rogers added his talents to the vast Fox writing organization to help bring this splendid musical to the screen. It is one of the most entertaining of the season. The depression is brought back, (just for story purposes,) and a laughable plot is developed. The song hit finale is called *Out of the Red,* and, like other songs throughout the picture, it is a knockout. The grand cast includes such celebrities as Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, James Dunn, John Boles, Arthur Byron, Ralph Morgan and Stepin Fetchit.

A Very Honorable Guy

● Well, here's Joe E. Brown back with a bundle of laughs and thrills. He has plenty of adventures as the man who always pays his debts, even to the point of selling his body to a head-hunting medical quack to raise funds necessary to square off accounts. Alice White does a neat bit of acting opposite Joe and others in the cast give him plenty of chances for his own private brand of comedy. He has a pretty narrow escape from the task of delivering his own dead body to the quack, but he does.

Melody in Spring

● Lanny Ross comes to the screen in his first starring part in a musical comedy that is quite different from the ordinary run of such pictures. Charles Ruggles is cast as the owner of a dog biscuit concern which broadcasts. Lanny wants a job as singer on the radio program and also desires the hand of Ruggles' daughter, Ann Sothern. Mary Boland plays the part of the girls' mother. Their adventures take them to the Swiss Alps and the locale affords some fine scenic and musical effects. *Melody in Spring* is worth seeing.

Three on a Honeymoon

● ZaSu Pitts keeps the audience in a constant uproar with her clever work in this picture, which revolves around the love affairs of Sally Eilers, who is sent on a world tour to escape pursuing swains. Love and blackmail plots intermingle to keep ZaSu, Sally, Henrietta Crossman, Charles Starrett, John Mack Brown and others on the jump.

Manhattan Love Song

● Dixie Lee, who is also Mrs. Bing Crosby, proves her own acting ability in this straight forward, human story of a pair of exceedingly wealthy sisters who lose their money and share their mansion with their chauffeur and maid. Helen Flint plays the other sister and the servants are Robert Armstrong and Nydia Westman. The story holds you throughout and Dixie sings some songs in a way that goes over big.

A Woman in Her Thirties

● Aline MacMahon's first starring picture proves she is one of the screen's finest performers. As a woman who has been passed by love and craves it, she marries Paul Kelly, a sailor, who overlooks her lack of beauty because of the life of ease so thrust upon him. She treats with sympathy and understanding his affairs with other women and in the end wins his real love for herself. Ann Dvorak has a small part, as do Pat Ellis, Dorothy Peterson and Helen Lowell, but the picture is all Mac-

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JUNE

Romantic MOVIE STORIES

Also in this issue: The first cinema version of George White's *Scandals* with a galaxy of stars including Jimmy Durante, Rudy Vallée and Alice Faye. Hilarious Lee Tracy as an ace reporter in *I'll Tell the World.* *He Was Her Man* co-starring Joan Blondell and Jimmy Cagney. Warner Baxter and Rosemary Ames in *Too Many Women.* *Come On Marines* featuring Dick Arlen and Ida Lupino. Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell in *The Personality Kid* and Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong in *Manhattan Love Song.*

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Glamour

Paul Lukas and Constance Cummings star in this Edna Ferber story of an ambitious chorus girl who gets a composer to write song hits for her, marry her, make her a star, give her a baby and then give her up for another man. Phillip Reed, a new face on the screen, has a difficult rôle, but does well with his chances.

Riptide

Cheers and orchids for Norma Shearer for her work in *Riptide,* which brings her out of retirement. Herbert Marshall is a splendid foil for Norma, and Robert Montgomery, as the other man with whom Norma holds highly unconventional meetings, is all that can be desired. The ladies will gloat when Marshall forgives and takes back his erring wife. The part is one which only an artist of Miss Shearer's great ability could handle so cleverly. Lilyan Tashman gives a delightful performance in this, her second to last picture. Helen Jerome Eddy, Ralph Forbes and Mrs. Patrick Campbell form an excellent supporting cast.

Twentieth Century

Those who remember the stage success of this famous play will not be disappointed in the screen version, thanks to the excellent work done by John Barrymore and Carole Lombard. All of the action takes place on a New York bound train and Barrymore, as the frantic stage producer seeking the signature of a famous star, gives a delightful portrayal.

Change of Heart

The inimitable team of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell returns to the screen in the powerful story of four graduates who seek careers in New York. Ginger Rogers and James Dunn do their part to make this an outstanding production.

Sadie McKee

After all, there is no substitute for Joan Crawford when she is properly cast and *Sadie McKee* is a natural for her. It is a story of life and love and *Sadie* succumbs to the lures of three men—Gene Raymond as the actor, Franchot Tone as the lawyer and Edward Arnold as the alcoholic youth.

Where Sinners Meet

There is comedy and drama—plenty of both in the story of *Where Sinners Meet,* which is a legend of marital intrigue. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook perform perfectly and Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray and Reginald Owen are deserving of laurels.



Hail the new First Actress of the screen! Katharine Hepburn received the 1934 award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts for the best work of an actress. Morning Glory brought her the honor

Hollywood Party

With an array of stars whose names are usually scattered over a whole list of productions, Metro brings to the screen this latest of musicals. One sequence alone is worth the price of admission. It is an egg breaking scene between Lupe Velez and Messrs. Laurel and Hardy. The Mickey Mouse number, which expands into the *Red Hot Chocolate Soldier* song, all done in Technicolor, is also a knockout. In addition to Lupe and Laurel and Hardy, the cast includes Jimmy Durante, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Jack Pearl, June Clyde and Eddie Quillan.

One Was Guilty

This is a mystery play, with a somewhat sophisticated love background, with Ralph Bellamy as the detective inspector. Shirley Gray, cast as a homeless little stenographer, becomes involved in a murder mystery. Rita La Roy cleverly portrays the part of a cheating wife.

Viva Villa!

Metro presents one of the real big smash hits of the year in this colorful, gripping drama based upon the life of Mexico's military figure—bandit to some, hero to others. Wallace Beery turns out the finest work of his long career as Villa. Second only to him is Henry B. Walthall, who enacts the rôle of President Francisco Madero. Stuart Erwin does great work as the newspaper reporter and Leo Carrillo, as Villa's assistant, gives an outstanding performance. *Viva Villa!* is a picture you will not soon forget.

Without Beauty

Continued from page forty-six

ally, find honor in his own country. She secured an engagement with a stock company in Yonkers, her birthplace!

From the first moment that she stepped on the stage, in that small Yonkers theatre, the Kirkland charm, released by her determination, held her audience.

She went from there to Louisville, Kentucky, for a season of stock. Experience was the thing she knew she needed now. And while there, Stuart Walker, ever alert to discern the potentialities of unknown players, saw and engaged her as leading woman for his company in Huntington, West Virginia.

Stuart Walker taught Muriel Kirkland the value of the voice she had thought *strange*. He taught her the value of those great soft eyes as a medium of expression. Under his intelligent guidance, the little red-head became an actress of rare sweetness and knowledge and infinite individuality. Finally, Mr. Walker told her she was ready for Broadway.

Nothing could have stopped Muriel then. She believed in Stuart Walker. Had he told her she could swim the English Channel, Muriel would have dived into its choppy waters!



—*William Walling, Jr.*

***Marion Callahan is one of the eleven girls representative of Broadway showgirl beauty brought to Hollywood by Earl Carroll to appear in* Murder at the Vanities**

Brock Pemberton was casting a play called *Strictly Dishonorable*. There is a psychic something along Broadway which prophecies the success of a play before it opens. It was in the air about this new play of Brock's. Every well-established ingenue was ambitious to play the leading rôle. Forty-eight such girls had hopefully read the part before the exacting audience composed of Brock Pemberton, the producer, Preston Sturges, the playwright and Antoinette Perry. An ordeal for any actress. An ordeal from which forty-eight beautiful, nervous young Broadwayites emerged without triumph.

The forty-ninth girl was a little red-haired unknown, with huge brown eyes and—confidence. Such glorious young confidence!

When the curtain rang down on the opening night, the play was a success and Broadway had welcomed a new, sparkling personality. The American Academy of Dramatic Art quickly put its official seal of approval upon her. Her name was placed on its illustrious honor roll!

When she finished her engagement in the record breaking run of *Strictly Dishonorable*, William Harris, Jr., sent for her to play the leading rôle in *The Greeks Had a Word for It.*

By this time, you've guessed it—the movie scouts had watched what she did to New York audiences. They had listened and been moved by the spell of that voice. Muriel was soon Hollywood bound, a movie contract with a major studio in her bag.

Muriel did not make a picture under that contract. Day after day, week after week, month after month, while the contract ran its length, she awaited an assignment. Those studio officials who had not seen her "in action" looked and listened and gave solemn decision. She would not photograph—her voice would not record.

Tell her she wouldn't photograph? Tell her her voice wouldn't register? There was something familiar about that situation. She was sixteen again—standing before the heads of the American Academy!

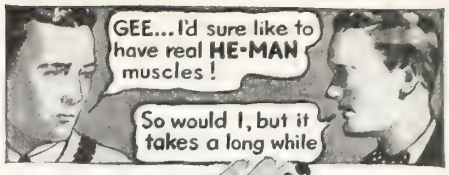
To increase the parallel, Stuart Walker was in Hollywood coaching embryonic stars for one of the studios. Again his influence swayed Muriel.

So the red-headed youngster was again defiant. Life is a series of repitious experiences! Her first picture was made for the studio which had not cast her in a single production while she was under contract to them!

Followed other pictures for major companies. *Cocktail Hour, Secret of the Blue Room, Hold Your Man, To the Last Man* and finally—*Nana.*

Nana presents the glamorous new star —Anna Sten—to give real competition to other glamour ladies of the screen. It means triumph for another girl, too. Beauty surfeited Hollywood has "noticed" Kirkland.

She will nestle in your memory and in your hearts. Indomitable courage, sincerity, beauty of spirit, honesty and tenderness—her little heartshaped face is a transparency for all of these. And, as when she won recognition in New York, you'll hear them say: "Kirkland? Of course, she's not beautiful—but after all —what is beauty?"



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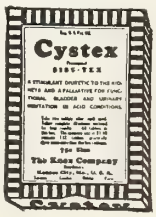
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The Camera Does Lie!

Continued from page thirty-three

The actor was lighted with orange light, the rest of the set with blue light.

"The blue light printed the orange positive on the new negative, except where the orange light, reflected from the undarkened trousers, passed freely through the orange positive and printed the image of those spooky pants on the new negative just as though the positive weren't there."

Minor variations of this method include making two separate negatives of the two pieces of action and printing them together, and so forth, he explained. He then went on to tell how there really wasn't anybody in the auto robe, which was merely shaped to suggest the presence of a human body within its folds.

"As to the footprints appearing in the snow," he said, "that was really too simple. All they had to do was stop the camera between the appearance of one print and the next, while a man with a die on the end of a pole reached in front of the camera and stamped the trail."

A Much Simpler form of "mask" than the one previously described is often used when the nature of the action permits. An excellent example of this appeared in *King Kong.*

"Remember that scene in which the fifty-foot gorilla ape forced its way through a tremendous gate while the natives and explorers ran for their lives? Well, as I dope it out, the entire cast worked in the foreground with scenery that stopped just a few feet above their heads. The top part of the scene, as it appeared in the camera, consisted of a black drape.

"Then one frame of the sequence was reproduced on a piece of glass about eleven by fourteen inches, the part where the drape appeared being perfectly transparent, and all the rest of the picture painted an opaque black so that no light could get through it. The top line of the scene was irregular, so it would blend into the complete picture when the job was finished.

"The gate the ape came through was built in miniature, and a specially made toy ape was photographed coming through it. The glass mask kept the trees and people on the negative, which was fed through the camera again to get the new action, from being light-struck when the second exposure was made. The ape and the gate registered on the part of the negative which had no light thrown on it the first time it was put through the camera due to the non-reflecting properties of the black drop."

The ape was given apparent life by exposing one frame of film at a time, as when animated cartoons are made.

There's another way of making trick shots which is known as the projection process and consists of taking pictures of pictures.

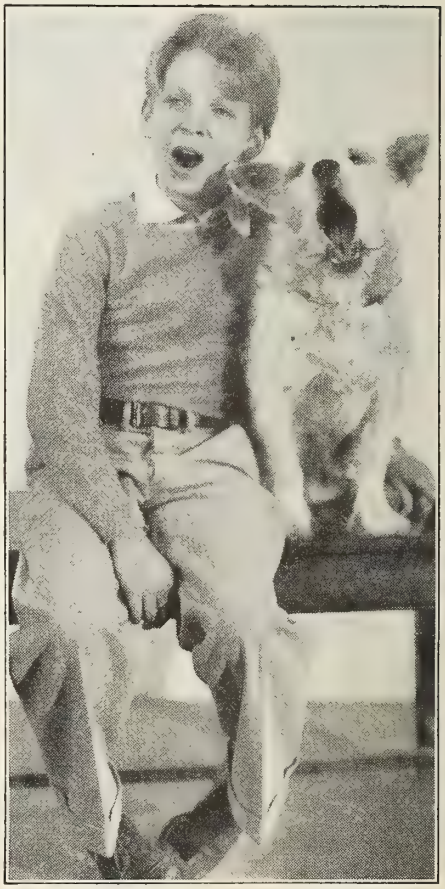
You Will Recall *The Masquerader* in which Ronald Colman played the parts of twin brothers. You saw him as two men, who shook hands with each other and even talked to each other, their voices sometimes even being heard simultaneously when the two characters were together on the screen.

"It wasn't done with mirrors, but with a movie projector and a big glass screen," said the trick photographer. "At least that's the way I would have done it.

"Remember that close-up, where one of the twins was walking down a flight of stairs when the other one was walking up? The second twin grabbed the first one by the arm, they talked for a while, and then passed each other as each one continued on his way. You actually saw two characters pass each other—and one man was playing both parts.

"First we would make a picture of the first twin walking downstairs. Although he was alone, he would stop for a moment, just as though somebody had come up to him and taken his arm. Then he'd say a few words, pause for a carefully timed interval, jerk his arm as though he were shaking off somebody's hand, speak again and walk on downstairs.

"We'd take that film, develop it and print it. Then with a very brilliant light we'd project it on a ground glass screen about twenty-five by thirty-five feet, having the projector behind the screen and a camera with some new film in it some distance in front. Between the camera and the screen we'd erect a flight of stairs exactly parallel with those thrown on the screen, and we'd paint them black to avoid reflection. The same actor, perhaps wearing a different costume, would then walk up these black stairs. He would be very carefully



George Breakston was an unknown until he was selected for the leading rôle in Columbia's* No Greater Glory. *Now the eleven-year-old is hailed as a real "find"



—*Wide World*

Mary Pickford and Primo Carnera, heavyweight champion of the world, helped celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of Fascism recently in New York. Note Mary's diminutive size as compared to Carnera's

lighted, so that the shadows on him would be of the same intensity and in the same direction as those in the projected picture."

The camera is set up so that the actor's feet are or the same level as the feet of his pictured double, and he is, of course, much nearer to it than is the screen, so that perspective makes his size correct. Expert direction and painstaking rehearsals enable him to gauge his timing so that his voice and actions synchronize perfectly with those of his screen double.

Obviously, his body blocks out the original picture wherever he comes between the camera and the screen just as it would if he were in front of a real man instead of merely a pictured one. When grasping his "brother's" arm, there may be ten feet between him and the screen, but movie magic makes the flesh-and-blood man appear to touch the shadow-man. As he speaks, his voice naturally fills the spaces in the dialogue, and is recorded along with the reproduced voice as the new picture is taken.

HERE'S ANOTHER example of ingenuity. Some years ago there was a magnificent spectacle, *Old Ironsides*, featuring the first battle between armored men-of-war. The producers of this picture spared no expense; they actually had twenty-eight full size replicas of antique battleships built, each carrying a complete crew and real cannon. But when they tried to take the picture, it was found that no camera could catch enough detail when taking a shot from sufficiently far away to take in all the boats. It was a gorgeous, breath-taking spectacle—but it was simply impossible to film. So they called in a trick cameraman to save the day.

"First they found a swimming pool about thirty by fifty feet. Then they built a new fleet of ships, exactly like the originals in every detail, but only from three and a half to six feet in length. The cannons were simulated by blank cartridge revolvers, fired by electricity, and the movements, even to the sinking, of the boats were handled by means of strings fastened to their keels. The strings, as well as the wires to the guns, were concealed under the water.

"As the battle was supposed to take place far out at sea, it was not necessary to paint any shore scenery at the edge of the pool. They merely set the camera to take in only the water and the miniature ships in action.

"The big ships, or parts of them reconstructed in the studio, were used as sets when close-ups of characters were shown.

"But there was still a problem to be solved. The script called for the boats to be hit by gunfire—for masts to be carried away. They hired a few sharpshooters to stand on the edge of the tank with rifles, and when a mast was to be shot down, one of the marksmen shot it."

"WE USE QUITE a lot of miniatures now," the camera expert continued. Suppose we wanted to have a half-minute of action showing our characters in the courtyard of a towering Tibetan temple. You realize that it wouldn't pay to ship a dozen of them to Tibet, or to build a full size replica of the temple right on our lot. So we use what is known as a top miniature.

"We build the temple set in full size, but instead of making it, say, a hundred feet high, we build it in complete detail—but only to a point about a foot or two above the actors' heads. Then we build the rest of the set on a scale somewhere between a half-inch and an inch to the foot. This miniature is very carefully made, so that its lowest part blends perfectly with the top of the full size set when viewed through the eye of the camera, and it is hung much closer to the lens to make it appear on the film in perfect proportion. We light the set and the miniature very carefully, so the shadows are matched in intensity and direction.

"Top miniatures are gradually replacing glass shots, because they are much harder to detect on the screen when the picture is shown, and they don't give us as much trouble matching shadows, especially on outdoor work."

EVEN SOME OF the simplest scenes couldn't be taken without camera thaumaturgy, he said, and brought out a case to prove it.

In *The Big Pond*, Maurice Chevalier and a beautiful girl came speeding toward the camera in a fast motor-boat, with a lot of spray being thrown up by the bow.



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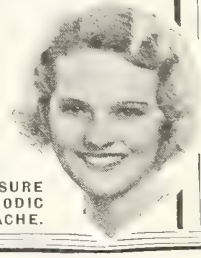
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29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15	
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15	
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15	
29x6.50-19	3.35	1.15	
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33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
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33x5	3.75	1.45
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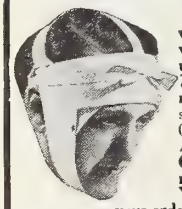
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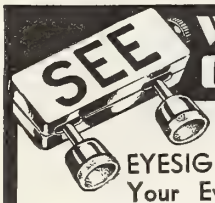
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Now, that boat wasn't even near water.

"The boat, with Chevalier and the girl in it, was set up on a couple of carpenter's saw-horses which were covered with black drapes. A fan was turned on the stars' hair to make it look windblown and the camera ground on.

"When this had been done, they rewound the film and put it back into the camera. The property man turned a hose on a black-painted miniature of the bow of the boat and this was photographed right over the original shot.

"They had to take the picture this way not only because the noise of the motor and the rushing water would have drowned out the dialogue but also because the actors wouldn't have looked so good if they'd been getting doused with spray while actually cruising along."

From The Water, our friend leaped into the air and let us in on some secrets of aviation—as the movies do it.

The stars you see crouched behind whirling propellers, machine-gunning enemy planes from the sky, are seldom off the ground.

"We generally use long shots for airplane stuff and have stunt men dressed in the same costumes as the stars double for them as long as the plane is aloft," the cameraman said. "When you get a close-up of the handsome hero in the cockpit, he's nearly always seated in an accurate replica of it, firmly anchored somewhere in the studio. If other planes are seen in the background, we put 'em in with the projection process, or in one of the other ways I told you. If there's just an empty sky, we paint a couple of clouds on a grey back ground.

"We hardly ever fake a crack-up, though. If the plane is to be completely washed out, the pilot bails out via the parachute route out of camera range right after he starts the plane in its dive.

"But if we have to show a man at the controls when the plane hits ground in a not too serious crash, a stunt man does the job."

When two planes must collide in mid-air, either of two methods are used. Sometimes, though seldom, the planes are actually crashed, the pilots taking to their parachutes, but more often miniature models are employed.

"Water doesn't make very good rain for movie work; sometimes it won't catch the light the way we want it to, and if the scene has to be retaken a couple of times, it's apt to get pretty messy. So we generally just throw a couple of buckets of water on the ground and then use glass beads for the rain drops. They sparkle fine, and they splash more naturally than rain itself.

"Tapioca is used to simulate hail, and we usually use oatmeal for snow.

"One of the most talked-of pictures of recent years, *Glorifying The American Girl,* dealt with the life of a chorus girl. It opened with a shot of thousands of girls streaming over a tremendous map of the United States on their way to New York and the bright lights of Broadway. Only a hundred girls were used—and what they really walked over was the outfield of a ball park. They'd troop toward the camera over one part of the field and then go back and walk from another part, time after time. All in all, those girls tramped across the picture fifty-three times, the same negative being rewound between each trip. It's funny the audience didn't get to recognize them, seeing 'em so often, even though they swapped hats and coats and things between shots.

"The map was stuck in afterwards, through one of those double printing processes I told you about.

"Another time they made a crowd in a trick way was in *The Thundering Herd.* In addition to a few of the animals which they chased across the picture several times, they had a lot of tiny silhouettes of the buffaloes cut out and fastened to an endless chain at irregular intervals. They kept this running a few inches in front of the lens and it helped out a lot."

The foregoing revelation of movie tricks will not rob the films of any of their glamour. Remember that if it weren't for the trick cameraman and the techniques which he has developed, it would be impossible for the producers to bring you many of the breath-taking episodes which now thrill you.

Get new fun by watching the films for trick shots, but don't find tricks where none exist. For example, the only way you can film a convincing fight between a lion and tiger it to let a lion and tiger fight.



—*Wide World*

Gene Raymond, Leslie Howard, Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons at the annual banquet of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. Katharine Hepburn won the Academy's 1934 award for the best work done by an actress and Charles Laughton won the actor's award

The Stars' Own Beauty Hints

Continued from page forty-four

If you desire, you might apply a little cream around the eyes, patting it in very gently from the outer corner of the eyes to the nose and up over the eyelid. Then, after you've rested a few minutes, gently remove the cream and put on your eye shadow. Remember, if you want your eyes to appear large and luminous, your shadow should be darker at the fringe of the lashes.

Don't try for exotic effects with purple or green eye-shadow. It's a bride's place to look like the natural "full flower of girlhood" and she spoils a great deal of her charm by going sophisticated. Time enough for that later. And anyway, only women with thin faces, high cheek bones and long slinky bodies can really afford to look exotic!

The Proof Of good eye make-up is in it's not being obvious at first glance. No man wants his wife to have that artificial aspect. Young-girlish-nineteen can over-paint her mouth defiantly and use much too much mascara and still get her man—if he takes the trouble to find the real *her* under the bad "paint job." But once she gets him it's another story. How often have you heard a woman say inquisitively to her husband—"But you liked me made up this way *before* we were married. . . ." Yes, he liked her in spite of it! Now, you see, it's different. She belongs to him. He wants her natural looking. That is why young matrons should be so artful with their make-up.

A pair of high-powered eyes will keep any husband interested—but it isn't necessary to let him know you spent five minutes with eyelash make-up, shadow and pencil to give them that dangerously exciting look! Do it *subtly.*

And right here I'd like to give a warning to all brides: The minute your eyes tell hubby he's just something to be taken for granted you can say good-bye to romance. Keep them interested in what he says, always aware of his presence. You won't have any trouble doing this at first but about the third or fourth year of marriage—then is the time to check up on it.

And here's another warning: Get rid of that outdated idea that you have to retire swathed in cold cream and looking like something out of Puck.

Many a girl has wailed about that. For some it's even been a minor tragedy—and it's so needless. By all means use your skin and tissue cream before going to bed but—there's no reason why it should give you that oily, ghost-like appearance. Pat it in well all over your face. *Then "set" it by dousing your face in cold water and lightly sponging it off with paper tissues.* Never rub it off with a towel. By gently sponging it, enough of the cream remains to do its nightly trick of keeping your skin smooth and lovely, and yet it isn't so noticeable.

Another cause of worry for many a bride is oily skin. After she has thoroughly cleansed it the oil secretions have a way of seeping out so that her face becomes unpleasantly shiny. Well, a new and very delightful method has been discovered of overcoming that . . . and it's used by screen stars with that kind of skin. There's a honeysuckle cream that works magic with an oily skin and has an enticing fragrance more delicate than any perfume. In the morning you apply your astringent first and then this honeysuckle cream, which serves as a make-up base. This combination of preparations will gradually correct the oily condition, and in the motion picture studios of Hollywood many stars have found the skin entirely normalized after using the astringent and honeysuckle cream for awhile.

Morning, Every Morning, is going to be important for you. You'll want your husband to carry away with him to the office a charming picture of you. One that will remain with him for the entire day. So—say it with pink! Very soft, very delicate. Get in a pinky mood! Wear that color if it is at all becoming because of all the shades, that is the shade for romance. Let your cheeks have a rosy morning flush. Let your mouth be a deeper, gay color—but not dark red. Save that for evening. And your hands . . . what are they saying about you as they move over the coffee pot? Are they white and smooth and cared for? Or dull, hardened, "housewife" hands? A man doesn't say much, but these little things have a way of growing into his consciousness.

So don't spare your hand lotion and twice a day work your tissue cream into the knuckles after thoroughly washing. If the hands are brown and spotted there is a bleach mask to rub on them to make them alluringly white.

And as for the nails . . . *they're the sign post of the girl who cares.*

Tissue cream will keep them from becoming brittle and almost everyone knows it is better to file nails because clipping has a tendency to thicken them. In choosing polish, study your skin tone. Very often a too rosy nail accents a sallow skin. And also consider your frock and lipstick. If you are in pastels, you will want a wild rose or shell pink nail polish. Black and white are the best offset for brilliant red lacquer.

But supposing you don't like a highly brilliant polish. Then dip the nails in cold water after the polish has dried and buff them. However, in case you want really shining results, use a layer of colorless polish underneath the bright one.

Stubby hands—yes, there's a trick for them, too. Two shades of nail polish, blended from deep at the moon to pale at the tip, will give the nails—and consequently the fingers—a longer, tapering look.

Ply your lipstick with a clever hand, giving your mouth a high arch and full, curving lines. As soon as you notice a tired droop to your lips and to the muscles at the side of your face, you might try Jean Parker's "huff and puff" facial exercise. Fill your cheeks with air and try to blow it out through tightly closed lips. Doing this twelve or fifteen times a day will strengthen the muscles and help to erase the little tired lines. Incidentally, Jean may soon be married herself. He's her high school sweetheart, Francis Lucas.

Frankly, as a last word to you brides, I think *personal daintiness* is the greatest asset you can possess. Remember—it's the little things a woman does that make a man worship her!

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Hot From Hollywood

Continued from page twenty-nine

Deaths

MARY FILBIN'S mother succumbed to a heart attack . . . Fay Webb's paternal grandmother passed on at 80 . . . Jackie Coogan's uncle, J. C. Dolliver, died in Frisco, where he operated a chain of theatres . . . Lilyan Tashman died in New York at thirty-four.

Financial

RICARDO CORTEZ has incorporated himself as Zetroc, Inc., to angel the Broadway production of *Shoestring*, a crook drama . . . Uncle Sam has clamped down on Jean Harlow, Carmel Myers, Greta Nissen, Eleanor Boardman and Eric von Stroheim for back income taxes . . . Jean tops the list with $2,654 in arrears . . . Stephin Fetchit got a salary advance and paid off a $1,404 claim by an ex-landlord while court attaches were seeking him on a bench warrant . . . Conway Tearle owns no real estate and his $1,500 weekly salary is under attachment, he testified while appearing as a judgment debtor in an action brought by the executors of his late ex-wife's estate to collect $10,000 in back alimony . . . Glenda Farrell is digging into her bank account for the purchase of a San Fernando Valley ranch on which she intends to park her son, Tommy, and her Dad . . . the scheme to restore Jackie Coogan and Clara Kimball Young to the screen via a series of two-reelers has ended in the courts, with Director Eddie Cline and some of the players suing for their unpaid salaries . . . Adolphe Menjou bought a gold mine for speculation, but he's holding up it's operation because equipment will cost him $25,000, and Adolphe doesn't spend that kind of money without serious thought . . . Stuart Erwin and June Collyer have proved blessings to a crowd of artisans . . . Stu hired builders and decorators to restore one room that had been damaged by flames and ended up by having them rebuild the entire manor.

Crime

LILA LEE was robbed of jewels valued at $12,000 by an ex-chauffeur, but she didn't know it until detectives picked up the Negro in a pawn shop where he was trying to dispose of the loot . . . Sanford Roth, an actor, was arrested on charges of brutally beating Bessie Silver, an actress, while partying in a beer garden . . . Leniency pleas by Will Rogers and Walter Winchell failed to move Judge Wilbur Curtis when 25-year-old William Tannen was brought before him on drunk driving charges . . . and the scion of the famous vaudevillian, Julius Tannen, was held for trial . . . burglars looted Nacio Herb Brown's home and fled with furs and jewels appraised at $5,000.

Courts

PRODUCER SOL LESSER has asked the courts to decide whether Harold Bell Wright sold him all screen rights or merely the silent privileges on Wright's novel, *When A Man's A Man* . . . Harold Bell wants an extra fee for the talkie concession . . . Russ Columbo took time off from his romancing to sue Rusco Enterprises, Inc., for $11,452, a counter action, the corporation having brought action to collect $60,000 from him . . . the United States Circuit Court of Appeals denied John and Dolores Barrymore's priority in their efforts to collect $154,000 they invested in the now-defunct Guaranty Building and Loan Association.

Science

ANN DVORAK has dropped her study of bacteriology in favor of piano lessons . . . Margaret Lindsay is recuperating after parting with her appendix . . . Eva Tanguay, long threatened by blindness, is submitting to an operation in hopes of saving her sight . . . a method of more accurately controlling the tiny electrical particles has been found, with the result that silversheet kisses no longer will sound like the popping of a pistol . . . Lew Ayres will shortly begin the syndication of a newspaper column dealing with astronomy, a subject that ranks second only to Ginger Rogers in his affections . . . the oxygen cage for fighting pneumonia, saved the life of Director Eddie Sutherland.

Social

IT WAS a very horsey affair, that dinner party the Darryl Zanucks threw the polo set in honor of those newlyweds, Aiden Roark and the former Esther Moore . . . the producer and his frau chartered one of the better night clubs for the occasion . . . when Mrs. Harry Beaumont tendered a surprise dinner in honor of her husband's birthday, she had the candle-light cake made to resemble a stock broker's board, and listed all of Harry's stocks, good and bad alike



At the age of four Shirley Temple has progressed far on the road to fame. She has scored a big hit in* Stand Up and Cheer *for Fox and is now filming* Half Way Decent *at Paramount



Janet Gaynor and her mother, Mrs. Laura Gaynor, are constant companions. Mrs. Gaynor has become a sister and confidante to her famous daughter and has helped immeasurably to ease the loneliness of Janet's solitary conquest of Hollywood

Janet Gaynor Rebels!

Continued from page twenty-one

ways out of her dilemma, but the answers she found to her problem were temporary, too fleeting.

She entertained. Friends came to dinner or for weekends, but they were not Hollywood people, motion picture stars. They were usually from out of town.

She has tried traveling. Once, on her vacation wanderings, she found the Hawaiian Islands. Since that time she has made over a dozen trips to this paradise spot in the Pacific. It is one of her real delights to sing an island melody or dance in native rhythm for her small audiences.

However the Hawaiian Islands are not home. The natives are not her neighbors, her house guests. The time between visits, partially filled with work, still leaves enough space for days of solitude unbroken by the call from a single visitor.

Trips to New York have become frequent. With her mother, Janet starts out by train with only the briefest advance notice in the papers and her own studio publicity releases.

Her last visit to the Eastern metropolis affords a graphic picture of Janet's relations with the movie colony of Hollywood.

Just after her arrival she met an old friend. "Did you know that Mary Pickford is in town?" she was asked.

"Oh, is she?" Janet said absently. Then she smiled wistfully. "You know, I don't know her. I've only met her once or twice and that was just to say 'how do you do.' I know that she's very nice, though."

A motion picture star and not an acquaintance of Mary Pickford, the first lady in the social swirl of Hollywood! It seems almost incredible.

It has been written many times about Janet that Hollywood is unable to understand her, that she is in Hollywood but not of it. That is a picture of the old Janet. The new actress Hollywood will be able to recognize.

One of Janet's first steps towards her goal was taken last fall while she was on the set at the studio making *Paddy, The Next Best Thing*. Here she met her best friend, Margaret Lindsay.

It was the first time in many months Janet had found a girl she liked and respected who was a Hollywood actress. Their tastes parallel closely. It was the beginning of Janet's growing belief that perhaps Hollywood people can appreciate her naturalness.

"If people in Hollywood only knew her as I do," Margaret says in support of Janet's theory, "how they would love her!"

There is one other person who has helped to fill Janet's long days—her mother. Because she is young looking, vivacious, and likes a good time, Laura Gaynor has become a sister, a confidante, an inseparable companion to her daughter. She has had no difficulty in understanding Janet's success in films.

Janet has used a great deal of her spare time studying. Dancing, voice culture, dramatics. It has been hard work, a long pull, but it has gone hand in hand with the growth of the new Janet. Now it is up to casting directors to grasp the fact that they have a glamorous, dramatic actress instead of the wistful, best-girl-friend Gaynor of the past.

She has slowly awakened to the realization that glamour, the precious halo which surrounds its owner with fame and respect, must be wooed to be won. So she is beginning to return to a small part of the night life that was hers when she was married.

It has become the favorite item of talk, when conversation glanced off onto Janet, to mention Charlie Farrell in the same breath.

No article about Janet has been complete without a discussion of this romantic interest. And almost to a man, they have all agreed that ultimate marriage was inevitable.

It is true that Janet will listen for long hours in rapt attention when Charles Farrell is the object of conversation. But he is married! Janet's good sense of proportion cannot help but take that into consideration.

A romance between these two, an unuttered dream of thousands of movie fans, is not impossible. But it is utterly improbable. How foolish it would be for Janet to waste her entire youth waiting, probably in vain!

And that is the secret of the new Janet. She has determined to stop wasting the short precious hours of her twenties. She is tired of traveling her road alone!



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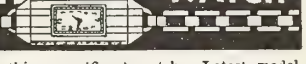
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He's a "Right Guy"

Continued from page thirty

day, the jewels were returned in perfect condition. I didn't inquire who had taken them or how they had been recovered. The main thing that concerned me was that my friend had kept his word."

To listen to Tom recount some of his experiences with his racketeering friends in the East is intensely interesting. One can see, during his recital, that he is reliving in thought exciting, colorful days of the past. The jargon of the mob sometimes creeps unconsciously into his speech, making his narration all the more picturesque and intriguing.

"I was about thirteen when I stood talking to a man, who must remain unnamed, behind the Hudson Theatre. I had noticed a car circling the block but didn't give the occurrence another thought until my companion asked me to walk with him down to the drug store, on the *outside*. He hooked his arm through mine, something he had never done before.

"When we reached the drug store, he told me he was on the spot and the men in the car were waiting their chance to get him! If I hadn't been along, to accompany him down the street to safety, he would have been shot down then and there with machine gun bullets. But he knew those in the car wouldn't try to kill him as long as I was beside him for fear of hitting me."

A close call? Well, rather. On dozens of occasions, however, Tom might have "got his" as the "innocent bystander," were it not for the fact that he had friends in every mob.

Three weeks after the above incident, when Tom was *not* with him, the racketeer dropped in a hail of machine gun slugs.

DURING his stage days in New York, Tom learned both the phraseology and the language of the grifters, a class of men not to be confused with racketeers and gangsters. A grifter is one who will do anything, large or small, to pick up "a bit of coin." This language, which the young actor can speak with the rapidity of a professional, is a form of pig-Latin, understood only when one knows the key.

He knows the technique of the short-change artist, that individual who can start out the day with a five dollar bill and end with a sizeable roll, gleaned through fast talking. He understands card manipulation because experts at the game took him into their confidence. Indeed, there is scarcely a form of racketeering of which he is not to some degree familiar.

But, with all his underworld knowledge, his connections, Tom has lived straight. He is an actor, and a good one. It's his life. He started acting at the age of three, and has been on the stage or screen ever since. He goes from one picture to another with hardly a day's holiday. Among his latest pictures are Radio's *Two Alone*, Metro's *This Side of Heaven* and Paramount's *The Witching Hour*, the latter which he is just completing.

He's "a right guy," in screendom as well as mobdom.

◆

Lilyan Tashman's Last Interview!

Continued from page nineteen

and successes that are the lot of all show people.

"Lil is a martyr to this reducing business!" Nita exclaimed, the tears coursing down her cheeks. "She killed herself by starving to please the silly demand for skinny women. Why don't they want women to appear as God made them?"

"What a shame," Colleen Moore said. "Lilyan had no reason to die. I think it was her fetish for reducing beyond the safety point that took her to her grave. I've known her for ten years and she has always had a fear of putting on weight. This is a terrific shock."

THE MARRIAGE of Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, which has survived Hollywood divorce pitfalls for ten years, has at last been dissolved by death. Eddie Lowe was the one great love of Lilyan Tashman's life. It was a case of love at first sight. They were appearing together in a Broadway production called *The Garden of Weeds* and while the show did not prosper, their romance did.

When Lowe went to Hollywood, his first thought was to send for Lilyan. An instant success, his loyalty to her never wavered in spite of the temptations which beset every handsome young screen actor. When she, likewise, went over in pictures, he was the first to praise and encourage her. There never was the slightest amount of professional jealousy on either side.

They were seldom separated. When Lilyan would make one of her frequent trips to the New York which she adored, Eddie, if he didn't come along, would be pretty sure to follow soon after. He was with her in New York when the end came, so suddenly, after only one day's serious illness.

"She's with Kitty now," he said brokenly. Kitty was Lilyan's favorite sister, who died only last year. "I've got to go on, because she would want me to be the same 'good trouper' that she always was."

Doesn't it seem strange that the woman who on the screen has always been the home breaker should be so different in actual life? Their home life was an inspiration and their mutual devotion something which Hollywood was never able to take away from them.

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"I Was Terrified!"

Continued from page thirty-one

Crogan, came rushing in, pale as a ghost herself, saying that something horrible, probably a disembodied spirit, was fussing with the electric light switch in her room; yanking it off and on with machine-gun-like rapidity.

"Nights were particularly gruesome. The tall trees that looked so lovely and plume-like in the daytime, stretched their limbs, rubbed their branches together with long wails, moaned, ran their long leafy fingers across the plaster of the house to add to the terror of the sounds within.

"My Bedroom had a balcony and on the balcony was a wide-winged chair that was nice enough to sun bathe in at noon, but at night it was a horrible demon. If I slid into a fitful slumber, sleeping with one ear open for a groan from the cellar, I would awaken suddenly to a gentle, insinuating, blood-chilling sound of rockers softly moving back and forth on the porch. All alone, with not a soul but myself watching, the chair would begin its nightly performance.

"Backward and forward it rocked, and I, shivering under my comforters, could think only of Alexander Woollcott's legend of the aged insane gardener, allowed to roam the English estate at will because he was considered harmless. The gardener rocked back and forth, back and forth, apparently sewing, his hand rising with regularity from what his watcher, awakened from midnight slumber, thought was a bit of embroidery. It was, the man soon enough learned, the head of the cook, neatly butchered, and the aged gardener was engaged in slowly and methodically plucking, one by one, the hairs from her head.

"You can imagine how I felt by morning when I reported at the studio for work. If I ordered the chair to the basement, how did I know that it might not add to the already alarming cellar noises?

"It was just before we moved that the ghosts acted their worst. Our nerves had withstood creaks, groans, rocking chairs controlled by black magic, electric switches possessed of the voodoo, but one bleak morning at four o'clock, the climax came. From the groans and moans it sounded like a lost souls' convention. I first thought of ghosts, of course; then I thought of burglars. So did mother. We called the police, and they invaded the cellar.

"Well, it wasn't a ghost, and it wasn't a burglar—so the police said. They looked everywhere, found nothing and after they left the moans continued.

"We moved out of the house, bag and baggage, just as soon as it was humanly possible for us to find an apartment that would be simply cluttered with neighbors, on all sides. No more remote, lovely, lonely villas for us.

"And even now," said Pert, satin-covered shoulders shivering, "I won't stay alone in the house at night."

◆

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29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
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33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
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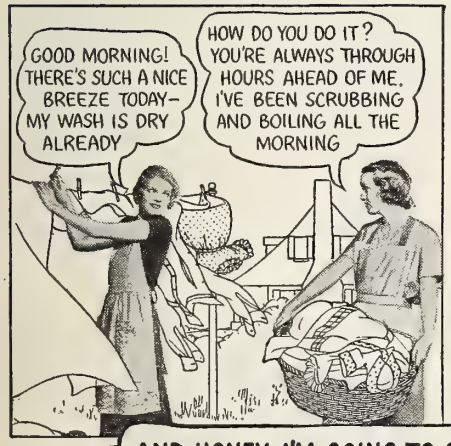


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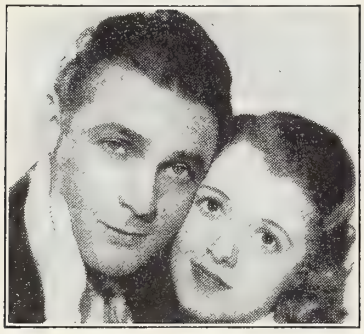
Vol. 23
No. 7

HOLLYWOOD

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

ARTHUR C. JANISCH
Assistant Editor

Contents for July, 1934



Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor's latest picture may be* Change of Heart *but their loyal fans never have anything like that

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

●

Lilian Harvey could get her shampoos in a grocery store . . . she uses white of egg first, followed by a green tea rinse . . . Alice Faye can't help that cute wink . . . it's a nervous habit . . . Bill Powell has a new hobby . . . it's raising tropical fish . . . Jean Muir rehearses her dialogue before four mirrors . . . in that way she sees herself from all camera angles . . . Carole Lombard's grandfather, Cheney Knight, financed the first trans-Atlantic cable.

●

Ralph Bellamy is a direct descendent of Eben E. Rexford, author of *Silver Threads Among the Gold* . . . Gary, Montana, was named after Gary Cooper, because he owns a dude ranch there . . . and Wrayland, Alberta, Canada, is Fay Wray's birthplace . . . Johnny Mack Brown has tried for years to completely lose his Southern accent . . . and just when he thought he was succeeding he had to grab it back for his rôle in Mae West's *It Ain't No Sin.*

●

Although now considered an importation from the stage, Edward Arnold made his first stab at pictures with the old Essanay Company twenty years ago . . . Adolphe Menjou has love messages to his fiancée, Veree Teasdale, painted on pet turtles . . . Jackie Cooper's mother makes him take loads of castor oil just before the start of each picture rôle.

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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
Western Editor

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***Lovely Adrienne Ames continues to add to her legions of fans. She has a fine rôle with W. C. Fields in* You're Telling Me!**

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

●

Constance Bennett draws Herbert Marshall as her leading man in Metro's *The Green Hat* . . . John Barrymore took fourteen face smackings from Carole Lombard during the filming of *Twentieth Century* . . . Peggy Green, who will be seen in *The Stooge*, is the daughter of Irene Franklin . . . Elissa Landi's mother, Countess Caroline, is back in Hollywood after several months in England and on the Continent.

●

Doris Duke, the tobacco heiress, has returned to Hollywood incognito, and she's having a swell time . . . Lowell Sherman spent weeks in the desert to regain his voice, but now he speaks in a lower whisper . . . Will Rogers is temporarily returning to his first love, the footlights . . . he's to star in Eugene O'Neil's *Ah, Wilderness* during its Hollywood run . . . Ruth Roland is recovering from wounds sustained when she was bitten by Billie Dove's police dog.

●

Jean Chatburn, *stand-in* for Barbara Stanwyck, has clicked with a Paramount contract . . . Betty Bryson, the ingénue, is Warner Baxter's niece . . . Zita Johann gets a *comeback* chance in *Grand Canary* . . . Paul Muni will star in a sequel to *I Am a Fugitive From the Chain Gang* . . . Columbia used Gene's *Brief Moment* as the theme song of the talkie of that title.

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What's New ON THE SCREEN

Advance information on pictures worth seeing

RATING CODE
● ● ● ● Excellent ● ● ● Good
● ● Fair ● Mediocre

Manhattan Melodrama

● ● ● ● Clark Gable, William Powell and Myrna Loy prove themselves a great dramatic trio in this very excellent picture of New York life. It is a mighty well-rounded picture that grips the audience from the opening scene and maintains that hold through to the end. Gable and Powell start life in the east side as boyhood buddies. Gable becomes a gambling racketeer and Powell the district attorney. Though both love the same girl, Myrna Loy, their friendship is not marred. Finally Powell, on the eve of his election as governor, is forced to prosecute Gable for murder and he sends him to the electric chair. A tremendous situation is built around this, but it would spoil your pleasure to reveal the solution of a picture you will not want to miss.

Now I'll Tell

● ● ● Arnold Rothstein's widow penned this dramatic story of his life. Spencer Tracy is well cast as the notorious New York gambler and gives a powerful performance. Helen Twelvetrees carries the rôle of Rothstein's wife, while beautiful Alice Faye is excellent in her portrayal of the gambler's sweetheart. The whole picture, covering Rothstein's vivid career from 1909 until the date of his spectacular murder in New York a few years ago, has a ring of authenticity.

The Affairs of Cellini

● ● ● ● Based on the life and loves of Benvenuto Cellini, goldsmith and gallant, this is a superbly produced bit of light comedy. Laid in the Florence of the sixteenth century, it is notable for its settings and costumes. The story deals with Cellini and his conquest of the Duchess. His style is cramped by the Duke's infatuation for Angela, a peasant girl. Constance Bennett as the Duchess and Fredric March as Cellini give excellent performances in the leading rôles, but Frank Morgan, as the dumb, stuttering Duke Allesandro, produces one of the finest bits of acting ever seen. His work in *The Affairs of Cellini* should elevate him to the top ranks.

Twentieth Century

● ● ● ● Columbia comes through with another winner in *Twentieth Century,* a rollicking comedy written by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht. It is a picture which will not be soon forgotten. John Barrymore is Oscar Jaffe, an eccentric theatrical producer whose off-stage antics outdo the dramatic ravings of the most volatile star. It is a superb performance as Barrymore thunders and whimpers through his scenes, always on the brink of suicide or transported on the wings of elation. Carole Lombard, as Lily Garland, the shop girl whom he has built into a star, has never turned in a better performance, while Walter Connoly and Roscoe Karns, as Barrymore's henchmen, are excellent. Most of the action takes place on the Twentieth Century Limited between Chicago and New York and the story moves as fast as the train. Etienne Girardot contributes plenty of laughs. You will not want to miss *Twentieth Century.*

The Witching Hour

● ● ● ● There isn't a dull moment while *The Witching Hour* is on the screen. John Halliday is the owner of a Louisville gambling casino and possesses, unknown to himself, the hypnotic eye. By accident he hypnotizes Tom Brown, his daughter's suitor, and causes him to kill a man. Old Judge Prentiss, played by the distinguished Sir Guy Standing, by a dramatic courtroom stunt proves the fact of hypnotism and causes the acquittal of Brown. Judith Allen is more effective than usual. The picture's well rounded story and the excellent work done by the cast is supported by some very remarkable photography.

Half A Sinner

● ● ● Based on *Alias The Deacon,* which was popular on the stage and in silent pictures, *Half A Sinner* is a bit of entertainment that you will not regret having seen. Berton Churchill, as *The Deacon,* takes most of the honors. He is thoroughly the charming rascal, a card-sharp in a deacon's clothing, and although he is half sinner, half saint, he never fails to hold you. Joel McCrea and Sally Blane play the two young lovers, while Russell Hopton has an excellent but brief rôle.

Such Women Are Dangerous

● ● ● A different kind of story, an excellent cast and intelligent direction, combine to make *Such Women Are Dangerous* a highly entertaining picture.

Please turn to page ten



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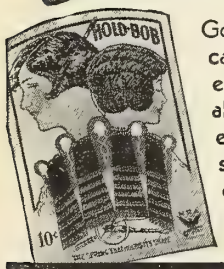
Fill out the coupon — check your shade and send for your gift card NOW—and prove how easy HOLD-BOBS slide in; how fast they hold; how inconspicuous they are. Only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads; non-scratching points; and flexible tapered legs, one side crimped to hold fast.

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What's New on the Screen

Continued from page eight

Rochelle Hudson leaves her home town and goes to New York to show her poems to Warner Baxter, a sophisticated and successful novelist. She becomes a nuisance and although Baxter is kind and considerate, he is finally forced to tell her the truth. She kills herself, leaving circumstantial evidence with which the prosecutor makes a case against Baxter. Unable to offer a satisfactory alibi, he is seemingly on the way to the electric chair when a surprise witness appears and saves him from conviction. Others who do good work are Rosemary Ames, Henrietta Crosman, Irving Pichel and Herbert Mundin.

Wild Gold

• • • Here we have melodrama staged by modern gold seekers in an abandoned '49 camp. John Boles is a drunken engineer who loses his girl friend, Claire Trevor. Monroe Owsley is the villain and Roger Imhof a desert prospector. The picture has a lively dance hall and other gold camp trimmings.

Where Sinners Meet

• • • This story was famous on the stage as *Dover Road.* It is an amusing fairy story, well directed and splendidly acted by Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. The plot deals with an eccentric millionaire who lived on that well known thoroughfare over which most English couples elope for France. A spy system informs him of the plans of these couples and he abducts them, giving them an enforced week to think it over. Alan Mowbry, eloping with Billie Burke, gets into his net, as do Diana Wynyard and Reginald Owen. The fun starts at that point, but why spoil it for you? Light humor at its best.

Change of Heart

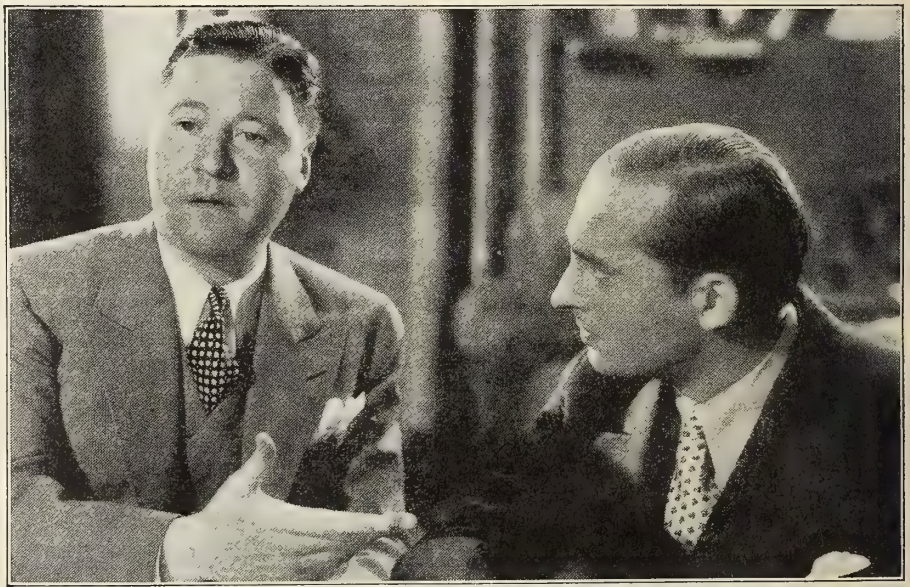
• • • • This delightful story, written by Kathleen Norris, gives Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor one of their finest opportunities in this, their reunion picture. It details the experiences of a group of college kids who go to New York to conquer the world. Janet and Charles, after many trials and troubles, marry and become real Manhattanites. Janet is more grown up in this than in any previous rôles. Fans of the famous sweetheart team will welcome them back with glee.

Sisters Under the Skin

• • • A highly emotional drama featured by excellent character portrayals. Elissa Landi depicts the character of an actress who supplies Frank Morgan with romance lacking in his relationship with his wife, Doris Lloyd. Then Joseph Schildkraut comes into the triangle and wins Elissa, affording Morgan a chance to be a good sport in defeat. The story is human and the acting effective.

Stingaree

• • • Although this picture falls short of being another *Cimarron,* Richard Dix and Irene Dunne, hero and heroine of that immortal, do well in this vivid story of adventure and romance in the Australia of 1875. Dix is *Stingaree,* notorious outlaw. He falls in love with Irene Dunne, a poor girl who has been given a home by a wealthy rancher. By a daring ruse, Dix forces Conway Tearle, cast as a famous impresario, to listen to Irene sing. The result is that Irene goes to London and becomes a famous singer while Dix goes to jail. At the height of her success, she returns to Melbourne to sing, hoping Dix will find her.



Jack Oakie introduces none other than the Pabst Beer maestro, Ben Bernie in person! Ben and his orchestra, Jack, Dorothy Dell, Alison Skipworth and a number of other prominent favorites are filming **Thank Your Stars**

He does and carries her off in a daring manner, leaving Tearle, who is also in love with her, with a broken heart. Mary Boland, Andy Devine and others in the cast all give splendid performances.

Happy Andrew

• • • • Here is a comedy built for laughs on a lavish scale. Will Rogers gives the funniest performance of his long screen career as the small town druggist who is nabbed out of his own pleasures and forced to take part in the New Orleans Mardi Gras. What a time Rogers has for himself when he finally gets into the spirit of the thing and what a time he gives his audience! Don't miss it if you are a Will Rogers fan. An excellent cast is completed by Mary Carlisle, Peggy Wood, Roger Imhof, Conchita Montenegro, Edward J. Nugent and Frank Melton.

Thirty-Day Princess

• • • An entertaining fantasy in which Sylvia Sidney plays a dual rôle, one the princess of a mythical kingdom and the other as an American actress. The effect is startling. As the princess, she comes to the United States to get a loan, but instead she gets the mumps. Then comes an American actress, also Sylvia Sidney, who so closely resembles her that she is able to impersonate the princess and secure the loan. But she does not accomplish this until she has vamped Cary Grant, a publisher. Grant does a fine job in this rôle, as do other members of the cast, with Vince Barnett and Lucian Littlefield heading the cast.

Little Man, What Now?

• • • • This delightful novel has lost nothing in its transition to the screen. Johannes, (Douglass Montgomery), is a clerk who finds that his sweetheart, Margaret Sullavan, is to become a mother. Fearful of the future, they marry. His employer is determined to marry off his ugly daughter to one of his clerks and selects Johannes. Kleinholz, the employer, sees Johannes and Lammchen kissing each other and they are forced to reveal their marriage. He is discharged, but secures another position in Berlin. There the complications begin, but the story moves deftly to a satisfactory climax and an equally satisfactory solution. The performances of Miss Sullavan, Montgomery, Alan Hale and the rest of the cast are beyond comparison.

The Circus Clown

• • • Joe E. Brown and his wide-mouthed grin against the colorful and dramatic background of circus life. It's a wow! Brown, as Happy, gives one of the best performances of his career. The story in itself is simple, but the work of Joe and Patricia Ellis bring it up to a degree of excellence where the story is forgotten in the colorful background of the big tent.

Half Way Decent

• • • • Another great story from the brilliant pen of Damon Runyon. A baby girl is adopted by a gang of tough gamblers. She gets her name, 'Little Miss Marker,' because her dad left her as security for a "marker" or I. O. U. on a

Please turn to page sixty-nine

"GATHER ROUND, GIRLS"

"Peg's engagement is broken!"



EVERYBODY guessed the trouble except poor Peg herself.

Her friends were sorry but unsympathetic. "After all, you can't blame Henry," they said.

"Peg is a dear in lots of ways, but she certainly is slow in others. We've often tried to ease it over to her about disagreeable underarm odor. We've talked about how we all use Mum.

"But she's either stubborn or dumb. Said she didn't need anything—that soap and water were good enough for her. Well, that's Peg's mistake."

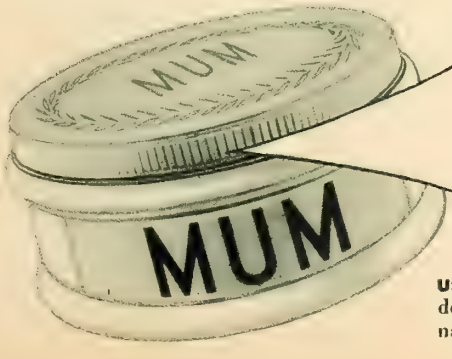
How foolish it is to take a chance on offending with the ugly odor of underarm perspiration, when you can have all-day protection in just *half a minute!*

That's all it takes to use Mum. And you can use it any time—*after* you're dressed as well as before. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum *immediately.*

Count on Mum to keep you safe from odor *without* preventing the perspiration itself. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

NRA WE DO OUR PART



TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

USE MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is wonderful to use as a deodorant on sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way.



● When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to *surface* dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt *under* the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

Send for a FREE Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's *new* skin-cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin: (1) Dampen a dab of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) *Look* at the cotton. If it is dirty—heed the warning! Don't take chances with enlarged pores—skin blemishes!

DRESKIN removes *hidden* dirt—*neutralizes* alkali—*reduces* the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.

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THE ORIGINAL SKIN INVIGORATOR

Free

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Gentlemen: Please send me FREE and postpaid a Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's Skin Invigorator —enough for 4 or 5 skin cleansing treatments.

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Editor's Mailbag



An open forum in which readers express their views on the stars and pictures. $5 is paid for each of the five best letters received each month



I remember Dolores

Memories

WONDERBAR! Why, I knew all the characters, but not a one knew me. I'm the "Silent Spectator" who remembers Al Jolson when he sang up and down Four and a Half street in Washington, D. C., a merry lad, with the soul of his Russian mother and the intellect of his Jewish father. I remember Dolores Del Rio making a personal appearance at the old Columbia theatre in Washington, but not one hundredth as beautiful, as suave, as glittering as now. I remember Ricardo Cortez and his love for the dark, tragic laughter of Alma Rubens. And you, Louise Fazenda, when you were a slip of a thing, clowning your way through life. Seeing *Wonderbar* was like attending a family reunion, only much, much nicer, for through all these years I have watched you as a friend and never once have you broken even the tiniest bit from my heart, for picture friends are like that, you know.

($5.00 Letter)

MABEL S. VAN TASSELL,
239 N. 13th Street, Newark, Ohio.

Marlene Improves

NOW THAT Marlene Dietrich has changed her personality again, we are wondering how many more lives she has. If, as before, she gets better and better in each new rôle, we don't care what she changes into, unless she goes back to her old mannish attire and loses her femininity. We never knew just how lovely she was until we saw her in *Song of Songs*.

We are also finding out other things about Marlene. She is not so enigmatic, so different from other human folks. She's a real flesh and blood person, not an inscrutable sphinx.

In *The Scarlet Empress* she is a thousand times more lovely than ever before. Her beauty holds you spellbound and you feel sorry for the original empress, who would gladly have given half of what she possessed to have been as lovely as this empress of the screen.

($5.00 Letter)

MARY BELLE WALLEY,
Butler, N. J.

Fan Rejoices

THE best thing that Fox ever did was to bring the screen lovers, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, together again. In their productions, one can feast on the true love and affection that is theirs. The rôles they carry display no sex, but portray the inspiring affection that thrills the human heart.

MRS. W. E. BUTT,
Viroqua, Wisconsin.

Finds Relief

WEARY OF GANGSTERS, sophistication, scant attire, plastered coiffures, painted nails, cigarettes and the "eternal triangle," I had sworn off movies until offered *Cradle Song*. Such pictures and themes as this one take deepest hold on humanity.

ROSE NELSON,
39 Lynwood Place, New Haven, Conn.

Deserves a Change

SCREEN PRODUCERS are always on the lookout for new faces and new material. Why have they not found that Glenda Farrell, if given a chance to get away from her rôles of the wisecracker, could render a splendid performance? That girl has screen possibilities and yet she has been typed throughout her career either as an *Havana Widow* or the overly bright girl reporter. Give Glenda a much deserved break, please.

ALICE LEE,
Monroeville, Alabama.



Glenda has possibilities



Gable did not kiss

But She Kissed Him!

JUST imagine! Clark Gable, America's greatest screen lover, in a picture where he doesn't even kiss the leading lady once! Such was the case in *It Happened One Night*, with Claudette Colbert. Nevertheless, it was a grand picture. Which only goes to show there can be good pictures without so many heavy love scenes. And it just happens that I am a Gable fan, too.

MARJORIE COYLE,
Route 7, Meadville, Penna.

Too Much Tragedy

WHY THE DELUGE of pictures with tragic endings ? It seems to have become an epidemic lately. I could cite dozens of recent pictures with the hero or heroine dying, and I've left the theatre sorry that I'd gone in. Real life is tragic enough; let us have love and happiness in reel life.

I would like to see *Seventh Heaven* produced as a talkie, with its former stars, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, in the same parts.

($5.00 Letter)

MISS JEAN JOHNSON,
Box 7, Verona, Mich.

Lanny Wows 'Em

LANNY ROSS, sensational radio star, arrived in Hollywood with a bang. His first production, *Melody in Spring*, proved that he not only has acting talent, but a voice that thrills a nation. This star has Hollywood topsy-turvy, so let us see more of Lanny.

BOB CHRISTMAN,
83 East Dearborn Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Garbo Wears the Crown

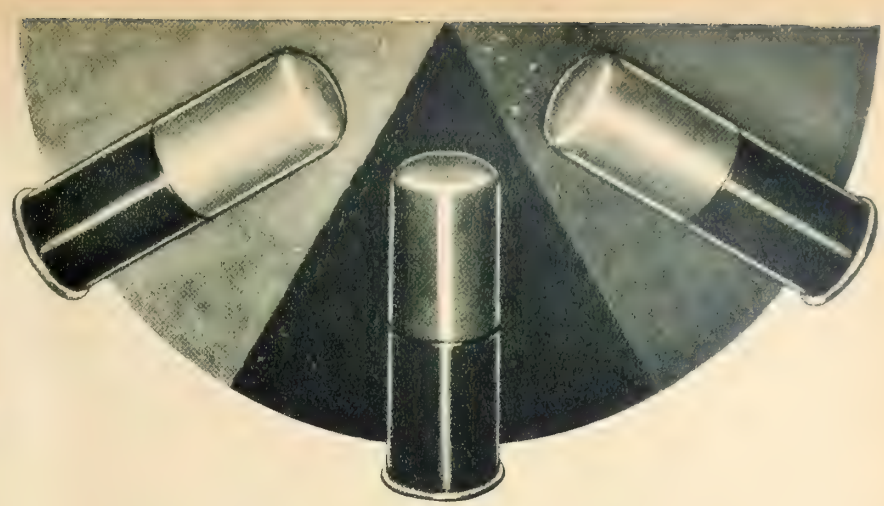
WHO WILL TAKE the crown from my head?" asks Garbo in *Queen Christina*. Who indeed? Surely, there isn't a star today who can rightfully assume Miss Garbo's throne.

HOLLY ENGLIGH,
262 South Street, Utica, New York.

Confusing Titles

THE producers should really try to use a bit more originality and good judgment in naming their pictures. The prevailing similarity among titles confuses a great many movie-goers. I have known instances where commendable, worthwhile films were passed up because

Please turn to page sixty-five



Spend 10¢ and receive attractive Lipstick, 50¢ value

to acquaint you with the marvelous

LINIT BEAUTY BATH

ANY WOMAN would be delighted to have one or more of these attractive, long-lasting, waterproof lipsticks. You have three popular shades to choose from (see coupon below) and you will be amazed at their genuine quality and real value—yet they cost you only 10¢ each.

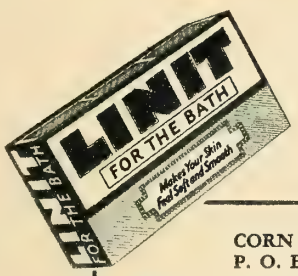
This generous offer is made possible by the makers of LINIT, that well-known Beauty Bath preparation that is used by fastidious women everywhere—to keep the skin as soft and smooth as velvet. You will be fascinated by a LINIT Beauty Bath and its *instant* results in beautifying your skin.

Merely send the top from a LINIT package with 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH lipstick desired, using the coupon printed below.

LINIT *is sold by grocers and department stores.*

▲

THIS OFFER good in U. S. A. only and expires Sept. 1, 1934





CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. F-7,
P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me.....lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose.....¢ and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

Name .....

Address .....

City..... *State* .....



Like having dinner with
THESE HOLLYWOOD NOTABLES!

The finest chefs in the world strive to outdo themselves when they're serving such famous stars as Ruth Chatterton, Fredric March and Jean Harlow; But the dishes these stars love best are the ones that anyone can prepare. But what a meal you'd enjoy—fit for a king!—if you served a dinner to meet the tastes of these eight stars shown above! You could do it easily—and you can delight your friends by serving these culinary creations of Hollywood.



Enjoy Their Favorite Dishes!

MIDGIE KNIGHT'S HOLLYWOOD COOK-BOOK SHOWS YOU HOW TO PREPARE THEM ALL

From Joan Blondell's famous recipe for onion soup—which is the ideal way to start a perfect meal—to Warren William's favorite mousse freeze—they're all here. 100 of the finest recipes ever assembled; and they've passed the test of Hollywood's most exacting palates.

Yet Midgie Knight has made every one of these tempting dishes so marvellously easy to prepare! You'll make your everlasting reputation as an artist among cooks, when you serve your friends Lobster a la Granada with Bebe Daniels' recipe; they'll wonder how you learned those famous French salad secrets when your salads are garnished with the racy delight of Ann Harding's Hollywood Salad dressing. Yet anybody can make them, with Midgie Knight's cookbook as a guide.

Send today for Midgie Knight's new handbook of fine eating—it's a special edition for Screen Book, Screen Play, Hollywood, True Confessions, Radioland, readers—and it's only 25 cents a copy, for a group of priceless recipes. Write for it now—send either stamps or coin; and don't delay, for the edition is limited.

Here's a Menu These Stars Would Recommend

Ruth Chatterton: Orange-Grape Cocktail	Warren William: Mousse Freeze
Joan Blondell: Onion Soup	Ramon Novarro: Asparagus Italian Style
Fredric March: Roast Ham with Cider Sauce	Jean Harlow: Hot Rolls
Paul Lukas: Devilled Tomatoes	Ann Harding: Hollywood Salad Dressing

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find 25c ( ) coin—( ) stamps—for which please send me, by return mail, Midgie Knight's Recipe Book of The Movie Stars.

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100 RECIPES OF FAVORITE STARS 25c

Star's Picture With Each Recipe



Personality PORTRAITS

Interesting studies of favorite stars from Hollywood's master camera artists

Mae

● Alluring, coquettish eyes of a different school that have caused the entire country to go West—Mae is putting the finishing touches on *It Ain't No Sin*

Gloria

● Personality! Verve! Zest—charm that time and a long screen career cannot lessen—Gloria Swanson, who may film *Three Weeks* after a personal appearance tour





Fay

—Lippman

● When Fay Wray was a child she wasn't permitted to scream because her throat muscles were delicate and it was feared her voice would be ruined. When she grew up she screamed her way to fame in horror pictures! Now drama has claimed her. Her latest is Columbia's *Once to Every Woman*

Constance

—Hurrell

● Elusive, fragile, ethereal beauty cunningly combined with the compelling charm of the woman of the world! With these elaborate trappings of pearls, jewels and gaudy whatnots, Constance Bennett will be seen in *The Affairs of Cellini,* formerly *The Firebrand,* in which Fredric March also stars





Claire

● Striking scenic effects are obtained in the new Fox picture, *Wild Gold*, but certainly any scene would be enhanced by the romantic and beautiful presence of Claire Trevor, who has an important rôle in that intriguing picture, which is based upon a modern rush to gold producing fields that were abandoned by the Forty-Niners

Jean

—Grimes

● When it comes to discussing Jean Harlow's ineffable appeal the title of her newest picture is used to advantage for she is *100% Pure* beauty, luscious charm and irresistible personality!



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Frances

● Hollywood expects Frances Dee (Mrs. Joel McCrea) to be one of its most charming mothers. Frances retired from the screen after *Finishing School* and *The Affairs of Cellini* and will return sometime after the anticipated event in August



Isabel

—Jack Freulich

● Ask Lee Tracy and he'll tell you Isabel Jewell is a girl in a million! Some are positive they are married, but married or single, they are one of Hoillywood's most devoted couples. She recently filmed *Let's Be Ritzy* at Universal

Ruby

—Elmer Fryer

● A priceless treasure in a collection of the world's rarest jewels! Ruby Keeler and husband Al Jolson may discuss retiring from the screen but it will be a long time before fans will permit this. Her latest is *Dames*

HOLLYWOOD Magazine scoops the world to reveal Garbo as one of Filmdom's gayest party girls!

by FRED RUTLEDGE



Garbo IS NOT A HERMIT!

If You Have been told over and over again that Garbo lives in a big, barricaded house with four servants, alone and with no outside connection, don't throw away that picture of her. It is right—as far as it goes!

But now take this other picture of her. It is equally authentic, and until now known only to her intimates. It is Garbo sitting at ease in a low ceilinged room, watching her friends dance. The room is full of laughter and cigarette smoke. It is Garbo at a party she loves!

Webster has several descriptions for the word recluse, but none of them fits Garbo, in spite of the very legend that has grown up about her. Have you ever heard of a recluse calling up a friend and demanding that he arrange a party for that evening?

Many stories have been printed about Garbo. They have all mentioned her intensity in her work, her kindness to those who work with her, her monastic existence. But not one of them has mentioned her fondness for parties.

Why?

Simply because writers don't go to any of the parties given for Garbo. In fact, no one connected with Hollywood's greatest industry ever attends. That is the only demand she makes before agreeing to come to one of them. No famous picture people!

And it isn't that she dislikes them for what they are. It is only for what they try to do. That is the reason nothing is ever said about Garbo at parties. She always refuses an invitation from a movie star. Here is her reason:

"Once I accepted an invitation to attend a party given by a star. It was to be just a little group of old friends I liked. When I got there I found that forty total strangers had been asked! They all pressed around me, yelling and drinking. It was too much!"

So Garbo only goes to a party when one of her few intimate friends is the host. She is sure then that no one will be there except a chosen group from every field but the motion picture industry.

And that is how this story came to be written. Through business connections with old friends of Garbo's, I was asked to be present at a small gathering for her. I was harmless. I had no reason for trying to work my way into her good graces.



"Doing anything tonight? Let's have a party!"

The rest of this story came through knowing her other old acquaintances. It is no great surprise for them to have Garbo call up of an evening and ask whether there please isn't something doing. They don't live in expectation of a call from her, but they are always willing to drop their plans to accommodate her. Her only way of showing that she appreciates this is to have as good a time as possible when she is with them.

Lately, she has been willing, on Sunday nights, to take her friends to the Hollywood Russian Eagle—her return for their entertainments. This quiet, out-of-the way restaurant is as close as Garbo will get to appearing in public.

● She has her own ideas of going out in the evening with her friends. Just once she yielded to her love for dancing and in company with two men set out for the Biltmore. They were no sooner inside the door than she wheeled and literally ran from the hotel.

Please turn to page sixty

When you read this amazing interview Joan Crawford may be Franchot Tone's bride, but her views on marriage will not have changed!—The Editors



With her divorce in April Joan Crawford lost more than her right to be Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It was the end of a dream for her. Joan is finished with girlhood fancies that included "Dodos" and mystic baby talk and a great deal of sweet nothingness



"I DON'T WANT TO

"MARRY? I NEVER want to marry again! *Never, never* . . ." Joan Crawford saying that! The words were a bombshell smashing the serenity of that spring afternoon. Shadows of the girl Joan! That eager-eyed young thing who made romantic history in Hollywood. Who once prepared the very house we were sitting in then as a sort of shrine, a honeymoon home.

For years I've known Joan for the warm-hearted brilliant woman that she is, almost tyrannically honest with herself. I have seen her in many moods. But the picture that will live on with me is of Joan as she sat there, tense, palely beautiful, and told me: "I don't believe in marriage —for myself. Some people are suited to it. Others are not. I'm one of the 'others.' . . .

"I tell you, Michael, two people can go into it with all the ideals in the world—and in a year, no matter what they do, it's just commonplace. A noose in which they're both caught." Her eyes went dark. "Maybe it's because they are so conscious of that word *marriage.* It's a handicap because it implies subjection. You see, freedom is so essential to love. You can't bind it or force it in any certain direction. That is what a couple try to do as a rule. . . . Oh, I'm not a good person to talk about marriage!"

And this, while the world waited for the wedding bells to ring out for her and Franchot Tone! Had Joan done another right-about-face? And then suddenly I understood. With her divorce in April she lost more than her right to be Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It was the end of a dream for her. Joan is definitely finished with girlhood fancies that included "Dodos" and mystic baby talk and a great deal of sweet nothingness. She is ready for a rich, mature romance. But the Joan of today will never let it sink into a cut-and-dried marriage in the ordinary, restricted sense.

● Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., was fiercely possessive. She wanted every waking thought of Doug's, because he had *her's.* She waited on him, mothered him, insisted that he eat the right foods, lavished her love on him. Mrs. Tone—if she ever does assume that title—will make none of these mistakes. She will be frankly a sweetheart, lastly a wife.

Joan Fairbanks worked at marriage.

Joan Tone would work to forget it. She would do everything in her power to keep the marital knot loose enough to prevent it from spoiling the dream.

"I'll tell you something else I don't believe in, Michael," she went on intently. *"I don't believe in the shop-worn. everyday emotion that passes for love.* It lets you down so. It fades before you realize it—and there's nothing left but emptiness. Sometimes bitterness.

"The kind of love I *do* believe in—well, I wonder if I dare hope to find it! I know it must exist—somewhere —or the poets would not have glorified it. Sometimes you catch a glimpse of it in beautiful music or in a sunset.

"It's strange. There seem to be two things warring inside of me all the time. One wanting that kind of love. The other doubting that I'll ever get it. But I just go on dreamin'. I have a good time."

She tried to speak lightly but it was apparent this was by no means a light matter to Joan. Love has betrayed her

Joan Crawford bares her soul in her most revealing, most fascinating interview!





If Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford marry, she will make none of the mistakes of the past. Joan Fairbanks worked at marriage. Joan Tone would work to forget it. If she becomes Mrs. Tone she will be frankly a sweetheart — lastly a wife

MARRY" Joan Crawford

by MICHAEL PETERS

too often. She has lost confidence in it. *She is afraid.* Afraid of letting herself go and feeling too intensely about it again.

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"What's the use? It doesn't do any good to retrace your steps—yet women are always doing that. They can't seem to go on from where they leave off. And pretty soon they begin to pity themselves so much they feel like martyrs! Let me tell you something I've found out—the easiest way to spoil your whole life is by being sorry for yourself. *Self-pity.* Heavens, how I hate it! I've seen too much of it. The more I study it, the more I loathe it—worse than ten thousand cobras!"

No, Joan will never waste sympathy on Joan nor write any epitaphs for lost love! She has become too wise—and too wary.

"You know, I can understand why a man would strike a woman who mopes." She reached for a cigarette and tapped it thoughtfully. "Let her go out and walk it off. There's enough unhappiness and gloom in the world as it is. You know what I do when I flare up? I go to my room and work it out by myself. If it was a temperamental gesture on my part, I apologize. If it wasn't—well, I don't believe in suppressing the temper when it's justly aroused!" Her laugh rang out, enthusiastic, young.

She never ceases to surprise me, this Joan. She has such a direct, masculine way of looking at things. Her interests are so apart from those of most women. Perhaps that is why she has not one intimate friend among them. Small talk, bridge luncheons and teas—and feminine pettiness. She has about as much use for them as a camel in her yard. You won't find any ribboned frills or fancy jewelry or lacey frou-frous in Joan's life. She has never had time for them. A girl who fights her way up from being a kitchen slavey to a first lady of the screen has to drive clean and hard. She stands stripped of superficialities.

● And yet—she's the most completely devastating feminine person I know. Deeply, vibrantly feminine. As, for instance—

"Right now there's nothing I'd like quite so much as a baby. I would rather have one than a husband! Provided, of course, I could find one with a good background and parentage. My sister-in-law recently gave birth to a little daughter. I would adopt it right away if she and my brother would let me! The baby is already named Joan Crawford. It's so adorable and tiny."

Here would be an Unknown Love for Joan. Something she has never experienced before. It would be a love into which she could pour her fervent, eager, young heart without fear of having it hurt. And she is at an age when she needs to do just that. Joan is twenty-five. Without doubt she is facing a crisis. Emotional rather than professional. And she is wondering, this woman-Joan, what lies beyond. "Work," she told me, "is just as important as

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When you read this amazing interview Joan Crawford may be Franchot Tone's bride, but her views on marriage will not have changed!—The Editors



With her divorce in April Joan Crawford lost more than her right to be Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It was the end of a dream for her. Joan is finished with girlhood fancies that included "Dodos" and mystic baby talk and a great deal of sweet nothingness



"I DON'T WANT TO MARRY"



Joan Crawford bares her soul in her most revealing, most fascinating interview!



If Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford marry, she will make none of the mistakes of the past. Joan Fairbanks worked at marriage. Joan Tone would work to forget it. If she becomes Mrs. Tone she will be frankly a sweetheart — lastly a wife

Joan Crawford

by MICHAEL PETERS

"MARRY? I NEVER want to marry again! *Never, never* . . ." Joan Crawford saying that! The words were a bombshell smashing the serenity of that spring afternoon. Shadows of the girl Joan! That eager-eyed young thing who made romantic history in Hollywood. Who once prepared the very house we were sitting in then as a sort of shrine, a honeymoon home.

For years I've known Joan for the warm-hearted brilliant woman that she is, almost tyrannically honest with herself. I have seen her in many moods. But the picture that will live on with me is of Joan as she sat there, tense, palely beautiful, and told me: "I don't believe in marriage —for myself. Some people are suited to it. Others are not. I'm one of the 'others.' . . .

"I tell you, Michael, two people can go into it with all the ideals in the world—and in a year, no matter what they do, it's just commonplace. A noose in which they're both caught." Her eyes went dark. "Maybe it's because they are so conscious of that word *marriage*. It's a handicap because it implies subjection. You see, freedom is so essential to love. You can't bind it or force it in any certain direction. That is what a couple try to do as a rule. . . . Oh, I'm not a good person to talk about marriage!"

And this, while the world waited for the wedding bells to ring out for her and Franchot Tone! Had Joan done another right-about-face? And then suddenly I understood. With her divorce in April she lost more than her right to be Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It was the end of a dream for her. Joan is definitely finished with girlhood fancies that included "Dodos" and mystic baby talk and a great deal of sweet nothingness. She is ready for a rich, mature romance. But the Joan of today will never let it sink into a cut-and-dried marriage in the ordinary, restricted sense.

● Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., was fiercely possessive. She wanted every waking thought of Doug's, because he had *her's*. She waited on him, mothered him, insisted that he eat the right foods, lavished her love on him. Mrs. Tone—if she ever does assume that title—will make none of these mistakes. She will be frankly a sweetheart, lastly a wife.

Joan Fairbanks worked at marriage.

Joan Tone would work to forget it. She would do everything in her power to keep the marital knot loose enough to prevent it from spoiling the dream.

"I'll tell you something else I don't believe in, Michael," she went on intently. *"I don't believe in the shop-worn. everyday emotion that passes for love.* It lets you down so. It fades before you realize it—and there's nothing left but emptiness. Sometimes bitterness.

"The kind of love I *do* believe in—well, I wonder if I dare hope to find it! I know it must exist—somewhere —or the poets would not have glorified it. Sometimes you catch a glimpse of it in beautiful music or in a sunset.

"It's strange. There seem to be two things warring inside of me all the time. One wanting that kind of love. The other doubting that I'll ever get it. But I just go on dreamin'. I have a good time."

She tried to speak lightly but it was apparent this was by no means a light matter to Joan. Love has betrayed her too often. She has lost confidence in it. *She is afraid.* Afraid of letting herself go and feeling too intensely about it again.

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Sullavan, the Untamed!



When Margaret Sullavan first came to Hollywood she was eager and excited—but she soon learned she didn't speak Hollywood's language

Why Margaret Sullavan will never let Hollywood rule her!

by JACK SMALLEY

HOLLYWOOD HAS So thoroughly terrified Margaret Sullavan that she runs from it like a frightened child, and remains only when she must. Yet she is utterly fearless, and loves California!

She is stubborn as a government mule and cannot be moved by guile or argument, yet no Hollywood star takes direction so easily and is as tractable during the making of a picture.

She treated an executive with extreme perversity and cruel disregard for his efforts to publicize her work, yet visited him every day when he was ill in a hospital.

She made but one picture—*Only Yesterday*—and was acclaimed a star of the first rank in Hollywood, yet she hates herself on the screen.

Now, what do you make of so contradictory a woman as Margaret Sullavan? Why, in heaven's name, is this spirited, independent and extremely capable actress so frightened of Hollywood?

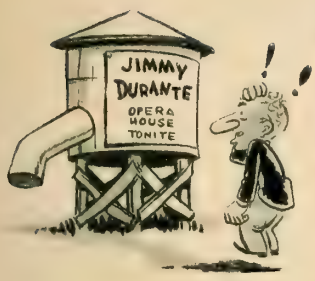
If you could watch her during the making of *Little Man, What Now?* at Universal, you would be completely at sea in searching for an answer to the riddle.

Everyone on her set, from the director to the prop boy, from chief cameraman to the "juicer," finds working with her a joy. She is so friendly, so utterly without pretense; a laughing, generous-hearted girl whose spirit of cooperation never lags.

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Margaret Sullavan gleefully posed for this picture with a freckle-faced stranger while on location for **Little Man What Now?**



"Am I humiliated!"



Jimmy Durante at his funniest—as seen by Lou Clayton, his manager and former partner



"Every place he plays they have to get a new piano"

by EDWARD R. SAMMIS

The Man Behind the Schnozzle

"Fifteen Years, man and boy, day in and day out, I've been looking at Durante's pan and I still say to myself: "Listen—either he's funny or I'm blind!"

Lou Clayton speaking, who knows the man behind the Great Schnozzola better than anyone else alive. And he certainly should. As a member of that famous trio of Clayton, Jackson and Durante, Lou at Jimmy's side howled, hoofed and hollered his way up from the tenderloin cafés to star billing on Broadway and the swanky night spots of the Flush Fifties.

"I guess you could really call the 'Schnoz' (that's Lou's favorite name for Jimmy) the first of the crooners. I always think that Crosby and Vallée and the rest of those muggs got that style of singing through the nose from him. Only they'll never come up to Jimmy. No, sir! He's really got something to sing through."

Lou leaned back in his easy chair in what the "Schnoz" would call a "luxuriant" suite and bit the end off a Corona-Corona reflectively.

"Yes, sir! We're in the money now. The 'Schnoz' is a panic on the screen as you well know. To put it conservatively, he's terrific. Then there's this radio. And he jumps back east to play two weeks at the Capitol. Then he's borrowed by RKO and lots of other studios are begging for his laugh services. Say, he couldn't be more places if he was the Four Marx Brothers all working under different contracts.

● "But it wasn't always like that. Why I can remember when we were playing the tank towns we only had one outfit apiece—what we had on.

"When we'd hit a town we'd have to stay in our dressing room while we sent our suits out to be pressed. We thought so much of the laundryman we'd give him the shirt right off our backs. It was the only way we could get it washed.

"Those were the days, though! I used to have a single act on vaudeville. But I got kind of tired of hoofing out there all alone. One day I ran across Jimmy. He was a piano pounder then. Used to play out at Nigger Mike's on Coney Island where Eddie Cantor was a singing waiter. So Jimmy and I and Eddie Jackson got together. I had company from then on—and how—brother!

"We used to have plenty of good times singing for the customers, yelling, out there punching gags.

"Remember that song of his, *The Hot Potato?* It goes:

"First you give 'em data
Then you tip your hat-a
Then you fix your bow-a
Then you point your toe-a
Then you turn-a and again you turn-a
And again you turna—"

"Well, he used to keep me turning till I was blue in the face, eighteen, twenty-five, thirty-six times. One night he kept me turning till I finally picked up a chair, heaved it

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HOLLYWOOD

by JERRY LANE



—Acme

Katharine Hepburn fled to France and back again all unaware of the furore she had created in Hollywood. She loved her rôle in* Spitfire *because it permitted her to be herself and now all Hollywood is being itself!

Revolution Has Hit the Hollywood ranks! Revolution of a startling new order. And Katy Hepburn did it with her little overalls and hatchet.

She chopped down the orchid and satin customs of the stars with a single stroke. Destroyed the fancy folderols and set up a new kind of glamour. That's what Katy did. Now all younger Hollywood is following suit.

Of course she didn't know that until recently. She was too busy flouncing to France and back again like an avenging fury. All because her New York stage play, *The Lake,* was a flop and her newest film, *Spitfire,* was not up to standard.

She was so sure her six months' plan of bolstering up Broadway would be a success. So certain that she could "show them" back East. But somehow it didn't work out that way. Even with the Academy Award for *Morning Glory* tucked in her mess jacket, her airy confidence has been pricked. And Katy without confidence is like spring without flowers. While she was trying to find it again she never dreamed that Hollywood had been transformed into a town of strutting Hepburns!

You see them everywhere, proud unpainted princesses with flaring nostrils and dungarees. It's the vogue to follow the great god Impulse.

● Certainly it was nothing else that urged Margaret Sullavan to run away from film-and-flicker land five times. She made a grand, defiant gesture of it—Margaret, whose star rose in the Hepburn train. She is a very definite part of the "old sock" cycle that Katy introduced. Some call it the "patches and safety pin era." At any rate, it's wonderfully refreshing after the mauve decade of the movies. That decade in which stars became unbelievably beautiful d a m s e l s, dressed as young divinities. You were disgraced for life if your nails didn't outshine the sun and your lashes didn't curl clear to your eyebrows.

—Elmer Fryer

"Ingenues are dead in Hollywood," says Ann Dvorak. "It's the Hepburns who succeed"

GOES HEPBURN!

Traditions are shattered as Katharine Hepburn's blue demin era drives out the ethereal star of yesterday!



Even Margaret Lindsay and Janet Gaynor are following the Hepburn trail. Slacks, no make-up, carry your own packages—it is a far cry from the orchid stars of yesterday!

Margaret Sullavan is a very definite part of the "old sock" cycle that Hepburn introduced

It isn't a disgrace anymore. In fact, if you want to be terribly in style you don't polish your nails at all! And you let your lashes go their own sweet way.

Said Heppy, trying to escape from reporters up the third-class gangway of a trans-Atlantic liner, "Go away! *Go 'way!* Don't you dare misquote me again!" Just as if the reporters had ever induced her to say any down-to-earth thing they *could* misquote! Once, you remember, she told them she was the mother of five children and niece of a Rajah.

Said Margaret, in wet tennis shoes and dirty slacks, "Go 'way, you big bad publicity men!" and zoom—away she flew in an airplane to some unknown destination. And thereby garnered for herself headlines in every newspaper throughout the country. A harried press department located her two weeks later in a minor stock company in New Jersey.

There's no predicting what these "be yourself" stars will do. For excitement, they out-distance the "glitter" girls of yesterday by a full length. You *knew* when you went to see Glossy Goldenhair that she would be reclining on an ermine couch and would give you champagne, pink caviar and a world-weary smile for tea.

When you go to see one of the blue denim brigade you can expect—anything.

● Ann Dvorak meets you half-way down the road on roller skates and you wind up at an all-night stand eating hamburgers. Or maybe you steal

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HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD...



Norma Shearer swept to new heights of histrionic achievement in **Riptide** *and is expected to continue her good work in* **The Barretts of Wimpole Street**

Foreign Affairs

RICHARD DIX refused to sign a new contract with RKO-Radio because he wants to take an extended trip around the globe . . . Miriam Hopkins will go to the Argentine to do a picture for a South American concern . . . Beatrice Lillie's mate, Sir Robert Peel, died in England just as she prepared for a new try at American talkies . . . Germany banned *The Prizefighter and the Lady* because Max Baer is a Jew . . . Russians hail Charlie Chaplin as their idol because of his pro-Soviet views . . . the Benn Levys (Constance Cummings) will fly over France and Italy on their belated honeymoon . . . Maureen O'Sullivan is going to Ireland to bring back to Hollywood her twelve-year-old sister, Sheila . . . while abroad, Richard Arlen flew over those sections of England where he trained as an aviator during the World War. . . . Nils Asther has gone to Sweden to see his mother . . . Marlene Dietrich denies claims of Hitler's aides that she is a contributor to the Nazi treasury . . . the marriage of Pat Paterson, British-born, to Charles Boyer, a French subject, makes her French, too, so she's having a lot of worry over her passport . . . Burns and Allen, the nit-wits, are Europe-bound.

A sizzling pot-pourri of news and

Stars Are on Guard

HOLLYWOOD ONCE AGAIN has taken on the appearance of an armed camp as a result of a new epidemic of extortion plots aimed at rich celluloid satellites.

Pistols that were stowed away a year ago when police roundups put an end to a long series of diamond robberies in Filmtown, now are being oiled up and reloaded, sharp-shooting bodyguards once more are in demand and other precautions taken by the silversheet's élite because of threats received by Mae West, Bing Crosby, Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young, Alice Brady, Ann Harding and Marian Nixon in recent weeks.

Katharine Pouts

KATHARINE HEPBURN, who dashed off to Paris for a three-day stay upon learning that she had been awarded the Academy statuette, is plenty miffed at her bosses in RKO-Radio.

Katie was offered $7,500 a week for a personal appearance tour on the strength of her artistic victory, but higher-ups quashed the idea under an iron heel.

They are banning all outside engagements for Hepburn — talkie and stage alike—until after she struts her stuff in their own *Joan of Arc.*

Marlene Super-Chef

MARLENE DIETRICH is unable to forget her domesticity even when she dines in a public place.

During Rudolph Sieber's recent visit to Hollywood, the German star took her husband and daughter, Maria, to the Russian Eagle for dinner. There General Lodijensky greeted her with a description of some new electrical equipment just installed in the culinary department.

"I'd like to see it," enthused Marlene.

The General led her off to the kitchen, where, following an exchange of toasts over a nip of vodka, Marlene donned an apron and supervised the preparation of the meal for Rudolph and Maria.

Mae's Bullet-Proof Car

MAE WEST is having an armored auto built by a Detroit manufacturer at a cost of $13,500. The heavy steel body is guaranteed to resist machine-gun fire.

Diamond Lil was marked for death by gangland when she brought about the arrest of two of the trio who robbed her of $17,000 in gems and cash eighteen months ago. One of the bandits, convicted on Mae'e testimony, already is serving a prison term, while another is fighting extradition in Chicago.

Two husky detectives, assigned by District Attorney Buron Fitts, are constantly on guard over Mae.

Greta's Lonely Again!

IT'S ALL OVER between Greta Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian if you care to take the word of the chatterers.

Lending strength to the rumors that the Swede's newest romance has found its way into the refrigerator, however, is the fact that Greta once more is going places with her feminine pals.

Incidentally, the star has rescinded her demand on Metro that Mamoulian, who directed her in *Queen Christina,* be named to guide her through *The Painted Veil,* and has approved Richard Boleslavsky as her next megaphonist.

He Squires Marlene

AND as for Rouben, he doesn't care who sees him lunching with Marlene Dietrich at the Russian Eagle.

Connie Gives Up

CONSTANCE BENNETT apparently is through caring what the gossipers are saying about her friendship with Gilbert Roland. The pair are seen everywhere together.

Within a recent ten-day period the Los Angeles press recorded them as lunching at the Brown Derby, dining at the Russian Eagle, frolicking at Palm Springs, taking in the races at Caliente and—of all things!—attending services at the Beverly Hills Church of the Good Shepherd.

National

JOHN (JAKE THE BARBER) FACTOR, Chicago kidnap victim, failed in his attempt to peddle himself and his story to the Hollywood film factories . . . Harry Bannister, Ann Harding's ex, will produce *The Drunkard*, Hollywood Little Theatre hit, in New York, and serve beer and sandwiches between acts, just as it's done out here . . . Alice White is making the country White-conscious via the personal appearance method during her studio lay-off period. . . . Jean Hersholt and his family are on an extended auto trip through the United States just to see the country. . . . Helen Hayes has had a change of heart and is coming back to the screen to make Hugh Walpole's *Vanessa*.

Romance

NANCY CARROLL isn't a bit elated over husband Bolton Mallory's luncheon engagements with rich Merry Fahrney . . . Pola Negri flew from New York to Chicago to see her prospective husband, Harold McCormick . . . Adolphe Menjou took Verree Teasdale to the circus and bought her balloons and pink lemonade and everything . . . the Jean Hersholts celebrated their twentieth wedding anniversary . . . and, believe it or not, they've lived in Hollywood all those years . . . Ann Sothern is admittedly fascinated with Marcel de Sano, the director . . . Phillip Reed and Jean Muir are at the crushing stage . . . Lois Wilson goes stepping with Edward Everett Horton . . . Mary Carlisle is Dick Cromwell's new throb . . . Muriel Kirkland

gossip straight from the Hollywood cauldron

WITH THE NEWS • SLEUTH

by HAL E. WOOD

Sally's a Real Wife

THE talkie folks are sending up lusty cheers for Sally Eilers, whose loyalty to her husband, Harry Joe Brown, apparently had a beneficial effect upon the jury that heard Marjorie White's heart balm suit against the director. Sally, soon to become a mother, was at Harry Joe's side throughout the entire court proceedings, consoling him when the plaintiff's testimony cut deeply, congratulating him when things went his way.

Marjorie had demanded $100,000, but twelve men and women, all tried and true, decided $5,000 was sufficient.

A Candle for Doug, Sr.

A LIGHT CONTINUES to burn in the window at Pickfair as a bid to the wandering master to return.

While Mary Pickford has made overtures looking toward a reconciliation and has extended by several months the time limit for the display of the "Welcome home" sign, Douglas Fairbanks, the First, continues to gallivant about the British Isles and Continental Europe with the about-to-be-divorced Lady Ashley on his arm. Meanwhile, Mary's action for a decree lies dormant in the California courts.

Mary's close friends believe that the famous pair eventually will be reunited, but Doug's intimates are not quite so optimistic in their views.

Ginger on Warpath

A LOT of Hollywood's important lassies have listed Sylvia, obesity's rub-and-tell foe, as their pet peeve, but Ginger Rogers is the first of the famous masseuse's ex-patients to drag her into the courts. The redhead was thoroughly scorched when Sylvia built a dramatic skit around the Rogers' curves and broadcast it over a national network. She has sued for $100,000, charging slander.

Zeppo No Idler

ZEPPO MARX wants the world to know that he's no loafer—not when there's an honest dollar to be garnered through expended energy.

Because the comedy quartet has so much leisure between its highly profitable productions, Zeppo has turned actors' agent. He paid $75,000 for a third interest in the Milton Bren-Frank Orsatti firm.

However, he is not entirely deserting his mad brethren. When stage and picture rôles call, he'll hang an "Out to lunch" sign on the office door, and take his place as the fourth spoke in the family wheel.

Snooney Cuts Loose

BARBARA (Snooney) BLAIR'S ready wit has made her Hollywood's current rage, but something went wrong



The beautiful, beautiful little birdie outside the gilded cage is Lilian Bond, Columbia player, who has winged her way to fame and fortune

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD . . .

Foreign Affairs

RICHARD DIX refused to sign a new contract with RKO-Radio because he wants to take an extended trip around the globe . . . Miriam Hopkins will go to the Argentine to do a picture for a South American concern . . . Beatrice Lillie's mate, Sir Robert Peel, died in England just as she prepared for a new try at American talkies . . . Germany banned *The Prizefighter and the Lady* because Max Baer is a Jew . . . Russians hail Charlie Chaplin as their idol because of his pro-Soviet views . . . the Benn Levys (Constance Cummings) will fly over France and Italy on their belated honeymoon . . . Maureen O'Sullivan is going to Ireland to bring back to Hollywood her twelve-year-old sister, Sheila . . . while abroad, Richard Arlen flew over those sections of England where he trained as an aviator during the World War. . . . Nils Asther has gone to Sweden to see his mother . . . Marlene Dietrich denies claims of Hitler's aides that she is a contributor to the Nazi treasury . . . the marriage of Pat Paterson, British-born, to Charles Boyer, a French subject, makes her French, too, so she's having a lot of worry over her passport . . . Burns and Allen, the nit-wits, are Europe-bound.

National

JOHN (JAKE THE BARBER) FACTOR, Chicago kidnap victim, failed in his attempt to peddle himself and his story to the Hollywood film factories . . . Harry Bannister, Ann Harding's ex, will produce *The Drunkard*, Hollywood Little Theatre hit, in New York, and serve beer and sandwiches between acts, just as it's done out here . . . Alice White is making the country White-conscious via the personal appearance method during her studio lay-off period. . . . Jean Hersholt and his family are on an extended auto trip through the United States just to see the country. . . . Helen Hayes has had a change of heart and is coming back to the screen to make Hugh Walpole's *Vanessa*.

Romance

NANCY CARROLL isn't a bit elated over husband Bolton Mallory's luncheon engagements with rich Merry Fahrney . . . Pola Negri flew from New York to Chicago to see her prospective husband, Harold McCormick . . . Adolphe Menjou took Verree Teasdale to the circus and bought her balloons and pink lemonade and everything . . . the Jean Hersholts celebrated their twentieth wedding anniversary . . . and, believe it or not, they've lived in Hollywood all those years . . . Ann Sothern is admittedly fascinated with Marcel de Sano, the director . . . Phillip Reed and Jean Muir are at the crushing stage . . . Lois Wilson goes stepping with Edward Everett Horton . . . Mary Carlisle is Dick Cromwell's new throb . . . Muriel Kirkland

A sizzling pot-pourri of news and gossip straight from the Hollywood cauldron

WITH THE NEWS • SLEUTH

by HAL E. WOOD



Norma Shearer swept to new heights of histrionic achievement in Riptide *and is expected to continue her good work in* The Barretts of Wimpole Street

Stars Are on Guard

HOLLYWOOD ONCE AGAIN has taken on the appearance of an armed camp as a result of a new epidemic of extortion plots aimed at rich celluloid satellites.

Pistols that were stowed away a year ago when police roundups put an end to a long series of diamond robberies in Filmtown, now are being oiled up and reloaded, sharp-shooting bodyguards once more are in demand and other precautions taken by the silversheet's élite because of threats received by Mae West, Bing Crosby, Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young, Alice Brady, Ann Harding and Marian Nixon in recent weeks.

Katharine Pouts

KATHARINE HEPBURN, who dashed off to Paris for a three-day stay upon learning that she had been awarded the Academy statuette, is plenty miffed at her bosses in RKO-Radio.

Katie was offered $7,500 a week for a personal appearance tour on the strength of her artistic victory, but higher-ups quashed the idea under an iron heel.

They are banning all outside engagements for Hepburn — talkie and stage alike—until after she struts her stuff in their own *Joan of Arc*.

Marlene Super-Chef

MARLENE DIETRICH is unable to forget her domesticity even when she dines in a public place.

During Rudolph Sieber's recent visit to Hollywood, the German star took her husband and daughter, Maria, to the Russian Eagle for dinner. There General Lodijensky greeted her with a description of some new electrical equipment just installed in the culinary department.

"I'd like to see it," enthused Marlene.

The General led her off to the kitchen, where, following an exchange of toasts over a nip of vodka, Marlene donned an apron and supervised the preparation of the meal for Rudolph and Maria.

Mae's Bullet-Proof Car

MAE WEST is having an armored auto built by a Detroit manufacturer at a cost of $13,500. The heavy steel body is guaranteed to resist machine-gun fire.

Diamond Lil was marked for death by gangland when she brought about the arrest of two of the trio who robbed her of $17,000 in gems and cash eighteen months ago. One of the bandits, convicted on Mae'e testimony, already is serving a prison term, while another is fighting extradition in Chicago.

Two husky detectives, assigned by District Attorney Buron Fitts, are constantly on guard over Mae.

Greta's Lonely Again!

IT'S ALL OVER between Greta Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian if you care to take the word of the chatterers.

Lending strength to the rumors that the Swede's newest romance has found its way into the refrigerator, however, is the fact that Greta once more is going places with her feminine pals.

Incidentally, the star has rescinded her demand on Metro that Mamoulian, who directed her in *Queen Christina*, be named to guide her through *The Painted Veil*, and has approved Richard Boleslavsky as her next megaphonist.

He Squires Marlene

AND as for Rouben, he doesn't care who sees him lunching with Marlene Dietrich at the Russian Eagle.

Connie Gives Up

CONSTANCE BENNETT apparently is through caring what the gossipers are saying about her friendship with Gilbert Roland. The pair are seen everywhere together.

Within a recent ten-day period the Los Angeles press recorded them as lunching at the Brown Derby, dining at the Russian Eagle, frolicking at Palm Springs, taking in the races at Caliente and—of all things!—attending services at the Beverly Hills Church of the Good Shepherd.

Sally's a Real Wife

THE talkie folks are sending up lusty cheers for Sally Eilers, whose loyalty to her husband, Harry Joe Brown, apparently had a beneficial effect upon the jury that heard Marjorie White's heart balm suit against the director. Sally, soon to become a mother, was at Harry Joe's side throughout the entire court proceedings, consoling him when the plaintiff's testimony cut deeply, congratulating him when things went his way.

Marjorie had demanded $100,000, but twelve men and women, all tried and true, decided $5,000 was sufficient.

A Candle for Doug, Sr.

A LIGHT CONTINUES to burn in the window at Pickfair as a bid to the wandering master to return.

While Mary Pickford has made overtures looking toward a reconciliation and has extended by several months the time limit for the display of the "Welcome home" sign, Douglas Fairbanks, the First, continues to gallivant about the British Isles and Continental Europe with the about-to-be-divorced Lady Ashley on his arm. Meanwhile, Mary's action for a decree lies dormant in the California courts.

Mary's close friends believe that the famous pair eventually will be reunited, but Doug's intimates are not quite so optimistic in their views.

Ginger on Warpath

A LOT of Hollywood's important lassies have listed Sylvia, obesity's rub-and-tell foe, as their pet peeve, but Ginger Rogers is the first of the famous masseuse's ex-patients to drag her into the courts. The redhead was thoroughly scorched when Sylvia built a dramatic skit around the Rogers' curves and broadcast it over a national network. She has sued for $100,000, charging slander.

Zeppo No Idler

ZEPPO MARX wants the world to know that he's no loafer—not when there's an honest dollar to be garnered through expended energy.

Because the comedy quartet has so much leisure between its highly profitable productions, Zeppo has turned actors' agent. He paid $75,000 for a third interest in the Milton Bren-Frank Orsatti firm.

However, he is not entirely deserting his mad brethren. When stage and picture rôles call, he'll hang an "Out to lunch" sign on the office door, and take his place as the fourth spoke in the family wheel.

Snooney Cuts Loose

BARBARA (Snooney) BLAIR'S ready wit has made her Hollywood's current rage, but something went wrong



The beautiful, beautiful little birdie outside the gilded cage is Lilian Bond, Columbia player, who has winged her way to fame and fortune

WITH THE NEWS SLEUTH

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD...

is that way about Speed Post . . . Gloria Shea kisses Nick Stuart right out in public . . . Glen Boles squires Lois January to the fights . . . Gene Raymond keeps Janet Gaynor supplied with orchids . . . and she's so-o-o-o tickled . . . Lew Cody's interest in wealthy Hazel Forbes grows apace . . . Sidney Fox is stepping with Erwin Gelsey these days . . . Cameraman Eddie Cronjager lunches Marian Nixon and dines Irene Coleman . . . it looks like a betrothal for Jimmy Dunn and Patsy Lee, the chorus lass . . . Barbara Barondess is Douglass Montgomery's new heart beat . . . the Lilian Bond-Sidney Smith affair grows hotter and hotter . . . Patsy Ruth Miller denies she's in love with that Hungarian nobleman who is en route to visit her . . . William Powell has more than a casual interest in Kathryn Sergava, Russia's Garbo contribution . . . Shirley Grey and Matty Kemp have been yachting again . . . Barbara Fritchie, who once rented the Summer home of the ex-king of Spain, is seeing a lot of



Anybody could Sing and Like It with Pert Kelton around and this glimpse of her in that picture tells one reason for its success

with her humor gland when she did a walkout on Warner Brothers' *The Dark Tower*. Snooney stomped a dainty foot and cut loose with an oral barrage that sent Edward G. Robinson, the star, Archie Mayo, the director, and a flock of other big shots scurrying for cover.

Peace reigns again, though. Snooney has been forgiven for her temperamental outburst and she's back on the lot, under assignment to a rôle in *Dames*.

Old-Timers Returning

FORTHCOMING PRODUCTIONS will bring a number of long missing former idols back to the silversheet.

Henry B. Walthall, known as the *Little Colonel* ever since his history-making performance in *Birth of a Nation*, gives the finest portrayal of his long film career as *Madero* in *Viva Villa*.

Jack Mulhall, for years a star, but who hasn't been heard from by his fans for many months, is playing a waiter in Mae West's *It Ain't No Sin*.

Molly O'Day, who has spent three years battling excess avoirdupois, and Wes Barry, erstwhile freckled-faced kid who now is grown up, come back in *Down to Their Last Yacht*.

Betty Compson has a featured spot in *The Broadway Virgin*.

Alice Calhoun, former Vitagraph star, has a bit in Spencer Tracy's new vehicle.

Tom Keene, née George Duryea, once hailed as a find by Cecil B. DeMille, shines in King Vidor's current talkie.

A Cheer For Irene!

THAT was a splendid gesture on Irene Dunne's part—sending her personal maid to business college so she could elevate her to the position of private secretary!

Freddie's Proud of 'Em

YOU'VE SEEN FREDRIC MARCH'S handsome facial features adorned with varied bits of excess decoration, running the gauntlet from Hyde's gruesome molars to Cellini's trim beard. But wait until you glimpse the sideburns he's raised for his rôle opposite Norma Shearer in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*.

Freddie took Florence and little Penelope up to La Quinta, where he coaxed the new adornments into place with the aid of a burning desert sun.

Free Shows Banned

HOLLYWOOD hostesses are miffed at RKO-Radio executives, and not without good and sufficient reason.

In signing Fred Astaire to a long-termer, the studio heads inserted a clause prohibiting him from giving any dancing exhibitions outside the films—not even permitting him to display his talents gratis in the home of his friends.

Want Adele, Too

THESE SAME PRODUCTION chieftains are an optimistic crowd, operating on the theory that the world doesn't condemn those who try.

They've dispatched an agent to London to call on Lady Cavendish in an attempt to induce her to lay aside her social duties long enough to come here and dance in *The Gay Divorcée* with brother Fred, her terpsichore team-mate until she up and married a title.

And it's just possible that Adele might do it for a lark!

No Rest For Joan

TALKIE producers and radio moguls are doing their best to tear Joan Bennett away from baby Melinda. Gene Markey wants Joan to remain at home for another six months, but the call of her career grows louder and louder in his wife's ears.

Within a week Dick Bennett's youngest rejected three screen rôles and an offer for a series of broadcasts over a national hookup.

Papa Gene had a completely equipped yellow and white nursery waiting for Melinda when Mama Joan brought her home from the hospital.

New Modes For Ann

ANN HARDING dropped in unexpectedly on her secretary, Lillian Templeton, and discovered her sketching dress designs on the back of envelopes. The star was so impressed by the originality displayed by her aide that she had Lillian fashion six creations for her Summer wardrobe.

Ann was so pleased with the completed gowns that she staged an impromptu style show for RKO-Radio executives, with the result that Lillian has been given a contract to dress Ann for future screen rôles.

Dean Markham . . . it's a New York broker who makes all those costly long distance calls to Ethel Merman . . . Author Charlie Grayson and Irene Hervey are actually talking things over . . . Neil Miller, Dorothy Mackaill's former husband, plans to marry Mrs. Maran Smith, Chicago socialite, as soon as she obtains a divorce . . . Austin Parker, separated from Miriam Hopkins, skips about with Irene Bentley . . . Molly O'Day and Douglas Fowley are making eyes . . . it's all over between George Stone and Ruth Romaine . . . Esther Ralston seems to enjoy the companionship of Earl Oxford, the soloist . . . Harvey Priester and Judith Arlen are romancing.

Marriages

STEPHEN AMES gave Raquel Torres a $22,000 imported car the day before he led her to the marriage license bureau . . . Alberta Vaughn is the bride of Joe Egli, the movie executive she recently

Please turn to page sixty-seven



Ernestine Anderson was the only redhead among eleven girls brought to Hollywood by Earl Carroll for Murder at the Vanities*—but look what she brought along with the titian locks*

Sothern In Demand

ANN SOTHERN, one of the most promising of the young actresses who have flashed into prominence in the last year, has been borrowed from Columbia by Samuel Goldwyn for a featured rôle in Eddie Cantor's *The Treasure Hunt.*

As Harriet Lake, her real name, Ann was discovered by the late Paul Bern and placed under contract by Metro. However, she never appeared before the cameras while on that lot.

Came the late Flo Ziegfeld, and signed her for the Broadway production of *Smiles,* from which point she began her movie climb.

Bancroft Gets Bid

CARL LAEMMLE, JR., is convinced that George Bancroft has a fan following despite the fact his comeback vehicle, *Blood Money,* made by Twentieth Century, didn't gross up to expectations.

Herr Laemmle is negotiating with Bancroft to star in that old classic, *The Swiss Family Robinson.*

Howard Stars Himself

LESLIE HOWARD who dabbles in the production of talkies for his own amusement as well as emoting in them for the entertainment of the public, believes the camera is mightier than the pen. So when his youngsters back there in England wrote him requesting a description of his newly acquired Beverly Hills manor, he replied via the celluloid method.

Leslie enlisted the aid of camera and sound men, slipped into the rôle of master of ceremonies, and introduced the colored chauffeur and other servants, the polo ponies and household pets. He went on a room-to-room tour of the abode, explaining everything.

Leslie shipped the kiddies portable sound projection equipment along with the completed film.

Marge Dries Her Tears

THERE WERE TEARS a-plenty when Margaret Lindsay's recalcitrant appendix went on a rampage the day she was to have started work opposite Richard Barthelmess, and she was carted off to a hospital.



Joel McCrea, Radio star, isn't going to wait 'till the cows come home. He's busy raising them on his new cattle ranch

But gloom changed to joy when, opening her eyes after shaking off the anesthetic, she read a telegram from the Warner Brothers informing her she was scheduled as the feminine interest with Leslie Howard in *British Agent.*

Russ Happy Again

ITALIAN Russ Columbo turned Indian long enough to inhale a few puffs from the Laemmle pipe of peace.

Russ developed a mad when Universal insisted upon casting him in non-singing rôles, with the result that a heated verbal duel has been raging for weeks.

But now that the handsome crooner, who seems to have forgotten Carole Lombard in his infatuation for Sally Blane, has been assigned to warble in *Tonight's the Night,* all is well again.

Stan's Platonic Union

STAN LAUREL, frozen-faced half of Hal Roach's meal-ticket, has taken upon himself a bride and ended his one-man revolt against toil.

Stan deserted his screen partner, Oliver Hardy, and did a walkout on the studio when he got to thinking over the divorce settlement he had made on Lois Laurel.

When Lois realized Stan wasn't bluffing in his threat to continue in idleness, she accepted a broad cut, and Stan lost no time in leading Mrs. Ruth Rogers to

Please turn to page forty-eight

Why BING CROSBY IS QUITTING HOLLYWOOD!

The Ace of Crooners has found a ranch where a lazy man can enjoy life, and after one more picture he'll bid the screen goodbye

by ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT



"The most idiotic of all ways to waste one's life is in the pursuit of applause," says Bing. He has a yen to raise blooded horses and—of all things—to can fish!

BING CROSBY'S quitting!

He has scored one of the most phenomenal screen successes of recent years, his steadily increasing army of fans are clamoring for more Crosby pictures, his film earnings would excite the envy of many a Wall street baron, but . . .

"As soon as this current filmusical craze has petered out—and it's just about washed up right now—I'm through! One more picture, perhaps, and a coast-to-coast road tour—and then I'm going to settle down on a California ranch and see how much real enjoyment a lazy man can find in sensible, leisurely living!"

An actor's theatrical gesture? Not at all. Bing means exactly what he says. He's telling Hollywood goodbye—*adieu,* not *au revoir.* He has already selected the general locale of his future home and every land agent in southern California is scouring the territory for that forty or fifty acres which is ideally suited to his purpose. Between pictures and over week-ends, Bing is examining the offered tracts.

". . . I've found one ranch that fills the bill to a 'T,'" he declares. "It's near San Diego . . . in the hills, yet only a stone's throw from the ocean. I hope to close the deal within the next few weeks and start building there by early fall."

● Bing has earned a very considerable amount of money and he's lived sanely and economically. Without being a millionaire, his bankroll is fat enough that, with a little careful nursing, it should outlive him.

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—Wide World

June Glory, featured player, receives instructions from Josephine Dillon (the ex-Mrs. Clark Gable) in the Hollywood studio of the latter. The mirror plays an important part in the instruction of students. Clark Gable (inset) was one of Miss Dillon's first students

I Make Stars!

Josephine Dillon (the former Mrs. Clark Gable and now a famous movie coach) tells how you can become a star!

by KAY MULVEY

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS to become an actress—a famous movie star? Then let Josephine Dillon, the first wife of Clark Gable, tell you how to make your dreams come true. Miss Dillon, now a celebrated drama coach, is literally a maker of stars. She passes along to you the invaluable advice and expert knowledge she gives her pupils in her exclusive Hollywood school.

"Don't come to Hollywood as a mimic!" is the first rule she impresses upon the stars of tomorrow. As a mimic the embryo star is doomed to failure—if he can be himself and deliver something different he'll win success. Her former student and husband, Clark Gable, illustrates the wisdom of this rule. At the time he entered pictures the polished, refined gentleman with loads of *savoir faire* reigned supreme on the screen. Miss Dillon would not let him change. She saw the great possibilities in his own charming personality, and kept him Clark Gable. He was the first of the "he-men" on the screen. He was and is a sensation. Now he is the model and idol. His type is the vogue. Clark would have failed as a mimic.

● "These kids searching for a career in the movies are all the same," she continued. "They arrive in Hollywood with very little money, expecting to click immediately. They have a hard crust formed around them consisting of a mixture of town and family tradition, fear, unlimited conceit, and the staunch moral backing of relatives and home town admirers.

"If they are girls, the fluffy headed type, they all think that they are Janet Gaynors or Mary Pickfords. If they are the sleek type they think that they are Joan Crawfords or Norma Shearers.

"If they are boys they are either Clark Gables or Gary Coopers or Fredric Marches or Leslie Howards. They forget that they have personalities of their own.

"They have tried to copy the facial images of their idols, and argue that they should be even bigger hits because of their extreme youth. They forget, of course, that the stars are years ahead in valuable experience which means more than youth.

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MINNA'S



IF ALL OF Minna Gombell's fans were placed side by side, they would probably reach for her Memory Book, dash off a poetic sentiment or a drawing, and sign themselves "most faithfully yours."

In her precious Memory Book are found the autographs of bankers, editors, artists, actors, publishers, directors, authors.

On one page John Barrymore drew a cartoon of a tramp Hamlet toasting her with a huge stein of beer. His wife, Dolores Costello, wrote this: "Give your audience whole-heartedly all that you owe them; but remember that, friends as they are, they are still strangers, and while their applauding still echoes above you, find someone to love—and oh, someone to love you!" Minna did find that someone, for she married Joe Sefton of San Diego—who proved to be the most ardent fan of them all.

Maude Adams, idol of Minna's childhood, and Otis Skinner express their affection on one of the pages.

Anita Loos writes: "To Minna



Minna Gombell's Memory Book contains autographs from fans in every walk of life, including those from fellow actors. At the right is the page bearing John Barrymore's signature and the tramp Hamlet he drew

—*Wide World*

by JOHN WINBURN

Excerpts from the memory book of Minna Gombell who reverses the tables and collects autographs from fans!

MEMORY BOOK

Gombell, with the O. K. of an expert on blondes."

Warner Baxter, another cartoonist who was lost to the movies, drew a laughable picture of a little farmer kid running for the smokehouse.

● You'll find Dick Cromwell represented with a most alluring siren sketched in leaves, while Will Rogers writes on the next page that the drawing takes his mind off what he was going to say.

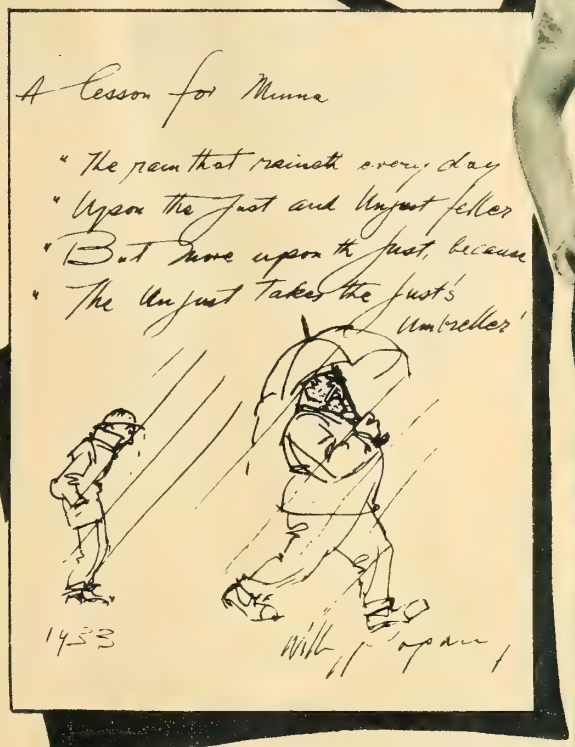
Trooping through the pages you encounter Jim Tully, Edward Everett Horton, Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Janet Gaynor, the Gleasons, Hoot Gibson, Amelia Earhart, a whole page of autographs from sailors aboard the *U. S. S. Coolidge;* Stu Erwin, Willard Mack (who says "Never let the same mule kick you twice!") Sam Hardy, Clara Bow, Jeanette MacDonald, Ann Dvorak, and a host of others.

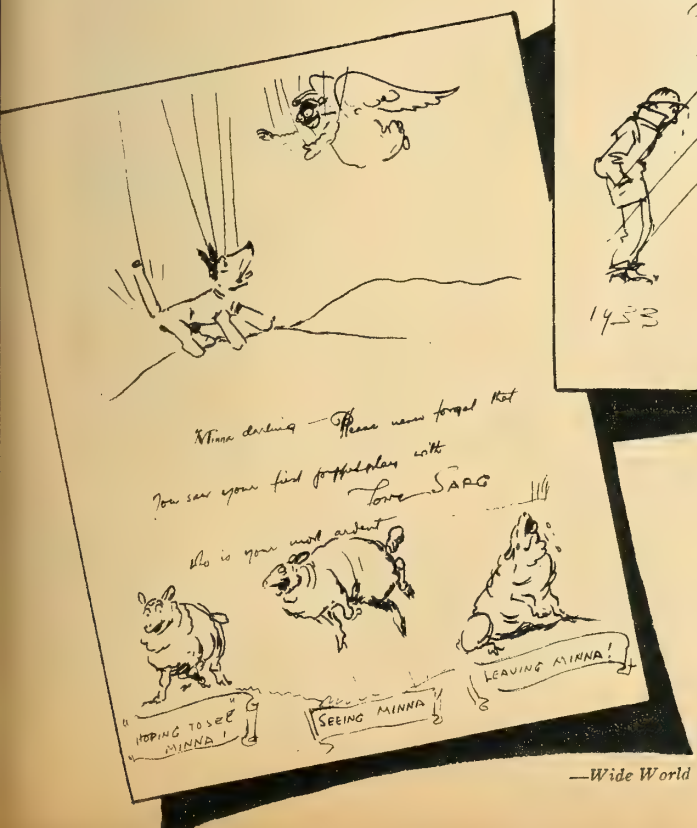
Maurice Chevalier wrote a song on one page, singing: "I won't go for clever phrases, and cute sophisticated words. I'll just answer these questions: Is Minna a fine actress? You bet! (says I!) Is Minna a nice friend? You bet! (resays I!) Is Minna an attractive woman? You bet, you bet, and so on."

And then he adds a torch song touch: "And what the hell . . . I just learn that she is married!"



—Wide World





—Wide World

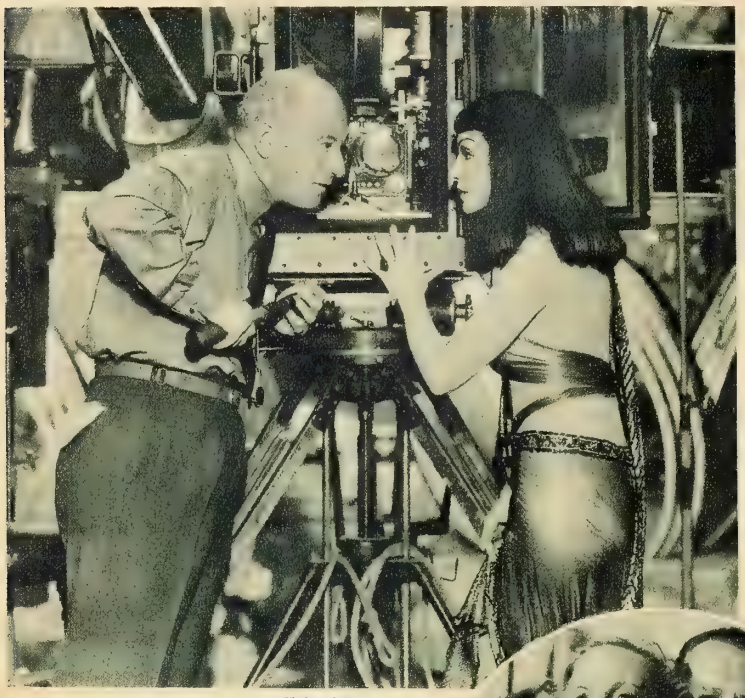


—Wide World

Willy Pogany, noted set designer, turned philosopher when he wrote in Minna's book; Tony Sarg had just finished his puppet work for* Wonderbar *when he drew the angel and dog (left); and Roland Young contributed one of his famous funny animals and verses (top)

SHOOTING STARS with

● Snapping the stars at work and at play and



—*Wide World*

Director Cecil B. DeMille adjusts the camera for a unique angle shot and gives instructions to Claudette Colbert on the set of* Cleopatra, *his latest film



—*Wide World*

Constance Talmadge and her husband, Townsend Netcher, emphatically deny they contemplate divorce



—*Wide World*

Shirley Temple and Dorothy Dell, former* Follies *songbird, become bosom pals during a lull in production of* Half Way Decent *in which they both appear



—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

Muriel Evans creates a sensation as she appears in her smart new swim suit at Malibu Beach. Chic braided straps pass through slits at the deep sunback to form a looped belt

the candid camera

picturizing the month's news events



Marian Marsh is scoring a hit in England where she is filming Over the Garden Wall. *Her pet is a pure white Peke puppy which she acquired at the age of ten weeks*



—*International News*

Leo Carrillo and Jean Harlow are two of many stars who attended social functions given by producers to theatre owners during a convention in the film city



—*Wide World*

Joan Gardner, Elsa Lanchester, Douglas Fairbanks, Benita Hume and Merle Oberon snapped as they started work on The Private Life of Don Juan *at the Elstree studios in England*

—*Gene Kornman*

A rare snap of Harold Lloyd's youngsters. Meet Harold, Jr., Gloria and Peggy Lloyd as they pause in play on the beautiful estate of their father



—*Hurrell*

***John Cabot Lodge, scion of the celebrated Cabots and Lodges of Boston, speaks with authority to answer the critics of Hollywood and movie stars! He is Marlene Dietrich's leading man in* The Scarlet Empress**

Are Movie Stars Civilized?

John Cabot Lodge, social registerite-movie star, blasts some malicious beliefs!

by SONIA LEE

HOLLYWOOD has taken more socks on the jaw about its moods, morals and manners than any other community in the world!

The broadcast on the social sins of movie stars by disgruntled writers, social leaders, plutocrats, autocrats and political also-rans becomes loud and raucous once the visitor has departed from here to there.

The most recent Hollywood detractor is Alice Leone Moats, the young and brilliant New York socialite who has written on the page of fame with her book *No Nice Girl Swears.* She was brought to Hollywood to act as technical advisor on *Coming Out Party*—an expose of the society racket. Her job is ended, but the memory of her tart indictment of the "company" conduct of the cinema élite, lingers on!

In capsule form, her rebuke to Hollywood stands something like this:

Hollywood is composed of the largest assemblage of bores in America!

Movie stars wouldn't fit into real society. They're much too provincial!

Hollywood's idea of social form is to nod to the hostess and then start drinking!

Hollywood stars would bore a cosmopolitan hostess into hysterics!

The conversational capacity of the stars is limited to one subject—themselves. And that's definitely against Hoyle—socially speaking!

Movie stars have manners—all bad. But they're appropriate in Hollywood!



To Hollywood's defense comes John Cabot Lodge—Marlene Dietrich's leading man in *The Scarlet Empress*—scion of the Lodges and the Cabots of Boston—erstwhile lawyer, and therefore trained in picking to pieces illogical indictments.

"Hollywood stars have an artless social grace," he declares, "which would honor any circle in the United States or on the continent. After all, good behavior—social form—presumes non-interference with another's privacy. It infers a respect for others and for yourself.

"We have recently developed a new definition of 'society.' Today the artificial barriers of blood and inheritance have been replaced by the true values. Those who today belong to New York's four hundred are not necessarily the ones whose ancestors came over on the Mayflower. Such distinctions are out-moded.

"It is stupid to categorically indict a community—to mark it as a place of bad manners and bad morals—just because there are certain individuals who do not behave. There are persons in every group who make a career of misbehaviour.

"Any person of charm and quality—any man or woman of accomplishment—would find ready entrance to cosmopolitan society. Agreeable, stimulating ladies and gentlemen—without conceit and without ostentation—those who have risen through their own talents and their own efforts—would be considered an addition to the most hide-bound social group. The stars

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LIFE CAN'T BLUFF *HEATHER ANGEL!*

by
J. M. RUDDY



***It's a far cry from the peaceful solitude of an English pastoral scene to the gates of Hollywood but Heather Angel successfully bridged the gap with a series of amazing, thrilling adventures. She is now appearing in* Springtime for Henry**

HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT undoubtedly play important parts in our lives. Actresses are not exempt from these two factors. That is why there is such a challenging firmness, a steady and unswerving determination, about dainty Heather Angel—whose latest Fox picture has the intriguing title *Springtime for Henry.*

Your first glance of Heather suggests to you a Tanagra figurine or a Maxfield Parrish nymph in a symphony of warm brown tones. Her slight, almost frail body suggests an absurd femininity until you shake hands with her. Her hand-clasp is strong and sincere. Brown eyes gleaming in a smile meet yours. A pleasant English voice greets you.

If you want a thrill, drive from Lake Arrowhead to Hollywood with little Heather Angel at the wheel of a throbbing Mercedes-Benz. Dash down to the beach with her in her big Packard tourer. Go riding with her over the hills and down the dells of the canyons of Santa Monica and Beverly. There is the strength of tempered steel in that dainty form.

The life of Heather Angel has been full. There have been many changes, some sad, one really tragic, many gay and joyful. And through all the vicissitudes there is the background of a lady of quality, her dearest friend, her mother.

Dr. and Mrs. Angel lived in an ivy-clad house on Museum Road, in the university city of Oxford. Dr. Angel, a brilliant science scholar with all the quietude and reserve of his profession, was a professor of chemistry at the House, as Christchurch College is known to Oxonians.

His great-grandfather was an Italian, an ardent worker in Italian politics, who, after escaping from prison where he was incarcerated for some anti-Garibaldi movement, came to Scotland and became Italian tutor to Sir Walter Scott. Mrs. Angel's family were Irish and so we have our indomitable Celtic strain and a classical, literary lineage.

● Life was serene in the kindly shadows of the ancient spires of Oxford. Two daughters were born to Molly and Andrea Angel—Marion and Heather. Mrs. Angel chose that name, which makes one think of soft mists creeping over purple moors, because of its euphony. It just fits.

The Angel family loved the crispness and freshness of early spring in the woods around Oxford; the beauty of long summer days in the hills; the soft charm of the English autumn; the pleasantries of fireside teas—scrumptious toast, muffins, and crumpets which the little girls, Marion and Heather, learned to brown in expert fashion. They dreamed and planned . . .

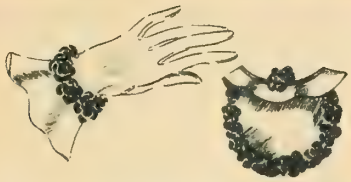
Then WAR!

The roll of drums and the marching of men shattered the peace of family life. For the first year of the war, Dr. Angel continued his coaching and teaching. Young minds

Please turn to page fifty-eight

The fascinating story of Heather Angel who is soaring to fame in a career more exciting than a movie!

HOLLYWOOD STYLES FOR THE SUMMER GIRL



Black cire gardenias characterize Heather Angel's white satin evening gloves and bag as designed by Royer, Fox studio fashion designer



—Elmer Fryer

Patricia Ellis' favorite negligee is of dull white satin with a circular flounce of lace at the hemline and a lace capelet collar



Sally Eilers had Royer design these red and white checked gingham sandals and wrap-around gloves for informal cocktails



←

Suzanne Kaaren is the center of attention when she wears this costume at the beach. It is of white piqué with red and blue stripes



—Elmer Fryer

The bodice of Pat Ellis' two-piece frock is finely pleated pink net with fabric covered buttons



—Elmer Fryer

Patricia Ellis suggests this stunning linen creation as the "going away" suit for the bride. The jacket is a flaring swagger type and the brimmed hat is novelty straw



—Elmer Fryer

For the bride, Patricia Ellis models this gown of white satin. The veil is held in place by rare lace

—Elmer Fryer

Pat Ellis suggests this original two toned check outfit for street wear. The skirt is navy blue

Royer conceived these satin gloves and bag for Rosemary Ames

Irene Hervey suggests this snappy swim suit of royal blue jersey. After the swim she wears a blue cape with white cowl collar

—Scotty Welbourne

Crinkle organdy in a navy and white plaid was used for Patricia Ellis' dinner frock. Pleated ruffles on the hemline and back of skirt are repeated in the bodice

The stars display their favorite, ultra-chic fashions for the most colorful season of the year

HOLLYWOOD STYLES FOR THE SUMMER GIRL



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The stars display their favorite, ultra-chic fashions for the most colorful season of the year



—*Freulich*

Boris Karloff may thrill and chill you on the screen but in private life he wouldn't harm a fly and when little children ask him to scare them he feeds them ice cream and cake

Please SCARE Us, Mr. Karloff!

But Boris Karloff, screen monster, is not at all like Boris Karloff, private citizen!

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

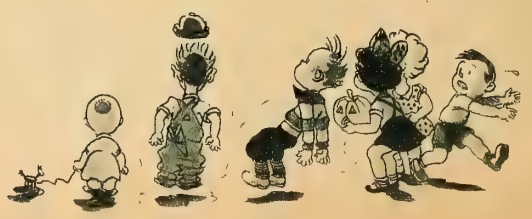
He Wouldn't Produce half so many chills if he used his real name of Charles Edward Pratt instead of the more sinister and compelling Boris Karloff. The Karloff comes from a Russian ancestor somewhere on the feminine side of his family. He has a distinctly Mongolian or Tartar complexion which increases his mystery and makes people wonder. He refuses to have a fly swatter in the house because he does not believe in taking life, even that of a fly. A peculiar thing for a "Monster" to admit, if you ask me.

During the fourteen years that Boris was spending in his climb from obscurity to fame, he did many things such as digging ditches, sleeping on park benches, hoisting heavy barrels of nails and driving a truck. He admits that he didn't like it but so what? He now occupies the dressing room of the late Lon Chaney on the Universal lot and he hasn't forgotten that it was Lon who gave him the first boost up the ladder.

Karloff had been driving a truck and working extra in pictures during his spare time. That day he was working at Universal. As he drove his one lung Ford out of the lot on the way to town, he was hailed by a shabby looking individual who wore a plaid cap pulled down over his eyes. The man wanted a ride to Hollywood. Boris told him to climb in and discovered that it was Lon Chaney. On the way home Boris told him that he was about to throw picture work to the winds and get a steady job at some refined work like washing dishes. Lon took him up on a high hill and showed him the kingdoms of the earth. He made him promise not to throw up the sponge. Boris didn't and look what happened.

● He did his first sinister rôle in make-up as the monster of *Frankenstein*. He followed this with *The Mummy, Old Dark House, The Ghoul, Fu Manchu* and others in which he hid behind some sort of weird make-up. In

Please turn to page seventy-two



HOW TO BE POPULAR

by KAY FRANCIS

As told to FRANCES KELLUM

Charming Kay Francis reveals the correct etiquette that will make every date a success





Don't nudge

HAVE YOU THE new "dating" technique? Do you know how to be popular?

So many first dates go all awry because *she* didn't know what to say and *he* didn't know what to do. Dates that might have led to an exciting romance and instead just faded away flatly. It seemed such a shame that any of these summer nights should be lost in an agony of embarrassment, stammering speech, for any boy or girl that I went to Kay Francis, gracious charmer that she is, and asked for help.

"What etiquette should a couple follow for an evening's engagement, Kay?"

"What a problem! Are you sure you're not paging Mrs. Emily Post?" she smiled. But Kay has that rare ability to capture any mood and give it delicate shading. She knows all the little niceties that make a date a success.



Don't monopolize conversation

"I think," she began slowly, thoughtfully, "that both parties are usually too eager to make an impression on each other! They're over-anxious. And that, of course, spoils everything.

"The first test, really, is when they're introduced. A mutual friend says—'Mary, do you know Bill Wilkins'—the old phrase of 'May I present' being somewhat out-dated—and Bill and Mary enter the first round of what may or may not be a romance. The most popular girl I know has the unconscious trick of saying nothing after she has acknowledged the introduction. She simply smiles. Not an ordinary smile but a warm, friendly sort that has nothing coy about it. It says quite frankly—'It's fun knowing you.' That puts a man at his ease. He can talk to a girl like that—and does!



Don't "brag up" other boy-friends

"Aloof sophistication is never particularly appealing. Neither is a gushing attitude. High-spirited friendliness; that should be the keynote of a boy and girl's first date."

And by "high-spirited," Kay hastened to explain, she meant lots of life and vivacity without the ga-ga touch. You know, no bored-woman or man-of-the-world airs. Nor forced sprightliness that wears your partner out.

Here are the most important "Don'ts" for girls that she lists:

1. *Don't expect the boy to do all the entertaining.*
2. *Don't hang on his arm, especially on the street or when entering a public place.*
3. *Don't carry on a rapid-fire chatter to hide your shyness.*
4. *Don't giggle!*
5. *Don't elaborate on the past good-times that you've had with other boys.*
6. *Don't try to "put on an act." Be yourself!*
7. *Don't lean on him when you're dancing; it's never good taste.*



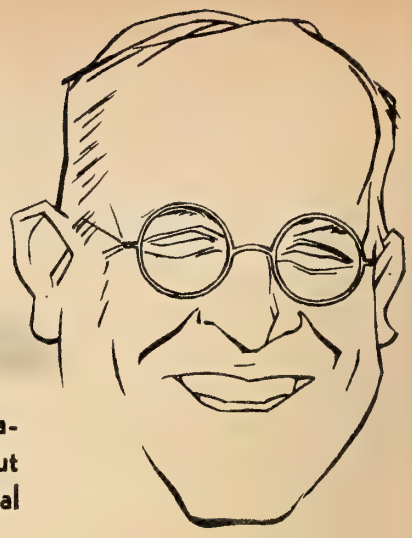
Don't hang on his arm

And here are the "Don'ts" for boys:

1. *Don't make an ostentatious display of money.*
2. *Don't brag.*
3. *Don't drive recklessly fast to prove that you're a sport.*

Please turn to page sixty-two

HARRY CARR'S



Hollywood's outstanding commentator tells you thisa and thata about the goings on in screenland's capital



Yes, you can believe your eyes! It's Harold Lloyd, now making another uproarious comedy, Cat'spaw

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN—and men also—include a stuffed club for taking a wallop at the movies this season.

Churches read the wicked movies out from the pulpits.

The National Council—with a stunning array of college presidents and preachers, society women and even a rabbi or two—leap upon the prostrate victim with a yell.

And even the exhibitors in convention in Hollywood call down curses upon the iniquities.

Thumbs are now down on sex pictures, gangster pictures, too much temperature in love stories.



—Schafer

***Strike one? Don't you dare. These two cuties are simply out for a beach frolic. Lois January, at bat, and Billy Seward behind the plate, both hit out homers in Columbia's musicomedy* Showmanship**

A Headache for Mae West . . .

IT LOOKS like a difficult summer for Mae West. On the other hand the popular novels of the day—unprotested—exhibit a rising passion thermometer. Ladies' reading clubs have to blush and mumble through half the pages. Some enterprising soul got out an index to the hot scenes in *Anthony Adverse*; and the index must have been nearly as long as the novel. Also without protest one of the most famous and conservative magazines of America will not accept for publication any crime story if it does not include the very latest technical methods.

Well, the movies have been spanked many times before; and the offending producers still get salaries that make the emolument of the President of the United States look like a tip.

Katie Flopped

I THINK THE FAILURE of Katharine Hepburn's play, *The Lake,* cut into her soul pretty deeply.

She went back to the stage more than for any other reason to thumb her nose at Broadway. She had had a tough-luck career on the stage. She either got fired or the play flopped every time she found herself with a good part.

Having flared across the movie sky like a sky-rocket, she took time off to go back and show them. She didn't show them. Some of the critics not only panned the play—but even her acting. It was a very forlorn and heart-broken girl who sailed for Paris; then sailed back again on the same boat. Even her selection as the best actress of the year did not entirely console her.

Next Year's Roses

KATHARINE will have to step out to again win these laurels. And so will every other star who expects to take away the statuette from Elizabeth Bergner, the little German-Jewish girl who

SHOOTING SCRIPT

by

Harry Carr

appeared with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in *Catherine the Great.* For sheer artistry, I think she is the best actress I have ever seen on the screen. You can almost see her think. She has the surest but most subtle technique of any actress now before the public.

The scene where she sits at the Imperial banquet table alone with the Emperor husband who has publicly disgraced her comes very near being the top one in screen history. Shamed, resentful. frightened, you can see it dawning upon her that Peter, the Emperor, is a maniac.

House of Rothschild

THE JEWS OF HOLLYWOOD breathed a sigh of relief when George Arliss made such a tremendous hit in *House of Rothschild.*

Frankly Jewish propaganda, they were reluctant to have the picture made and brought a great deal of pressure on Joe Schenck and Darryl Zanuck not to make it. They now realize that it is not only a triumph, but has performed a great public service.

Arliss is now moving on to do *Richelieu.* Any one else would be taking a long chance. Costume pictures are dying again. Neither *Catherine the Great* or *Queen Christina*—even with Garbo—were any great shakes at the box-office.

Danger Ahead, Greta

IN THE opinion of the box-office sharpshooters of Hollywood, Garbo is slipping very dangerously—partly as a result of an unfortunate come-back; partly because other new and alluring faces have appeared.

She will still continue to be a double-starred figure on the pay roll, however, on account of the European market. All through Europe — from London to Czecho-Slovakia, she can outdraw by several hundred per cent any other star of what ever nationality.



—Roman Freulich

***This isn't an embarrassing moment, judging by the smile on Marian Nixon's face, but she plays in Universal's film version of* Embarrassing Moments**



***Alice Faye doesn't look like a tattle-tale, but she played in* Now I'll Tell *and—oh! just think of it—now they have her slated for* She Learned About Sailors**

Cross Examining the STARS



Where HOLLYWOOD readers ask the stars pertinent and impertinent questions



—*Stax*

Constance Bergen graces* Maid in Hollywood. *She and other interesting film folk will answer your questions here. See the coupon

LILIAN HARVEY: Is your hair naturally curly? If not, how do you keep it that way? What makes it so fluffy? What exercises do you take to keep such a perfect figure? What is your weight, height and what sports do you like? When were you born?

Yes, my hair is naturally curly. To keep it fluffy I wash it once a week, and never put oil of any sort on it. I think dancing, more than anything, keeps my figure as it is. My weight is ninety-five pounds, and I am five feet, one inch tall. I adore all sports—particularly golf, tennis, swimming, riding, ice skating and running! I was born on January 19.

BING CROSBY: How may I get a photo of you? Who are your best friends in the motion picture colony? Are you ever going to have any more children? What is your favorite sport?

You may secure my picture by writing to me at Paramount studio, Hollywood. My best friends in the industry are Mr. and Mrs. Dick Arlen, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper and Dick Mook, the writer. We are expecting another addition to our family this summer, and are very happy about it. Golf is my favorite sport, with baseball running second.

BUSTER CRABBE: How old are you? Where did you learn to swim? Where did you go to school? What are your measurements?

I am twenty-three years old. I was born in Oakland, California, but when I was two years of age my folks moved to Honolulu. The natives on the beach taught me to swim, dive and ride surf boards. I went to grade and high school on the Islands, and also the University of Hawaii for a year and a half. Then I came to California and graduated from the University of Southern California in 1932. My measurements are: height, six feet, one inch; weight, 188 pounds; chest, forty-five inches; waist, thirty-two inches; neck, seventeen inches; biceps, sixteen inches; thigh, twenty-three inches and calf sixteen inches.

JANET GAYNOR: How old were you when you first entered pictures? Did you have an introduction to a "big shot?" Are you married?

I was eighteen years old—that was in 1925. No, I did not know a big shot, and I am just as glad. I took my chance in the line outside of the casting office doors. I was married to Lydell Peck, but we were divorced last year.

CHARLES FARRELL: Do you love Janet Gaynor? What does your wife think about you being her screen lover? Isn't she jealous? I know I would be!

I think Janet Gaynor is one of the finest girls I have ever known, and have all of the respect in the world for her. I love my wife. My wife shares my feelings about Miss Gaynor, and understands them, so naturally is not jealous.

DICK CROMWELL: Please give your description of your ideal girl. Do you plan to marry? Do you plan always to be an actor—or is your ambition to be an artist?

She must be a swell sport, with a devine sense of humor. She must be willing to take the "ups" without losing her head, and the "downs" without complaining. She must be interesting to look at, not pretty, and intelligent to talk to. She must be a pal—and not sweet. I hate girls who like everything—I want someone who hates and admits it. I will marry after I reach the height of my career, not before. I always want to be an actor, with painting and sculpting as a strong hobby.

Write Your Questions on Coupon

I should like to ask.....

the following question.....

.....

My name .....

Address .....

Mail this coupon to *The Question Editor,* HOLLYWOOD, 305 Baine Studio Bldg., Hollywood Calif. It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page.

HOLLYWOOD'S BRAVEST STAR

He is Fredric March, fearless judge of countless beauty contests!

by
E. R. MOAK

THROUGHOUT TWO ENTIRE days and for five hours of the third, Fredric March had been a voluntary prisoner in the study of his Beverly Hills abode, scanning and re-scanning the photographs of fifteen University of Wisconsin co-eds. Finally, he summoned his wife, Florence Eldridge, and his secretary, George Westmore.

"Well, that job is finished!" announced the star, a smile of satisfaction illuminating his countenance as he handed Florence the likenesses of the four he had selected as his alma mater's loveliest maidens. "What do you think of them?"

Florence scrutinized the portraits, and passed them on to Westmore.

"I'd like to look at those you've discarded before expressing an opinion, darling," she replied.

March pointed to the stack on his desk.

Florence gave careful scrutiny to each of the eleven, then withdrew the picture of a brunette sophomore and held it aloft for her husband to see.

"Freddie," she said "you're passing up the best bet in the whole lot in not including this one!"

"Why, she's gorgeous!" exclaimed the secretary.

"Examine her lips more carefully, and you'll discover why I eliminated her," declared March. "She has splendid features—with that single exception."

"But, Freddie," protested Florence, "there's every possibility that what you consider an imperfection is merely a queer quirk of the camera!"

"Lips probably twitched as the photographer pressed the button," interposed Westmore resuming his perusal of the vanquished.

"Yes," shot back Freddie with a frown, "there's always that possibility, yet I cannot take the chance. This contest is a vital thing in the lives of these young women. They're pinning their faith in my decision, and I musn't let them down."

Westmore's whoop drowned out the rest of his words.

"Wow, Boss!" he shouted. "How did you happen to overlook this blonde dream!"

Again the Sage of Beverly was ready with an answer.

"George, my boy, when you have attained my advanced age, you'll realize that tidiness is one of the major requisites to charm. Just glance at that candidate's unkempt tresses!"

Then, by way of further warning to his aide, Solomon the Second went on:

Please turn to page fifty-two





Fredric March selected Lillian Adelaide Walberg (above) as the most beautiful girl at Colorado College (Colorado) and Dorothy Shearer (right) as one of the six most beautiful girls at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

HAIL *Shirley Temple* THE NEW QUEEN

A fanfare of trumpets for Her Royal Shyness, the little girl with dancing feet and a captivating smile





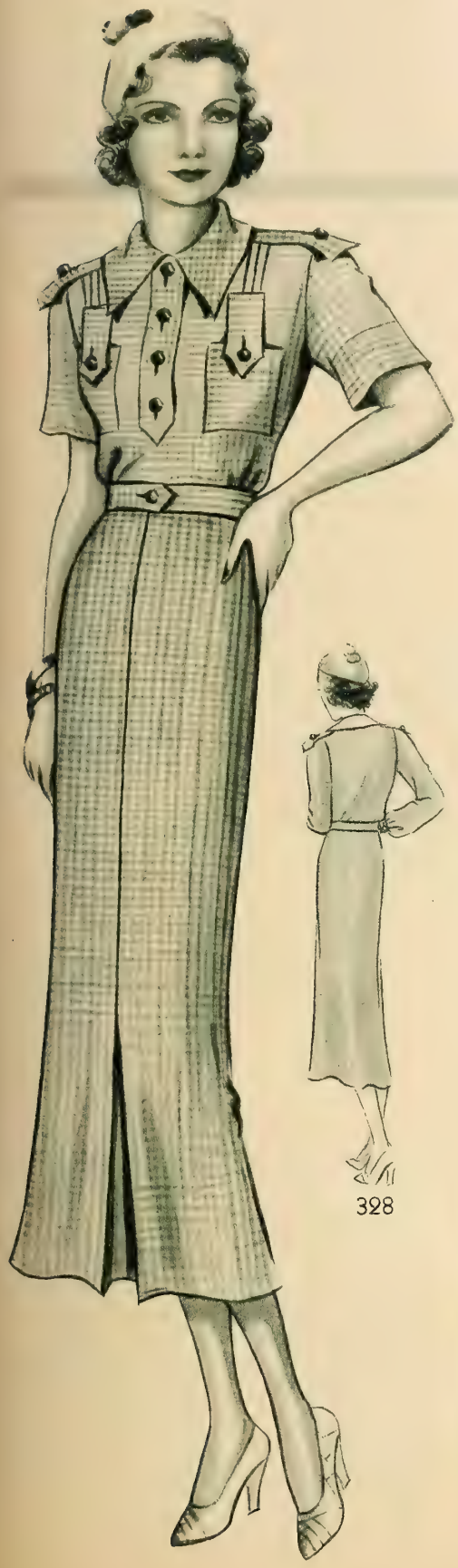




Shirley Temple is only four years old, and a real youngster, as these pictures show, but she captured all hearts in Stand Up and Cheer *and now she scores another triumph in* Half-way Decent. *You're going to see her often from now on—the new Queen of Hearts*

A NEW SPORT DRESS FOR YOU

FROM HOLLYWOOD'S PATTERN SERVICE



328

Acquire fresh summer chic with Peggy Shannon's sport frock

SUMMER—WITH ITS round of activities where sport togs are in such demand—and Peggy Shannon's sport frock to make you the envy of all your friends!

Peggy used red and white checked gingham for her chic sports dress. Distinctive touches are the tab fastenings of the breast pockets, the waist line, and the highlighting by red glass buttons. You may use any material and color scheme to suit your taste—and you'll find the dress economical and easy to make. The dress is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years and the pattern price (Style No. 328) is 15c in stamps or coin. The New Summer Fashion Magazine is 15c a copy but only 10c if ordered with the pattern.

Address your orders to HOLLYWOOD Magazine, Pattern Dept., 527 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis Minn.



Peggy Shannon, Columbia Pictures player, selected red and white checks for her snappy sports dress. You will find it easy to make with the aid of the pattern offered here

FOR CONVENIENCE USE THIS COUPON

HOLLYWOOD PATTERN DEPT.,
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed .....send me Peggy Shannon's dress pattern No. 328.

Size .....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.

With the News Sleuth

Continued from page twenty-nine

May Rewed Ralph

REPORTS persist that Ruth Chatterton will remarry her former husband, Ralph Forbes, as soon as she severs the ties that made her Mrs. Brent.

Ruth, who fled to New York when Brent deserted their Beverly Hills abode, is back in town, ready to go to work. She has agreed to star in RKO-Radio's version of *By Your Leave* as her first vehicle.

the altar at Caliente. Because Lois' California decree doesn't become final until next January, Stan says he and his Mexican-law wife will not assume marital relationship until then.

A Courageous Mother

BLONDE Beatrice Kirkwood, who succeeded Lila Lee as the wife of James Kirkwood only to find herself deserted on the eve of the birth of her daughter, Joan, asks only an opportunity to continue her histrionic career that began when the late Flo Ziegfeld selected her as a *Follies'* dancer.

Beatrice met Kirkwood when she played a bit in a picture in which he had a featured rôle. A whirlwind courtship led to their marriage.

When she appeared before Judge Emmett Wilson the other day to push her suit for divorce, she charged abandonment, but asked neither alimony for herself nor support for her child.

"I'll take care of Joan if I can get another chance in pictures," she testified.

Director Busby Berkeley heard her plea, and cast her in *Dames.*

Lila's New Romance

THE TRAGIC JINX that has traveled so close to the heels of beautiful Lila Lee in recent years seems to have deserted her, temporarily at least, for she is finding a real thrill in her recently-budded romance with the wealthy Jack Peine of Chicago, brother of Virginia Peine Lehmann, George Raft's fiancée.

Incidentally, Lila's screen career is going forward at rapid strides now that she has won her battle for restored health.

Gloria's Narrow Escape

GLORIA STUART'S big police dog gave his life to save his mistress and now reposes in a hero's grave.

Awakening from a nap on the lawn of her Whitley Heights home, Gloria espied a rattlesnake, already set in its coil. The scream to which she gave vent would have cracked a microphone, but it brought the canine running to her rescue.

The dog gave battle to the rattler and killed it, but not until the reptile had sunk its poisonous fangs into his furry hide.

Buys a Hideaway

GLORIA STUART has purchased a home high on the cliffs overlooking Morro Bay, near San Luis Obispo. There she plans to spend her rest periods piloting her newly acquired speed boat.

Miriam Goes Arty

MIRIAM HOPKINS is back in Hollywood, but only as a visitor in our midst. The star has purchased the costly residence of the late Elizabeth Marbury in New York's fashionable Sutton Place and plans to make it her permanent address.

She will dispose of her Talkietown home, and occupy an apartment during her West Coast sojourns for celluloid tasks.



—*Fryer*

Piquant Diane Bourget, a vision in lace. Diane is a charming new Warner starlet whose beauty will enhance* Dames, *the Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell filmusical

Revenge is Sweet!

LYLE TALBOT has left countless shattered hearts along the roadside as he traveled from romance to romance, but it took Rudy Vallée's girl friend, Alice Faye, to stand Lyle on his ear.

For the first time in his life, the handsome young actor has felt the pangs of jealousy.

Just when he reached the point where he had eyes for none but the blonde Alice, she ups and begins accepting the attentions of Danny Danker, he-mannish soap impresario.

When dark looks failed to instill fear in Danny, squiring Alice at the Little Club party, Lyle stepped up and invited his rival outside.

Spoke Out of Turn

HOLLYWOOD found a real laugh in the rich Colonel Arthur F. Foran's threat to disinherit his son, John Nicholas, should the latter become engaged to Alice Faye.

While Papa Foran was spouting to New York newspapermen, his scion, in Hollywood in search of a movie career, was admitting he knew Alice slightly, thought her a fine girl, but as for marriage, well—

When Love Flits

WHILE DEATH HAS left a vacant chair in the Gloria Swanson Ex-Husbands' Club, surviving members are discussing the impending initiation of young Michael Farmer, Continental playboy and most recent mate of the once-rich star.

The Swanson-Farmer marriage has definitely come to an end; Mike sailed for Europe—alone—just before Christmas and Gloria is seeking a divorce.

They're Riding High

THERE are two male stars who at the moment are in a position to write their own tickets. They are George Arliss, because of his classic portrayal in *The House of Rothschild,* and Wallace Beery, whose *Villa* characterization in *Viva Villa* is being hailed as the greatest achievement of his celluloid career.

Anna a Stepmother

IT HAS JUST come to light in Hollywood that Anna Sten, Sam Goldwyn's $1,000,000 discovery, answers to the title of Mamma—the devoted step-parent of hubby Eugene Frenke's 14-year-old daughter by a previous marriage.

Preparedness, Plus!

GLENDA FARRELL has purchased a home in Laurel Canyon as a gift to her father and her young son, Tommy. After paying over her check, she dispatched the decorators with orders to furnish the place in the latest masculine mode.

Glenda will continue to occupy her Hollywood apartment.

"But I had an ulterior motive in buying Dad a place," Glenda told me. "You see I never had a home, but next time I get married, I'll be in a position to make good that ancient threat, 'Well, if you don't like it, I'll go back to Papa!' "





"Double Quick" REDUCTION DURING THE SUMMER *with the* PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

Is it...

"BACK ROLL" "BULKY HIPS"
"EXTRA TIRE" "HEAVY THIGHS"

...or all four?

PERFOLASTIC WILL QUICKLY REDUCE YOUR SURPLUS FAT!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

REDUCE WAIST and HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR it will cost you nothing!

IN 10 SHORT DAYS YOU CAN BE YOUR SLIMMER SELF WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS

■ "I reduced my hips nine inches with the Perfolastic Girdle," writes Miss Jean Healy . . . "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley . . . "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Miss Brian . . . "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

...TEST THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE AT OUR EXPENSE

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce *you.* You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

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Hints from the stars on how to bring Hollywood chic to summer coiffures

NEW HAIR DIRECT FROM

by PERC and ERN WESTMORE
Max Factor Studio Makeup Experts



—Scotty Welbourne

Bette Davis declares the detachable braid is the greatest invention since the lipstick



—Scotty Welbourne

Bette's braid is worn across the top of the head and is held in place by invisible elastic



How Norma Shearer's coiffures were designed for* Riptide. *The curls (shown in the two pictures at the right) are detachable and were applied over loosely waved hair (left)

SUMMER . . . . NEW GOWNS . . . a brand new hair mode!

What's going to happen to *your* hair this summer? Make it something exciting. Something different. You're going on a vacation. Let your hair go on one too! Change it. Hollywood says: You can glide swiftly from one personality to another with a change of hairdress. The stars are doing it at least three times a day!

Difficult? Not at all. Not when you know the new tricks. Every smart woman knows the idea of wearing hair the same way for every occasion, year in and year out, is deader than yesterday's headline. *Variety.* That's the keynote.

Braids and cluster curls are the two most important features of the latest coiffures.

They add. They give you that irresistible quality called "chic." Bette Davis claims that the braid, detachable and with every hair always in place, is "the greatest invention since the lipstick!"

We made one for her, a shining golden one to match her own hair exactly. "It saves an unbelievable amount of time and bother," she informed us. Yes, and the best part of it is that every girl can get one at any good hairdressing shop. A braid is not expensive. It ought to be from sixteen to eighteen inches long and it'll more than pay for itself in the long run. The point is—you want to be up to the minute with the least trouble. This is the answer.

Bette wears her's across the top of the head and it remains in place with an elastic arrangement which you hide under your hair in back. Then your problem of a formal headdress is solved in a second. Simple—and charming.

Or you can use the braid at an angle—especially if you have a very round face. In that case, part your hair on the left side and start the braid above the right ear and bring it over diagonally to the other side. Where the hair is fullest, attach the braid to it with a clip and wear a similar clip on the opposite shoulder. This not only makes your face seem more slender but gives a girl a definitely vogue-ish air.

● Another way is to wear the braid as a neat finish to the back of the hair under your new tilted hat during the day. Or you can coil it on one side of the head and, if you're piquantly young, balance it with curls on the other side.

Kay Francis, like Bette, wears hers straight across. So does Irene Dunne, and Claudette Colbert has been seen with her braid across the back of her head like a coronet.

The main thing to remember is, the newest hair-dos are essentially feminine. Short bobs and conventional set headdresses and bangs are entirely out of date. Hair should be full shoulder length to enable the really smart woman to do it up in several swanky fashions. She starts out in the morning for work or a shopping trip with her hair tailored slightly high about the face and with a gradual dip in back. The ends may be curled tight

and close to the face to give that fresh, crisp look.

For afternoon or dinner she combs out the wave more loosely and fluffs the ends—particularly if she's wearing a chiffon dress or anything else as flatteringly feminine. But for evening she abandons the simple coiffure and goes in for elaborate touches if she wants to be in the mode.

STYLES

HOLLYWOOD

● And here is where the additional hair pieces become almost a necessity. Little clusters of puffs and curls have always been considerably intriguing! In the *Riptide* headdress, for example. In doing that for Norma Shearer, we wanted something that stood out as ultra modern. So it was a matter of parting the hair on the side, the usual part is five inches long, giving it a loose diagonal wave and dressing it very high on one side, as well as very full, with tight puffs.

The forehead, of course, is still kept clear. But here's another little device the stars are using. They are cutting their hair an inch back from the hairline in front so they can swirl it without disturbing the back. This gives

Please turn to page sixty-six



—*Scotty Welbourne*

A side view of Bette Davis' detachable braid. Braids and cluster curls are the two most important features of the new coiffures



Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh, attractive curves—*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful!*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 287, Atlanta, Ga.



Posed by professional models

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Please turn to page sixty-six



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A side view of Bette Davis' detachable braid. Braids and cluster curls are the two most important features of the new coiffures

SKINNY?



PUT ON 5 to 15 POUNDS *Quick* —NEW EASY WAY

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh, attractive curves—*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

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YOU'D NEVER THINK THEY ONCE CALLED ME SKINNY



Posed by professional models

MYRNA LOY . . . *Featured in M-G-M'*
"MEN IN WHITE"
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively



MY
MAKE-UP SECRET
to Create
Fascinating Beauty

As told to Florence Vondelle by
MYRNA LOY

HOLLYWOOD'S charm discovery is a new kind of make-up, created originally by Max Factor, make-up genius of filmland. It is color harmony make-up . . . face powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized to blend with individual complexion colorings. Magic? Yes! . . . as you must realize, for every picture released from Hollywood reveals the perfection of Max Factor's make-up.

Powder

● *For perfect color harmony with my complexion colorings...fair skin, grey eyes, light-brown hair... I choose Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. . . . Just right in texture and weight, it creates a satin-smooth make-up you can depend upon for hours.*

Rouge

● *Rouge should be like a glow of natural color and should harmonize with your colorings and powder. ...Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge is my correct shade. When applied it feels as soft and lovely as finest skin-texture; and clings beautifully too.*

Lipstick

● *We give lip make-up a severe test in Hollywood. It must last for hours; it must be permanent and uniform in color; it must keep lips always smooth, lovely; it must be moisture-proof. So, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up.*

And now you may know what a difference there really can be in make-up. The luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is now available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured at all leading stores.

NOW FREE . . . YOUR COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP CHART

FILL in and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for Complex on Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up."*

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above as it was.* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	ARE	

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Max Factor • Hollywood
SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony



***Hold onto your seats and watch out for the gentleman on the left. He's Carl Brisson, former middle-weight boxing champion of Europe, matching muscle with Henry Wilcoxon, who was brought from England to play an important rôle in* Cleopatra. *Brisson, Garbo's first sweetheart, also came from England and starred in* Murder at the Vanities**

Hollywood's Bravest Star

Continued from page forty-five

"Some day, young man, you'll awaken to the full truth of that ancient utterance, 'Beauty is more than skin deep.'"

And Westmore might have considered himself properly squelched had not Florence snickered as she fled from the room!

IT WAS THIS SAME Florence Eldridge who ripped the shroud off my friend, Freddie, and left him exposed as a dual-charactered human, a real-life Jekyll and Hyde—a fellow hailed by his colleagues as the talkie colony's most domesticated male and the perfect husband, yet known to the all-American college girl as the world's champion judge of feminine pulchritude.

During the Spring of 1933, March was called upon by the student bodies of twenty-two universities and colleges scattered over all sections of the United States and Canada to select their campus queens. This year he may exceed that number.

Northwestern, Ohio State, Alabama, Indiana, Illinois, Arkansas, New Mexico, Iowa, Kentucky and Cornell Universities, William and Mary, Colorado, Dickinson, Birmingham-Southern, Western Maryland and Missouri State Teachers Colleges are only a few of the halls of learning where the March stamp of approval is battled for by the fair.

There's irony a-plenty in the elevation of Freddie to the chief justiceship of the collegiate court of comeliness, for I still have vivid recollection of him as a thirteen-year-old in the Racine, Wisconsin, high school when he'd walk blocks out of the beaten path to escape conversation with members of the opposite sex. I remember him, too, a few years later as the most girl-shy freshman ever to tread the greensward at old Wisconsin.

Time and surroundings have failed to change Freddie March.

Despite all the fame he has won for himself as a celluloid love-maker, lead him off the sound stage and you'll find he's at heart the same bashful boy I knew more than a quarter of a century ago.

To March these college beauty competitions are like most other things in life—matters to be treated seriously. That is why he devotes so much of his leisure between screen productions to poring over portraits.

"HIGH SCHOOL and college days make up the most important period in the life of a boy or girl," Freddie explained to me. "Events in which they participate in that era affect the course of their future to a great extent.

"Capturing the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' gold statuette for the outstanding performance two years ago was far less vital to me than winning an oratorical contest back there at the University of Wisconsin. That, I believe, is true of every person fortunate enough to have gone through high school and college. Later accomplishments are far less indelibly imprinted in one's memory.

"That's why I refuse to take these college beauty contests—or any other college activities, for that matter—in a frivolous vein. If these students think enough of my judgment to name me to the referee's post, I would be nothing more than a cad if I went at it in a haphazard way.

"Fate played some peculiar pranks with our family fortunes just about the time I was set to matriculate at Wisconsin, with the result that I had to work to pay my way through the university. That, perhaps, makes me all the more appreciative

of my campus years and the pleasurable events in which I participated."

Freddie has a code all his own in selecting beauty queens.

"A homely girl can be made attractive by proper grooming, poise and development of personality," he will tell you.

A contestant may have an exceptionally radiant countenance or ultra-perfect features from the photographer's point of view, but she wouldn't get to first base with Freddie whose all-seeing eyes absorb neatness, attire and orbs that flash intelligence as the outstanding points the beau of today seeks in she who would be the idol of his heart.

Hair coloring makes no difference to old Judge March.

In the case of the four Wisconsinites chosen by him, brunettes outnumbered their flaxen-locked sisters three to one.

Dorothy Kretzer, a Delta Gamma and member of the Freshman class, Barbara Bradford, an Alphi Phi and a junior, Agnes Ricks, a Kappa Alpha Theta and census chairman of the Wisconsin Student Government Association, are dark of hair and eyes, while Louise Langemo, also an Alpha Phi and active in the Wisconsin Players, is very fair of complexion and tresses.

In naming Priscilla McConnell, Philadelphia, Dorothy Shearer, Elizabeth Flower, Eleanor Waugh, Barbara Harris and Kathleen Rickenbaugh, all of Carlisle, as the six most beautiful at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, March divided the spoils evenly between blondes and brunettes.

MEANWHILE, THERE ARE a lot of potential divorcées hereabouts who envy Florence Eldridge March.

Imagine how easy it would be for her to go into the court of domestic relations and testify, as she could honestly do:

"Your honor, the man I married devotes most of his leisure to gazing at pile after pile of photographs of beautiful college girls, while I am left to languish alone in a corner of our home. Why, Judge, I can't even tear him away from these pictures long enough to eat his meals!"

There would be no out for the jurist other than to grant her a decree.

Do You Know—

1. What famous comedian played the piano for Eddie Cantor when he was a singing waiter?
2. A near fatal illness in childhood greatly affected the life and career of what prominent star?
3. What star do college students all over the country consider an infallible beauty judge?
4. Who is the voice coach, formerly the wife of a popular star, known as "the maker of stars?"
5. Who is responsible for the greatest freedom stars ever have known?
6. What famous foreign star, known as a recluse, actually is a gay party-girl?

(*Answers on page* 61)

. . . HOW JANE WON HER HUSBAND A JOB



WHY HEXIN DESERVES THE CREDIT

JANE'S nerves were strained to the breaking point. She was tired—she had a frightful headache.

How could she face this important situation? She was so anxious to make a good impression. Luckily, she took Bill's advice—2 HEXIN tablets with water.

All Jane really needed was rest but that was out of the question.

HEXIN made her relax even while she was getting dinner. That's how HEXIN works. It *contains* no habit-forming drugs—*leaves* no druggy after-effects—is SAFE.

After taking HEXIN, Jane began to feel more and more relaxed. Then it seemed as though her headache were being drawn away and sure enough it had vanished a few minutes later.

Jane was radiant and charming that evening. Bill got the job and they are leaving for New York next week.

Bill says Jane got the job for him but she gives HEXIN the credit.

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Shake off that laxative habit



Physicians Warn Against Irritating Drugs

Medicine-laxatives—no matter how pleasant tasting—can often do untold harm. For most of them work by irritating the delicate membranes of the digestive tract. Soon they lose their force—compel you to take more and more.

That's why more than 50,000 physicians recommend Pluto Water. For Pluto is not a drug or medicine-laxative but a saline mineral water. The same amount each time—no need to increase it—always performs, does not gripe, gives positive results in less than one hour. It cannot give you the laxative habit!

Pluto Water is gentle—but speedy. It promptly opens the pylorus valve—permitting the flush to enter the intestines without anxious hours of waiting.

The proper dilution—one-fifth glass Pluto in four-fifths glass hot water—is practically tasteless. Take it whenever sluggish—gets results within an hour—and end that laxative habit! In two sizes: Splits (8 ounces)—large bottles (3 times the quantity). At all druggists.



PLUTO WATER
Promptly Opens the PYLORUS ... VALVE ... That's Why You get QUICK ACTION

PLUTO WATER
America's Laxative Mineral Water



The gang's all here again. Hal Roach's Our Gang-sters line up for inspection or roll-call or perhaps for an issue of peppermint ice cream. Left to right are Marve Trin, Stymie Beard, Wally Albright, Jerry Tucker, Jacquelyn Taylor, Tommy Bond, Donald Proffitt, Scott Becker, Spanky McFarland and Pete, the Pup

Sullavan, the Untamed!

Continued from page twenty-two

You'll look for her in vain in the Indian Room where the stars dine at Universal. She's out at the lunch counter, perched on a stool between a couple of electricians—and how they love her for it!

But let Hollywood intrude, and she is gone like a frightened deer.

"What Is This unreasoning phobia of yours about Hollywood?" she was asked, in an effort to give readers of HOLLYWOOD Magazine the answer to this attitude of hers.

She hitched at the leg of the old slacks she invariably wears, and abstractedly rubbed her ankles.

"Oh, it's the infernal acting of the people here," she said, frowning. "Everybody, it seems, is putting on an act; an interminable, insufferable act. It they would only be themselves! They scare me with it, and when it gets too bad, I just have to pack up and run from it."

It is unfortunate that Margaret Sullavan obtained this impression of Hollywood and was so frightened by it that she can't face another venturing forth into the public scene. That was her impression, and she can't get over it.

This phobia is not an inferiority complex, not by any stretch of the imagination. She is poised, sure of herself, and has the self-confidence that goes with true ability.

Hollywood, on the other hand, cannot assume all the fault for making a hermit out of a girl it would like to take to its friendly bosom. The fault lies in bringing one extreme into contact with another; Hollywood is a show place, parading glitter and glamour—Margaret Sullavan is a southern girl to whom display and pomp is abhorrent.

An incident following the preview of *Only Yesterday* widened the breach, yet you will see that neither Hollywood nor Sullavan can be blamed when everything is taken into consideration.

Eddie Lowe was master of ceremonies at the preview, and the late Lilyan Tashman had accompanied her husband. She saw the picture, and recognized in Margaret Sullavan a great actress. Tremendously moved by Sullavan's performance, she spoke to everyone about it.

It is not strange, then, that when Margaret Sullavan appeared at the Colony Club, while she was still trying to overcome her growing fear of Hollywood, that Lilyan should wish to make known her feelings. She sought out the new star on the dance floor.

"My dear, you were marvelous in that picture!" she exclaimed. "We're proud of you—really!"

"Thank you," Margaret said briefly, and moved away.

Lilyan was first stunned, then indignant. The incident was overheard and reported in a chatter column, and when Margaret Sullavan read it she was astounded.

"I didn't mean to be insulting at all," she smiled. "But what could I say? She said she liked me in my picture, and I thanked her. Should I have said: 'I think I was great, too'? I wouldn't have offended her for the world."

Hollywood and Margaret Sullavan don't talk the same language.

She Is Never seen in make-up away from the set. She comes to work, puts on her make-up, and when the day is done gets back into her slacks and drives off alone.

That isn't Hollywood's way. A star is supposed to get into a Rolls, wearing her best bib and tucker, and go where the public can see her.

To understand her feelings in this regard, go back to her childhood and you'll find a clue. In her infancy she experienced an almost fatal illness. For a long

time she lived a secluded life, unable to join the strenuous games of other children, until her parents determined to find some way to bring her back to health.

They took her to New England, and found a girl's camp where physical training and outdoor life might help. The years in these camps made a new girl of Peggy Sullavan. She took to the open like an Indian. She grew strong, learned to swim and dive, and loved it all.

Is it to be wondered that she dislikes lacy gowns and cosmetics? That instead of parties and social mixing, she prefers to be comfortable in old slacks, and likes to rough it?

When Sullavan first came to Hollywood, she was eager and excited.

"How do they dress?" she asked when she stepped from the plane. "Can I wear slacks? You know how it is in New York—they make you too conspicuous."

"Of course you can wear slacks, Miss Sullavan."

"Swell! I think I'm going to like it here," she said.

But she changed her mind. At the studio, camermen posed her under lights and dissected her features, studying her facial characteristics like professors eyeing a germ under a microscope.

She felt more and more like a defenseless atom as publicity and fan writers began where the camera experts left off.

Like Katharine Hepburn, she sees no reason for the impolite intrusions into her private life which is part of Hollywood's curious nature. When a friend revealed the story of her marriage to Henry Fonda, she felt betrayed, as though Hollywood had offered thirty pieces of silver to corrupt a comrade. "Hank" Fonda was a friend of Charles Leatherbee, a pal of Peggy's girlhood. Leatherbee introduced Hank to Peggy Sullavan, and a romance resulted. The marriage ended, scarring the hearts of both.

So there were tender spots for the whips of Hollywood to flick. Margaret Sullavan cringed and ran away from it.

In the making of *Little Man, What Now?* there is a picnic sequence. The Los Angeles river, a series of puddles in an arroyo near the lot, was the location selected and a set built on the banks. While waiting for the cameras to be set up, Margaret went wading.

A photographer attached to the unit wanted a shot of the scene, and told a freckled-faced boy in the cast, to go stand near the star for a picture.

"Oh, no, I dassent!" exclaimed the lad. "Why, the star wouldn't want to be photographed with me. Ma told me to keep my place. I dassent do it."

The cameraman grinned and went over to Margaret. He asked her to pose, explaining that the boy didn't dare have his picture taken with the star. Margaret laughed and since Mahomet wouldn't go to the mountain, the mountain went to Mahomet. She waded over to the boy and the picture was taken.

But she won't pose for fashion stills if she can avoid it.

Her fear of pretending to be what she is not, can only be described in Hollywood lingo as "colossal."

If Hollywood had the tact and sympathy to appreciate her perfectly natural desire to be what she is—a sunny, amiable, forthright young woman content to mind her own business, work hard, and be herself, then Hollywood might realize what it is missing in alienating the affections of Margaret Sullavan.

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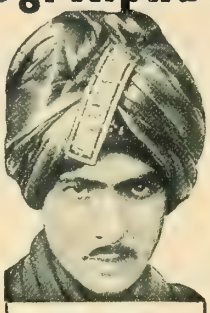


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I Make Stars!

Continued from page thirty-one

"Their faces and heads are in good condition on the outside, but what a jumble inside! They all took the lead in the high school play, which is the foundation for their mental success.

"The first thing that I do is to break through this crust and find the real person who had the courage to come to Hollywood—that is if I don't send them home.

"I immediately advise them to get some comfortable clothes. Slacks and leather jackets for the boys and sports clothes for the girls. Then I send them walking down Hollywood Boulevard to get acclimated—to look at people and try to feel a part of it all.

"The next trip is to the beach. It just costs thirty cents round trip, and they can sit and observe and learn a lot. Of course if they can afford to go to Palm Springs, that is all right too, but few can. The main point is to see the stars and Hollywood people in repose, not as they have built them up in their minds.

"They have no idea where they are going to stay. They do not know that acting is a business and that it takes time and money to learn it. Some have distant relatives living here, the rest stay at boarding houses. They do not know about the studio club at first.

"They do not know that Hollywood is a market, and in order to sell themselves they must have pliable, flexible minds, bodies and voices. They must be able to take direction and carry it out to the director's conception, not theirs. They must be tireless, have a good personality and make a pleasing appearance. The more individual they are the better.

"GABLE WAS THE best student I have ever known. He is Dutch and tireless. He has big talent, but no burning flame that forces him ahead. Few have. Joan Crawford and Lupe have. Gable is a perfect technician. He knows his business and manages to put through his own conception without interfering with the director.

"He spent seven diligent years in study. That is, we did. I have seen him make an entrance into a room more than a hundred times to perfect it. He had a great inferiority complex that I had to take out of him, among other things."

"Are you a Gable fan?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, no," she continued in her completely frank manner. "If I happen to attend a theatre where he is playing I find myself unconsciously directing him, and am very annoyed when he is not doing his best. It makes me furious when he is careless with his diction. I want to give him a good shaking and tell

Strange Movie Facts



RAMON NOVARRO received a ten-dollar bill with a request for a photograph. He returned the money with the picture to the fan.

Isabel Jewell speaks French, Spanish, Italian and Latin.

Myrna Loy wears seventeen changes of costume in *Manhattan Melodrama.*

Sylvia Sidney never wears rouge.

Stars paid as much as $100 per hour for lessons from voice coaches when the talkies first came in.

Marlene Dietrich at one time leased three California mansions for a total monthly rental of $3,300. One was in Beverly Hills and two were at the beach.



Buster Crabbe once was amateur lightweight boxing champion of Hawaii.



The coffee pot always simmers on the kitchen stove in Louise Fazenda's home. She averages more than thirty cups daily.

Wallace Beery is an expert boat builder. A workshop in his home is equipped for the construction of hulls and the building of outboard motor supports into fishing craft.

Joan Crawford has named each of her twenty-seven dogs after one of her starring pictures.

Elissa Landi had lived in ten European countries before she reached the age of eight years old.

Ann Sothern never has seen her birthplace. She was born in Valley City, N. D., while her mother, a concert singer, was on tour and never has returned to her natal city.





Hugh Williams is giving Hollywood's glamorous ladies heart flutter these days. Fox recently imported Hugh from England and you'll see him in **All Men Are Enemies**

him just what I think about it. Silly, isn't it? Because I really don't care, except that I do hate to see my students let their success go to their heads to the extent that they become careless. It makes me feel like a storekeeper with flies in his windows, and I want to get them out."

It probably has never occurred to Miss Dillon to tell anything but the truth, and give her honest opinion as she sees it.

MANY TIMES SHE has sent prospective students right back home. If she doesn't think that they have a chance for some reason or another, she is frank in telling them so. To express it in her words: "It's pretty hard on the bank account, but not so hard on the conscience."

"The unimaginative people make the greatest stars," she continued. "They are more pliable and will follow direction better. They will portray parts, if they have been properly trained, as they are told to, not the way they think the parts should be played. The greatest stars are not creative."

"But aren't there some 'naturals' who are just born great actors?" I asked.

"Yes, but they are in the minority. Harlow is one. One time her manager asked me if I would take her as a student and cultivate her voice. I flatly refused to. It would be a crime to change her voice in any way. She is natural. She is Harlow.

"Garbo would be destroyed if anyone taught her anything. Not that she didn't have training on the Continent—but that was a long time ago. A person of that type can be offered advantages but not taught.

"Another rather interesting incident was when Bruce Cabot's agent asked me to make him a Gable! It simply made me furious. He wanted me to teach this splendid individual Gable's tricks! Just as if he didn't have personality enough of his own to carry him. I took him as a student, not a mimic. And the results speak for themselves."

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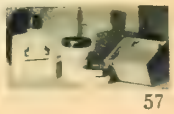
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TATTOO



—*Wide World*

Do you remember way back when—these were among the screen's brightest stars? Some of the heartbreakers of former days gathered recently at the home of Lila Lee, and the cameraman came back with this picture. Left to right, front row—Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred Davis), Mrs. Charles Butterworth, Carmel Myers, Mrs. Harry Eddington (Barbara Kent), Mrs. Darryl Zanuck (Virginia Fox), Edna Murphy, Mrs. Charles Farrell (Virginia Valli) and Mrs. Paul Sloane; left to right, rear—Helen Ferguson, Gertrude Olmstead, Mrs. Benny Ziedman, Lila Lee, Carmelita Geraghty, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mrs. John Stahl, Sheila Geraghty, Mrs. Leonard Tufford and Hedda Hopper

Life Can't Bluff Heather Angel!

Continued from page thirty-seven

must not be neglected. But war demands sacrifices. In 1915 he took charge of Brunner-Mond's huge trinitrotoluene factory in one of the most densely populated parts of industrial London.

Women came to make heavy explosives. Mrs. Angel came to her husband's side. Night and day, she worked as an overseer. The two girls, Marion, nine; and Heather, seven; were sent to a small boarding school.

January 19, 1917 . . . A terrific explosion, its cause never ascertained, blew up ten factories. A square mile of London was demolished. There were five minutes of fire, fierce and raging. Dr. Andrea Angel knew that the firemen would perish if the flames reached a certain part of the plant. Unhesitatingly, the man of science dashed into the furnace to warn the trapped men. Dr. Angel was hailed as England's greatest hero. Men at the front acclaimed his courage as the finest act of heroism of the war. Mrs. Angel received the Edward Medal from the King and the Award of the Carnegie Hero Fund.

Very little money was left for the family. But the generosity of friends and Brunner-Monds provided sufficient funds for a good education for the two girls.

Mrs. Angel went into the Morris factory, assembling shells.

AT LAST the Armistice. The children were at school and their mother commenced handweaving in silks.

Most things were forgotten and put aside during the difficult war-time days, and after the shock of their loss had been realized by the two children, Mrs. Angel impressed them with the impermanence of life and the necessity of independence and self-reliance.

Heather left Wycombe Abbey School, a great traditional place for girls, to go to Switzerland for a while. There she made up her mind to be an actress.

LILLIAN BAYLISS took her to train at the Old Vic, England's most famous theatre for Shakespearean repertory, where Charles Laughton has been giving Shakespeare to the masses.

It was hard work. At school in the theatre from nine in the morning until late afternoon and a show every night; the hardest work that little Heather has ever done but wonderful training.

One night her mother came into her dressing room with a dignified gentleman.

"Miss Angel, will you play the Christian boy in *The Sign of The Cross?*"

The company went on a successful tour. Stephanus was acclaimed in every city and town. Then came the leading feminine rôles in *Charley's Aunt* and *Is Zat So?*

On her return to London, an exciting offer awaited her. Would she join a stock company about to leave for the Far East?

Heather and her mother discussed the pros and cons of the theatrical tour. It was rather an adventure for a young woman of nineteen. But, joyful thought, she would see sister Marion, married to an Indian Army officer, in Bombay, Calcutta, and the hill stations when the company toured India. Off she went.

Funny thing was that she took all the *vamp* parts in the various plays.

At Gibraltar, the company gave *By Candlelight*. Then on to Bombay, where Marion met her; touring all over India in the fierce heat of the monsoons; to Calcutta and Colombo; up to Khyber Pass in the majestic Himalayas, where belligerent Afghans and Baluchis are kept in order by a small British garrison. They presented their plays in hastily erected tents in the mountain snows. They acted in army mess-rooms and in punkah-cooled hotel lounges. That company of eight troopers put up with all sorts of discomforts to bring the theatre to the glamorous Orient.

Apart from an occasional cobra or scorpion or centipede and millions of mosquitoes, the tour was free from adventures.

Mrs. Angel met her daughter in Singapore after many uncertain delays. Together they went to Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and Pekin. In Hong Kong mother and daughter were invited to dine with a Chinese mandarin, fabulously wealthy. During dinner, as they sat, toying with mysterious dishes, on richly carved chairs of ebony inlaid with marble, a weird wailing was heard.

Startled, they were told by their benign, bland host that his father had died recently and the funeral lamentations are kept up for a year. It was the strangest dinner music they had ever listened to. Suddenly, through a slat in the wall, between some priceless Ming plates, a thin, wisp-like face peered at them. . . . Just the poor widow satisfying her desire to gaze at the strangers.

The tour finished after performances in Cairo, Port Said, Alexandria, and a desert show at Ismalia on the Red Sea.

It was joy to be back in England after those thirteen months in the Orient. Heather had commenced her career in earnest. Sir Nigel Playfair sent for her to play in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, the prelude to her great rôle in *Berkeley Square*.

To Italy for her first movie. Halcyon days at Capri with blue Mediterranean skies and warm seas to swim in after work . . . and with Jan Kiepura, of *Be Mine Tonight*, her screen lover . . . happy hours in the Blue Grotto and a chance to forget sadness and care.

Heather says that it was one of her loveliest experiences, so beautiful and fine that it seemed to hurt at times.

She hurried to England and her success had made her so much in demand that she was playing in two movies and a stage play at the same time. There was no time for memories, just work, work, work . . . and Hollywood loomed fascinatingly on the horizon.

Sidney Kent saw her in London and here she is.

Mrs. Angel and Heather make their home in Dolores Del Rio's beautiful Spanish house in the Hollywood hills. The great companionship of mother and daughter is, if possible, stronger than ever.

With Heather, work comes first. She has yet to have her first romance although she has many men friends. Between pictures, she has been learning polo and now wields a wicked mallet. In breeches and blouse, hair curly from the wind's caress, she will come in to tea and curl up in a comfy chair to dream for a while. Talk to her, and a gentle smile will be her answer for there is a fascinating elusiveness about Hollywood's new Angel. . . .

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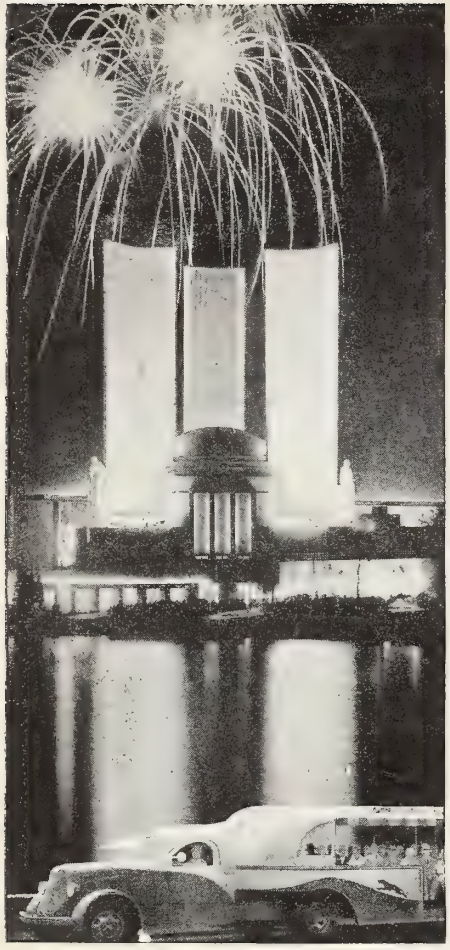
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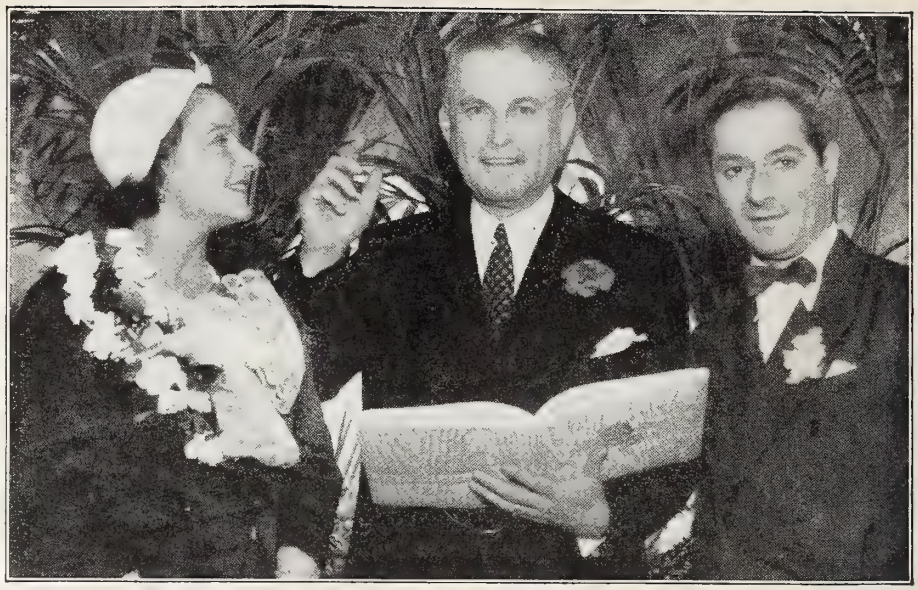
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—Hess

Well, at last they went and did it! Norma Talmadge and George Jessel, right, were married at Atlantic City by Mayor Harry Bacharach, who is shown officiating. Norma obtained a Mexican divorce from Joseph Schenck, the producer, a few days before her marriage to Jessel

Garbo is not a Hermit!

Continued from page nineteen

She thought someone had recognized her!

WITHOUT KNOWING of this incident, I asked her: "Since you like dancing so much, why not go out with other people?"

"Because everybody would stare and gawk at me!" she replied with some heat. "They are so rude, everyone!"

By this time the others at our party had quieted down, suddenly conscious of the fact that their idol was giving her views on a subject she never mentioned. Curious eyes were turned in her direction.

"They try to touch me, feel my clothes, rub my arm!" she went on. She shuddered at the mere thought of the agony she had gone through when a crowd had recognized her and surrounded her, cutting off all escape.

Then abruptly she laughed, breaking the tense silence of the big room. Quite as though nothing unusual had happened, the dancing and chattering went on as before. That is one of Garbo's prerogatives—to break off a conversation without apology or explanation. No one ever thinks of demanding that she continue.

Perhaps just that Garbo loves a party, that she calls her friends and asks them to arrange one, is not enough for you. Perhaps you need something more before you are satisfied. Perhaps—but wait.

Have you ever read anywhere that when Garbo ends a five-week silence and goes to a party, that she wants another one the next night, and still another the night after that?

She does. And she gets them, too!

When she is arranging for these periodical outbursts she usually depends on one man to arrange the details of finding a host and the right people. Years back, it was Sorenson, her Swedish friend about whom so much was written for a short while. For awhile lately it was Mamoulian, her newest director.

"I want to come out!" she will telephone.

And that is enough. By sundown someone is ready ot throw open the doors of his home to a selected small number of guests who are to entertain Garbo.

The night I was counted in as one of the guests of these highly-prized gatherings, Garbo was more than friendly. She was willing to talk a little.

She came swinging into the driveway just after dark. It had been a walk of close to seven miles. The color was high in her cheeks, a perfect contrast to the deep blue of her eyes. With a wave of a browned hand she greeted everyone and signalled them to continue the party.

As though in a dream, I found myself sitting next to her. She slouched back on a low Spanish couch, her long legs crossed, a slender foot swaying back and forth in time to the music from a phonograph record that was playing.

Swallowing my excitement, I tried to draw her out in conversation. I asked her about her efforts to dodge crowds whenever she traveled.

"There is one time I remember," she said, her low voice rising a little. "I go to Del Monte lodge. When I get there I see little groups of people standing in the lobby, pointing and whispering. I have to hurry to my room. I'm afraid to come down to the dining room. I can't eat when everyone is sitting watching me."

She paused a minute, shaking her head slowly, as though in reproach for what the public made her do.

"That is what I do not like!" she continued. "That is what I hate! I hate to have them all think I'm above them!"

At that moment the thought of Garbo's being above anyone was too much for me to grasp. It wasn't possible that this woman could ever be found guilty of being high hat. Here she was sitting next to an utter stranger, who meant nothing in her life, discussing with him a very personal matter. No! At least that was one thing she could never be!

Before I could continue along this line, Garbo was up from the couch and across the room to greet an old friend who had just come in.

THIS NIGHT EVERYONE talked at once. Laughter and clever gibes filled the air. There was not much liquor in evidence. Just enough to loosen any tongues that might be a little stiff. All too soon the first grey-red rays of dawn began to filter through the east windows.

"Will you see me home?" she asked a friend. He accepted readily, thinking of the soft and luxurious seat of her town car. His own car he sent home.

When they got outside, Garbo's car was nowhere in sight. She looked at her companion and laughed at his expression of distress.

"I'm walking and so are you!" she said firmly.

Over seven miles! And a large part of it uphill!

So Garbo has left her empty home, for a smaller house and a party. Now she is back behind the high walls. But only until evening. Then she will journey out again.

This never lasts more than the five nights. Afterwards Garbo is completely swallowed up in a blank wall of silence. None of her friends hear a word from her. Three weeks, four weeks five weeks go by and still no word.

"Why not call her up and see what's wrong?" I asked one of her closest friends during a period of silence on Garbo's part.

He turned and stared at me, his face wrinkled in a perplexed frown. "Call her?" he gasped. Then he laughed. "We never call her. She always calls us," he explained.

"That's the truth," he went on. "Her friends simply wait until she decides that solitude is no longer good for her. She wants excitement — talking, dancing, smoking. So she goes to the phone. Then the party is on!"

Answers

To Questions on Page 53

1. Jimmy Durante.
   See story on page 23.
2. Margaret Sullavan.
   See story on page 22.
3. Fredric March.
   See story on page 45.
4. Josephine Dillon (former Mrs. Clark Gable).
   See story on page 31.
5. Katharine Hepburn.
   See "Hollywood Goes Hepburn," page 24.
6. Greta Garbo.
   See story on page 19.

LOOK—Miss Nobody thinks she can play" someone whispered

—but when she sat down at the piano . . .



Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams' party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town.

Eileen was thrilled—yet so frightened. Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. "You look adorable," he told her proudly. Eileen wondered how the others would feel about her. She soon found out.

It was while they were playing bridge. "Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper.

"I never saw her before," came the reply. "Seems nice enough but nobody of importance, I guess."

Eileen blushed. She'd show that smart crowd a thing or two! Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

"Where's Jim Blake tonight?" someone asked. "If he were here we could have some music."

"Jim had to go out of town on business," came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. Summoning all her courage she said, "I can play a little."

There was a moment of silence. Hesitantly Eileen played a few chords—then broke into the strains of "The Cuban Love Song." Her listeners sat spellbound—never had she played so well. It was almost an hour before she rose from the piano . . . later Eileen told Bill a surprising story.

I Taught Myself

"You may laugh when I tell you," Eileen began, "but I learned to play at home, without a teacher. I laughed myself when I first saw the U. S. School of Music advertisement. However, I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it all was, I sent for the complete course. Why, I was playing simple tunes by note from the start. No grinding practice sessions—no tedious finger scales. It was just as simple as A-B-C. And do you know it only averaged a few cents a day!"

* * *

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Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

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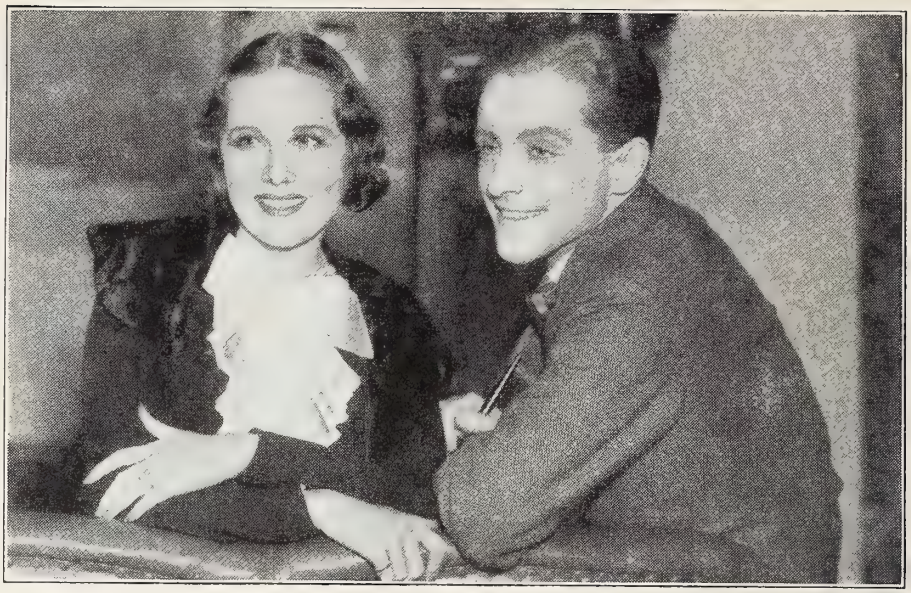
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Mary Brian, Hollywood's darling, and Phillips Holmes, one of her many admirers, caught relaxing and chatting about thissa and thatta on the* Private Scandal *set, where they've both been working. A sweet pair, what?

How to Be Popular

Continued from page forty-one

4. *Don't nudge.*
5. *Don't laugh long and loudly; it's a sign of nervousness.*
6. *Don't try to monopolize the conversation.*
7. *Don't praise other girls too lavishly!*

When a man calls a girl to ask her to go out, he should have something definite planned. "Would you like to dine at the Montmartre and then we could go on to dance at the Airport Gardens?" It's always nice, of course, to find out if there's anything she would rather do, but make your own plans sound as enticing as possible. Girls prefer a chap that knows his own mind! And then send a corsage. Nothing puts a girl in the right mood for a pleasant evening quite so fast. It doesn't have to be expensive. Two gardenias will do beautifully. Or a small spray of rosebuds.

If you want to create a good impression on her family, don't blow the horn in front of her house! Besides being very poor form, it's a downright nuisance. Some boys breeze into a home and seem to be all over the living room at once. It's their idea of being "natural." A very mistaken idea.

The Worst Thing a girl can do is to be late! Kay Francis says it's as old-fashioned as flapperism to think that keeping a man waiting is going to make him appreciate her more. He won't! A twenty or thirty minute wait throws the whole evening off key. And right at the start you want things to go off gaily, harmoniously.

They're very apt to if "Mary" finds "Bill" talking agreeably to her parents. If he steps forward to greet her and they shake hands with unaffected pleasure in seeing each other. And if Mary remembers not to chortle at every other word!

Probably there's no more pitifully bold person in the world than the bashful girl trying to give evidence of "pep." Her boldness is born of sheer desperation. She says the wrong thing and she does the wrong thing invariably. With the result that the boy promptly catalogues her as a minus ten percenter. She simply doesn't rate. But she will if she stops attempting to be "peppy." Lots of boys like them shy. And no girl needs to be a witty wisecracker if she looks softly feminine and sweet.

Perhaps the most portentous moment of the whole date is when Bill has helped Mary into his car and himself climbed under the wheel. What are they going to talk about now that they're alone for the first time? Here's a safe rule to follow. It never fails. *Talk about each other.* "I saw you in that basketball game Saturday night," or "Aren't you in the real estate business, Bill?"

Poise—that is the secret of all social success. It is the answer to Kay Francis' special charm. You feel she has control of any situation because she has such absolute control of herself. You can't imagine her fidgeting or making awkward, aimless gestures because she is nervous.

"Flippant remarks," she observes, "do not help a romance along!" So if Mary is wise, she'll be gentle in her talk and very attentive to everything Bill says.

It Isn't Necessary for him to let her off in front of the restaurant where they're dining for that means she would have to be alone while he parked the car. Nine times out of ten she'd rather go with him. Of course if there's a "foursome," then the other boy helps the two girls out and remains in the foyer with them until Bill comes. But when one man is escorting two girls *he never walks between them.* On the street he walks on the side nearest the curb and in crowded public places it's best for him to keep just behind them.

Waiters usually hold out the chairs for the girls but it's an extra courtesy if the boys do this themselves. *Girls are always*

seated on the right of their escort. There's an excellent reason for this: In Europe a woman on a man's left is *not* a lady!

If Bill wishes to have a distinctly urbane air, he'll have a dinner already to suggest. Something very tasty and "different." Naturally he defers to Mary's wishes and consults them first. But if he can propose some interesting dishes it will keep them from poring over the menu for a half hour. And Mary tells Bill what she wants; not the waiter. If she wants more water or a roll she asks Bill for it. That's an iron-bound rule in all society, to give your order to your escort.

A girl can tell a great deal about a man from the way he handles the dinner situation—from the way he pays his bill! He's liable to be a careless braggart if he throws the money down without so much as glancing at the items. And he's probably a pinchpenny if he takes whole minutes to carefully scan the figures. All that's necessary is to see that your bill is correct—that ought to be done in a flash—and to pay it as quietly as possible, leaving a good tip for the waiter.

Dancing—that is pretty much an individual matter. But it is never proper for a girl to dance too close to a man. It is always her place to make the suggestion that they leave. The man can assist her by taking her elbow; they should never come arm in arm off the dance floor. If another couple is with them, then they alternate dances and when the time comes to leave Bill goes after his car alone.

The good-nights of first dates should never be lingering. Nor is it necessary for Mary to invite Bill in. He takes the house key from her, opens her door, and stands there to say his good-bye.

"It's been such fun, Bill," Mary tells him. "Thank you!"

"It is for me to thank *you*. We'll repeat it again soon?"

"I hope so." And that does for the first farewell.

"Manners have come back with long skirts and long bobs," Kay Francis summed it up. "And to tell the truth they make life far more amusing!"



—*Ellis*

***Screen sweethearts—and how that Bill Powell can thrill the girls! He seems to be doing all right with Maxine Doyle in this scene from* Isle of Fury**

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Hollywood Goes Hepburn!

Continued from page twenty-five

into the back of a church to listen to a special organ number. Or start playing mumblety-peg and suddenly find yourself on the way to the circus in Santa Barbara. *Anything* can happen.

Glossy, of course, never *never* came back from Europe without those "sixteen trunks filled with the newest Paris creations." Ann broadcast the fact that she came back with none!

"Ingénues," she told me, "are deader than last week's jokes in Hollywood. It's the girls who fill their lives with interesting ventures that get places. *It's the Hepburns who succeed . . .*"

So it would seem. Look at Margaret Lindsay for example. As cute a bag of tricks as ever you'll find, all done up in slacks and with that "shining morning face" minus even a touch of lipstick. That's the off-screen, everyday Margaret. She sits on her feet. She chews straws. She's everything the movie queen of yesteryear *wasn't*. Or pretended not to be. Startlingly frank, obviously brainy, filled with the new free "take-it-or-leave-it" spirit. And Warner Brothers are about to build her up as the brightest star on their roster!

Her small pal, Janet Gaynor, has felt the urge too. She's gone Hepburn-ish with a tremendous bang. *Janet!* We ran into the two of them in Chinatown the other day. They wore old jerseys and flapping trousers.

It recalled another time, another scene. With Katy curled around a tea table, giving voice to one of those "rum-dum-dum" Russian numbers, accompanied by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a way that had the waiters spinning. Suddenly, Hepburn leaped up, seized a tray and went into a dance the like of which has never been seen in Hollywood! She twisted, spun, twirled—until the strap of her overalls snapped. Was Katy's face red? It wasn't even mildly pink! She merely took the safety pin from her scarf, inserted it where is was most needed and kept on with her dance.

ONCE, A PARTY of school teachers saw her crossing the RKO lot out-yelling the monkey on her shoulder. *And have you ever heard a monkey yell?* The eldest teacher very nearly fainted. "Who," they wanted to know, "is the fascinating wild woman?"

Maybe Katy *is* wild. A "ferociously independent, lovable little hell-cat" as one of her directors called her. But she was born that way. It isn't a pose by any means. These eccentricities are a part of Heppy; everything she does is *different*. Not intentionally. Just naturally!

Now it may be only coincidence—but little Jean Parker is a pickle addict, too. Everyone has noticed the change since she played with Hepburn in *Little Women*. She wears overalls . . . and swings onto a set with Katy's own stride . . . and talks with a cute new assurance.

"I love her," Jean confessed simply. "She's so much more kind than most people give her credit for. She was so sweet to me in every scene."

Katharine Hepburn calls her Coldwater Canyon home "Quinta Nirvana"—and Jean Muir calls *her* new place, "Quinta Kismet!" Nor is it the only thing they have in common.

Jean took up defying Hollywood conventions where Heppy left off. She, a newly made star, boasts of being a wallflower!

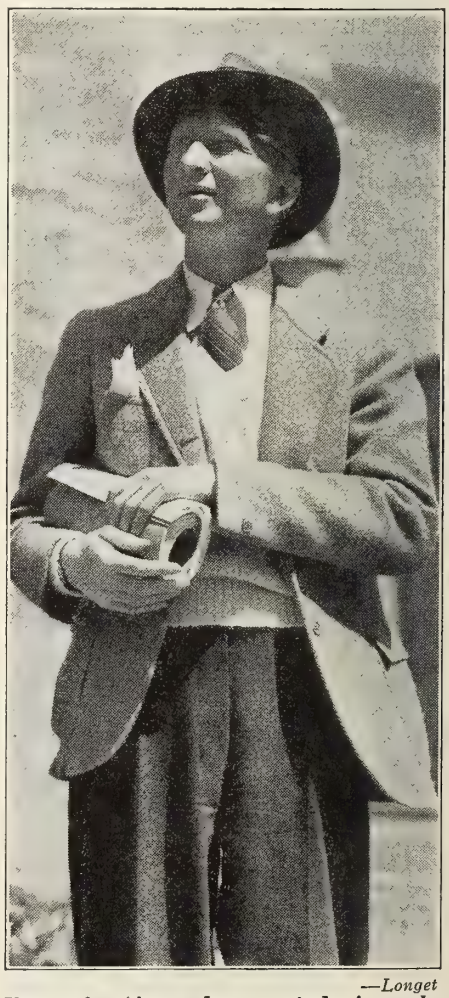
"Men," she laughs, "take me out once—and never again!" Can it be that these old ears are deceiving me? "I," the irrepressible Muir continued, "have the biggest feet in the world. I take a size seven shoe!"

Quick, Watson, the smelling salts!

But it's fantastic, that's what it is, the genial out-spokenness of the "patches and safety pin" era. And welcome, too.

Anna Sten, thank Heavens, is another who is not giving us any. Now there's a girl with gusto! With pantlegs rolled up sailor fashion, she swabs the floors of her beach house whether the public sees or not. She wears utterly mad hats with a bravado that makes them becoming. She fishes from a barge with old salts who haven't seen a movie since *The Birth of a Nation*. and chews gum while they chew tobacco. A woman of fire and of the earth, this Sten. Fearless, defiant, *free*.

And so the Hepburn craze continues. The blue-denim brigade marches on!



—Longet

Victory! After a long period of sneaking behind hedges and lurking in doorways, an alert and indefatigable cameraman caught Sterling Holloway awake! But you can see he has his snoozepaper with him

Editor's Mail Bag

Continued from page thirteen

of the impression that they had been seen.

A good picture is deserving of a good title—one which is unusual and intriguing enough to make an impression on the memory, yet does not make the mistake of straying from the theme.

IDA KAECH,
New Glarus, Wisconsin.

Plea for Veterans

MAY ROBSON'S performances in pictures are surely delightful to see. If a woman of her age can jump into talking pictures and make such a big hit, why doesn't Hollywood give some of the old stars of silent pictures a chance to come back and make good?

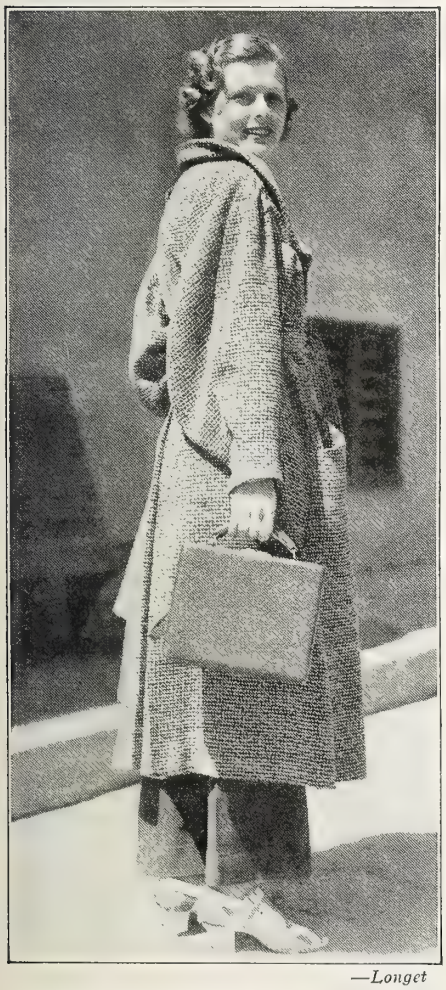
JOHN KITASAKO,
800 California Avenue, Palo Alto, Calif.

Versatile Performer

HATS off to John Boles, the actor, as well as the singer, for in *Beloved* he conclusively proved that he is as great an actor as he is a singer.

Seldom does one see an actor give an excellent portrayal of a young lover and then, in successive stages, excel his first performance in his impersonation of a middle-aged old man, as time inexorably brings the once-young man to these stages of life. Even the great Arliss himself could not have excelled in the rôle of the middle-aged and old man. Hence, again I say, "hats off to John Boles."

($5.00 Letter) F. A. SPIVEY,
7 James Avenue, Montgomery, Ala.



—*Longet*

The photographer couldn't resist snapping lovely Irene Hervey as she arrived at the studio for the day's shooting of* Sour Grapes. *It certainly isn't Irene who made 'em that way!

Star Checkerupper

THERE IS ONE phase of HOLLYWOOD Magazine that I like very much and that is the idea of your readers cross-examining the stars. The answers direct from the stars make it seem all the more authentic.

For my own interest, I have been checking up among my men acquaintances as to their favorite actresses. These five were in the lead: Norma Shearer, Irene Dunne, Kay Francis, Ruth Chatterton and Joan Bennett.

My personal opinion of the sweetest characterization of the month was that of Greta Garbo in *Queen Christina.* No other actress could have done justice to the part. It was truly a grand picture.

Franchot Tone. He is one actor who can stand around and have nothing to do and do it beautifully. I eagerly await seeing Franchot and Joan Crawford in *Sadie McKee.* I love them together and I love Joan, too—but she does irritate me about dramatizing herself and over making up.

MRS. FAY LOWRY,
Route 4, Box 168 B, Austin, Texas.

Rogers at His Best

AFTER seeing *David Harum,* I am thoroughly convinced that none other than Will Rogers could have played the part of the horse trader. It takes that grin of his and those heart-breaking scenes he portrays to create such marvelous sensations. Let us have more perfect Rogers rôles.

DICIE PICKENS,
Box 1322, Amarillo, Texas.

Gloom Chasers

VERY LITTLE SPACE is given to them, but they rank top with me. I mean that grand quintet of funsters, reading from left to right: Hugh Herbert, Frank McHugh, Ned Sparks, Guy Kibbee and W. C. Fields.

One of Herbert's sheepishly innocent looks is enough to panic any audience. McHugh, in addition to being the perfect screen drunk, is the owner of a patented laugh that wows 'em. Sparks is the prince of sarcasm, as he so ably demonstrated in *Lady for a Day.* Guy Kibbee makes a splendid portly old gentleman eager to have some sweet young thing do him wrong. W. C. Fields gave me two of the greatest series of laughs I've ever had in his last two pictures. His paint-mixing scene in *Tillie and Gus* and the pool-room episode in *Six of a Kind* nearly floored me.

($5.00 Letter)

KENNETH ALYTA,
367 Highland Avenue, Waterbury, Conn.

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New Hair Styles

Continued from page fifty-one

a delightfully softened appearance to the features.

If a girl has an extreme personality she can do the very unusual and look stunning. Like winding a piece of fabric similar to her evening dress in with her braid. And she can wear what we call the "dual personality" hairdress. That is where the hair is done differently on either side. Comb your long bob straight back on one side as if you were subscribing to the severe boyish headdress of a year or so ago. Then bring it around to the other side and fashion it into a series of flat little curls! All the hair on that side is waved and curled. The front is definitely swirled high on the forehead. A person looking at you first from the right and then from the left side gets two quite distinct impressions of what you're like!

Ingenious, clever, artful—that's the secret of the new coiffure. There's something else to be considered with it. *Make-up.*

Every detail of the face is revealed with these headdresses. Your powder, rouge and lipstick must blend in perfect harmony with your own special coloring or the effect will be completely spoiled. The red of your cheeks should fade away so subtly towards the temples and ears that it defies detection. No trace of powder should be obvious. The hair actually is the frame for the face—and the face should be an interesting picture!

Period pictures are naturally having a tremendous influence on hairdressing. *Catherine the Great* in the persons of Elizabeth Bergner and Marlene Dietrich will bring back the vogue for curls all over the head. *Du Barry,* interpreted by Dolores Del Rio, revives the pompadour with hanging curls. And Norma Shearer is soon to do *Marie Antoinette.*

Interesting too, to see the results when Katharine Hepburn makes *Joan of Arc.* Will the curls vanish and straight "page" bobs come in again?

OF COURSE EVERY vogue should be adapted to your special needs. No fashionable woman follows it blindly without first duly considering the contour of her face.

If you have a determined chin that looks a bit squarish don't go in for behind-the-ear hair arrangements. Let the curls come over your cheeks to soften your profile. A long nose demands that the hair be dressed low to offset it and to give the whole contour of the head a good line. Snubbed noses, however, benefit by high hair-dresses. And if you have a round face be sure to avoid parting your hair in the center.

During the summer, with the dusty country rides and out-door sports and swimming parties, hair should be washed once a week. Use a good mild shampoo and, if your hair is dry, rub olive oil into your scalp a few hours before washing. At the end rinse until the strands separate and feel "loose" in your hands. As often as you can dry your hair by hand. While it's still damp, take an ordinary pencil and wrap paper around it. Then with it wind strands of the hair from the bottom up close to the head, slip out the pencil and keep the hair in place with a hairpin. It will give you a soft lovely wave—without cost!

The Call Board

What the stars are doing at the studios



Minna Gombell has been assigned to *The Merry Widow.*



Maurice Chevalier

Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald are busy filming *The Merry Widow.*

Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone and Lionel Barrymore are making *100% Pure.*

When Mae West finishes *It Ain't No Sin* she will film *The Queen of Sheba.*

Claudette Colbert, Henry Wilcoxson and Warren William are busy on *Cleopatra.*

Harold Lloyd is speeding production on *Catspaw.* Una Merkel is his leading lady.

Dolores Del Rio has finished *Du Barry* and is starting *Shanghai Orchid.*



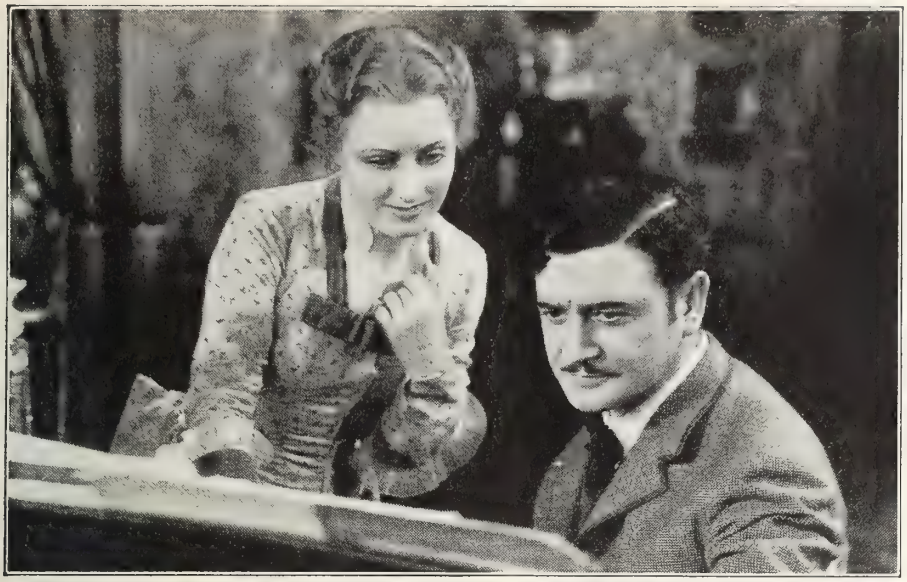
Dolores Del Rio

Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, Lionel Barrymore, Otto Kruger, Lewis Stone, Cora Sue Collins and Chic Sale in *Treasure Island.*



Marion Davies

Marion Davies will next film *Movie Queen* from the pen of Sidney Skolsky.



Irene Dunne is as lovely as ever and as fine an actress in her new picture, **Stingaree,** *in which she plays opposite the bold bad man, Richard Dix*

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page twenty-nine

sued as the aftermath of an auto crash . . . after Julian Madison gained a toehold in the cinema, he sent back to Minneapolis for Arline Nussbaum, his school day sweetheart, and made her Mrs. Madison.

Fashions

Remember Adrian's promise that the hoop-skirt would come back into vogue this year? . . . well, Jean Harlow wears his modern version of the ancient mode in 100% *Pure* . . . the latest fad for milady's nails is a crust of tiny mirrors, cut in irregular shapes and reflecting lights from every direction . . they are stuck on with collodion . . . Fritzi Ridgeway introduced the idea and has a patent pending . . . Diana Wynyard and Marlene Dietrich were the cynosure of all eyes at a recent première, Diana in white satin coat, train and sandals that displayed her scarlet toenails, while Marlene wore a high-necked, long-sleeved black evening gown and a black suede béret . . . Marion Davies recently appeared in a pale blue spectator's sports ensemble with becoming white organdy lingerie touches, swagger jacket and white accessories.

Deaths

Tired Of Dodging the misfortune that has constantly dogged his steps since winning fame in *The Big Parade*, Karl Dane ended his life with a gun.

Births

Dorothy Jordan is the mamma of a new daughter . . . Pat and Barbara Somerset are the parents of a girl . . . it's a son at the home of Director Frank Capra . . . Louis B. Mayer's daughter, Mrs. Bill Goetz, is expectant . . . the Kane Richmonds (Marion Burns) are thrilling over the arrival of a daughter . . . the James Del Valles (Helene Rosson) are buggy-shopping . . . Lina Basquette (Mrs. Teddy Hayes), gave birth to a son . . . . . Billie Dove (Mrs. Robert Kenaston) is the mother of a baby girl.

Divorces

Norma Talmadge finally divorced Producer Joseph Schenck in Mexico . . . and has married Georgie Jessel . . . Evelyn Brent took a week off from her personal appearance tour and came to Hollywood to see Harry Edwards, just to prove that she had no intentions of divorcing him . . . Barbara Worth divorced Tamar Lane in Mexico one day and went Brown Derbying with him the next . . . Phyllis Barry told her troubles to the judge, and now she is a grass widow . . . Jean Harlow announces separation from her husband, Cameraman Hal G. Rossen, whom she married last September . . . Katharine Hepburn secured a divorce in Mexico from Ludlow Smith . . . Eleanor Hunt has withdrawn her action against Dr. Frank Nolan, and they're honeymooning again.

Sports

The Latest Fad in Hollywood is to back a prizefighter . . . Bert Wheeler has purchased an interest in Eddie Volk's contract . . . and now Bob Woolsey is looking about for a fellow who can lick Volk . . . For the world's funniest golf game, you should get an eyeful of Hugh Herbert and Guy Kibbee doing a twosome, Kibbee using the conventional sticks, and Herbert trying to equal his score by throwing the ball . . . Charlie Bickford is going about with a cane since one of his polo ponies stepped on his toes . . . Clark Gable will tempt the bass in Fish Lake, Utah, on his next vacation . . . Mickey Mouse fans will shudder to learn that Walt Disney narrowly escaped death on the polo field . . . the doctors took seven stitches in his forehead.



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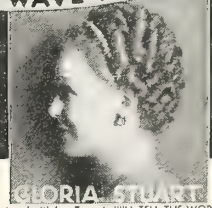
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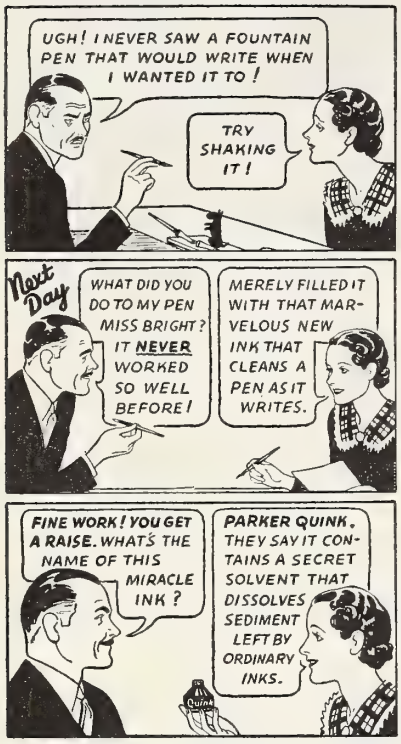
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Wallace Beery plays a bold, black-souled pirate and Jackie Cooper is* Jim Hawkins *in M-G-M's picturization of Stevenson's beloved* Treasure Island, *filmed at Catalina Island

The Man Behind the Schnozzle

Continued from page twenty-three

at him and knocked him flat. Did we have fun!

"Jimmy was always hell on pianos. The way he slams pianos around he makes matchwood of 'em. Every place he'd play they'd have to keep getting a new piano. One night he played a benefit and the next day he got a bill for $300 for a new baby grand. Did he burn up!

"The 'Schnoz'," he resumed, "is a genius. He slays me."

When you're a genius to a guy who for fifteen years has shared everything with you from one night stands and second rate hotels to fame and the glittering spotlight of Broadway, he must have something.

"Well, anyway, times got better and before long we had reached a state of elegance where we each had an extra suit in our trunks.

"Eventually we caught up to Broadway. From vaudeville we went to the night clubs. There was the Parody, the Club Durante, any number of clubs. Then came *The Follies, Show Girl* and the *New Yorkers.* Then word leaked out to Hollywood that Jimmy was a riot, it looked like the wide screen was coming in which would be just the thing to accommodate his nose, so they gave him a test and bango! A contract!

"We finally talked Jimmy into signing up by himself, so he went to Hollywood, Eddie Jackson bought himself a night club in Brooklyn and I retired to the nearest golf course to live a life of ease."

"Well, a year or so of that was plenty! So on a trip to Hollywood Jimmy persuaded me I still belonged to the act and signed me on as his manager. I don't do any hoofing now though except when Jimmy wants to show me off at parties.

"Now take me, I'm a philosophical sort of guy who after working eighteen hours likes to sit down and try to figure out what it's all about. But not Jimmy. He never stops. That guy is a human eight day bicycle race.

"The way he does it is that he eats like a bird—and I don't mean a pelican. He'll be on the set from nine in the morning and around three in the afternoon he'll have a chocolate malted.

"He's always eating bananas and cream. One day I said to him:

"'Listen, Jimmy, why don't you eat figs and cream for a change?'

"He said: 'I like bananas and cream.'

"'Yeah,' I replied, 'but figs and cream are better for you.'

"He laid down his knife and fork.

"'All right,' he said, 'do you know why I eat bananas and cream? It's because it's got more *vitaphones* in it.'

"That's Jimmy—always gagging."

"But he doesn't go for airplanes. They asked him to fly back east this spring. He said, 'What? Me take a plane? Listen—I don't even like elevators.'

"He did fifty-six shows in two weeks besides a flock of personal appearances. Then he wanted to play a night club afterwards just for relaxation, but M-G-M put the foot down on that. As soon as he got through he had to rush right back to Hollywood.

"For a guy making Jimmy's dough, he's the most modest mugg in the world. When I tell him he's terrific he laughs at me, and when I assure him that his pan is the funniest in the world, bar none, he just grins and says, 'Oh, I don't know Lou—how about your own?'"

Jimmy doesn't salt much of his money away, though. Plenty of old friends are receiving regular stipends from Jimmy who hasn't forgotten he knew them "when." Jimmy's generosity is a fine thing, but the extent of it puzzles Lou.

"When I ask Jimmy why he keeps so many people on his payroll," Lou observed, "he just shrugs and says, 'Well, it's helpin' the goverment, ain't it?'"

HOLLYWOOD

What's New on the Screen

Continued from page eleven

racing bet. The father does not return and the bookmaker keeps the child, who becomes a top-notch gambler. The baby's mother had taught her the legends of King Arthur's court and the gang pulls a costume party to try and reestablish these legends in her mind. A fall from the horse she rides in the parade sends her to the hospital and a last minute blood transfusion makes a thrilling climax. Little Shirley Temple gives an amazing child performance and Dorothy Dell shows up as certain star material. Charles Bickford does a good job with his gangster part.

Operator 13

• • • • A thrilling Civil War picture authored by Robert W. Chambers. Splendidly staged and with plenty of production value, it is entertaining from start to finish. Marion Davies is a Northern spy who invades the Southern lines as a mulatto girl who does washing for the officers. She is suspected by Captain Galliard (Gary Cooper), a Southern officer and spy, and becomes involved in many exciting exploits from which she narrowly escapes. Authentic Civil War backgrounds and costumes give a touch of realism to the picture and both Marion Davies and Gary Cooper are well selected for their rôles.



***The famous Victor McLaglen smile flashes in all its splendor in this scene with Kitty Carlisle from* Murder at the Vanities**

The Last Gentleman

• • • • Another George Arliss masterpiece brings the famous actor as an erratic old gentleman who has a fortune to give away. Old Cabot Barr calls his family together to celebrate memorial services for a niece who has died in Chica. His real reason is to get the family together so he can see them. He has one living son, a ne'er do well. His other son died and left only a daughter. A sister of Barr's has adopted a son. The old man marries his grand-daughter to the adopted son and thus perpetuates the name of Barr. Edna May Oliver, Janet Beecher, Charlotte Henry, Ralph Morgan and a large cast keep the action going. It is a splendid bit of entertainment from start to finish.

Springtime For Henry

• • • The clever stage play becomes an equally impudent and slightly wicked farce on the screen. Otto Kruger as Henry, too susceptible to women, is the most sought after bachelor in town. Because it is Spring, he persuades himself that he is in love with his secretary, Heather Angel, who is virtuous and dull, and that he should elevate his standards of life to her level. That means trouble and he loses all his friends. The wife of his best friend is Nancy Carroll and she is in love with Henry. There's plenty of fun before the plot is untangled. Kruger was never better, while Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel, Nigel Bruce and Herbert Mundin are excellent.

Many Happy Returns

• • • Here we have the Burns and Allen brand of comedy at its peak. George Barbier returns from Europe to discover a wrecking crew tearing down his store. His daughter, Gracie Allen, has ordered it because she wants to build an aviary on the site. Her father makes a deal with George Burns, a radio announcer, to marry Gracie and take her away, at so much per mile distance. On the train is Gracie's sister, winner of a Hollywood beauty contest. The father orders her kidnaped and Gracie substitutes. All this with Burns and Allen doing their very best comedy work. The picture ends with George and Gracie bound for Europe, with George drawing down $30 per mile.

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back

• • • • This thrilling sequel to *Bulldog Drummond* is complete with a great plot and a splendid cast. Ronald Colman is at his débonair best, Charles Butterworth is outstanding in his comedy work and Warner Oland, as the menace, furnishes plenty of shivers. Bulldog Drummond has plenty of trouble trying to combat Oland's plots. Loretta Young, Una Merkle and C. Aubrey Smith all give excellent performances. *Bulldog Drummond Striks Back* is a very exceptional picture.



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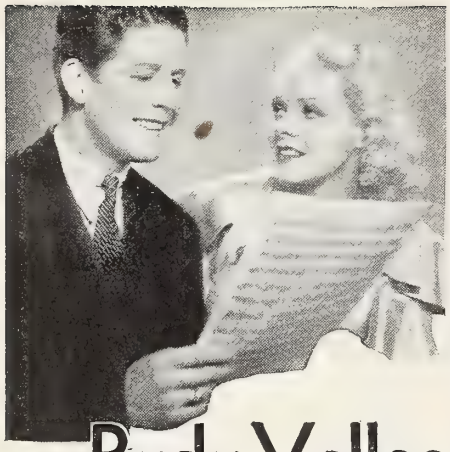
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Rudy Vallee Made Me a Star says ALICE FAYE

Latest brilliant star to flash from radio fame to the movie screen is glamorous Alice Faye, protege of Rudy Vallée. She gives Rudy all the credit for building her up to stardom—but Rudy says he just recognized talent when he saw it. Read what they both have to say about their much publicized friendship and Alice's rise to fame, in the July

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—*Wide World*

Stuart Erwin, Mrs. Evelyn Offield, who is Jack Oakie's mother; June Collyer, Stu's better half, and the Oakie lad himself snapped as they attended the opening of* Biography *in which Alice Brady is starring at the Biltmore theatre in Los Angeles

Why Bing Crosby is Quitting Hollywood!

Continued from page thirty

"I HAVE ENOUGH to enable me to live the way I've always wanted to live," he says. "I'm going to enjoy life now instead of struggling to build up an unnecessary surplus. A man's foolish, in my opinion, if he goes on grubbing for money after he has accumulated enough to satisfy his needs. Neither Mrs. Crosby nor I have developed any 'champagne tastes.' We like to live simply, unpretentiously and comfortably.

"My idea of the most idiotic of all ways to waste one's life is to spend it in a pursuit of applause. That's just what many Hollywood stars are doing, and that's just what I will never do! There's nothing more pitiful than a one-time celebrity trying to cling to his fame long past his time. Why not recognize the inevitable and quit the game with some semblance of self-respect instead of frantically trying to hang on and ending as a laughing stock?

"I have no quarrel with pictures or with Hollywood. But there's no use in kidding myself; the screen is not my proper field. I'm not an actor—and I never will be an actor. Any screen success I've had is the result of a freak combination of circumstances. Frankly, I've my share of vanity and it's been properly flattered by my being recognized as a screen star. But again, what's the use of kidding myself? I'm just a singing voice—and whenever filmusicals go out, I'm on the way out too. Why prolong the agony?

"Naturally, I have no intention of being idle. I'm lazy, but I've always done work of some kind, and I can't believe that I would be content unless I continue to work. But I want to pick the kind of work that will pay me the greatest dividends in happiness.

"I intend to continue with radio, not only because it offers a very attractive income, but because I'm intensely interested in everything pertaining to radio. I plan to continue as a performer for the time being. Later, when my services as a singer are no longer in demand, I'll look for an executive position with some station or network. My experience should enable me to make myself valuable in finding and developing talent or in arranging programs. Also, I intend to try my hand at writing for radio.

"Whatever radio work I do will have to be done, principally, on the west coast. The Crosbys have planned for years to be ranchers—and ranchers they're going to be. When I buy land, I'm buying it for the one purpose of building a permanent home. And the ranch is going to be a business venture as well as an investment in sound, enjoyable living.

"I'm going to raise blooded horses. I'm convinced that fair amount of money is to be made in the breeding and racing of fine track stock. If I do no better than break even, I'll be richly paid in enjoyment.

"I expect to devote a great of my time to the fish canning business. As a matter of fact, I have been investing money for several years in a tuna packing plant which is owned and managed by my father-in-law. My investments there have earned a consistent and substantial profit.

Bing's decision to quit Hollywood is not the impulse of the moment. He has been laying plans in that direction for at least two years—and his plans were hastened by the advent of Gary Evans Crosby. Bing believes that a ranch is the proper place for a growing boy.

"Certainly I'm quitting," he states emphatically. "I couldn't back out now if I wanted to. I've promised the youngster a colt and he believes in holding a man to his word."

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29x5.25-19	2.95	1.16
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31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.16
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
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33x4	2.95	0.85
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
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Are Movie Stars Civilized?

Continued from page thirty-six

of Hollywood—those whose fame depends on achievement, rather than on thin talent and cheap publicity—would be welcomed readily.

"The personalities of the screen are natural and real, and have the true simplicity which distinguishes such famous hostesses as the Duchess of Devonshire and New York's social leader, Mrs. Cadwalader Jones. Their hospitality may be expressed in different form, but it's none-the-less gracious. Any comment—any criticism—any statement which reflects on the manners of Hollywood—is utterly baseless.

"THE PERSONS of importance in Hollywood would be of importance anywhere," he continues. "The majority of the stars are charming, well-versed in every nuance of deportment. If the niceties were not at their finger-tips before their arrival to stardom, they quickly acquire them afterwards. They assimilate the niceties which make them socially acceptable in record time.

"Hollywood is not provincial. It has a cosmopolitan view-point and a sincere interest in many things outside of pictures. Stars read good books, buy good pictures, exhibit an intelligent curiosity in world events.

"I have found motion picture people extraordinarily interesting—rather than dull. It is stupid to call them bores and barbarians.

"Hollywood has been accused of being money-mad. It is interested in money. There is some ostentation about material possessions. But that's natural. Many of the stars have not been accustomed to wealth, and they want comforts and luxuries to give their enormous earning power reality.

"Dinners are not as formal in Hollywood as they are in the social centers of this country and the continent. Buffet dinners, informal gatherings are the rule for two reasons. First, because stars do not have as many servants as Easterners in the same financial position, would employ. And secondly, this profession in itself is so irregular that it would be practically impossible to be formal. Shooting schedules, conferences with directors, writers and executives are of paramount importance. Hours count for nothing. Work comes first—and social engagements are willingly sacrificed.

"Go down the list of important stars and you will find that all of them—irrespective of their background—are cultured, well-mannered, charming people."

The usual amount of silver flanks the serving plates. And when the town goes stepping, its manners are so impeccable that Emily Post herself would have to turn a lively foot to keep up with the ultra-correct cinema procession.

Perhaps Hollywood itself is to blame for the assaults on its manners, for it is obsessed with a sense of humor. Celebrities come inflated—and depart as flat as three per cent two.

Hollywood doesn't believe in lip service. Not to outsiders anyway—and when this town turns a shoulder on a visitor—it's likely to be a very cold, a very haughty, a very indifferent shoulder.

And critics can't do a thing about it—except talk in resentful—nay, apoplectic tones!



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Please Scare Us, Mr. Karloff!

Continued from page forty

Five Star Final, The House of Rothschild, The Lost Patrol and other straight parts, he has proven to be what he is, a fine actor who does not need the art of the makeup man to put him over.

Boris Karloff is every inch a gentleman. He is intensely interested in all sorts of sports. He is a member of the Hollywood Cricket Club and plays regularly. He is also an expert rugby player and is equally adept at field hockey. His associates are the other English gentlemen of the picture colony, Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, C. Aubrey Smith, Ralph Forbes and the others.

He has been married twice. He and his second wife seem as happy as two bugs in a rug. Despite his success in pictures, he still drives a battered old Ford coupe.

Many strange stories are told of Karloff. During the making of *Fu Manchu* at Metro studio the script called for him to crush a great hairy spider beneath his heel. He firmly refused.

"I can't, I simply can't," he insisted. "Even that ugly thing has a right to live."

He is a fanatic on the subject of taking life, even that of an insect. The country around his home is literally alive with game but he would no more think of taking a gun and killing a rabbit or a deer than he would of killing a man. He is fond of dogs and has two at the present time, wire-hairs whom he calls *Whisky* and *Soda*. Once a dog of his gave birth to pups beneath his house during a driving rain storm. Boris, in his nightgown, crawled under the house and brought mother and pups into the house, sitting up all night to feed the pups milk from an eye dropper. If while he is reading, a fly or other insect strays past the screens, he will patiently put aside his book and pipe and with the care of a mother herding her child, he will gently shoo the insect out doors. He once tried to get up a petition to have drinking fountains for dogs installed in the streets of Hollywood.

ONE OF THE funniest stories told on Karloff is of that Hallowe'en Eve when a group of children came to his home. Mrs. Karloff went to the door. They asked if the Monster was at home and would he come out and frighten them. Karloff came out but instead of frightening them, he brought them into the house and gave them cake and chocolate and played games with them. That's the kind of a guy he is.

Karloff loves his native England but Hollywood is his home. He has created there a little England of his own. On his Coldwater Canyon estate he feeds his ducks, prods in his garden and walks with his dogs. He smokes his pipe filled with English tobacco, dines comfortably on roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and listens to Noel Coward records. On Sundays he indulges in his passion for cricket and rugby. England is never very far away.

He has just finished *The Black Cat* and Universal has other rôles waiting for him. He has no intention of losing his foothold as the horror master of the screen.

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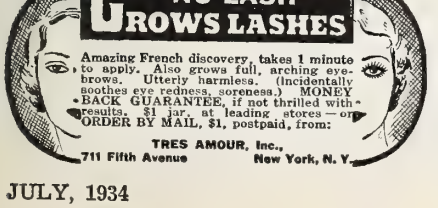
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"I Don't Want to Marry"

Continued from page twenty-one

love. Up until the time I started *Sadie McKee* I hadn't worked for four months and I was nearly crazy! You can give everything you have to work without fear of any rebounds." That quirk to Joan's lips; that knowing twinkle in her eye!

"You know what I did all that time after I came back from New York? I shut myself up in the house for weeks and read, read, read. Sometimes I went for long walks with the dogs. With 'Poopshun,' that's Franchot's dachshund —and 'Baby'—that's mine. Yes, and I had singing lessons every day too. For two hours. I'd come down in the morning feeling pretty dull and ten minutes after I had begun to sing I could have licked the world! My range? Three octaves. Very low C to high C. I used to think singing lessons would raise my speaking voice—and I can't stand hysterical, high-pitched voices. But—well, I've learned to use my chest tones!

"Professor Morando says Franchot is a second Pinza. I got him to sing too and he has a magnificent basso." There was swift pride in her voice.

We listened to her *Merry Widow* records, to her soft crooning numbers. They had a rich, warm ring that augurs well for the Crawford concerts of the future.

"BUT I'M TIRED of hearing about my 'burning ambition'," she shrugged. "Good grief, Michael, we all must have some or we would not get anywhere. The writers seem to be afraid it might consume me. It won't! All I want to do is work. I'd like to get more comedy into my portrayals." Here was something new for Joan! Then I remembered: Comedy is the one respite when things get a little too much on the serious side. Drama is all right as long as life and love are aglow.

"The biggest thrill I've had in years," she was saying, "was that night of the preview of *Dancing Lady*. You know that scene where Clark Gable spanked me and I said 'Thank you?' The first time we did it I said that unconsciously and the director asked me to leave it in. At the preview *they laughed!* That's the first time an audience has ever laughed at me that way. I can't tell you what it did to me. I wanted to get up and cheer. I whispered to Franchot over and over again, *'They laughed!'*"

Franchot . . . Franchot!

Will she find with him what she is seeking? I don't think she herself knows the answer. She is still too skeptical. Still a little too hurt.

Outside, the small theatre she is building in which she and Tone will co-star, was nearing completion. Overhead, carpenters pounded a sharp obbligato to our talk. Changing Joan's "honeymoon house" again. The house of the young star who "just goes on dreamin'."

◆

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● ● ● ●—TWENTIETH CENTURY — John Barrymore as eccentric impressario and Carole Lombard as his temperamental star.—*Columbia.*

● ● ● ● — TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS—A musical built around a fair plot. Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Four Mills Brothers, Ted Fio-Rito and his band.—*Warners.*

● ● ● — UPPERWORLD—Warren William, Ginger Rogers and Mary Astor in story of man whose wife's social ambitions drive him to arms of another.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—VIVA VILLA!—Outstanding movie of Mexico's great military figure. Wallace Beery, Stuart Erwin, Leo Carrillo.—*Metro.*

● ● ●—WHERE SINNERS MEET—Eccentric millionaire traps eloping couples and makes them consider importance of marriage. Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Billie Burke.—*Radio.*

● ● ●—YOU'RE TELLING ME?—Comedy featuring W. C. Fields as inebriated father who nearly ruins daughter's social standing. Joan Marsh, Buster Crabbe, Adrienne Ames.—*Paramount.*

NEIGHBORHOOD SHOWINGS

● ● ● — A VERY HONORABLE GUY — Plenty of laughs in this. Joe E. Brown so anxious to pay debts he almost parts with life.—*Warners.*

● ● ●—A WOMAN IN HER THIRTIES—Paul Kelly weds Aline MacMahon for her money. Pat Ellis, Dorothy Peterson.—*Warners.*

● ● ●—AS THE EARTH TURNS—Screen version of a famous back-to-the-soil book. Donald Woods and Jean Muir have leads.—*Warners.*

● ● ●—BOLERO—Sally Rand shares George Raft's love with Carole Lombard, who weds a nobleman.—*Paramount.*

● ● ●—CAROLINA—Entertaining story of impoverished Southern family with Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore.—*Fox.*

● ● ● ●—CATHERINE THE GREAT—Featuring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Elizabeth Bergner. Romantically entertaining.—*United Artists.*

● ● ●—DAVID HARUM—You'll love Will Rogers as the beloved country banker and horse trader. Excellent supporting cast.—*Fox.*

● ● ●—DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Different entertainment in which Death visits earth to find why people fear him. Fredric March, Evelyn Venable.—*Paramount.*

● ● ●—GAMBLING LADY—Barbara Stanwyck as gambler's daughter who goes straight. Joel McCrea, Pat O'Brien, Claire Dodd.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Outstanding musical. Alice Faye, Rudy Vallée, Jimmy Durante, Adrienne Ames.—*Fox.*

● ● ●—GLAMOUR—Paul Lukas and Constance Cummings in Edna Ferber's story of a show girl who puts ambition above everything.—*Universal.*

● ● ● ●—SING AND LIKE IT—Plenty of laughs in mixture of theatricals and safe blowing. ZaSu Pitts, Pert Kelton, Edward Everett Horton, Nat Pendelton, Ned Sparks at their best.—*Radio.*

● ● ●—STAND UP AND CHEER—Outstanding musical based on the depression. Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, James Dunn, John Boles, Ralph Morgan, Stepin Fetchit.—*Fox.*



***Leslie Howard in a poignant scene with Bette Davis for his latest picture,* Of Human Bondage**

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ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

MARLENE DIETRICH

CLARK GABLE

KATHARINE HEPBURN



Marlene Dietrich



THE GARDEN PARTY BEER

WHEN the party is young and smart, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. When hearts are gay and laughter fills the air, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. When good taste and good fellowship are in order, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. It's the vital and vivacious beer, the sturdy and stimulating beer—the beer of truly superlative quality.



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Isn't It A Shame!

SHE HAS A BIG HOUSE . . . A SUCCESSFUL HUSBAND . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



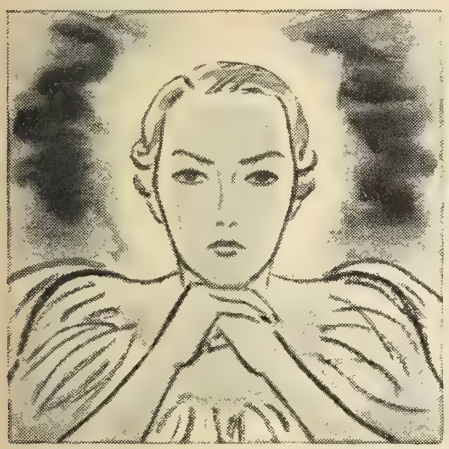
Emily's house is a show-place—the finest house in town. And Emily is as gracious and lovely as her house is grand! But—there's a "but" about Emily!



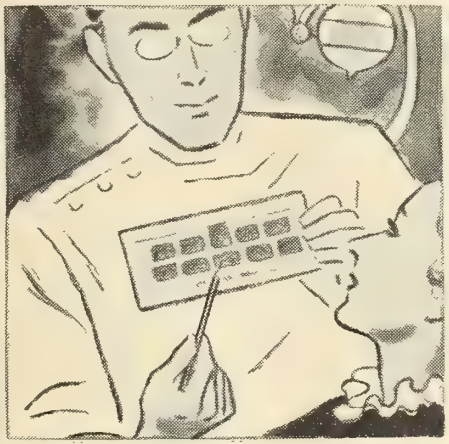
Emily's successful young husband would send to the ends of the earth to grant her smallest wish! But—the "but" about Emily gives her many bad moments!



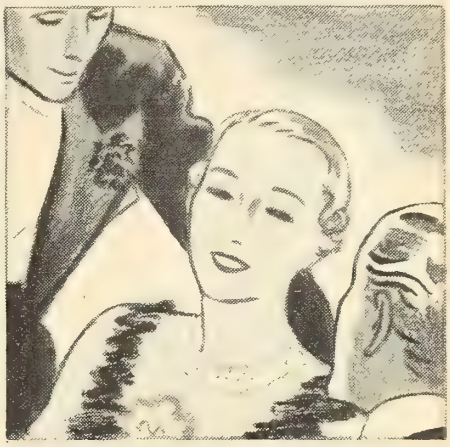
When Emily goes to parties in other people's houses, she doesn't seem to "click." She feels left out of it all. For the "but" about Emily is her teeth!



Emily's husband should tell her what people notice about her teeth—that they look dingy and ugly. If only she'd go to her dentist . . .



He'd explain that it's "pink tooth brush" which is responsible—that she should clean her teeth with Ipana—and massage Ipana into her gums.



By the time Emily's gums were firm, her teeth would be good-looking again. She'd be attractive again! And she'd get plenty of compliments!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

YOU, like Emily, should examine your teeth in a mirror, by bright daylight. If your teeth look dingy and ugly, "pink tooth brush" may be at the root of the trouble.

To be sure that your teeth are brilliantly clean and good-looking—do as many dentists suggest: clean them with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

The foods of today are not coarse enough to stimulate the gums and keep them hard. Inactive gums often become tender, and sometimes bleed. This is "pink tooth brush."

Stimulate your gums and keep them firm with a twice-daily massage with Ipana. The ziratol in Ipana aids the massage in toning them. In protecting them against "pink tooth brush," you are safer from gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You can feel safer, too, about your teeth. Remember: Ipana for tender gums, and Ipana for *clean* teeth.

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

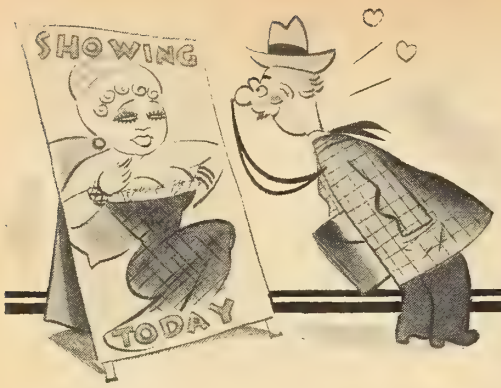
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See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Bldg. No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.



what's new ON THE SCREEN

Advance information on pictures worth seeing

RATING CODE
●●●● Excellent ●●● Good
●● Fair ● Mediocre

The Thin Man

●●●● There is plenty of variety again in this month's program of worthwhile movies and your old picture sleuth chuckles with glee as he contemplates the prospect.

To start off with there is *The Thin Man* and whether or not you have read this very different mystery novel by Dashiell Hammett you must see the picture. William Powell excels as the bibulous detective, Nick Charles, and Myrna Loy is at her best as his captivating wife. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Brophy and Nat Pendleton are others of the excellent cast who accomplish outstanding portrayals. It is a masterpiece whose plot shouldn't even be hinted at to assure you of the utmost enjoyment. See it by all means.

Madame Du Barry

●●●● We (fans and reviewers) have reached the point where we don't expect too much in the way of accuracy in historical pictures—what we want first, last and always is entertainment. That is why *Madame Du Barry*, despite historical inaccuracies, is very much worthwhile seeing.

Dolores Del Rio is perfect in the title rôle of the beauty who ruled the court of Louis XV—perhaps not too wisely but certainly completely. She has never done a better bit of acting. The work of Reginald Owen as the king, Osgood Perkins, Victor Jory and others combine to make this another picture you should not miss.

Return of the Terror

●●● Your evening will be one round of excitement when you see John Halliday, Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot, Frank McHugh and others in this thrilling mystery film.

The action is laid in an insane asylum with the patients being murdered by some mysterious fiend who is thought to be Halliday, a doctor engaged to Mary Astor. How he himself solves the mystery forms a smashing climax.



—*Alex Kahle*

***Beautiful Hazel Forbes, heiress of many millions, makes her film début with a rôle in* Down to Their Last Yacht**

I Give My Love

●● Sorry we can't wax enthusiastic over this picture with its time-worn *Madame X* theme but it isn't in the cards. Wynne Gibson, Paul Lukas, Eric Linden and Anita Louise do their best with the material offered, which is slight. Perhaps you'll like it better than we did.

The Life of Virgie Winters

●●●● Ann Harding scores again in this powerful picturization of the well-known book by Louis Bromfield. Ann is the small town milliner who has an illicit love affair with a political figure, John Boles. Boles marries Helen Vincent, and goes to Washington. Ann has her baby, which Boles adopts as the child of a friend. Ann and Boles meet secretly, are discovered by his wife who shoots him. Ann goes to prison for a year but eventually returns to her husband and child. Splendid entertainment.

Murder on the Blackboard

●●● Here is another good mystery—but it also offers a riot of laughs mixed up with the thrills and chills. Edna May Oliver and James Gleason take the honors but Barbara Fritchie, Bruce Cabot and Gertrude Michaels are among others who creditably account for themselves. The entire family will enjoy this laugh opus.

Fog Over Frisco

●●● Then there is this good old-fashioned melodrama offered in refreshing relief to the run of the mill gangster film. Bette Davis, wild daughter of a wealthy man, steals bonds, using her fiancé, Lyle Talbot, as a catspaw. Donald Wood's tracking down of the crooks supplies a knockout finish. He and Margaret Lindsey are excellent. See it.

Let's Talk It Over

●●● You'll find a unique twist to this story of a sailor who tries to edu-

Please turn to page eight













MEN and women everywhere find Lifebuoy a truly remarkable complexion soap. It *deep-cleanses* pores. Gently searches out impurities that cloud the skin. Adopt Lifebuoy and *see!* A lovelier complexion is yours for the taking!

Brisk cold showers, lazy warm tub baths —whichever you choose for summer, Lifebuoy *always* gives thick, creamy lather. Lather which refreshes, *protects!* Stops "B.O." (*body odor*), so common in hot weather. Lifebuoy's fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

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Vol. 23
No. 8

HOLLYWOOD

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

ARTHUR C. JANISCH
Assistant Editor

Contents for August, 1934



—Elmer Fryer

Joan Blondell firmly avers she will permanently retire from the screen after her forthcoming blessed event

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

●

Pert Kelton has built herself an all glass penthouse atop her Hollywood apartment hotel . . . it contains living, sleeping and dressing rooms and a sunken Roman bath . . . the roof's of glass, too. . . . When Edward Everett Horton's father, a struggling New York newspaperman, wed Eddie's mother, he didn't have the price of an engagement ring . . . so on her seventieth birthday, Eddie presented her with a huge square-cut diamond to make up for Dad's omission.

●

Bing Crosby once worked two summer vacations in the Spokane postoffice to buy a set of drums from a mail order house. . . . Marlene Dietrich's daughter, Maria, has the strangest pets in the talkie circle—a pair of white lambs. . . . Bruce Cabot positively refuses to work on the thirteenth of any month. . . . Julie Haydon put so much realism into a scream for *Afterwards* that she strained her vocal cords and couldn't utter a sound for several days.

●

Irving Pichel purchased his first auto in 1912 . . . and it still graces his garage. . . . Leon Gordon mistook a rattlesnake for his garden hose . . . but now he has eight rattlers as souvenirs. . . . Five years ago, Ann Sothern was the off-stage voice for Marion (Peanuts) Byron . . . now Marion plays bits in Ann's starring vehicle.

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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
Western Editor

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***Madge Evans, the All-American-girl favorite of countless fans will be seen soon in Fox's* Grand Canary**

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

●

Ann Harding plays a milliner in *The Life of Virgie Winters*, but in real life she seldom wears a hat. . . . Edna May Oliver imports all of her drinking water from Mountain Springs, Arkansas, and she even totes a bottle of it along with her when she goes to work. . . . Ann Dvorak has purchased a three-months-old calf for her San Fernando ranch . . . and she's named it *Garbo!* . . . Ruth Chatterton is back in town but George Brent hasn't been around to call.

●

Judith Allen, the Mrs. Gus Sonnenberg-that-was, is out at Paramount, and will free lance . . . the Screen Actors' Guild has re-elected Eddie Cantor as president. . . . Sylvia Sidney has leased the Richard Barthelmess summer place at Malibu Beach. . . . Rex Bell and Ruth Mix, daughter of Tom, will co-star in a series of Westerns . . . Paulette Goddard has taken the Malibu Beach home formerly occupied by Constance Bennett and, of course, Charlie Chaplin is a frequent visitor.

●

Baby LeRoy now is past two years old, and Paramount gave him a new six months' contract as a birthday gift . . . Patsy Kelly suffered an injured leg when a bed in which she was emoting for a Hal Roach comedy collapsed . . . Fifi D'Orsay and hubby Maurice Hill are back after a personal appearance tour . . . and they're still in love, avers Fifi.



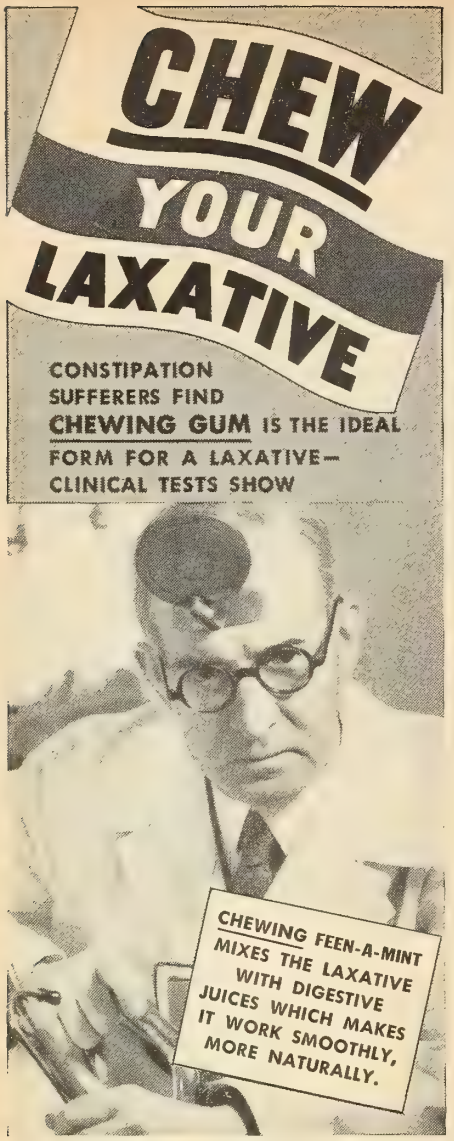
MARLENE DIETRICH

in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

with John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!



The chewing-gum laxative has distinct advantages; it is delicious in flavor, easy to take and, *because you chew it,* the laxative mixes with the gastric juices and works more thoroughly.

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What's New On The Screen

Continued from page four

cate himself to the level of a wealthy girl whom he loves. Chester Morris is the gob, Mae Clarke is the girl. Others include Andy Devine and John Warburton.

The Key

• • • William Powell's fans will go for his dashing characterization in this story dealing with the Sinn Fein rebellion in Ireland in 1920. He, Edna Best and Colin Clive offer deft work to make this outstanding entertainment although the story is not too original. Interspersed with the thrilling action is a theme of love and sacrifice for love's sake.

Once to Every Bachelor

• • • Another not entirely new story has its complications which make it interesting in *Once to Every Bachelor.* Neil Hamilton scores a decided hit as the rounder who marries Marian Nixon, a lady of uncertain past, to avoid summons as corespondent in a divorce case. But marriage does not settle matters entirely for the bride is wanted by the police because of her connection with gang killings. Aileen Pringle and Raymond Hatton contribute good performances.

Embarrassing Moments

• • • • Here's a sure-fire laugh getter, guaranteed to drive anybody's blues away—if anything can do it. It is a story of practical jokers and the methods employed by friends to cure the chief offender.

Chester Morris is perfect and Marian Nixon, Alan Mowbray, George Stone and the balance of the cast make the most of the clever lines and situations.

Call It Luck

• • • • But there is no luck to this being a hilarious comedy for it is a natural. Herbert Mundin, a London cab driver, wins a fortune in the Sweepstakes and comes to America with what he believes is a great race horse. How he outsmarts confidence men and gamblers will have you screaming with laughter. Pat Paterson, Gordon Westcott and a well selected cast support Mundin. Don't miss it.

Midnight Alibi

• • • Feeling may be turning against gangster pictures but here is a different sort of mobster picture that offers a lot of pathos and human interest. Richard Barthelmess romps home with a hit in his first gangster rôle and Ann Dvorak, Helen Chandler and an excellent cast ably support him.

Smarty

• • • Joan Blondell scores in the light but extremely amusing *Smarty*



—*Bert Longworth*

Pat O'Brien needed more than two arms to take care of these beauties so they brought their own along. Pat and the corporal's guard of loveliness are to be seen in* Here Comes the Navy, *starring Jimmy Cagney

as the flighty, silly woman who switches husbands (Warren William and Edward Everett Horton) in an effort to settle her fancied marital problems. Joan is superb—she is so maddening as the wife that you'll want to shake her. See it.

The Merry Frinks

• • • • You'll leave the theatre holding your sides when you see this. Aline MacMahon is the long suffering mother of a mad family, and it is one mixup of comedy situations from opening frame to closing fadeout. Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins offer swell support. Put it or your "must see" list.

One Night of Love

• • • • Grace Moore, prima donna of the Metropolitan opera, makes a triumphant return to the screen in one of the most beautiful and delightful films ever offered. Her voice, an absorbing story and the supporting work of Tullio Carminati and Lyle Talbot, who is excellent in a light comedy rôle, make *One Night of Love* a picture no one can afford to miss.

Friends of Mr. Sweeney

• • • Here is an all around good comedy that also should be on your must list. Charles Ruggles is a spineless scribe on a ritzy publication run by Burton Churchill and in love with Ann Dvorak. He does nothing about it until Eugene Pallette induces him to become a gay dog—then the fun begins.

The Personality Kid

• • • Tut, tut—don't back away when we tell you this is a prizefight story—because here's one you'll enjoy and ask for more. Pat O'Brien is a pug who gets near the championship because, unknown to him his opponents are paid to lay down. Glenda Farrell, his wife and manager, wants to stay in the game only long enough to get enough money to buy a farm. He discovers the faking, leaves the ring and joins the breadlines. Why and how he returns to the game makes a whirlwind finish.

Cockeyed Cavaliers

• • • You'll enjoy this new Bert Wheeler-Robert Woolsey comedy because unlike their usual films it does not depend entirely upon dialogue gags for the fun. The whole family will like it.

The Man With Two Faces

• • • Edward G. Robinson delivers a splendid performance in this unusual and novel mystery story. Ricardo Cortez, Mae Clarke and Mary Astor are superb in support. You'll find it an evening well spent.



HE: "It isn't as if she were stupid. She's really downright smart. Attractive to look at, too. That's what 'gets' me—how can she be so dumb about herself? Well, guess it's another secretary or a dictaphone for me."

SHE: "He certainly is grand—*but is he an icicle!* Here I sit and I'm not so hard to look at. But apparently I'm only something to dictate to. You'd think I was fifty and a fright!"

The smartest girl is stupid when she does not live up to her looks—when she allows the ugly odor of underarm perspiration make her unpleasant to be near.

It's so inexcusable when it takes just half a minute to keep your underarms fresh, odorless *all day long.* With Mum!

Use Mum any time, before dressing or after. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving your underarms. It does not prevent perspiration itself, just the ugly odor.

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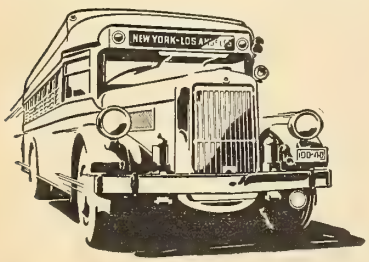
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How Carole looked for beauty and found it. Watch for others in this series!

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



"Any girl who will apply herself can turn every liability into an asset," says Carole Lombard

"Don't Try To be an imitation of someone else whom you admire. Don't worry because you are not perfect in feature and in personality. Any girl who will apply herself, can turn every liability into an asset."

And that, coming from Carole Lombard, unquestionably one of the screen's most beautiful and charming personalities, is strong language. But Carole means it. She admits that her own transformation from an ugly duckling to a swan is the result of following these very rules.

"Gloria Swanson was my ideal when I was a girl," she smiled. "I so much admired her turned-up nose that I spent hours pushing my own inconsequential nose up, trying to make it look cute like Gloria's. I thought her smile was so charming that I made myself look like a gargoyle going around showing my teeth as Gloria does. Then I found out that instead of making myself look like Gloria, I was completely spoiling what little beauty I did possess. I began to think of Carole Lombard instead of Gloria Swanson.

"When I started in pictures, I was too heavy. That was not a serious difficulty, for diet and exercise soon changed matters. I decided that my eyes were my best feature. They were good eyes, large and luminous. I decided to make them more so and thereby cash in on my best feature. I began to use different makeup for the eyes, makeup designed to increase their attractiveness. I found that by outlining them with dark lines I increased their size and brightness.

"I decided that my face, the outline of it, was all wrong. It was too full through the jowls. I devised a way to narrow it by painting an oval outline of true beauty with white makeup.

"After experimenting with various things which altered my appearance," continued Carole, "I decided that I had made a mistake, to a certain extent. I found that individuality was more important than conforming to the classic ideas of beauty. I just let my face be moon-shaped and my nose be my nose and let it go at that."

There is no doubt that Carole Lombard is a beautiful woman. She is beautiful because she learned to make the most of what she has.

HOLLYWOOD'S March of Time

Looking back over the events that have made Cinema history

LILLIAN AND DOROTHY GISH had just returned from Florence where they spent eight months making *Romola*.

●

Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller were one of Hollywood's happily married couples. Jack had just finished making *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*.

●

Jobyna Ralston was just eighteen years old. Dick Arlen a struggling young extra. Joby, after working as an extra in a Hal Roach comedy, was just making good as Harold Lloyd's leading lady. He had just made *Girl Shy*.

●

May McAvoy, Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan were in the headlines. Also Rudolph Valentino and Nita Naldi. *Tiger Love* was touted as the best costume picture of the month. Its stars were Antonio Moreno and Estelle Taylor.

●

Edwin Carew was directing *The Madonna of the Streets*, starring Alla Nazimova and Milton Sills. Charlie Chaplin had just finished *The Gold Rush*.

●

Jack Gilbert declares in an interview: "There is no indoor recreation like a quiet nook, a comfortable chair and a ripping good detective story."

●

Five Years Ago This Month

Little Davey Lee, the "Sonny Boy" of *The Singing Fool*, was offered $3,500 to make theatre appearances.

●

Ina Claire said of John Gilbert, then her husband, "The John Gilbert I know is not the bold, hardened sophisticate he appears on the screen. Instead he is a sweet, lovable boy, as gallant off-stage as on."

●

Doug and Mary were preparing to film *The Taming of the Shrew*. Mary had just parted with her famous curls.

●

Buddy Rogers picks his Dream Girls and includes Mary Brian, June Collyer, Mary Pickford, Clara Bow and Marian Nixon.

●

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford give an interviewer their recipe for a happy marriage and both declare that their union is ideal. They both agreed that only one of them was to be permitted to get angry at one time.

●

Clive Brook and a non-professional friend start Hollywood's first nudist colony by playing tennis on a hidden court in the all-together.



TEST the...
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
For 10 Days at Our Expense!
"I have reduced my hips Nine Inches" writes Miss Healy!



"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder".

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".

"The massage-like action did-it ... the fat seemed to have melted away".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

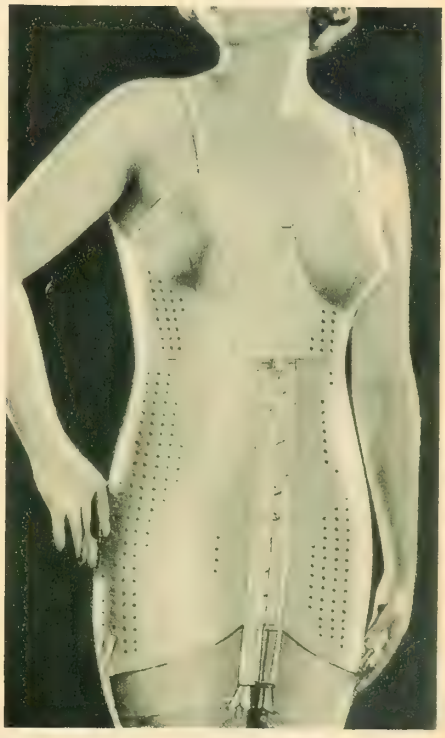
Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

»You can be
YOUR SLIMMER SELF
without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!



This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the NEW Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

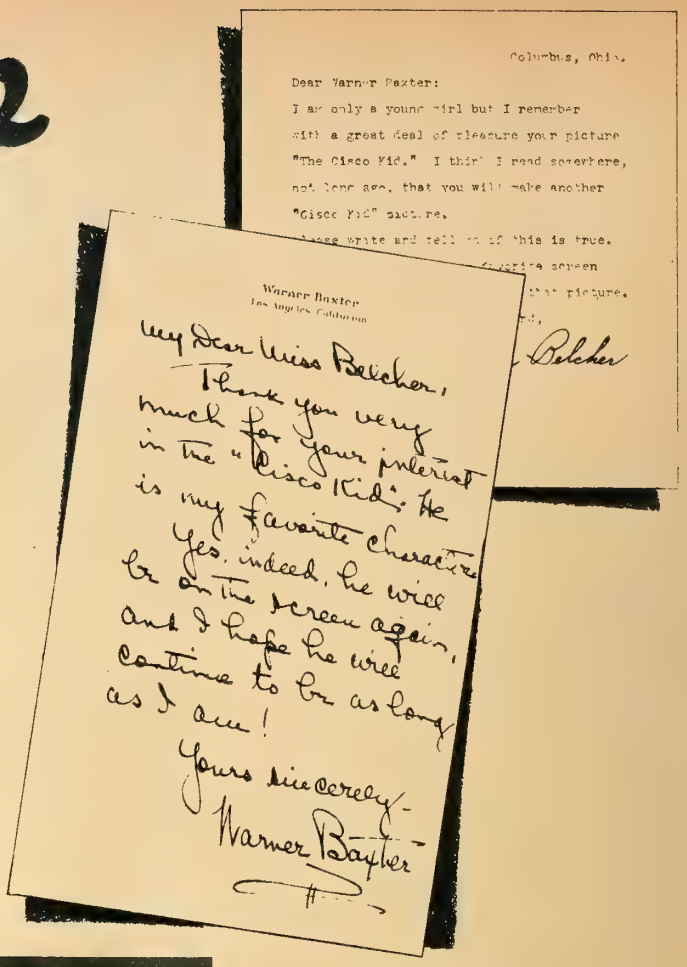
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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Drop Me a Line

Write to the stars and win cash awards! Starting next month one or more stars will reply to the best letters received during the month. These will be reproduced on this page and $10 will be paid for each letter so published. $5 will be awarded to each of the two next best letters and $1 will be paid to each of the five next best. Make your letters brief



Use Judgment

Too Much Of any favorite in one picture is a good reason why we soon tire of them. In *Little Women* Katharine Hepburn was grand. I found myself watching each scene for her reappearance. Then—I saw *Spitfire*. Katie was good but it was all Katharine Hepburn and little else. And like one can see too much of even a good thing she lost some of her appeal for me. Mr. Producer, please give us our favorites along with other interesting characters and better plots.

VERA LASATER,
Route 2, Box 305,
($5.00 Letter) San Angelo, Texas.

Idea For Norma

CAROLINA, Smilin' Thru, Little Women and *Tugboat Annie*, prove that producers can film pictures worth seeing. Why not film the sweet story of *Lavender and Old Lace* with Norma Shearer as the heroine? Norma was exceptional in *Riptide*.

GEORGIA M. KEETER,
Morganton, N. C.



Norma in Lavender and Old Lace?



Anna, sex supreme

A Real Find

At Last We have found the ultimate in physical attraction. Of course I refer to Anna Sten. She is sex supreme. If she continues as she has started she will out-distance all our other exponents of lure or glamour or call-it-what-you-will.

DOROTHY M. SPRINGER,
541 E. Platte Ave.,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Garbo and Barrymore

WHILE producers are paying fancy prices for "original" stories there is a wealth of untouched material at hand. Take Joseph Conrad. His *Victory* was done in silent films years ago and done badly. Why not do it now with sound—Greta Garbo is the ideal Conrad heroine. She would be perfect as Alma, the down-trodden girl in the ladies' orchestra of the South Seas hotel. John Barrymore for the recluse who carries her away to his island. Conrad's *The Rescue* would be another Garbo-Barrymore masterpiece.

HELEN RHODES,
625 Cambridge Blvd., S. E.,
($5.00 Letter) Grand Rapids, Mich.

Movies and Marriage

'TWAS hundreds of movies ago I met the man of my choice. Today that same man still believes I'm the same "grand little girl" he married six years ago. Nothing has helped me to make him hold this opinion of me as much as the movies, for they teach the fine art of "How to be happy though married!" My secret? Very simple. I study Norma Shearer for fashions; Greta Garbo for love's sincerity; Irene Dunne for charm and Mae West for sex appeal!

MRS. HELEN JOHNSON,
7414 Emerald Ave., Chicago, Ill.
($5.00 Letter)

They Probably Do

GIVE us more plays like *David Harum, Smilin' Thru* and other favorites of the human interest angle, then watch your public eat 'em up. We get tired of the smutty jokes or risqué situations as portrayed in two-thirds of the films. I'll bet the actors even hate to play such parts.

RUTH E. SNOW,
412 Main Ave., Twin Falls, Idaho.

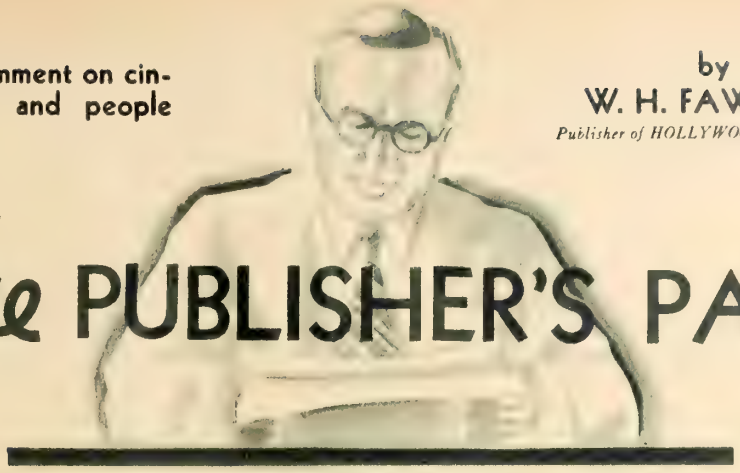
To Shirley

I Have Just seen *Stand Up and Cheer* and that's just what I'm doing—for Shirley Temple. I've always looked

Please turn to page forty-six

Pointed comment on cinema affairs and people

by
W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine



The PUBLISHER'S PAGE



Mae West

To the Brave

None Other Than Benito Mussolini, dictator of Italy, has endorsed Mae West's curves, according to rumors that have swept Hollywood and set the feminine cohorts a-tingle with envy. Because of Il Duce's campaign for large families and virile, healthy womanhood it is not difficult to believe that he would do this.

In any event it sets a mighty difficult target for Filmdom's press agents to shoot at. Imagine the thunder over Hollywood as scores of dainty feet are stamped with emphatic demands that endorsements be obtained from other European dictators!

If you like brain teasers tell us what prominent movie star recently was told by his physician, after an X-ray examination, that his wife soon would present him with twins. We'll tell you later if you, the doctor and the X-ray were right.



Adolphe Menjou

Reckless Adolphe

If You Want your sweetheart or husband to be well-dressed, don't urge him to follow the fashion example set by any one movie star. That is the advice of Adolphe Menjou, himself considered a style dictator, who says there isn't a perfect Beau Brummel in Hollywood.

Gary Cooper's overcoats, Clive Brooks' shoes, Robert Montgomery's ties, William Powell's trousers and Director Lowell Sherman's hats and caps should be copied by the man who wants to be the last word in fashion. Ronald Colman knows best how to wear sport clothes and Herbert Marshall is perfection in evening clothes, says Adolphe.

'S funny what antics writers and directors go through in order to hatch an idea. Vincent Lawrence curls into a ball and chews his coat lapels. Victor Fleming lies on his stomach and talks to the rug. Bill Wellman walks around writing his name on the walls. John Ford eats his hanky, drags it out, dries it and eats it again! So THAT explains it!



Glenda Farrell

Love and Logic

Much Has Been said about marriage and divorce in Hollywood but few stars have had the courage to face the issue with the logical thought given it by Glenda Farrell. Her views on the subject, expounded in this issue, should be read by every fan and every star in Filmdom.

Glenda flatly asks "Why risk love for a wedding ring?" To her love is the most important thing in life—far more important than her career ever could be. Accordingly she would rather remain a sweetheart than see her love fade into nothingness—until she has conquered the jinx that seems to hound most Hollywood marriages. But read about it on page 14.



Jack LaRue

Flowers for Jack

Regardless Of Any other achievements, Jack LaRue should go down among the immortals for his devotion to his family. The average man regards the existence of relatives as one of life's evils—to be disregarded as much as possible—but not so Jack.

Not content with merely maintaining a home for his mother and four sisters, Jack has taken a nine-room house and has brought on from the east his father, another sister, and three nephews and nieces. His devotion is comparable to Ramón Novarro's, whose home is overflowing with relatives. Success and big money do not always bring forgetfulness and selfishness.

The old gag—"Shake the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan"—is not so ridiculous as it would seem. Most of the visitors to a California mountain resort recently visited by Garbo wanted the thrill of using the canoe she paddled while there!



Greta Garbo

Another New Garbo

Greta Garbo will have to look to her laurels and to the fences that enclose her particular part of the stellar firmament if Director Mervyn LeRoy is right—and has his way. LeRoy recently returned from a honeymoon tour around the world with the news that he had discovered a real screen find in Japan.

His discovery is Suzuki Demi, a Japanese star known as the Greta Garbo of Nippon! LeRoy is planning a screen test for Demi and hopes a Hollywood contract will follow. If it does, it may be a means to induce Garbo and other stars to become more feminine in their dress and actions for—Suzuki Demi is a man!

Wouldn't you like a nice statue of Myrna Loy for your front lawn? Not so many years ago while a student at Venice High School, Myrna posed for a statue called "Inspiration." The statue graced the fountain in front of the school which is now being dismantled. Nobody wants the statue—not even Myrna, so perhaps you don't either.



Leslie Howard

For Efficiency

When Leslie Howard became afflicted with toxic poisoning and the doctor ordered his tonsils out immediately and before *Of Human Bondage* was finished, Director John Cromwell decided upon an ingenious way to speed up production. He had the small sets, on which Howard was to work in the remaining six important sequences, constructed on a revolving stage. This did away with scene-changing waits and resulted in the saving of a week's time and considerable money.

Of course this is impossible to do on large sets but in this day when economy is the keynote of all business, it seems strange this practical expedient is not used more extensively.

Why RISK LOVE

Glenda Farrell tells why she would rather be a sweetheart than a bride in a sensational challenge to modern marriage!





—Elmer Fryer

"Engagements are safer than marriage in Hollywood!" says Glenda Farrell

"LOVE is the most important thing in my life! It means more to me than my career ever could. I could never be happy unless I was in love —and loved. So why should I risk my love for the sake of a wedding ring?"

With that daring query Glenda Farrell revealed her heart and the manner in which she intends to prevent Hollywood from destroying the love that means more to her than anything else on earth. Curled in an arm chair, high up in her apartment that scans all of Hollywood, Glenda continued earnestly.

"I feel that engagements are safer than marriage in Hollywood! Who could be so foolish as to gamble their happiness against a platinum strand that might possibly result in a divorce, and undoubtedly would endanger his love? Don't tempt the gods! If your love is finally destined for marriage, you'll marry. But in the meantime I won't risk the happiness that I've found!"

Glenda's romance with Robert Riskin is one of Hollywood's happier idylls. During the filming of *Lady for a Day* they were introduced; Glenda was a member of the cast and Bob, the writer of the screen story. From their first dinner date they plunged precipitately into a romance that has become one of the cinema city's most widely discussed topics.



—Wide World

Bob Riskin, screen writer, is Glenda Farrell's fiancé but they are afraid to risk their present happiness by marriage!

As Glenda and Bob readily admitted their love, Hollywood expected an immediate marriage for they are both well established in their careers and in a position to wed. Constant companions, the blonde Farrell and the dark, jovial Riskin are a striking pair. Friends of the couple expected the wedding bells to ring out at any minute and when no announcement was made, wondered if they were drifting apart.

Until now when Glenda revealed her design for happiness to me, the wedding was thought to be in the immediate future. But as Glenda said, "I've found love—and I'm not going to risk it in marriage!"

Introspective by nature, Glenda's words carry the

for a WEDDING RING?

by RICHARD ENGLISH



—Hurrell

Glenda Farrell and her son Tommy, child of an early, unhappy marriage, to whom she is intensely devoted. "I know what it means to be in love, marry and to lose that love," she says. "Now I'm in love (with Bob Riskin) and I think it wise to give up all thoughts of marriage, at least for the present!"

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"As you probably know," she said, "I was married when I was a youngster. In fact"—Glenda pointed at a picture of a handsome boy—"I have a son by that marriage. I grew up in a trunk, so to speak, and I think I know a little about trying to mix careers and matrimony. There are plenty of pitfalls in the theatre but in Hollywood. . . !

● "This isn't a bad town, by any means, but the straying from the straight and narrow is just a little easier here than any place else. Too much money, too much leisure, too much beauty! I know what it means to be in love, marry, and to lose that love. Marriage would be hard enough to keep, as it should be, in any town so why risk it here where the odds are so high against marrying and staying married?

"I'm sure that engagements are safer than marriage if only for the fact that the possessiveness that goes with wedding bells is absent. If the bonds are not formally tied, each is less dominating, more inclined to conciliate than to demand. That's a most important factor in favor of engagements. Then, too, as fiancé and fiancée, both of your retain your individual pleasures without one or the other having to sacrifice their desires for the happiness of the other.

"That's one of the sweetest things about Bob; we can both enjoy ourselves, do what we please, and still be compatible. If I do something that displeases him, Bob won't even mention it for a week or so and then when he does, we can talk things out. But if we were married he might feel, as my husband, that he should tell me where to get off there and then. Understand, I don't say that he would, but it would certainly be his privilege and what if I got mad about it?

"As it is now, I can look back in retrospection and, if I've been wrong, avoid any similar happening in the future. You know lovers have their quarrels, talk them out, make up and are as happy as ever. But as man and wife, each feels the right to demand rather than to attempt to compromise—and right away you're more liable to feel like thrashing each other than thrashing things out! So that's another point in favor of engagements versus marriage.



● *"Because I'm in love I think it wiser to give up all thoughts of marriage*—at least for the present," Glenda said. "Bob, too, has been married before and naturally both burnt children are inclined to be a bit dubious. As a woman, I know that a fiancée has an advantage over a wife in the fact that she may never be taken for granted! Once a man is too sure they begin to lose interest and if the stimulation of the courtship prolongs your happiness, let marriage come of its own accord, when and if it does."

"I'd like to see a picture of him," I ventured.

Glenda laughed.

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Please turn to page forty-seven

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AN OPEN LETTER TO CLARK GABLE



From J. EUGENE CHRISMAN, speaking for countless fans who want to help Clark Gable before it is too late!

Dear Clark,

WHEN LAURETTE TAYLOR became a big star in *Peg O' My Heart*, she noticed that the audiences were not as friendly to her as they had been at the beginning of the play. She complained to her husband, Hartley Manners, author of the play, and asked him why.

"Because," said Manners, "when you were on the way up you asked your audience to love you. Now that you are on top, you demand that they do."

I am not saying that applies to you, Clark, but people *are* talking. They are saying that success has gone to your head. They can't say that you are slipping for the way the fans mobbed you in New York proves that they still think you're a swell guy. The thing they don't like is that you are no longer the love-'em-and-leave-'em Clark Gable of old. They are beginning to believe that you have traded your leather jacket and turtle-neck sweaters for a dress suit. They are saying that you are getting fed up with it all and that your work lacks the fire and virility that it formerly had. Perhaps it isn't true, Clark, but even if it isn't, it doesn't do you any good for such talk to get around. That's why I'm writing you this letter.

● I've known you a long time. I've written a lot of stories about you and you've always been a good egg. You've come a long way, Clark, since you played the heavy in *The Painted Desert*. It's been fun watching you grow. I hate to see you spoil it all now by giving up mulligan stew for caviar. Perhaps even you don't realize how far you have come. Your former wife, Josephine Dillon, once said of you,

"When I first knew Clark Gable all he needed was a toothpick behind his ear, a gold tooth and a celluloid collar to make him a perfect hick."

I don't believe you were that bad, Clark, for by that time the rubber factory, the oil fields and the lumber camps were behind you. You had been places and seen things. But no matter how uncouth you may have been, there has always been a fine streak underneath. Josephine Dillon did a lot for you and so did Lillian Albertson, who got you your rôle in *The Last Mile*.

Women have been kind to you, Clark, but unlike Lou Tellegen, you haven't written a book about it. Your innate fineness has prevented that. You hate a man who kisses and tells. Your dead stepmother, about whom I once wrote a story, must have been a splendid woman for I have heard you discuss women many times and no woman who ever came in contact with you has ever been spoken of with disrespect.

Because there is something of the eternal boy in you, women have been the milestones on the road to your success. There was Treela your first sweetheart in Hopedale, Norma the blonde girl in Akron. There was Elsa when you were in stock in Mississippi and

Please turn to page forty-five

NEXT MONTH READ CLARK GABLE'S REPLY

New portraits of favorites on whom the world has placed the check-mark of approval



—*Hurrell*

Joan, the magnificent!

● From dancing girl to sedate lady of the drama, the legions of fans have staunchly supported gay, sophisticated Joan Crawford. Perhaps the career of no star in Hollywood has been more colorful, more interesting than that of this fascinating, glamorous girl. Following completion of *Sadie McKee*, another great triumph for her, she started work on *Sacred and Profane Love*



Jack Oakie

● There may be a tear in his eye and the grimace of the woe-stricken on his face but you know Jack Oakie is only foolin', so firmly has he established himself as a funster and comedian par excellence. His latest assignment is *Shoot the Works,* which will also bring Ben Bernie, the old maestro yowsah, to the screen



Margaret Sullavan

● With only one picture, *Only Yesterday,* to her credit, Margaret Sullavan obtained a hold on the hearts of fans secured by some only after years of gruelling effort. Following completion of *Little Man, What Now?* she hied herself to Europe with characteristic shyness but she will make a triumphant return according to advance reports on the film

—Roy D. MacLean





Bing Crosby

● When Bing sings the hearts of the feminine members of creation stand still (and the masculine contingent doesn't turn a deaf ear either) for he typifies romance, ideals and the refreshing reality of love's fondest dreams. His latest picture title sounds like a misnomer but it is interesting nevertheless—
She Loves Me Not

Ann Dvorak

● Attention, bachelors! How would you like to have a *Housewife* like enticing, ravishing Ann Dvorak? No need to reply—we get you! We hope her screen husband treats her right in *Housewife,* her new picture, for she is indeed a honey to be loved, cherished—and obeyed! In real life, of course, her husband is Leslie Fenton

—Elmer Fryer



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Margaret Sullavan

● With only one picture, *Only Yesterday*, to her credit, Margaret Sullavan obtained a hold on the hearts of fans secured by some only after years of gruelling effort. Following completion of *Little Man, What Now?* she hied herself to Europe with characteristic shyness but she will make a triumphant return according to advance reports on the film

—Roy D. MacLean





Bing Crosby

● When Bing sings the hearts of the feminine members of creation stand still (and the masculine contingent doesn't turn a deaf ear either) for he typifies romance, ideals and the refreshing reality of love's fondest dreams. His latest picture title sounds like a misnomer but it is interesting nevertheless—*She Loves Me Not*

Ann Dvorak

● Attention, bachelors! How would you like to have a *Housewife* like enticing, ravishing Ann Dvorak? No need to reply—we get you! We hope her screen husband treats her right in *Housewife*, her new picture, for she is indeed a honey to be loved, cherished—and obeyed! In real life, of course, her husband is Leslie Fenton

—Elmer Fryer





—*Ernest A. Bachrach*

Ann Harding

● One of the most distinctively different types on the screen today, Ann Harding typifies charm and the utmost in gracious femininity. After scoring heavily in *Gallant Lady* for Twentieth Century, Radio wisely cast her in *The Life of Virgie Winters*

Helen Twelvetrees

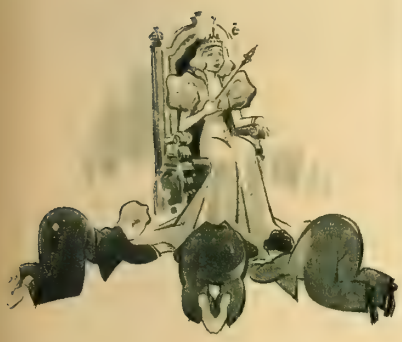
● Like a lovely figurine typifying the fragile beauty of another day, Helen's ineffable appeal grips the attention and stimulates the imagination. After giving one of her typically splendid performances in *Now I'll Tell* she started work in *She Was a Lady*



Sally Eilers Learns About *Life!*



And in the process she proves herself to be the queen of all wives!





Sally Eilers, pampered child of wealthy parents, has proved she can battle life at its worst and win! Her devotion to her husband, Director Harry Joe Brown, during a recent breach of promise suit was applauded by all Hollywood

by E. R. MOAK

Hollywood Wife No. 1! Talkietown husbands today doff their hats to Sally Eilers, the frau who has shown the world that she *can take it!*

It's a strange transition—a transition punctuated by a series of Fate's cruel blows—that Sally has passed through in the last five years.

Tossed into Life's gristmill, the pampered and spoiled child of rich and indulgent parents, Sally has emerged with colors flying—a fine specimen of womanhood, strong of character, charitable and understanding, self-reliant and willing, loyal to the last ditch. She proved her devotion throughout her marriage to Hoot Gibson! She has proved it a second time in her wedlock to Harry Joe Brown!

Sally has learned a lot about Life in the last half a decade—the half a decade since my first meeting with her. Ask her nowadays what she considers the most valuable lesson of all, and she'll reply without qualification:

"Experience teaches you that you've got to take things as they come—the bitter along with the sweet!"

How much more plesaant this universe if more folks took cognizance of that fact!

Sally was born with the proverbial silver spoon, daughter of Peter Eilers, manufacturer and inventor, who practically retired from business at her birth to devote all his energies to fatherhood, surrounding her with servants, showering her with luxuries. And aiding and abetting this grand Peter in catering to their child's every whim was Sally's mother.

Summers were spent in the Eilers' New York abode, but come fall with its chilly blasts, and the Eilers packed their luggage and set out for California. Here they took up residence at the then palatial Huntington Hotel in Pasadena or the gilded old Alexandria in Los Angeles.

It was during a winter visit at the latter when Sally was only six that she slipped away from her governess, halted Charlie Chaplin in the lobby, and informed him his films would be far more successful if only he'd cast her in his support. It was during these annual sojourns, too, that Sally became so imbued with the idea of someday becoming a famous actress.

● She was only eight when she made the acquaintance of Anita Stewart, and inveigled that luminary into obtaining a screen test for her—an incident that brought chagrin to her parents.

Sally's slightest wish had always been fulfilled—Peter and the Mater saw to that—until she developed this craving for a career as a thespian. On that they turned thumbs down, for they had other and what they considered loftier goals for her. It was in answer to Sally's pleas that the Eilers eventually came West to make their permanent home.

Please turn to page fifty-four



THE MARLENE Exp

DIETRICH SPEAKS FRANKLY TO REVEAL HER

WHEN I WALKED into Marlene Dietrich's dressing-room all I knew about her was what you know about her—what we've read in the newspapers and magazines—and those rather confusing and contradictory impressions which her screen personality reveals.

When I walked out, two hours later, I had a "talkie picture" of Marlene Dietrich—an honest, soul-reaching photograph of her feelings and beliefs that has never been presented in print before.

This was my first meeting with Marlene—yet in those two hours of monologue (after the first five minutes it stopped being an interview) I realized I was privileged as probably no Hollywood journalist had been privileged before.

As Marlene herself said, "I don't know why I talked so freely this afternoon; I suppose I just felt like expressing myself." Whatever the reason, I'm eternally grateful that she did!

The simple, straightforward, charming personality she revealed to me in her *unglossed, unretouched* self-portrait was so utterly unlike the erratic, capricious and somewhat self-conscious Marlene Dietrich whom we thought we knew, it so completely refuted what has heretofore been written about her, that I'm going to give you a literal transcription of our conversation so that you can judge for yourself.

It started with a bombshell.

"In Hollywood I am, what you might say, protected from life. It is a kind of monastery."

I came to—blinking. Hollywood—that jig-saw puzzle town of freaks, continual combustions, front-page newspaper rows, and a medley of odds and ends of everybody and everything from all corners of the earth—this existing habitat of lunacies and miracles, a *monastery!*

● "Really, I mean this," Marlene continued. "What is my life out here? Driving from my house to the studio—working on a picture all day—driving home again. Never seeing anyone except those people who work with me on the set. Never even having to grant an interview unless it is arranged by special appointment through the studio's publicity department. I am alone most of the time. I have quiet. I have peace. Yes, one could say—I live within the serene, sheltering walls of a haven. Something has happened to me since I've been here."

She was silent for a moment, apparently struggling for the right word. Like most foreigners, not quite at home in the language, she spoke slowly, cautiously, selecting every word with painful accuracy.

"Perhaps other foreign actors have not been affected in the same way. For I am actually afraid now to leave Hollywood. I do not want to go anywhere else; I'm not used to the people—not used to the crowds. I'm frightened to death of the reporters who jump out at me when I get off a train, of the cameramen who run after me down the street, of the strange people who hound me for my autograph. I have been isolated too long to be comfortable in the world any more.

"At first, you are quite right, I did not like it. When I came out here from Europe, three years ago, I actually hated it. I was lonely, unhappy, I could not speak the language—I was an alien. Because of this I couldn't bring myself to see people. With the exception of a few German friends whom I had known abroad, the only people I saw were my little girl, my director, Josef Von Sternberg, and my servants. Because there was nothing else to do, my life resolved itself into the simplest, quietest kind of routine.

"As you may well imagine, the monotony of this existence almost drove me insane. I missed the stimulation of the interesting personalities I had known abroad—I missed

REAL DIETRICH

...real!

by HILARY LYNN



INNERMOST THOUGHTS IN AN AMAZING INTERVIEW!



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Rudolf Sieber, husband of Marlene Dietrich and a prominent film director in Germany, is permitted to spend only two months annually with his family in Hollywood

● "Naturally, I could hardly wait to take my first trip back to Europe. But a funny thing happened. When I returned to Germany, I discovered that I had 'gone Hollywood.' No, no, not the way you people out here mean," she said, smiling at the look on my face. "I mean I found myself saying nice things about Hollywood—praising everything to the skies until my friends and relatives actually grew angry. To my own surprise I realized that a great change had come over me in those few months I'd lived in California. I felt uncomfortable in Europe.

"For instance, I was annoyed at their inefficiency. This will amuse you, probably—but I couldn't bear it when I went to the department stores in Paris, asked for something, and had to wait hours until they brought it to me. I was irritated at the old ladies who waited on me over there, instead of the brisk young girls you have here.

"When I asked to look at a pair of shoes, they would bring me one shoe, and then take two hours to find the mate. Then they must go to their lunch on the stroke of twelve—it made no difference whether they were waiting on a customer or not. If you've been abroad, you know how they like to eat. And yet, I found myself saying, 'why should they eat so much and so long?' I who used to think eating so tremendously important.

"In that brief vacation abroad, I had learned that for me, the conditions of my life here in California were really so much better. I was so much freer in America, I discovered, than I had ever been abroad. There were not all the old restrictions and conventions to bind me down. These things now disturbed me. So I could hardly wait to come back here."

The blue-eyed, fair-haired Teutonic goddess in the powder-blue linen trouser suit curled up on the couch opposite, eyed me quizzically. Her perky visor cap—cross between a jockey's and a sailor's bonnet—gave her an even more seductive appearance than she usually has.

"Why must they write all that nonsense—" and the graceful sweep of her hand seemed to include an invisible army of critics and enemies—"about my 'hostile' attitude toward Hollywood, when I am actually so content here?"

I was peculiarly conscious of an irony in this last question—an irony of which Marlene was innocent.

Before visiting her dressing-room, I had lunched with a little American hotcha actress, a girl who has had to make

Please turn to page fifty



THE MARLENE Exposed! REAL DIETRICH

by HILARY LYNN

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You Cad Fool Marion — DAVIES

She Was Born Marion Douras, the daughter of a municipal judge in Brooklyn, the home of Mae West and Clara Bow.

Her early life bordered on genteel poverty. She became a tomboy who threw stones at other children, chased fire engines, and played hookey from school and went to Coney Island.

Her life has been a series of accidents, which, combined with her ability, and capacity for hard work and study, have made it a ladder of success.

The first accident happened when she was under sixteen. Her father sent her away to be educated at a convent. To relieve her mind of the longing for home, she quickly took part in an amateur theatrical at the convent.

A teacher of dramatics from New York taught the children their rôles. After drilling many of them he selected Marion for one of the leading parts. A product of the old school of acting who "chewed the scenery," he nevertheless taught the girl many of the fundamentals of acting. Intensely interested, she absorbed everything he taught.

He was bombastic and impatient, and none of the girls ever knew whether or not they were pleasing him.

When the performance was over, he sent for the young Irish girl. The rest of the girls gathered about Marion, fearing the worst. With the feeling that she was to encounter his ire, she appeared before him. He asked her many questions.

"I believe," he said, as if talking to himself, "that you might become an actress." And then louder, "Here is a little token of my appreciation." He gave her a small framed picture of Sarah Bernhardt.

● Marion kept the picture with her, and often looked at the eagle-like face of the dynamic woman. She became interested in Bernhardt's life, and read everything which pertained to her. It expanded her mind into a new world. Soon she was reading about the lives of other actresses.

Her homesickness cured, she was lost in wonder. Next to Bernhardt, the woman who fascinated her most was Rachel. Born of gypsy parents along a road in France, she became the greatest actress in the world.

When the school term had ended, Marion returned home with a dream in her heart. She would become an actress. But how? After turning it over in her mind for some weeks, the one time tomboy, now a well-formed girl, decided to go to work.

Soon she was a model in a Fifth Avenue shop. As her parents felt that the work was but a whim with her, they



Jim Tully

Jim Tully, the celebrated hobo author, dips his pen in fire to write some of the most vital personality sketches of our times. He knows Hollywood and he understands its people and he tells about them with smashing straightforwardness. Tully is a prolific and widely-read novelist, and among his best-known books are the celebrated *Beggars of Life, Shanty Irish, Blood on the Moon, Jarnegan* and *Circus Parade*

A revealing word portrait of one of Hollywood's greatest characters

by JIM TULLY

made no protest. With the stage as the objective, Marion studied dancing and singing during all her spare time.

Nearly six months passed. Women filed in and out of the store day after day. But seldom came a man. Then one day two men and a woman entered. They were looking for costumes for a drama being produced on Broadway. The older man looked keenly at Marion, and asked, "Is this the way you are becoming an actress?"

Flustered, Marion answered, "I'm getting ready."

It was the man who had given her the picture of Sarah Bernhardt.

He talked to her at some length, and in leaving, said, "I will not forget."

It was for Marion, the second accident. But she was ready.

● The next day another man appeared in the store. He was the producer of *Chu Chin Chow*, and he engaged Marion Davies to go into the chorus.

Though the work, always strenuous, was much harder for a beginner, Marion used all her spare time in the study of dancing, singing and acting.

She met at this time many other girls who were later to become famous. The late Lilyan Tashman, Aileen Percy and Dorothy Sebastian were among them. Her friendships born in those days of struggle, have continued in Hollywood to this day.

The next year, when about seventeen, she was given a featured dancing rôle in *Oh, Boy!* It was in this play that her work first attracted the attention of New York.

The teacher of dramatics had talked to her again.

"Single out one individual in the audience, and dance and sing to that person alone. It will help you to concentrate and intensify your work."

All unknowing, his advice brought about the third accident.

The next night a good looking man, between forty and fifty, with iron gray hair and florid face, sat in the third row. She singled him out, and danced as though her life depended upon it. She did not know the man, and had never before seen him. He was Flo Ziegfeld.

● The following year that shrewd judge of beauty and ability featured her in the Follies.

During this time, she laughingly remembers, she, "as

Please turn to page sixty-two



***Marion Davies and Gary Cooper in a charmingly romantic pose from their new picture,* Operator 13**

Spicy, up-to-the minute news items con-
at play, as gathered

With the NEWS



Ida Lupino has set the hearts of all masculine Hollywood aflutter so that may account for the curious relation of her current picture titles — **She Loves Me Not** *and* **Ready for Love**

Mexican Decrees Illegal

THERE WAS CONSTERNATION aplenty in the talkie colony when a Los Angeles court, ruling in a test case, held that Mexican mail order divorces, so popular with the stars nowadays, are illegal.

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Recent Mexican decrees granted Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck and Walter Morosco and Corinne Griffith are not affected by the decision in view of the fact that Norma and Morosco put in personal appearances in the courts below the Rio Grande. The same applies to Katharine Hepburn.

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Guards Increased

KIDNAPING AND extortion plots continue to run rampant through Filmtown, and homes of the cinema élite now resemble nothing less than heavily guarded fortresses.

The recent snatching of William Gettle, millionaire Beverly Hills oil man, has caused a new rush for pistol-toting permits, while the number of sharp-shooting watchmen on star estates has been doubled and even trebled.

With exaggerated tales of fabulous salaries bandied on every hand and their lives almost an open book to the public, the wealthy players realize they would be easy prey for underworld gangs were it not for the precautionary measures being taken both in their abodes and in the studios.

Gettle's residence in Beverly is situated in the same block as those of Winnie Lightner, Edmund Lowe, Leslie Howard and Joe E. Brown.

Mae Takes No Chances

TRIPLE-BOLTED doors, a sawed-off shotgun and two automatics carried by her brother Jack, in addition to two burly detectives from the district attorney's staff, now offer protection to Mae West. Threats of disfigurement, death and kidnaping have been made



—*Schafer*

Grace Moore, noted prima donna, appears as a lovely **Madame Butterfly** ***as she wears the elaborately brocaded costume of the tragic character and sings arias from the well-known Puccini opera in*** **One Night of Love**

cerning the doings of the stars at work and by our star reporter

by
HAL E. WOOD

SLEUTH

against her as a result of her recent court appearance when her testimony served to convict two of the three bandits who robbed her almost two years ago.

Can't Keep Her Down

IMAGINE THE embarrassment of Louis B. Mayer when His Highness, Sir Ibrihim, Sultan of Jahore, after being wined and dined and shown all over the Metro lot, was asked by his host what there was in Hollywood he'd still like to see.

"Mae West!" unhesitatingly and enthusiastically replied the royal guest.

Forthwith the distinguished was escorted over to the Paramount lot, where Mae held court in her dressing room.

P.S.—The Sultana accompanied His Highness on the pilgrimage to Queen Mae's throne!

Gloria Must Wait

HERBERT MARSHALL may be headed for the post as Mr. Gloria Swanson No. 5, but the wedding bells won't ring for some time to come—if at all!

Gloria has filed her suit to divorce Michael Farmer in the California courts, which means that a final decree cannot be granted for a whole year.

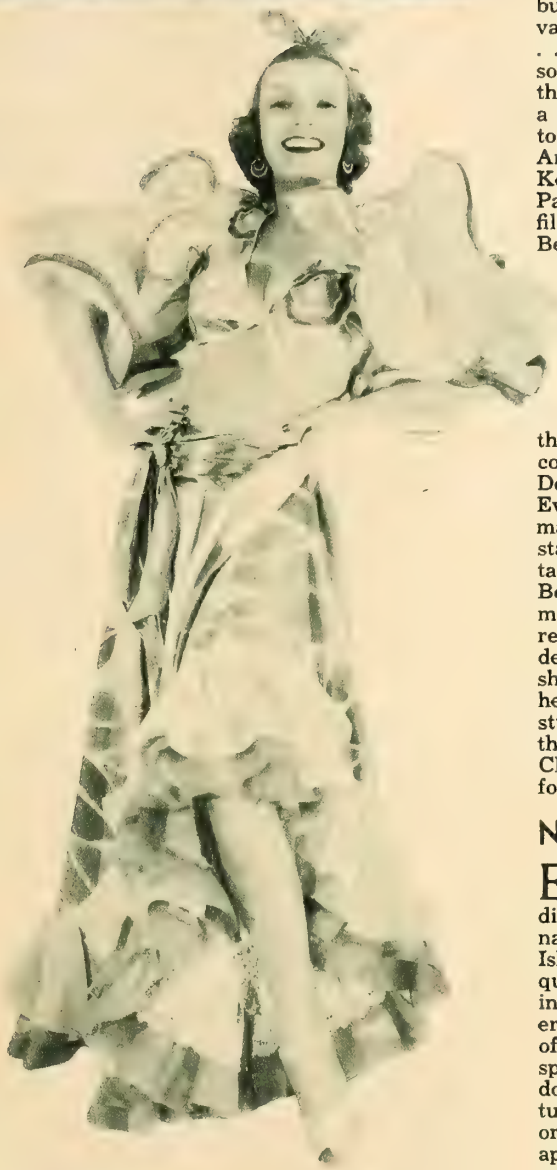
Then, too, Edna Best must be given some consideration because she's still the legal Mrs. Marshall despite the spat that sent her scurrying back to London alone. There are rumors, though, that Edna is laying her plans for proceedings against Herbert over there!

Here's Real Peril!

GLORIA, HOWEVER, will have to keep an eye on Herbert during the next few weeks, for he's been selected by Greta Garbo as her leading man in *The Painted Veil*—and Garbo has been known to find love on the sound stages!

Marlene Wins Out!

THE Garbo-Mamoulian romance is a thing of the past, with Rouben again showering his attentions on Marlene Dietrich, whom he directed in *Song of*



Conchita Montenegro—what a name for those who like to roll melodious monickers off the tongue—brings a dash of Spanish vivacity to* Happy Andrew, *the latest Will Rogers opus

HOT FROM *Hollywood*.

Foreign Affairs

WARNER (Charley Chan) OLAND is converting his 7,000 acres on Palmettos de la Virgen Island, off the coast of Mexico, into a cattle ranch . . . he's owned the tract for fifteen years . . . Airplanes circled above the liner and 25,000 persons lined the wharf in tribute to Ramón Novarro when he landed at Buenos Aires to begin his South American concert tour . . . Charlie Farrell, in London, is finding it difficult to say "No" to British producers who want him for a picture or two at double his Hollywood salary . . . but Charlie went abroad for a vacation, and doesn't want to work . . . Madeleine Carroll became so sold on California during her stay that she returned to England toting a basket of California wines just to prove to the home folks that America has vinters, too . . . Buster Keaton and his new Mrs. are in Paris, where Buster will star in a film for Les Films Margot . . . Joan Bennett and Gene Markey are doing Europe . . . Eleanor Boardman, in Paris, refuses to reveal the date of her approaching marriage to Director Harry D'Arrast . . . Disappointed in the rôles awarded her by Hollywood producers, Dorothea Wieck is Berlin-bound, accompanied by hubby Ernest von Der Decken . . . Metro has signed Evelyn Laye for a musical to be made in Hollywood, where she once starred in a none-too successful talkie for Sam Goldwyn . . . Mary Boland is summering at Lake Como, Italy, her twelfth visit to that resort . . . Norman Foster, Claudette Colbert's mate, is in Tahiti, shooting exteriors for a picture he'll finish in the Hollywood studios . . . British fans, voting through their magazines, awarded Clive Brook the 1934 gold medal for his portrayal in *Cavalcade*.

National

EDDIE DOWLING, ertswhile Hollywood star-producer, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for U. S. Senator in Rhode Island . . . Ralph Bellamy has acquired a 175-year-old farmhouse in Connecticut, and wifey Catherine has gone East to boss the job of restoring the place to its ancient splendor . . . Lewis Stone went down to Boston in hopes of recapturing some of his childhood memories . . . but he gave up when he approached the house of his birth and espied a sign thereon reading *Home For Indigent Women* . . . Irene Dunne is back after one of her periodical visits to her doctor-husband in Gotham . . . Polly Moran and Martin Malone are off on

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Mae Takes No Chances

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Grace Moore, noted prima donna, appears as a lovely Madame Butterfly *as she wears the elaborately brocaded costume of the tragic character and sings arias from the well-known Puccini opera* in One Night of Love

Schafer

Can't Keep Her Down

IMAGINE THE embarrassment of Louis B. Mayer when His Highness, Sir Ibrihim, Sultan of Jahore, after being wined and dined and shown all over the Metro lot, was asked by his host what there was in Hollywood he'd still like to see.

"Mae West!" unhesitatingly and enthusiastically replied the royal guest.

Forthwith the distinguished was escorted over to the Paramount lot, where Mae held court in her dressing room.

P.S.—The Sultana accompanied His Highness on the pilgrimage to Queen Mae's throne!

Gloria Must Wait

HERBERT MARSHALL may be headed for the post as Mr. Gloria Swanson No. 5, but the wedding bells won't ring for some time to come—if at all!

Gloria has filed her suit to divorce Michael Farmer in the California courts, which means that a final decree cannot be granted for a whole year.

Then, too, Edna Best must be given some consideration because she's still the legal Mrs. Marshall despite the spat that sent her scurrying back to London alone. There are rumors, though, that Edna is laying her plans for proceedings against Herbert over there!

Here's Real Peril!

GLORIA, HOWEVER, will have to keep an eye on Herbert during the next few weeks, for he's been selected by Greta Garbo as her leading man in *The Painted Veil*—and Garbo has been known to find love on the sound stages!

Marlene Wins Out!

THE Garbo-Mamoulian romance is a thing of the past, with Rouben again showering his attentions on Marlene Dietrich, whom he directed in *Song of*



Conchita Montenegro—what a name for those who like to roll melodious monickers off the tongue—brings a dash of Spanish vivacity to Happy Andrew, the latest Will Rogers opus

HOT FROM Hollywood.

Foreign Affairs

WARNER (Charley Chan) OLAND is converting his 7,000 acres on Palmettos de la Virgen Island, off the coast of Mexico, into a cattle ranch . . . he's owned the tract for fifteen years . . . Airplanes circled above the liner and 25,000 persons lined the wharf in tribute to Ramón Novarro when he landed at Buenos Aires to begin his South American concert tour . . . Charlie Farrell, in London, is finding it difficult to say "No" to British producers who want him for a picture or two at double his Hollywood salary . . . but Charlie went abroad for a vacation, and doesn't want to work . . . Madeleine Carroll became so sold on California during her stay that she returned to England toting a basket of California wines just to prove to the home folks that America has vinters, too . . . Buster Keaton and his new Mrs. are in Paris, where Buster will star in a film for Les Films Margot . . Joan Bennett and Gene Markey are doing Europe . . . Eleanor Boardman, in Paris, refuses to reveal the date of her approaching marriage to Director Harry D'Arrast . . . Disappointed in the rôles awarded her by Hollywood producers, Dorothea Wieck is Berlin-bound, accompanied by hubby Ernest von Der Decken . . . Metro has signed Evelyn Laye for a musical to be made in Hollywood, where she once starred in a none-too successful talkie for Sam Goldwyn . . . Mary Boland is summering at Lake Como, Italy, her twelfth visit to that resort . . . Norman Foster, Claudette Colbert's mate, is in Tahiti, shooting exteriors for a picture he'll finish in the Hollywood studios . . . British fans, voting through their magazines, awarded Clive Brook the 1934 gold medal for his portrayal in *Cavalcade*.

National

EDDIE DOWLING, erstwhile Hollywood star-producer, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for U. S. Senator in Rhode Island . . . Ralph Bellamy has acquired a 175-year-old farmhouse in Connecticut, and wifey Catherine has gone East to boss the job of restoring the place to its ancient splendor . . . Lewis Stone went down to Boston in hopes of recapturing some of his childhood memories . . . but he gave up when he approached the house of his birth and espied a sign thereon reading *Home For Indigent Women* . . . Irene Dunne is back after one of her periodical visits to her doctor-husband in Gotham . . Polly Moran and Martin Malone are off on

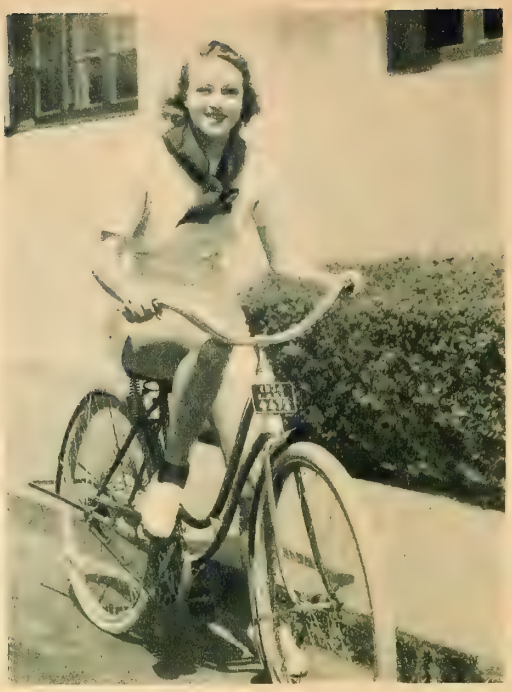
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Dolores Del Rio enjoys the services of her official backscratcher in an amusing scene

Madame Du Barry

HOLDS COURT

ADVANCE SCENES FROM DOLORES DEL RIO'S NEW PICTURE





Dolores Del Rio's vivacious fire is ideally suited to the title rôle. She is seen here in a bit of romantic byplay with Victor Jory, the Duc d'Aguillon





I KNEW *Charlie Farrell* WHEN-

by HENRY M. FINE

Looking into Charles Farrell's past with one of his boyhood pals

A Small Boy In dirty overalls and old, faded blue shirt was sitting along the edge of a river near the Bird paper mills in East Walpole, Massachusetts, fishing for minnows.

He got a bite and started pulling a "shiner" in when suddenly a large pickerel jumped clear of the water, snatched at the minnow, swallowed it, and giving a hard tug, broke the line, getting away with his smaller relative. The youngster, startled, let out a yell, dropped the line and fell into the water.

Years later the same lad walked into the Hotel Biltmore of Los Angeles, faultlessly attired in evening clothes, and accompanied by a beautiful girl. The two were attending one of the exclusive Mayfair Club dances.

The boy was Charles Farrell—the girl, his wife, Virginia Valli.

● Always in love with the outdoors, Farrell spent most of his youth fishing, romping through fields, assisting in "pear hunts," and otherwise following the rather devil-may-care existence of a New England country youth. In Walpole, his early home, he had sufficient opportunities for his youthful talents for mischief, play and work.

Here was a quiet farming community with only the large Bird paper mills to break up an otherwise serene country setting. Charlie could fish whenever he wanted to and close to the best trout and pickerel pools was a swimming hole that had everything a youngster might dream of, from deep, clear water to a raft and home-made spring board. And right across the river was a large apple orchard.

Ganging together, Farrell and his pals would swim across the river to this orchard, pick a good sized load of apples and then leisurely swim back, throwing and pushing the apples ahead of them with every stroke. It was lots of fun and little risk.

However the opportunity to buy a small neighborhood theatre in Onset, a seacoast community, some miles away, attracted Charlie's father. The family moved and the youngster was transplanted from a farming community to one that smacked of the sea.

Onset proved extremely interesting. Here large, magnificently equipped yachts floated at anchor in the quiet harbor. There were musty, evil-smelling fishing boats with

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"Charles Farrell was never a snob. To him, a friend is a friend, regardless of what or who he is or how much he has. He has seen too much of life's struggles to let superficial phases of life stand between him and friendship"

Joe E. Brown Says a MOUTHFUL

by GLADYS McVEIGH



– Scotty Welbourne

Joe E. Brown's entire life centers around little Kathryn Frances and other members of his family. "I think children are the strongest bond and the greatest blessing married people can have," he says. "They would be the greatest cure-all for the Hollywood divorce habit"

Joe E. Brown reveals how to be happy though married in Hollywood

Many Stars Of The New York stage have made it very plain that they consider their lucrative stay in the movie colony as comparable to a Siberian exile. Frankly, many of them are sincerely bored with the place, the movies, the climate. They loathe Hollywood's provincialism, to quote them most kindly. They yearn for "dear old Broadway," for its smartness and sophistication, even its well known insincerity and ingratitude are precious to them.

But not Joe E. Brown. "I'm through with Broadway," he told me. "Hollywood is plenty good enough for me. I've lived in a trunk since I was nine years old. Now I want a place to hang my hat and call it home."

And, believe me, Joe now hangs his hat in fifteen rooms of Brown home in Beverly Hills, one of the most beautiful in the film colony, both inside and out. Not a gilded palace, you understand—but a real home. An enormous amount of activity centers there.

Within its rambling walls, the interests of four children, of a helpfully active wife and mother, and one of the most popular actors in the world come together in a tremendous bustle of controlled happiness.

● Despite his breezy, wise guy characterizations on the screen, Joe is not the Broadway type of actor, at all. He's the small town man at heart, with a love for the simple, worthwhile things of life and no regard whatsoever for the artificial glitter of cabarets and night life.

"I'm happy in Hollywood. This is home! Of course," he added hastily, "Broadway always treated me swell, and I don't want anybody to think I'm ungrateful when I say I don't want to go back. It's simply that I like Hollywood so much."

Joe E. Brown is no clown, despite his screen rôles, but a sincere, thoughtful, intelligent, high principled gentleman who does more good every day than a dozen average Hollywood celebrities.

To appraise accurately the solid worth of Joe, one has to delve back into his career. He was born in the little town of Holgate, Ohio, but ran away from home at the age of nine to be an acrobat, in the famous Ringling Brothers circus. He has struggled hard and ambitiously in the show business ever since, for more than thirty years—circus, burlesque, vaudeville, musical comedy and the

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Jean Harlow's SUMMER DIET SECRETS

Use the methods employed by one of the most beautiful stars to improve your health and keep your proper weight during hot weather

by FRANCES KELLUM



—Clarence Sinclair Bull.

Do You Know that you can build up a whole new body for yourself this summer?

Do you know that it's possible, in the midst of the heat and languor and all, to create for yourself the kind of complexion you've dreamed of having? Fine textured skin, smooth as a gardenia petal. Not a single telltale "bump" as you pass your fingers lightly over the surface of your face.

This is no idle, oh-it-never-could-happen-to-me thought of wonder worked by magic. This is *science*. Pure—and quite simple. Medical science. Or rather, that part of it which has to do with the foods we eat. Some of the most famous health specialists in America have told their secrets to Jean Harlow. She was telling us about them one day as we idled in her garden.

"During the winter you naturally have to eat heavier foods that will supply heat for the body," she explained. "But when the warm months come—that's the time to do things to yourself with diet. Out here in Hollywood where we have a semi-tropical climate and most of us are working under blazing lights so much of the time, we have to take special precautions. I've found that out!"

● And here is the first step Jean suggests in the rebuilding process. It is also the pet secret of one of the most noted beauticians in the world. She prescribes it for every client before she applies any cream or tonic to their face—as the foundation for a series of treatments costing $250! But it's worth $250 and infinitely more to know how to eliminate stored-up poisons in the system . . .

This is called the Seven Day Eliminative Diet. There's nothing stringent or harmful about it. And certainly you don't starve! Begin in the morning by taking a half teaspoonful of vegetable salts—procurable at any health food store—in a glass of hot water. For breakfast drink the juice of three oranges. If you're working, you require extra nourishment and a very soft boiled egg is permitted but no bulky foods.

At eleven drink a glass of tomato juice seasoned with lemon juice. This can easily be taken to your place of

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Jean's Two Favorite Hot Weather Suppers

Grapefruit cup
(chilled, diced grapefruit)
Jellied chicken loaf
(see story for recipe)
Radishes, olives, green onions Hot rolls
Open-faced cherry pie
Iced coffee
* * *
Olives, celery
Chipped dry beef sauté
(cooked with onion in butter)
Stuffed eggs
(small bread and butter sandwiches)
Hot asparagus
(with lemon-butter and paprika)
Camembert cheese Crackers and honey

Flash

Candid camera shots of interesting highlights in the month's Cinema news



—*Wide World*

Little Georgiana Young will portray sister Loretta as a child in a new picture



—*Wide World*

Alice Joyce (now Mrs. J. B. Regan) returns to Hollywood with her daughter, Alice Moore, after a visit to New York and Havana. Daughter plans a screen career



—*Wide World*

Ann Harding adds two lion cubs to the menagerie she maintains for her small daughter Jane



—*Schafer*

***Lovely Billie Seward, candid camera enthusiast, is in* Storm at Midnight**



***Wallace Beery caught in a characteristic pose while on location for* Treasure Island**



—*Wide World*

Vivian Keefer, Lucille Ball and Jane Hamilton played on this unique polo team coached by Eddie Cantor to compete in a match for charity with a similar team coached by W. C. Fields

Fotos

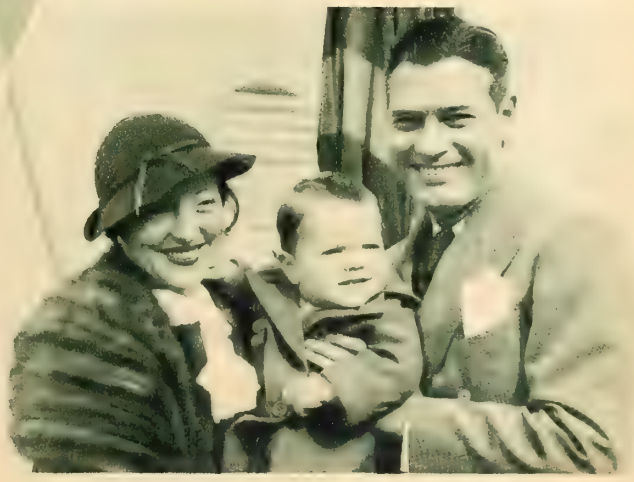


Joan Blondell receives the Wampas trophy for the most outstanding cinema achievement of a former Wampas Baby Star



—*Acme*

Jean Harlow and Norma Shearer at Carey Wilson-Carmelita Geraghty nuptials when Jean announced divorce plans



—*Wide World*

Jobyna Ralston, her son Ricky, and her husband, Richard Arlen, return from an extended tour abroad

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Little Georgiana Young will portray sister Loretta as a child in a new picture



—Wide World

Alice Joyce (now Mrs. J. B. Regan) returns to Hollywood with her daughter, Alice Moore, after a visit to New York and Havana. Daughter plans a screen career



—Wide World

Ann Harding adds two lion cubs to the menagerie she maintains for her small daughter Jane



—Schafer

Lovely Billie Seward, candid camera enthusiast, is in Storm at Midnight



Wallace Beery caught in a characteristic pose while on location for Treasure Island



—Wide World

Vivian Keefer, Lucille Ball and Jane Hamilton played on this unique polo team coached by Eddie Cantor to compete in a match for charity with a similar team coached by W. C. Fields

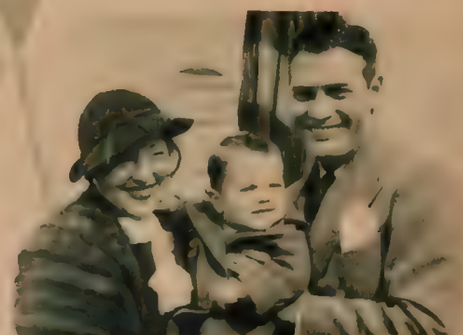


Joan Blondell receives the Wampas trophy for the most outstanding cinema achievement of a former Wampas Baby Star



—Acme

Jean Harlow and Norma Shearer at Carey Wilson-Carmelita Geraghty nuptials when Jean announced divorce plans



—Wide World

Jobyna Ralston, her son Ricky, and her husband, Richard Arlen, return from an extended tour abroad

CAN HEPBURN *Ever* FIND TRUE LOVE?

Heartbroken, disillusioned, Katharine Hepburn seeks to recapture elusive romance, but Fate has stacked the cards against her!

by JERRY LANE



Katharine Hepburn tried to save her romantic happiness by hiding her unphotographed husband, Ludlow Ogden Smith, behind a veil of mystery, but divorce ended her romantic dreams and he fades into the background, a victim of her career. Rumor has it that she and Leland Heyward (center), her manager, are romantically interested

"LISTEN, YOU TARTER, you hot-headed wench—*don't you know what love is?*"

It was one of New York's leading theatre idols speaking. They were rehearsing. He had, clasped in his tight embrace, a tawny haired tigress with eyes that spit fire. Katharine Hepburn. She gave him a shove that sent him reeling over the footlights. "You bet I know what love is," she screamed. "But *you* don't, you damned big—!!"

Yes, she knew. That side of Katharine Hepburn has been strangely untouched in all the many stories that have been written about her.

She's been flaunted as a madcap. I know her to be one of the most tenderly romantic girls alive. She eats, breathes, lives romance. The glamorous, star-dusted kind. Surprising in the talented young tyrant who pushed her way to the Hollywood peaks? Perhaps . . .

But if Hollywood could have seen the stern-mouthed girl with her face set in a tragic mask who stepped out of the plane in Merida, Mexico, and wrote "finis" to the only love in her life that ever mattered . . . it would have understood many things.

There has been heartbreak for Hepburn these last six months. The now-famous failure of her stage play, *The Lake,* was a comparatively insignificant part of it. That has little or no bearing on her screen career and Katy knows it. In fact, a "flop" was just what she needed. It served only as a spur to urge her to new heights. Had that play been a smash hit there would have been no holding Heppy. As it is, she's coming back with the bit in her teeth and all the old fighting blood up. No, the heartbreak lay in the fading of that stardust.

● Even as a kid, under the rough and boyish exterior, Katy was an out-and-out romanticist. She colored every picture of life that she saw with her own dreams of it. There was the Boy she met the summer she was sixteen. Up to then boys had just been boys to her. Someone to play ball and fight with. But he captured her imagination. He was a knight in white armor. Katy's voice had a queer way of cracking when she talked to him. For his benefit, she proved she was the best girl at baiting fish hooks on Long Island Sound. Her jack-knife dive was as good as his own. He grinned at her antics . . . and liked to pal around with her . . . but he took a dimple-faced brunette to the club dances.

Katy didn't know whether to take cyanide or drown. She wound up by going to New York with her father and having a swell time.

It isn't fun not to be popular. Katharine Hepburn wasn't particularly. Not in the girl-and-boy sense. And later, not in the man-and-woman sense. "She is the one woman a man can get a kick out of—literally and figuratively—and be honest friends with, without a thought of love

Please turn to page fifty-eight

Chester Morris Defies FAME'S JINX

by
HAL HALL



Age and other bugaboos of the star will never terrify Chester Morris if his unique plan works out!

TWO OF THE most pathetic sights in Hollywood are, first, former picture stars now standing in line with the "extras," glad to get five dollars for a day's work. The second is the male star no longer young, who is struggling valiantly, though pitifully, through the rôle of a young lover when he should be playing the heroine's father, or, at least, her uncle.

It is sad but true that most Hollywood male stars when they turn thirty seem to think that they can kid themselves and the public into believing they are still twenty-one.

"But it can't be done," says Chester Morris, square-jawed Universal star, who has climbed to the top of the heap by virtue of his acting ability rather than by being so darned good-looking that women swoon when they see him. "The fellows who think they can do it are only storing up trouble for themselves."

Right here and now I am going to predict that Chester Morris will never be found in the line of five-dollar-a-day "extras," and he will never at forty be found trying to play the rôle of a chap of twenty-three.

Having spent a great many years in frugal-minded New England, he knows that a man's best friend in a time of adversity is a hefty bankroll, so he has established a trust fund that will be somewhere in the neighborhood of a million dollars when he is fifty. Even if it should pay him but a modest three per cent interest, the well-known wolf won't have any excuse to come snarling round his door.

As for trying to remain the youthful lover throughout the years of middle life, he has too much common sense to think it can be done. So you will probably see him in doctor and banker and big business man rôles one of these days—but, if his plans work out, you will never know just when he made the change.

Morris celebrated his thirtieth birthday recently. I dropped in on the set of *Let's Talk It Over* to see him and ask him how it feels to be thirty. I discovered that in true Morris fashion, he has been doing a lot of thinking along constructive lines since that birthday. It might be well to let him tell it in his own words.

"I have never given much thought to what type rôles I would play in future years until my thirtieth birthday," he explained. "I didn't feel a day over twenty-five on that thirtieth birthday. I guess it was just the psychological effect of passing from the twenties into the thirties that started me thinking. Ever since that birthday I have been thinking more and more about the future, and I have definitely made up my mind that there must come a time when I will no longer be youthful enough to do the rôles I am playing now.

"The problem is to know just when to quit trying to be young. I think the only way to do the trick is to do it gradually. Sort of slide gracefully into other rôles without anyone's suspecting what is happening. Thank God for one thing. I do not have the handicap that some men in pictures have. I have never been a 'pretty boy' type. So the change will be much easier for me.

"I have always been a great admirer of Lewis Stone, and I hope that I shall be able to follow his lead. He

Please turn to page sixty-three

THE GREATEST VAMP

A preview of advance scenes from Cecil B. DeMille's great new spectacle film, "Cleopatra"



Claudette Colbert, dazzling, seductive, in the title rôle as the famous charmer of the Nile



Henry Wilcoxon, as Marc Antony, boldly proves to Claudette Colbert (Cleopatra) that he is not afraid to drink her wine—although he knows it is apt to contain a deadly poison as is her playful custom





Charmain (Eleanor Phelps) gleefully reports to Marc Antony that his soldiers, brought to conquer Cleopatra's forces, have fallen for the wiles of her women and are drunk

OF THEM ALL!

Cleopatra



Two of the slave girls furnish a sample of the beauties to be seen in **Cleopatra**

Henry Wilcoxon was brought from England by Director Cecil B. De Mille as the ideal person to portray Marc Antony

Cleopatra, her romance with Marc Antony ended, ascends her throne to wait serenely for the death that is certain to come as the result of permitting an asp to bite her

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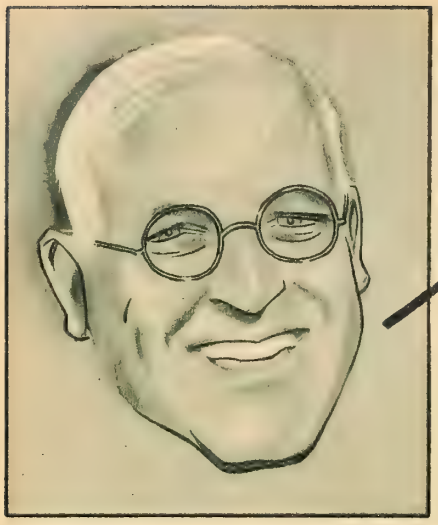
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HARRY CARR'S Shooting

Pointed comment on movie events and affairs
by a noted film critic and writer



Harry Carr, one of Filmdom's most popular and talented writers, offers his sprightly comment here monthly

Anna Sten

NEVER HAS a girl hit Hollywood who caused the producers so much intense wear and tear as Anna Sten, the lovely Russian girl.

They had to keep her in hiding for a year while she learned English; now they are simply frantic in their effort to find a story for her. Even Vicki Baum has thrown up her hands in despair. Sam Goldwyn would pay almost anything imaginable; but there just are no stories floating around Hollywood.

Once, they thought they had an inspiration in the way of a story about a circus rider who became a great court lady during the reign of the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico. To their dismay, they learned that Mexico will permit no stories to be shown that relate to the tragic Hapsburg.

Katie Hepburn

I THINK that Katharine Hepburn is making a mistake for which she will be sorry. She has worn out the first pert surprise she gave Hollywood in veiling her own affairs from the public eye. Katie is becoming snooty. She has been one of the greatest hits in the history of Hollywood . . . but . . . but—

Spitfire was more spit than fire. I think I shall send her a phonograph record from an old opera called *Havana* which had one song that might interest her: *Then Along Came Another Little Girl.*

The Big Old Bear

THERE IS AN actor in Hollywood, Ivan Lebedeff, who is extraordinarily good at comparative physiognomy — comparing men to animals.



Baby LeRoy, a busy lad these days, does a little pencil work on the script of **The Old-Fashioned Way,** *his latest picture*

Some of his comparisons are not flattering; but some are immense.

The reason that Wally Beery has such an appeal is that all people instinctively love bears; and Wally is a bear . . . a shaggy, roaring, mischievous old monster, who is likely at the most unexpected moments to turn over and bite his toes.

Valentino was a spiritual mixture of horse and panther; Mary Pickford was a pony, who delighted the children; Norma Shearer a thoroughbred race horse.

Lebedeff says that Doug Fairbanks Sr. is a horse; but it seems to me that he is more like a big courageous, frisking dog.

Mae West wears 100 ostrich plumes on this elaborate costume for **It Ain't No Sin**

Script

by Harry Carr



June Knight does a little cross-country running to get in trim—and how trim!—for her next Universal picture, the title of which has not yet been selected

Anyhow He Looks Big

I DON'T know why every one thinks of Doug as a big fellow. The one thing that staggers the visitors to studios is the discovery that both Douglas and John Barrymore are very small men. The rest is the camera.

Love and Camera Men

It Seems to be in fashion now for stars to marry camera men. Jean Harlow's camera man romance didn't last long; but Joan Blondell was not terrified by the example.

Miss Blondell married George Barnes, a camera man, and knocked the studio into a heap by insisting that they change her name on the screen to Joan Barnes. She had decided this was to be a marriage for keeps. She couldn't get by with this; so she declared how she felt about it by having "Barnes" painted on her dressing room door.

A La Hollywood

THE marriage of Carey Wilson and Carmelita Geraghty was certainly Hollywood with all the fixings. The happy bride groom had a suit for alimony pending and Jean Harlow, the matron of honor, had to pause in the midst of putting on her costume of virginal white purity, to sign an application for divorce.

Bill's Mules

The Next Time Will Rogers starts down a mountain with a mule team, the studios and the publishers are going to send along a corps of men with nets to catch the fragments.

Will has a western ranch at the head of Santa Monica Canyon and the bright jewels of his heart are a collection of long-eared ornery mules. When O. O. McIntyre, Irvin Cobb and other celebrities came to pay a visit of homage and respect, Bill insisted on assembling the mules and taking them for a ride up a mountain—his own mountain.

Coming down the trail, a strap on one of the mules broke and it looked as though the Holy Angels were beckoning about two million dollars worth of high-priced brains to their heavenly home. Finally one of Bill's cowpunchers rode up and fastened up the break . . . making repairs at sea, as it were. Bill was the only one who wasn't scared.

Try, Try Again

THERE are those shattered hearts who get disappointed in love in Hollywood; tear up the romance and leave in high indignation by the first train. Stephen Ames continued to stick around.

Mr. Ames is a prodigiously wealthy young man from New York. They say he could pay off the French national debt and hardly notice it. His dream of love with Adrienne Ames was alarm-clocked and ended. After a brief period of intensive search, he transferred his affections to Raquel Torres. When they started off on a ship honeymoon for New York, he bought her a Rolls Royce—not a real present you understand; just a momento. His younger brother Paul is apparently head over heels in adoration of Raquel's younger sister Rénée.

Raquel is a lovely little Mexican girl; and her marriage has a good chance to succeed if it runs true to form. I have known very few Mexican girls to make a failure of marriage. They do not demand too much—and so they get everything.

Another From Europe

One Of The most interesting girls to come from Europe is Wera Engels, who started with a bad break in a business contract but at last seems well on her way.

She is one of the girls who can really talk about things. She is the daughter of an old navy family in Germany, her father having been an intimate friend of the Kaiser and the first commander of the Emden. Her family was shocked almost to the

Please turn to page sixty

Joan Marsh can think of a lot of questions she'd like to ask as she does a little kibitzing



Cross Examining THE STARS



An intimate glimpse into* The Affairs of a Gentleman!** ***Paul Lukas does a little practicing for his rôle in this picture as he gallantly kisses Lilian Bond's hand during a scene-changing wait

Where the stars tell you all you want to know

FRANCES DEE: Do you plan to retire permanently from the screen after you have had your baby?

No, indeed I am not planning to retire from the screen—but one never knows. I never make plans very far ahead—nor make positive statements about the future. However, at the present time I fully intend to appear on the screen again as soon as the baby is old enough to leave.

DICK POWELL: Do you expect to make any vaudeville appearances?

I hope to in the very near future. I want very much to make a personal appearance tour of the country and meet some of my fan friends who have been so kind in their letters to me. Warner's are going to try and arrange my schedule so I may make this trip.

JANET BEECHER: Is your hair really blue and do you really like it that way?

My hair is a sapphire blue as a result of using bluing in the rinse water. It photographs very much better than my own shade and everyone who knows me seems to like it.

KATHARINE HEPBURN: Do you think overalls and pants becoming to women? Do you believe a girl should do just what she wants regardless of what people might think?

If you feel at home in overalls and enjoy wearing them they are apt to be becoming to you. I think pants are much more comfortable than women's clothes for every day wear knocking about the studio or at home. I shouldn't like to tell anyone what they should or shouldn't do—I think what is right and wrong is a matter of personal reaction. If you never do the thing that leaves a little ashamed or sorry feeling—you will be pretty sure you are not doing wrong.

BING CROSBY: How and why did you become a movie star? What was your first picture?

Blame it on The Big Broadcast. *I had been making shorts and all of a sudden I was offered a contract out of the blue.*

PATRICIA ELLIS: Do you think marriage will interfere with a chosen career?

It is my belief that to make a success of anything in life it takes almost complete concentration—and how can anyone concentrate on a husband and a career?

CONSTANCE BENNETT: Didn't you play both parts in *Moulin Rouge*?

Yes, I wore a black wig as the wife, and a blonde wig as the actress.

ALICE FAYE: Was *George White's Scandals* your first picture?

Please turn to page fifty-three

Ask your questions and they will be answered!

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Jean Carmen, silvered woman type



Joan Gale, flame type



GiGi Parrish, all-American girl

How to Acquire LASTING BEAUTY

Select your type from among these young stars and follow their hints to beauty

by MAX FACTOR
Noted studio make-up expert



Jacqueline Wells, collegiate type



Lucille Lund, gold woman type



Dorothy Drake, panther woman type

ROMANCE THESE days depends pretty much on a girl's ability to use the right cosmetics! She captures the imagination with her eye-shadow, holds it with her lipstick.

To that, the Wampus Baby Stars for 1934 chorus *"Yes!"* You'll see them in *Kiss and Make-up* and they are ready to march straight up the road to stardom. And they know that means guarding their looks. Stressing them. Putting more into their personality as they go along.

Why don't you go along too? Not to stardom necessarily, but to that goal of every woman—a beauty that attracts romance of the lasting order.

Here is what the Baby Stars are doing—and they're not going about it in a haphazard fashion! *First* comes the daily tubbing. Everybody knows by this time that internal and external cleansing is the real foundation for beauty. Doctors will tell you it is absolutely essential to health. The body throws off a certain amount of poisons through the pores, especially during these hot months when perspiration comes freely. The best way to eliminate them and to have that clean, fresh feeling is to take a cool shower in the morning and a quick rub-down. At night take a warm bath, not hot; sprinkle in your favorite bath salts, and rest in it for twenty minutes or so. Then dust your body with a sweet-scented powder to match your perfume. That insures immaculate daintiness. It lays the groundwork for loveliness.

● The starlets, I found, have a simple method of regulating the system. Very inexpensive—and extremely effective. They take a whole grapefruit, wash it thoroughly and cut it up in a pan. Then they pour a quart of boiling water over it and let it stand with a cover on for half a day. Afterwards, they drain off the juice, chill it and drink a glass of it before lunch and another before dinner. Those summer miseries, red blotches and blackheads, vanish before such treatment.

Said one of the youngest of the thirteen, "The start-at-seventeen to take care of your skin is the smart thing to do! I *know*. It's made all the difference in the world in my complexion since I began giving myself morning and evening facials. It doesn't take very long, either. I can do it in five minutes now since I use that new cream that dissolves into the pores the instant it touches the face.

Please turn to page sixty-one

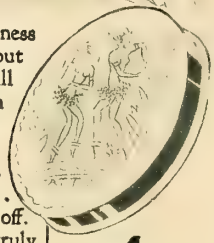
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Don't be misled by imitators; there is nothing else like TATTOO.



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CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

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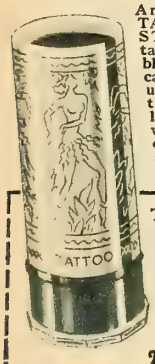
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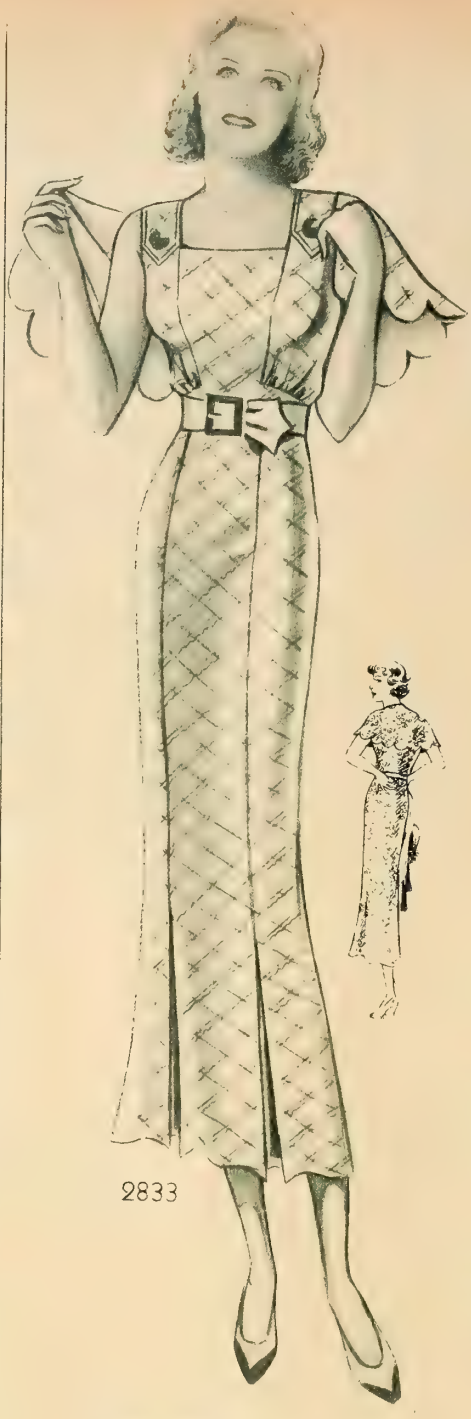
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The cape is detachable and the paneled effect at the front is very slimming and flattering. Inverted plaits lend freedom to the hem and make it swish prettily when in motion. Style No. 2833 is designed for sizes 14, 16, and 18 years. Price of the pattern is 15c.

You will find many other attractive styles in the Summer Fashion Magazine which is 15c per copy. However, if you order the pattern book with one or more patterns it is only 10c.

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Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.

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An Open Letter to Clark Gable

Continued from page sixteen

Alice, also in the South. Then, when you were in Silverton, Oregon, there was Franz. It was she, you remember, who first told you that your English must be improved and who bought books and helped you study them. There was Josephine Dillon, Ruth Collier and now your wife, Rea.

EVERY ONE OF THESE women gave you something, Clark, but it was a fair exchange for you gave them something in return. They gave you affection, help and inspiration and you in turn gave them of your youth, your virility and your strength. Then came your success on the screen and you were able to give to millions of women what you had before been able to give to but a few.

I wonder if you know or realize what you gave these women, Clark? I wonder if you know how many thousands of starved lives and lonely hearts you entered into, a White Knight in shining armor to lighten the tedium of their days and nights? I wonder if you realize your responsibility to these women and what you would do to them if you took their dreams away?

But the thing that you gave them was Clark Gable. It is Clark Gable they want, the vigorous, virile, menacing Clark Gable of *A Free Soul*. You reached your utmost height as *Ace Wilfong* in that picture. That's the man they want to see again and not a pale imitation in a full dress suit. They don't want the polished gentleman you threaten to become. Your formula was a dangerous toughness under a thin veneer of self-education and a hastily acquired culture. That Clark Gable thrilled women because every woman was sure that she would not be safe for one minute with him alone.

You threaten to become a gentleman, Clark, and it won't do. *Ace Wilfong* has learned to wear tails and dawdle a teacup on his knee. He has bought a string of race horses, developed a bulge in his mental waistline and learned to use the right fork.

Your old swagger seems gone. Your smile which was bitter, sullen and hard, now comes too easily. The chip has been removed from your shoulder. The devil-may-care twinkle in your eye which made women want to take you in their arms, even while they shuddered in apprehension of your brutality, is gone. Your own wife has admitted that you are getting tired of it all.

You are a great personality, not a great actor. I think you would be the first to admit that. You may resent this letter but I don't think you will. I speak for millions of your fans when I say that I have seen Hollywood spoil too many careers and that I don't want it to spoil yours. Give your fans more he-man rôles. Tear off that boiled shirt and let us see the hair on your chest again.

Always your friend,

J. Eugene Chrisman

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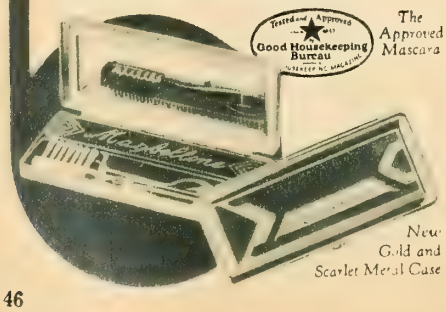
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Drop Me A Line

Continued from page twelve

askance at the precocious, actory child stars, but the diminutive Shirley is something else again. She sings and dances beautifully, yet remains an entirely unaffected, lovable baby. Here's hoping we see a lot of her in the future and that they keep her as lovable and unspoiled as she is now. Baby, take a great, big bow!

MARGARET KELLY,
44 Clara St., San Francisco, Calif.

More Muni

MORE credit to Paul Muni! After playing the big, bad man in *Scarface*, he turns right around and plays the romantic lead in *Hi, Nellie*. Both were big hits and the latter brings out Muni as he really is. Let's have more like it.

LESTER COX,
525 N. Keystone Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Recipe For a Good Movie

WE ARE NOT seeing enough of Warren William lately. His work as Dave the Dude in *Lady For a Day* was superb. Given a Damon Runyon story, Frank Capra as producer and Warren William in a leading rôle, a picture is bound to be "box-office."

EILENE DERRICK,
1749 Grape Street, Denver, Colo.

Perfect Team

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Clark Gable should be cast together again. Their first picture together, *It Happened One Night*, was one of the finest pictures that I have ever seen. Here's hoping we may see these two great lovers together again before many moons.

C. H. LAVIGNE,
315 Pearl St., Hartford, Conn.

A Bouquet For Ginger

A SHEAF of vivid roses to Ginger Rogers! I'm so happy to know that at last she has come into her own. She has long been a champion picture stealer with her glorious figure, her sparkling personality and her remarkable versatility, and individual stardom is her rightful place.

MRS. J. W. JENNINGS,
1148 N. Broad St., Rome, Ga.

Maybe Equally Popular

I'LL MAKE A BET with the fans of the world, that the Gaynor-Farrell team shall not be as popular as our new personality team of *Twenty Million Sweethearts*—why it's none other than Dick Powell and Ginger Rogers. What do you say, fans?

CHARLES MANK,
226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill.

Things I'd Like To Do

IF I WERE a big shot in Hollywood I'd (1) Take notice of that chap who played the new critic in *Sing and Like It*; (2) Give the dental profession a break in pictures; (3) Star Ralph Bellamy in sympathetic rôles only; (4) Team Mae West and Lee Tracy, Ann Harding and Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor and Gene Raymond; (5) Give Marian Nixon rôles worthy of her talent. Ditto Mary Astor and David Manners.

RUTH KING,
2 Hamilton Ave., Cranford, N. J.
($5.00 Letter)

Spicey Variety

WHY SO MUCH grooming of young juveniles to play leads with girls of years to their credit? Variety is the spice of life. Okay, then give us that red flash, Victor Jory, with that one and only Joan Crawford. Jory and Crawford can give us entertainment and talent with all the charm needed. Why Garbo? We go always to see her to try to catch that much advertised lure that we just don't get.

MRS. M. D. MORRIS,
West Union, W. Va.

Katy As Joan

KATHARINE HEPBURN is to come into her own again when she films *Joan of Arc*. In this rôle I assert that she will reach the fulfillment of the promise of greatness that she gave us when she was the heroine of *Little Women*.

MARY BELLE WALLEY,
Butler, N. J.

Birthday Greetings

Do you celebrate your birthday in August? Then HOLLYWOOD extends greetings to you and these stars whose birthdays also occur this month

Ann Dvorak	2nd	Hobart Bosworth	11th	Mae West	17th
Claude Gillingwater	2nd	Pauline Fredrick	12th	Eleanor Boardman	19th
Myrna Loy	2nd	Colleen Moore	12th	Kenneth MacKenna	19th
Dolores Del Rio	3rd	Mary Duncan	13th	Herbert Mundin	21st
Adrienne Ames	3rd	Gene Raymond	13th	Suzanne Kaaren	22nd
Anita Page	4th	Buddy Rogers	13th	Preston Foster	24th
Ann Harding	7th	Robert Woolsey	14th	Ruby Keeler	25th
Irene Purcell	7th	Ethel Barrymore	15th	Natalie Moorehead	27th
Sylvia Sidney	8th	Mae Clarke	16th	Charles Boyer	28th
Charles Farrell	9th	Jane Barnes	17th	Joan Blondell	30th
Dorothy Jordan	9th	Billie Burke	17th	Fredric March	31st
Norma Shearer	10th	Winnie Lightner	17th		

Why Risk Love for A Wedding Ring?

Continued from page fifteen

need one." She smiled at my look of askance. "Of course, I don't need one! When you're in love a picture isn't needed to remind one of the person they love.

"HONESTLY, THE THING one misses most by not marrying is the mental intimacy. It would be lovely to have someone here to laugh with, to cry on his shoulder. No engagement can give the complete companionship, the feeling of each shared thought and emotion, that marriage offers. But"—she shrugged her pajama clad shoulders—"I don't mind giving up some happiness as long as I can still keep so much!

"I'm instinctively domestic and I'd love to have a home and husband but still I'm afraid that Hollywood, matrimony and careers won't work out. It's a husband's natural desire to come home to the 'little woman,' who is fresh, cleaned up and has dinner on the table. He wants somebody to tell his troubles to. But suppose he comes home to an actress who has had a hard day, fought with the director over lines, fought with the cameraman over the lighting, whose previous days' 'rushes' were bad and so on. Why, it's unfair to each other!

"Your nerves are frayed and before you know it each is feeling a little hurt and misunderstood. But being married you're afraid to thrash things out completely, afraid you'll destroy your happiness, so you don't mention everything you think of but instead it preys and grows on your mind and becomes an insidious thing."

THE TRUTH AND honesty of Glenda's statements are plainly shown by half a dozen famous film couples who feel it better to keep love on an engagement basis than to launch it on the Hollywood matrimonial sea of tempests and torrents. Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell's romance dates back to their pre-picture days in New York. Engaged for four years, they have confided that had they remained on Broadway they'd have long since married, but they don't care to risk their love in Hollywood.

Jeanette MacDonald's engagement to Robert Richie is also of long standing but wedding bells never seem to materialize. Madge Evans and Tom Gallery have been "keeping company" for more than two years but the level headed and popular Madge recently told me that as long as she is on the screen, she will not marry!

Douglass Montgomery's affection for Lois Moran is well known and while neither is afraid of marriage both fear Hollywood. Phillips Holmes' engagement to Florence Rice will remain just that "until he can fathom Hollywood" according to the intelligent young Mr. Holmes. All of these celebrities, in love and with the world at their feet, are afraid to consummate their love because they know Hollywood—and fear it!

Glenda sighed and shook her pretty blonde head.

"There's no doubt that there is more happiness in a year of marriage than in a twenty year engagement. But," she smiled a bit wistfully, "I know a little about love and a great deal about Hollywood!"

Advice to Blondes ...on Make-Up

by Genevieve Tobin



GENEVIEVE TOBIN *and* CARY GRANT *in*

"Kiss and Make-Up"

A Paramount Picture produced by P. B. Schulberg.

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively



"AFTER all, whatever we do to be beautiful, it is really color that enhances our attraction...so we must choose colors in make-up carefully. Particularly, pastel tones of the blonde require delicate harmony of color.

"In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, has solved this problem for us. With screen stars as living models, Max Factor created color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize together and accent beauty naturally. A make-up secret that really holds fascinating beauty."

★

Whatever your type... blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead... there is a color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor. This luxury, originally created for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Now featured by all leading stores.

POWDER... *Blonde, with blue eyes and very fair skin, Genevieve Tobin chooses Max Factor's Flesh Powder. Its lifelike color imparts radiant beauty to the skin, and its smooth texture creates a satin-like make-up that will cling for hours.*



ROUGE... *The color tone to give a youthful flush to the cheeks is Max Factor's Flame Rouge... Delicate in color, it harmonizes beautifully; its creamy-smooth texture makes it easy to gain perfect naturalness in rouging.*

LIPSTICK... *Lips accented in color harmony with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick enhance the appeal of her lovely beauty... Perfect lip make-up!...for it is moisture-proof, and thus the color remains permanent and uniform.*



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MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD

JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-pg. illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... Free.

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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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A Reckless Romance that Led to Jail



THE sensational true-life story of Alice Lee, Iowa's pretty heart bandit. Alice herself wrote this story in which she frankly and fearlessly reveals the reckless loves that led her to the State Reformatory. It is one of the most amazing confessions ever printed.

FOR ONE LITTLE HOUR

The dramatic story of a girl who surrendered to a love that knew no barriers, believing the future endurable with only a memory of that bit of bliss.

Other daring life stories include:

Where My Love Led
No-Limit Girl
Is the Modern Girl False to Love?
We Courted Doom



10 CENTS

Romantic Confessions
AUGUST

ON SALE JULY 10th



—Stax

When the services of Thelma Todd were obtained, Irvin S. Cobb submitted docilely to the ordeal of being made-up. The famous writer and humorist is appearing in a series of short movie comedies

With the News Sleuth

Continued from page twenty-nine

but remember there were three other girls in that picture!

Mae West—A walloping hit in *She Done Him Wrong*, but her *I'm No Angel* left a bad taste, so her *It Ain't No Sin* will have to be terrifically good!

Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford —Great! But their productions must be good, too!

Will Rogers—The only star who can *knock 'em cold* even with a weak picture!

Marie Dressler—Tops the feminine stars, but has to play in pictures the public likes to do it!

Ann Harding—O. K. in strong vehicles!

Constance Bennett—Fair to middlin'!

Margaret Sullavan—More human than Hepburn, and probably will go much farther!

Bing a Hoss Breeder

BING CROSBY is going in for the breeding of race horses on a commercial scale. The crooner has laid a heavy chunk of his talkie earnings on the line for fifty acres in the Rancho Santa Fé sector of Southern California, which he is converting into a stock farm. The property adjoins the huge ranches of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Victor Fleming and other cinema notables.

Two 125-year-old adobe homes with modernized interiors now grace the tract, and these will be used as guest houses upon completion of the rambling abode he plans for Dixie and himself.

How Salaries Vary

IT'S what you have accomplished that counts in the movies. Two new Metro players — William Henry, 19-year-old military academy graduate, and Wanda Perry, 16, were taken into court to have their contracts approved.

Bill, who began his career with Marion Davies in *Operator 13* and Bill Powell in *The Thin Man*, will receive a salary of $1,000 a week, it was revealed. Wanda, who hasn't been quite so fortunate as to parts, will have to get along on $75 a week at the start, but should the studio retain her services, she'll be drawing $750 a week at the end of five years!

Where Gags Are Out!

THERE'S A LOT of sentiment hidden behind Gracie Allen's dumb voice. The radio star verged on hysterics when a Paramount director ordered her to remove her $16 wedding ring for a talkie scene. The platinum filled gold band hadn't been off Gracie's finger since Georgie Burns placed it there in the presence of the parson eight years before.

When George purchased the ring he only had $35 to his name. The other $19 went for the license, the ceremony and the honeymoon. Even now, when they're "getting along all right financially," as Gracie puts it, she refuses to permit her husband to buy her a more expensive one!

Marie Recuperating

MARIE DRESSLER'S most recent illness in a Santa Barbara sanitarium has been of a much more serious nature than even her close friends realized. Attending physicians barred all visitors from Queen Marie for several weeks, and even now, when she's on the road to recovery, few are allowed to see her.

Metro has two vehicles ready for the veteran star as soon as the medicos pronounce her fit.

Clara Waits Stork

CLARA BOW'S prayers have been answered, and the stork is on his way! Rex Bell verified persistent rumors that

an heir is expected in the fall. Meanwhile, the It-Queen and Rex are planning a Honolulu vacation.

Clara is definitely finished with the screen, she has announced.

No Altar for Oakie

THE irrepressible Jack Oakie has been spending a lot of his leisure with Ann Sothern lately, and his pals have been hinting at the possibility of a marriage. But Jack insists he'll never wed.

"It's a cinch I wouldn't be understood," he said. "The only chance I'd have of finding a girl to understand the situations which pictures naturally place me in would be in the studio. She would have to be a member of the acting profession too. Even then I'd be taking too great a chance on her not getting the right slant on my work."

Alice Turns Farmer

ALICE WHITE has developed what takes rank as the most unusual garden in Hollywood. It's all in blue and white. The actress not only used blue and white wicker and pottery for her chairs and ornaments, but she has fifteen varieties of blue and white flowers in bloom. The decorative spot is on the side of a hill, and can be seen for blocks.

Baxter a Producer

ONE of the strongest of Filmtown friendships is that between Warner Baxter and Frank McGrath. They've been buddies for years. Because of his striking resemblance to Warner, Frank also has served as his stand-in, and now Warner is going to give his pal a chance on his own. He will finance and produce a western with McGrath as the star. All of which doesn't sound so far-fetched when it's revealed that Frank used to be a jockey, having worn the colors of Mme. Schumann-Heink's stables.

The Strain Was Awful!

ONE MIGHT HAVE thought it was Otto Kruger's own début, so nervous was he when his seven-year-old daughter, Ottilie, staged her first piano recital at the Beverly Hills Woman's Club t'other day. Daddy served as an usher for the occasion, because, he explained, he "was too shaky to sit down, anyway."

Few knew it, but Kruger is as deeply interested in music as he is in acting. During his New York footlight career, he composed a symphony, hired an orchestra and hall, and himself directed the initial rendition of the score.

And Still They Come!

THE alarming influx of young social registrites into the talkies continues unabated. James Blakeley, 21-year-old ex-suitor of the ultra-rich Barbara Hutton, is the latest to desert Park Avenue drawing rooms in favor of a Hollywood career. He made the westward trek clutching a Columbia contract.

Another to vacate her seat among the élite is Helene Elizabeth Anne Nesbit McAdoo, second cousin of Senator William Gibbs McAdoo, just signed by Warner Brothers as stand-in for Ann Dvorak.



Posed by professional model

New discovery adds solid flesh quick . . !

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty.

TODAY you don't have to remain "skinny" and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Get this new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—*in just a few weeks!*

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*



Mr. Irvin Echard

14 lbs. quick

"I was so skinny and weak that everybody laughed at me and called me scarecrow. Finally I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and enjoy life." *Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.*

Mrs. W. K. King

11 lbs. in 3 weeks

"I was very weak and thin, my skin was yellow. With Ironized Yeast I gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and my skin is lovely." *Mrs. W. K. King, Hampton, Va.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 288 Atlanta, Ga.

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"We had a thrilling time, hiking and riding through beautiful country!" "Of course we got tired, but our feet were good to us—because we have always been good to them. The moment a corn appears, we put on Blue-Jay, and that's the end of Mister Corn!"

Be kind to your feet. Use Blue-Jay, the scientific corn remover. It is gentle, safe, mild—yet sure. The pain stops instantly, corn is gone in 3 days.

Blue-Jay, invented by a famous chemist, is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. *25c at all druggists.*



1. Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
3. After three days remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

How Blue-Jay Works

A is the B & B medication that gently undermines the corn.

B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.

C is adhesive strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

New Blue-Jay Radio Program! "The Singing Stranger"—Broadway stars! Tues. and Fri. afternoon NBC

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The Real Marlene Dietrich Exposed!

Continued from page twenty-three

a fierce fight for recognition, and who only now is coming into her own. Jokingly, I mentioned that I was meeting Marlene Dietrich for the first time that afternoon and was wondering what I'd talk to her about. "Why don't *you* suggest a topic for a story?" I asked.

"Okay—that's just what I'd like to do," said Miss Hotcha, and her eyes flashed. "Ask her what foreign stars do with all the money they make over here. Do they spend it in this country, or do they hoard it? And then send it abroad to invest there? Some of them were only ham actors over there, getting about fifty bucks a week. Then they come over here and make a fortune. I tell you it isn't fair to us Americans. They're taking what rightfully belongs to us."

A discriminating person would discount most of what this envious girl had said. Still, her questions were loaded with a certain amount of dynamite. Marlene seemed to welcome this opportunity to clear up a misunderstanding that so many Americans have—a misunderstanding that has to do with a legendary favoritism shown by producers to foreign stars—and foreign actresses especially.

"Perhaps my critics don't realize," remarked Marlene, "that I've been in this country not for ten, fifteen or twenty years—but exactly for three years. Perhaps they do not know that I only recently started my present big salary. Previous to that, I was still on trial for American producers and American audiences, and was receiving a fraction of what most important stars were then drawing.

"Then consider the parts I play! In this type of rôle, and I've been cast in them ever since I arrived here, I can expect a screen life of from five to ten years at the most. After that, I am through! Pouf—out like a light, and probably forgotten. For, you see, I am not clever like those American actors and actresses who, after their screen careers are over, open dress shops, beauty salons, garages and interior decorating firms. They can do this because, having lived here always, they understand the desires of the American public. I cannot, because I am a foreigner, and I do not understand. Perhaps then, when you consider this, and what my present expenses are, you'll not think I am being so enormously overpaid.

"First Of All, before the studio gives me my salary check, eight per cent of it is deducted as a government tax, because I'm an alien. Then before I can consider any of it as my own, I must think of the fifty per cent which goes to the government for income. Does it astonish you when I tell you that I wrote out a check for $85,000 for the United States government last year?

"Also, as you know, I have eight guards continually on duty to protect my child from kidnaping. I pay them each $55 a week. Which makes $440 a week for protection, doesn't it? And these charges I cannot deduct from my income tax because the government says—'you don't *have* to have these guards.'

"Now, perhaps what people might blame me for is that I *do* spend a lot of money. But I do not understand the value of money. I never *have*, because I have no brain for such things.

"My money goes—*not* for investments abroad—but to keep up the standard of living I feel is necessary for Maria and me. We are so alone that I try to make our surroundings as beautiful as possible to make up for any other lack."

The young German director, Rudolph Sieber, her husband, who bears such a startling resemblance to Marlene that he could easily be mistaken for her brother, can spend only two months a year with his family in Hollywood.

"For instance, last year I looked for a house on the beach, because it was healthier for Maria to be by the seaside. I searched for weeks, but could find nothing that suited our purposes, except Marion Davies' house. True, it was far too large for us, but I was willing—foolishly maybe—to pay the $1,200 a month asked for the rent, so that Maria could be in an environment which I believed she needed." She sighed.

"I suppose if I returned to Europe, I could right now demand at least half the salary I am getting here. With the small income tax, and my living expenses cut in half, perhaps it would be wiser . . . yet I prefer Hollywood now!

"I am foolish—not?" In her earnestness to justify what she termed her foolishness, Frau Rudolf Sieber had dropped into the German idiom. Charming—and pathetic!



Karen Morley and her adorable son, Michael Karoly Vidor, were snapped in a charming pose when she visited the studio. She is the wife of Director King Vidor

Hot From Hollywood

Continued from page twenty-eight

squiring the $28,000,000 Doris Duke about Cinemania since she came here incognito . . . the Evelyn Venable-Hal Mohr romance is even more so.

Marriages

WELL, CARMELITA GERAGHTY finally is the bride of Carey Wilson after waiting six and one-half years during which the first Mrs. Wilson kept Carey busy in the courts . . . Elise Barlett, former wife of Joseph Schildkraut, eloped with Michael Picard, Broadway night club owner . . . Norma Talmadge is terribly happy as the new Mrs. George Jessel . . . Nena Quartaro has been the wife of John C. Outhet, Chicago millionaire, for two years, but Hollywood's just finding out about it . . . Marjorie Beebe, who used to be sweet on Mack Sennett, now signs herself as Mrs. Clinton E. Randall . . . Ruth Channing and Director Hamilton MacFadden have definitely set early fall for their altar jaunt.

Births

THE JOHN WAYNES (Josephine Saenz) have ordered a bassinette for December delivery . . . the Dorothy Jordan-Merian Cooper first born has been named Mary Caroline . . . the Ted Hayes (Lina Basquette) plan to rear their new heir on a New Mexico ranch in the hope that he'll grow up to be another Buffalo Bill . . . and they're not joking, either . . . the Billie Dove-Robert Kenaston arrival has been christened Robert Allen Kenaston.

Divorces

GLORIA STUART has sued Sculptor Gordon Newell . . . an admission that their year's matrimonial vacation didn't heal the breach . . . Betty Boyd has tossed away two divorces—a California and a Mexican decree—to make a new try at marriage with Charles Henry Over, Jr. . . . despite Gregory Ratoff's strenuous denials, Eugenie Leontovich is going right ahead with that divorce action . . . Mrs. Mary Rubin won a $10,000 cash settlement along with her freedom when she told the judge Benny Rubin was nearly as funny at home as he was on the stage . . . the domestic relations tribunal fixed $250 a month as the sum stuttering Rosco Ates must pay his wife pending trial of her separate maintenance proceedings . . . A husband who is jobless and broke can't be forced to borrow from his parents to pay alimony while waiting the outcome of a tie-severing suit, a Los Angeles judge ruled when Betty McMahon hailed her mate, Franklyn Connah Stevens, Jr., before him.

Deaths

JIMMY DURANTE flew to New York to attend burial rites for his brother, Albert J. Durante, member of the Gotham police force . . . Hollywood mourns Lew Cody who died quietly in his sleep following a heart attack. A veteran of silent pictures, he was one of the most popular men in Hollywood.

Grand Chocolate Sauce
speedy! can't fail!



Eagle Brand
CHOCOLATE SAUCE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ to 1 cup hot water

Melt chocolate in a double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and hot water, amount depending on the consistency desired. Makes 2 or 2½ cups.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking! No lumps—always gorgeously creamy and smooth! The ice cream, too, is failure-proof. See free booklet. ● *But remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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No Re-Growth Worries When You Use

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MAKE EXCESS HAIR INVISIBLE—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash—that's the way to make limbs attractive—yet avoid bristly re-growth and skin troubles.

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts—take the blackness out of it. MAKE IT INVISIBLE. One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it.

Arms and legs look dainty and attractive. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. No worries about re-growths or skin irritations. Easy to do at home—quick and inexpensive.

Bathers must pay particular attention to excess hair—because it looks so much blacker, uglier when you come out of the water. Get a bottle of Marchand's today!

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Beautifully Golden

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Ask Your Druggist or Get By Mail Use Coupon Below

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C. F.G.834
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps) please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Name.....

Address..... City..... State.....

Joe E. Brown Says a Mouthful

Continued from page thirty-two

movies. Naturally, he has seen a good deal of the seamy side of life, yet his favorite book is the Bible! He shuns liquor, but makes up for his neglect by drinking several double chocolate sodas every day.

His Marriage is a model for Hollywood—and for everywhere else, in fact. He recently celebrated his eighteenth wedding anniversary, which is a good record for any place these days, much less Hollywood with its hasty marriages and equally precipitate divorces. I asked him to tell me about this conspicuously happy matrimonial union.

"Mrs. Brown first saw me while I was doing a vaudeville act in Kansas City," he laughed. "She walked out on the act. Not long after she was visiting in Vancouver, went into a theatre, and there I was again. This time she stayed until the end of the act. Then she happened to be on the same train I took to San Francisco, and we met for the first time. She was going to visit relatives in San Francisco. It was one of those cases of love at first sight.

"Then I had to go to New York and she stayed in San Francisco. We corresponded for a year. Then I wired her one day that I had $150 and we could get married. She came to the big city and we were married at the Municipal building. It was Christmas Eve. We took a subway ride for a nickel back to a modest flat in Washington Heights, New York City.

"A year after our marriage our first boy, Joe, was born. A year after that Don came. A few years ago Mary Elizabeth Ann was born. Our youngest baby, Kathryn Frances, is a little more than a year old."

Felicity in matrimony, it appears, holds no fearsome problem to Joe E. Brown. It's simply a case of applying the famous Golden Rule.

"Before we were married," he said, "a wise old lady told us how to make a go of it. One of the things she advised was—never go to sleep at night angry. Always kiss and make-up. We have followed her advice."

He doesn't consider money essential for marital happiness.

"Although we had only $150 when we married," he said, "there have been plenty of times when we had less. Money is a great comfort and a lot of help, but it isn't as important as we may think.

"I can't see why any marriage between congenial, reasonably intelligent people can't be a success if the principals work at it. No marriage is perfect, just of its own accord. There are adjustments, naturally, and there are pitfalls that have to be dodged, but if the man and the woman really try, there aren't many reasons why a couple can't be happy.

"I couldn't be happy, it seems to me, without a family. I think children are the strongest bond and the greatest blessing married people can have. Children would be the greatest cure-all for the Hollywood divorce habit."

Strange Movie Facts



William Powell was a cheer leader at Central High School in Kansas City in 1911.

Richard Dix owns 317 pipes, all well broken in.

Franchot Tone has revisited Cornell University every year since his graduation.

Gary Cooper, after an automobile accident at the age of thirteen, was told he would be a cripple for life.

Grace Moore began her musical career as a choir singer in Jellico, Tenn. She used to carry a map to prove that a town with such a name actually existed.

Lewis Stone recently visited his boyhood Boston home and discovered it bore this sign—"Home for Indigent Women."



Helen Mack had to learn to speak her dialogue in Italian when she made her stage début at the age of seven.

Jean Muir, at one time, was Glenda Farrell's understudy on the stage.



Joan Bennett has to use a lorgnette because she is nearsighted.

Alice Brady finds it impossible to sleep unless her shoes are placed properly in position on the floor.

Greta Garbo's favorite foods are caviar, spaghetti and corned beef and cabbage.

Muriel Kirkland is Hollywood's most tragic romanticist. On two occasions men to whom she has been engaged have died before the marriage was consummated.

Ginger Rogers' mother is a former marine. She served in the marine corps doing publicity work during the war and has an honorable discharge as a sergeant.



Jean Harlow's new hats invariably are patterned after a hat she has owned for six years.

Cross-Examining the Stars

Continued from page forty-two

Yes, that was my first picture. But I hope to continue on the screen indefinitely. I love it!

JANET GAYNOR: What is your real name and when and where were you born? Do you play any instrument? How tall are you and how much do you weigh?

My real name is Laura Gainer. I was born in Philadelphia, October 6. I only play the piano. I am five feet tall and weigh 100 pounds.

NORMA SHEARER: What do you consider the first essential in smartness, beauty and charm?

The one word "poise" I believe answers practically all these questions. I think to always be sure your clothes fit right is the first essential in smartness—for one should, after careful dressing, be able to utterly forget clothes—that helps to create poise. As for beauty, freshness, healthy looking hair and complexion, a careful not too accented make-up and an erect head and carriage are the essentials. Charm is tact, magnetism, and personality—and all of these can be acquired.

JOAN CRAWFORD: What can a girl do to acquire grace and charm?

Take every kind of dancing, tap, soft shoe, folk dances, ball room dances and get rhythm into your very soul. If you cannot afford to take dancing lessons, turn on the radio at home and let your body, hands, feet, and head move to the tempo until you feel you have perfect control of every part of your body—that's poise—which brings in its wake absolute grace. After poise and grace is acquired, charm rather naturally follows. Be courteous, thoughtful of others, gracious and always interested in the other fellow and his viewpoint and you will be sure to be called charming.

CLARK GABLE: Do you really like outdoor things—hunting, fishing and so forth better than you do women? What do you consider the most important item in a woman's attraction?

I must confess I get a great deal of pleasure out of hunting and fishing—but I also enjoy the companionship of women. I think being a good sport, naturalness, a broad viewpoint and graciousness are the most important items in a woman's attraction. Being well groomed is of course most essential.

VIRGINIA PINE: Are you in love with George Raft? Are you the Virginia Peine who used to ride at the horse shows at Madison Square Gardens in New York?

I do not think I am in love with George Raft. I admire him tremendously, he is so different in temperament and in personality than anyone I have ever known. Yes, I used to ride in the Madison Square Garden horse shows in New York and also in Chicago.

It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher

THAT night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg" —we thought she was joking. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed. I was sorry for her. But suddenly the room was hushed.

She played "Anitra's Dance"—played it with such soul fire that everyone swayed forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. "How did you do it?" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!"

"Well," she laughed, "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course in my spare time.

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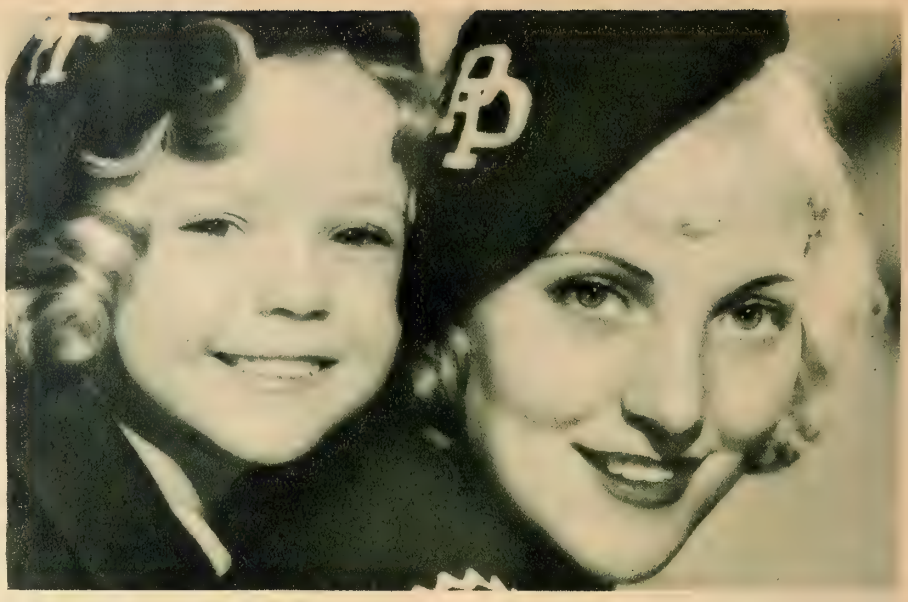
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—*Max Munn Autrey*

***The world is singing the praises of little Shirley Temple, who is seen here with Pat Paterson, since she stole the show in* Stand Up and Cheer. *She duplicated this success in* Little Miss Marker *and* Baby, Take a Bow**

Sally Eilers Learns About Life

Continued from page twenty-one

When Sally enrolled in Fairfax High School, half way between Hollywood proper and Beverly Hills, the family fortunes still were intact. Investments provided Peter with income sufficient to maintain his brood in the style to which the children of the celluloid stars were accustomed.

It was with difficulty, though, that her parents were able to keep Sally in the classroom, for she felt she was wasting valuable months that might have been spent in the studios, gaining a foothold.

As she neared graduation, her father, whose dream it had been to send her through the University of Southern California, suffered reverses. Sally insisted on going into pictures then. So insistent was she, that Peter threw up his hands.

"Very well, Darling, your Mother and I will give you a year in which to make good on the screen," he said. "If, at the end of that time, you have gotten nowhere, I want you to promise that you will start in at the University."

SALLY MADE the rounds, interviewing casting directors. Occasionally, she put in a day or two as an extra. But all in all, it was most discouraging. In fact, she might have tossed all thoughts of a flicker future into the discard had she not met a former Fairfax High School mate on the street. The girl was Jane Peters, now known to fans as Carole Lombard.

"Where have you been all this while?" Sally greeted Jane.

"Oh, I'm working!" answered the other. "I've got a contract out at Mack Sennett's studio. I'm an actress now!"

Sally told Jane of her own struggle to get a start in the flickers.

"Come out to Sennett's tomorrow, and have lunch with me," Jane invited.

Mack Sennett espied her as she walked across the lot, led her off for a test, and signed her to co-star with Matty Kemp in his first talkie, *The Goodbye Kiss.*

LATER SALLY did some bits for Metro, then went to Fox where she soared into bigger and better characterizations temporarily, only to slip back with a dull thud. She set out to free-lance, and landed opposite Hoot Gibson in a Western. The much older Hoot fell in love with her.

Sally was convinced that the talkies were finished with her, and she settled down to the task of being Mrs. Gibson. She had had her fling at fame—brief though it was—and she was willing to step down. She was happy as Hoot's wife.

But along came destiny to deal another card. Hoot's income was cut off, his savings wiped out almost in a single stroke. It was hard enough on Hoot when Universal failed to renew his $2,000-a-week contract, forcing him to join up with an independent outfit on a percentage-of-the-profits basis.

Sally and Hoot and Lois had to give up their Beverly Hills manor for a modest bungalow. Butlers, cooks, maids, chauffeurs were dismissed and Sally blossomed into a devoted and willing helpmate. She might have continued as such with Hoot had not destiny tossed another card.

I'm going to let Hoot tell you about it, just as he told it to me the day Sally filed her divorce suit after three separations and two reconciliations, thus throwing a light on that matrimonial situation never before revealed:

"It's all my fault that I have lost the sweetest, finest wife a man ever had," he began. "She had been reared in luxury, and it must have been pretty hard for her to have to come to doing the housework. Yet she never complained. She was willing, yes eager, to do everything possible to make it easier for me. She proved that she could take it on the chin, while I fell down on the job.

"Then Fox, out of a clear sky, offered

her the lead opposite Jimmy Dunn in *Bad Girl*. That was the finish. Not because Sally loved me any less, but because her success and my failure stirred within me a jealousy such as few men have ever known.

"In divorcing me, Sally made the only right move. She will forge ahead. I'll probably stand still. She gave me every chance to hold her, and I didn't take them. I'm a fool! I'm a flop as a husband. Sally is the greatest girl who ever lived—and I mean that."

I withheld Hoot's version of the split at the time, because, like so many others in Hollywood, I had hoped that the breach would be healed.

SALLY—THEN A real hit and under long-termer to Fox—won a vacation and hied herself to Europe to forget her grief. On the ship going over she again met Harry Joe Brown, the fellow Hoot used to bring home to dinner after circumstances had driven Sally and he from the big house to the cottage.

Brown proposed to Sally in England. He wanted to lead her down the middle aisle before they started homeward. But Sally shook her head.

"I've got to give Hoot another chance."

But Hoot announced his engagement to Joan Gale and Sally became Mrs. Harry Joe Brown.

One morning when Sally awakened she complained that she wasn't feeling well. A doctor was called.

"The Lord is good to you, Sally Eilers," exclaimed the medico. "You've always wanted a baby, and now you're going to get your wish!"

Sally's elation was boundless. She didn't want to keep the stork's approach a secret. Instead, she shouted it.

Probably the only resident of Hollywood who didn't hear about it was Marjorie Whiteis. Otherwise, Marjorie probably would have delayed her breach of promise suit against Harry Joe Brown.

The jury awarded Marjorie a mere $5,000—less than a week's salary.

Sally called it vindication for him!

Let's pray that the coming of the stork will bring her the joy to which she is entitled. Hollywood benedicts are agreed that she has earned it as Wife No. 1—the champion mate!

Do You Know—

1. What famous star's father was a municipal judge in Brooklyn?
2. A star who recently celebrated his thirtieth birthday?
3. The name of the screen newcomer whose hair actually is blue?
4. What very successful star of today owes her first movie work to Carole Lombard?
5. What popular star recently purchased a 175-year-old farmhouse in Connecticut?
6. What foreign star paid an income tax of $85,000 to the United States last year?

(*Answers on page* 65)



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Turn to Page 12

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Jean Harlow's Summer Diet Secrets

Continued from page thirty-three

business in a small thermos. For lunch take a large portion of potassium broth, which is considered the best tonic and body builder possible. It's made of whole vegetables, tops and all, so that none of the excellent blood-purifying chemicals is lost. This is the recipe:

Wash thoroughly one bunch of carrots (don't forget to include the green tops!), one bunch of celery (this means the leaves and everything), one bunch of spinach, one bunch of parsley, and one bunch of green onions (tails and all). Cut the vegetables up very fine in a good-sized boiling pot and cover them with four quarts of water. Let this stand for a half hour. Thirty minutes before serving, put the soup on a low light so that it will cook slowly. Season with vegetable salts. To vary it, a little tomato broth can be mixed with it one day and bouillon cubes the next. Taken daily, potassium broth is nature's own recipe for a beautiful skin!

If you haven't time to make it, it comes already prepared in small cans and all you have to do is add the water and seasoning.

Also on the seven day diet, you're allowed to have as large a vegetable salad as you can eat *with French dressing*, and your favorite fruit, fresh or stewed, for luncheon. Jean Harlow's choice at noon is usually a big dish of sliced tomatoes with cottage cheese in the center. There are any number of appetizing salads these days to choose from.

In the middle of the afternoon drink a tall glass of lemonade. For dinner, take as generous an amount of potassium broth again as you can. Also a goodly sized vegetable plate with five or six steamed vegetables and whatever fresh fruit you prefer or a baked apple. In steaming vegetables you not only retain all their best substances, which is thrown away when you boil them, but you add to their flavor and they cook in half the time.

Before retiring, drink another tumbler of hot water with the vegetable salts in it.

A week of this—and you feel like a new person. As a matter of fact you are new because you've built up fresh body tissues. You've alkalized your system so that the bugaboo of summer colds disappears. The heat loses its power to make you so deadly tired. You feel a surprising new energy creeping into you.

That's the million dollar secret of the stars!

But, As Jean says, on the *eighth* day don't try to counteract all the good you've accomplished by stuffing with sugars, and roast pork and rich gravies! Be wise. Eat a light meat like lamb or chicken at first. Pork should never be taken in the summer. Eat tasty gelatines—with whipped cream if you like. Ice-cold fruit cups are also one of the most appetizing summer desserts you can have. Prune whip is another.

If you get hungry between meals, the finest thing you can do for your body is to take a lovely big peach or a nice red apple or pear or some grapes—*and a handful of freshly roasted nuts*, and eat them alternately. The chemical action thus produced is like a revivifying tonic in the effect it has on your blood stream.

Sugar on fruit is delicious, of course, but it does create an acid which sometimes causes gastric disturbances and that in turn makes skin eruptions. So if

The Call Board

New picture assignments of the stars

Richard Arlen in *A Son Comes Home*, at Paramount.

John Barrymore in *Wednesday's Child*, RKO-Radio.

Wallace Beery and Robert Montgomery in *West Point of the Air*, M-G-M.

Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell and Pat O'Brien in *Flirtation Walk*, Warners.

Eddie Cantor, Ann Sothern and Ethel Merman in *Treasure Hunt* (tentative title), United Artists.

Joe Cook in *Fun on the Air*, Fox.

Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Otto Kruger and Stuart Erwin in *Sacred and Profane Love*, at M-G-M.



Loretta Young and Phillips Holmes in *Caravan*, Fox.

William Powell and Myrna Loy in *Black Chamber*, M-G-M.

Greta Garbo and Herbert Marshall in *The Painted Veil*, M-G-M.

Alice Faye, James Dunn and Shirley Temple in *Angel Face*, Fox.

Frances Drake, Henry Wilcoxon and Sir Guy Standing in *Shoe the Wild Mare*, Paramount.

Norma Shearer, Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester in *Marie Antoinette*, at M-G-M.

Ann Harding and Jean Hersholt in *The Fountain*, RKO-Radio.



—Wide World

Jimmy Cagney, Chester Morris and Edward G. Robinson give the roller coaster a whirl as they attend the first annual film stars' frolic held at a Hollywood park

you want to sweeten your fruit, use strained honey.

"I'll tell you what makes a grand hot-weather supper," Jean said. "A grapefruit cup—you know, diced grapefruit that's been chilled. A jellied chicken loaf. Radishes, olives and green onions. Hot rolls. An open-face cherry pie and iced coffee! The jellied chicken loaf is simple to make. You take two level teaspoons of unflavored gelatin and soak it in a ¼ cup of cold water. Dissolve in three cups of hot, well-seasoned chicken broth or canned strained chicken soup. Season with salt and a dash of cayenne. Let it cool. In your mould put about a half inch of the jelly. As it thickens, decorate with sliced stuffed green olives and slices of hard-boiled egg. When solid, put in a layer of chicken, diced, mixed with enough jelly to hold it. Next, one cup of green peas, diced celery and a chopped green pepper, with sufficient jelly to hold. Lastly, as much diced chicken as the remaining jelly will bind. Let each layer harden in the icebox before adding the next one. Unmould on a bed of lettuce and garnish with parsley and sliced tomatoes. Serve with mayonnaise.

"You know what mother used to do when I was little? Appetites have to be coaxed when it's so hot and she'd fix up attractive picnics that we'd have in the back yard. I remember I thought it was great sport to make George Washington white paper caps large enough to put over each dish to keep the flies away! Mother used one of those Dutch ovens to cook our roasts and all so she wouldn't have to heat up the kitchen by lighting the real oven. She'd put a leg of lamb on and when it was three-quarters done, in would go the vegetables—carrots and dry onions and potatoes—and pretty soon the whole dinner would be cooked without any trouble or much heat. She even heated the rolls up in the Dutch oven!

"One of our favorite summer suppers out-of-doors was—and still is—chipped dry beef sauté, that is cooked with onion in butter, stuffed eggs, hot asparagus with lemon-butter and paprika; olives, celery, small bread-and-butter sandwiches, camembert cheese and crackers and honey."

INCIDENTALLY, IF YOU want to save yourself a lot of bother and the unpleasantness of standing over boiling hot water washing dishes when it's nearly boiling outside, use paper plates! They have new, gaily decorated grill plates that are a joy.

"I have to be careful not to lose weight when it's so hot," Jean went on. "A number of people do. The best means I've found of preventing that is to drink ovaltine three times a day. But if you want to reduce take lemon juice in cold water without sugar, at least three times daily. It's cooling and slenderizing. Skimmed buttermilk is another very healthy drink. If you want to reduce, the fat particles have to be strained out of it and it's just as beneficial that way.

"And speaking of good drinks, have you ever tried icy-cold pineapple juice—you can get it in cans—as a pick-me- up on a sizzling day? Just keep that in your icebox and the family will be healthy and happy! You can combine it with other juices, too, to make tempting mixtures. For instance, use the pineapple juice with that of lemons, oranges, and strawberries. Chill and sweeten it. Then put in some crushed mint—and you have one of the most refreshing drinks on the market!

"The worst thing people do, though, is to continually chill their system with too many iced foods in summer. Have a warm dish, especially with your dinner. A plate of hot vegetable soup or potassium broth may be a bit warming at the time but they do you good."

These are the two summer dinner menus that Jean has most frequently: Lamb chops, fresh vegetable plate, fruit salad with a dressing of oil, honey and lemon juice, prune whip and lemonade. Chicken, baked potato with skin, spinach, string beans, raw carrot salad, and a fresh fruit cup.

Don't let the summer deaden you. Arrange your diet so that it will give you new life! That's the advice of the lovely Jean Harlow!

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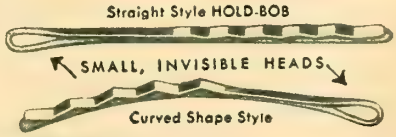
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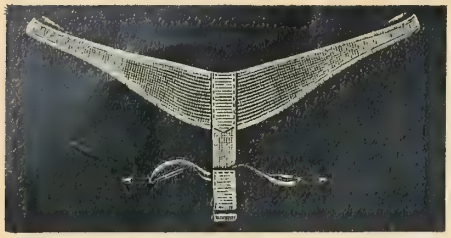
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***Jean Harlow receives the witheringly pointed comment and stare of—tschk, tschk, how different he looks!—Lionel Barrymore in this advance scene from her picture,* Born to be Kissed**

Can Hepburn *Ever* Find True Love?

Continued from page thirty-six

entering his head," Doug Fairbanks, Jr., told me once.

That was the tragedy of it. Until one soft spring night at a Bryn Mawr college dance when a dark six-footer, recently returned from a Paris university, cut in on her. After that, the world cut capers on its own. For the high-handed, hi'falutin Hepburn yielded judgment to this big fellow. To this Ludlow Ogden Smith. It was to his arms she turned after she battled with her father, Dr. Thomas N. Hepburn, about going on the stage. And when he'd given his consent, it was young Smith who got her her first job in Edwin Knopf's Baltimore stock company. And it was on his shoulder she wept wildly when they fired her from the cast of *The Big Pond* out at Great Neck. He is one of the three men who have ever known a scared, appealing little Katy.

And they all three love her. Smith, her Dad—and Leland Heyward, her manager. The latter has not given out a statement, of course, but intimate friends believe that he more than likes this red-headed client of his.

On A Blustery December day in 1928 she and Smith were married in her home in Hartford, Connecticut, with her grandfather, Rev. S. S. Hepburn of Virginia, officiating. Immediately Katharine threw up every defense to protect her romance. All the fragile glory of it. They didn't tell their New York friends about their marriage. Smith even kept an ostensible residence in a small hotel in Forty-Ninth street—opposite a picturesque done-over barn that was their hide-away. Heppy as a settled-down young matron is unthinkable. As a sweetheart bride in outrageous smocks with flour in her hair from the first cakes, she was probably irresistible.

Many a night he met a discouraged Katy at some stage door and walked with her until she was so tired she forgot the blazing hurt. In a way, she clung to him. From the safety of his arms she waged many an imaginary war with some producer. After she had finished the run of *Holiday* as Hope Williams' understudy they stole away to Europe. Tourist class. They visited the bridge of Auvignon in moonlight and walked under the chestnut blossoms in the Bois on misty May days. They did all those thrilling things that only young lovers can do.

And then came the lead for Katy in *The Warrior's Husband*—and a Hollywood offer. Her brave "I? Married? It must be some other Katharine Hepburn" as she swung off the train. Anything to keep the dreadful spotlight of publicity from searching out her happiness . . . She didn't wait for the preview of *The Bill of Divorcement*, her first picture. She went back to Ludlow as fast as she could. They returned to Europe. First class. But somehow a little of the ecstasy was gone.

As they came down the gang-plank on American soil once more, a crowd of reporters rushed them. Katharine Hepburn was a success. She was a star!

She cried in her room that night. Not from sheer delight—but from fear. Being wise, she realized what such success can do to a marriage with a stalwart six-footer who prefers standing on his own two feet. But she had to act., *She had to.*

Ludlow Smith never came to Hollywood. Katy went to him. But she didn't cling to him anymore. There was no reason to. As her star in the film heavens rose, her romance dimmed. A distance of three thousand miles between them for eight months at a time did nothing to foster it. The last time she returned east, Smith moved over to the hotel. And so came the much-discussed trip to France—without him. De luxe,

class. Just five days abroad and then she was traveling back on the same boat, hurrying across the border line to Yucatan to break the vows in divorce she took that freezing December day five and a half years ago. And somehow, I think a bit of her heart is broken, too.

Has Katharine Hepburn paid too great a price for stardom?

They say that tender, gently charming side of her is hidden more than ever now. She's all hoyden. The same nonchalant young rascal who told John Barrymore, after his auto accident, that "his profile wasn't all it was cracked up to be!"

"She's the only woman who ever outswore and out-shouted me," Barrymore admitted. You don't fall in love with a woman who out-swears and out-shouts you.

I wonder what Leselie Howard thinks when he sees her in a "torch" scene. Remembering, as he must, those five torturous days he spent trying to make her stiff boyish figure unbend to his ardent embrace during rehearsals for *The Animal Kingdom.* On the sixth day she received her dismissal notice.

Many men have touched Katharine Hepburn's life. She has railed and ranted at most—and made them her friends. Some she has inspired. Others are definitely in awe of her. Few have loved her. The Hepburn thunder overshadows the tenderness.

Her screen lovers to a man worship her—as an actress. But—

While they were making *Morning Glory,* Doug Fairbanks, Jr., used to whisper to her, just before the cameras clicked on a fervid moment, such endearing ditties as: "Don't soil your socks, Ka-ka-ka-ty!" Hardly romantic sounding. Yet they were excellent pals. They ice-skated together and tripped each other and wrestled and hooted. You can do that with Katy. But it's seldom you can penetrate beyond her young brittleness to that amazing charm. The camera, that deeply revealing eye, does it far more often than a person can in merely talking to her. That's why she's twice as fascinating in the movies as on the stage.

In The Whole of Hollywood there are not two greater sophisticates than Lowell Sherman and Adolphe Menjou. Both were on that production with her. They have rapier-like wit, keen discrimination in women; they're rivals for the best-dressed man title. And Katy, in dirty dungarees, handled them with a finessé that would have done credit to a Du Barry.

"She's the kind of a woman," mused Sherman, fresh from a wordy battle, "who could drive a man mad with love for her if he loved her at all!"

Sparks fairly flashed on that set. There was gay challenge in the air.

"She has the rare quality of *making things matter,*" was the way Douglass Montgomery put it. He was with her in *Little Women*—and knew her in the early New York days when she was a secret bride and a very struggling artist! "Everything she does is exciting . . . But I can tell you she she went through a series of terrific disappointments back there that would have broken the spirit of the ordinary individual. A strong personality, yes. I can see where some men might be irritated by her absolute self-confidence. It doesn't irritate me. It would be silly false modesty for a woman of her ability *not* to have it. To me, she expresses all modernity. The flair for living. She can go just as far in this profession as she wants to go."

All of which coincides pretty much with Leland Heyward's opinion. A dynamic man, this Heyward. He handles some of the most prominent players in the country—commutes back and forth to New York once or twice a week by air. Lives on an exciting note that strikes the same tempo as Hepburn's.

Ludlow Smith is a conservative. He was the offset for her young rebellion. Leland Heyward would be her collaborator in it. They're keyed alike. But—it's romance that Katharine wants.

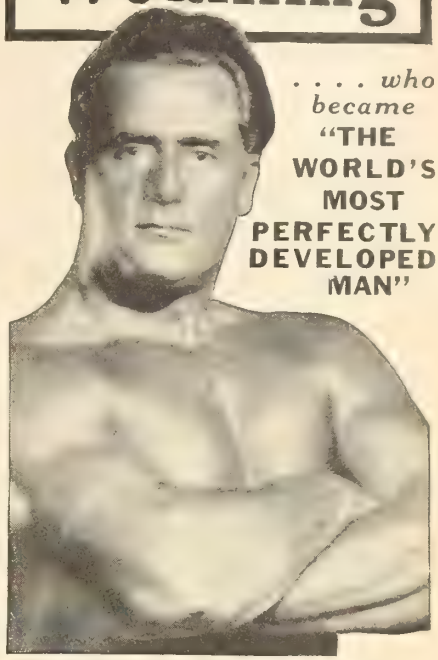
Can she ever find it again?



—*Wide World*

Charles Laughton admires the Academy award for the most outstanding screen performance of the year, while Norma Shearer and Fredric March, winners of the coveted prize in other years, look on

The 97-lb. Weakling



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30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05	32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
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Jackie Cooper does a little reading to place his little fellow player, Cora Sue Collins, in the proper atmosphere for her appearance in Treasure Island*—but apparently the dainty miss can't take it!*

Harry Carr's Shooting Script

Continued from page forty-one

point of collapse when she announced her intention of going on the stage. Coming to Hollywood with bright hopes, she had unfortunate business advice and so has sat around for a year, sorrowing. At last a real contract.

Ring Publicity

THE Hollywood girls are discovering —too late—that one of the surest ways to free publicity is to go to the prize fights. The trouble is that all the good corners are already taken.

Mae West, Sylvia Sidney, Lupe Velez and Connie Bennett saw them first. Mae looks on at the contests with an enigmatic smile and unruffled composure; Sylvia Sidney clutches the arm of her escort in emotional agony. Constance gives the fighters a glance of disdain which seems to say she could do it a great deal better herself, and Lupe whoops and yells in Spanish until nobody else in the audience knows whether or not anything is happening in the ring.

Kidnaping

THE KIDNAPING of a Los Angeles millionaire standing at his own swimming pool in a walled garden has thrown new terrors into the film colony. Most of the rich ones were already under constant guard—day and night—by gun men with machine guns. Now these guards are being doubled. Since the repeal of Prohibition, most of the gangsters have turned to the "snatch racket" with alarming success.

Mary Pickford always traveled with two gun men in her car and another armed car following; Harold Lloyd's palatial home is a fort. When the hour for going home from the studios arrives, gun men with machine guns stand around the gates getting into the different magnate's cars as they leave. Whoever snatches a Hollywood star—which some one will undoubtedly try sooner or later—will have to come in shooting.

Valuable Punches

I DON'T know why the producers got down on their knees and with bitter tears begged the newspapers not to use the story of the fist fight between Richard Rowland and Clark Gable at Constance Bennett's table.

You can't get away from the fact that it was the best thing that has happened to Miss Bennett in the way of publicity for a long time. The echoes from her studio have sounded too much like the click of an adding machine. A love duel now and then, with a Spanish cavalier defending her from being "picked on" was great stuff. Of course it should have been pistols for two at daybreak in the forest; but Hollywood is economizing in sets. It was pretty good as it was.

Going Chinese

WITH *Good Earth* at last in motion and the story being prepared for *Oil for the Lamps of China*, it looks as though we might as well start growing queues. It won't be long now before the directors will all speak the Mandarin dialect.

I understand the Chinese government is so uneasy about the way these pictures are to be made that a special commission is coming over to have a look-see. Which is much fairer than letting the companies make the pictures; then heaving them out with a gesture.

How To Acquire Lasting Beauty

Continued from page forty-three

After I use it in the morning I pat on a skin freshener that's like a nice cool facial bath and I wind up with foundation cream as the base for my make-up so that it won't melt off of me when I go out in the hot sun—and it prevents my nose from peeling too. If you think that isn't something!

"Before I retire, you can bet I use a cream with nourishing oils in it, particularly around my eyes and between my eye-brows to erase any early 'squint' lines!"

An ounce of precaution at twenty keeps a youthful skin at thirty and develops into a miracle at forty!

ANOTHER OF THE Baby Stars has a unique way of getting rid of that "sticky mid-summer madness" as she calls it. You know the feeling when you're all hot and bothered and tired and aching on a sweltering afternoon? Well, for just such emergencies she keeps a bottle of astringent in her ice-box and absorbent cotton spread over the ice!

Even normal skins have a way of becoming oily in blazing August weather. There is a new preparation recently placed on the market that does much in overcoming this in the most pleasant manner possible. It's a honeysuckle cream that helps to correct the oily condition and serves as a basis for make-up at the same time.

"I use my honeysuckle cream on my neck and under my arms too," a starlet informed me. "It makes me feel cooler and fresher and it's so nice with light summer frocks."

These are some of the pointers we've been giving this new crop of Hollywood celebrities—

1. Be careful not to rouge too near the nose.

2. Practice holding your head so that you get the best angle on your chin. Tipping the head forward and raising the eyes makes some look soulful and others look sad! Lifting your chin high may make you look cute or defiant. This is something that has to be worked out for yourself.

3. If you have a large mouth you can make it seem smaller by deepening the red in the center and lightening it towards the edges and using none at the corners.

All women come under one of thirteen groups. In which one are you? What should be the special keynote of your make-up?

Lu Anne Meredith is the *Dream Girl* type. Warm golden hair, warm blue eyes. Dream girls need to retain that ethereal air that comes with gentle speech and very delicate coloring. The lips should be soft red, the eyes faintly shadowed with gray. This type ought never to go sophisticated.

Dorothy Drake belongs to that intriguing set known as *Panther Women*. Oblique eyes, highly arched eyebrows, full deeply red lips. Her lip rouge is dark and bright. She can go in for a bit of exoticism. Chinese greens and gold and jade and tawny colors.

Lucille Lund is a *Gold Woman*. She has that sculptured look, light gold hair. Those in this group must take special pains with their rouging. It should have an illusive, peach-bloom effect. Dark rouge, especially the kind with a bluish cast, hardens their appearance. The eyebrows ought to be very carefully treated also. Avoid making them too sharp and shadowed. A soft classic note is the "forte" of this type.

Betty Bryson, who incidentally is the niece of Warner Baxter, spells *Mystery*. Small, dark girls with that questioning silent look usually do. They are remote. They're an eternal puzzle to men. The eyes are of chief importance here. If you happen to have overhanging lids like Betty's, eye-shadow will do much for you. Blend it up toward the brow and outward. The rouge should be placed high and shaded off near the temple.

Flame type. Jean Gale comes in this class. Full of fire, dynamic. She needs rich, full colors. The fire in her eyes should be offset by the red of her lips and the glow in her cheeks. Strong color contrasts may be used by this type. Her eyebrows are darkly defined against the whiteness of her skin. Her eyes, being deep-set, are shadowed outward from the center of the upper eyelid with the color being used a trifle heavier on the outer area.

JACQUELINE WELLS is in the *Collegiate* group. Smiling eyes; soft, gentle contour of face. Low eyebrows and a tender mouth. No feature should be too sharply stressed. Rather there ought to be a youthful diffusion of color.

In the *Sphinx* set is Katherine Williams. Slanting eyes, thinly arched eyebrows, a Mona Lisa smile. A line drawn carefully with an eyebrow pencil on the upper eyelid serves to deepen the expression. And to accentuate the slant, use eyelash make-up on the outer lashes more heavily than on the inner ones.

Ann Hovey is the *Madonna* type. Notice here, there is a gentle roundness to the features. The shadow on the upper eyelids is rounded, the eyebrows are arched, the mouth has a soft curve with the lower lip more pronounced than the upper.

Helen Cohan, daughter of the famous George M. Cohan, is a *Psychic*. The wide spacing of the features denotes this. The eyebrows start high and slant downward. The mouth is full and distinctly arched in the center. Very soft color tones are required here so as not to detract from the potency of the eyes.

Judith Arlen represents the *Blossom* class. These girls have round, full faces—merry eyes. Youthful charm is their outstanding quality. The rouge may be placed on the most prominent part of the cheeks and rounded off so that it disappears gradually.

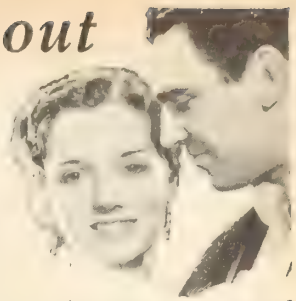
In Hazel Hayes you will find the *Diana* girl. Very vivid, intensely alive. A bright rouge and lipstick are indicated here.

Jean Carmen stands for the *Silvered* ladies, many of whom walked the pages of history. Very brilliant eyes, an alluring mouth—and platinum-spun hair. The eyes here may be deeply shadowed to give color contrast and brilliancy.

In GiGi Parrish you have the *All-American* girl. Pert and piquant. She is the cute type who requires plenty of dash in her make-up.

Win out

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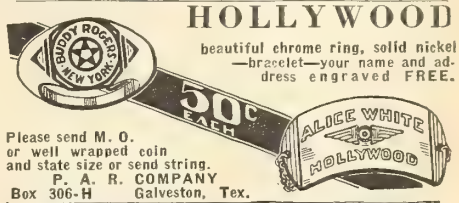


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You Can't Fool Marion Davies

Continued from page twenty-five

Irish as Paddy's pig," posed for "the American girl" series of such noted artists as Howard Chandler Christy and Harrison Fisher.

Two years later came the fourth accident.

While in Florida, on a vacation from the Follies, she was snapped by a news reel photographer. This might have meant much or nothing in her life—except—that a motion picture producer happened to have an idle hour to spend in Miami and saw the news reel.

Struck by Marion's beauty and vivacity, he gave her a contract to appear in *Runaway Romany.* When the picture was released another star was in the firmament of the films. A long series of clever films have followed, ending with *Going Hollywood,* and *Operator Thirteen.*

By being just herself, she has impressed her delightful personality on citizens of high and low degree in Hollywood. No unkind word has even been said against her.

Her outstanding characteristic is a spontaneous, vivid friendliness. The tired horse on the street and the lost dog in the neighborhood—each partakes of her gentleness. She blends the finest womanly traits with the *Follies* beauty and the film queen, and thus remains the most sincere and charming person in Hollywood.

THE most diplomatic woman in the film city, there is nothing of the cheap politician about her. Her diplomacy springs from an innate desire to help all people less fortunate than herself.

I have often felt that not enough attention has been paid to her as an artist. Notwithstanding all her kindness, she sees beneath the furbelows and frills of her surroundings. If a synthetic lady affects a foreign accent, Marion Davies, next to Chaplin, is her best mimic. Her mimicry of a famous actress in a certain play, was so accurate that even the lady herself remedied her affectations. This quality is to me the most remarkable thing about her. A vast success has not robbed her of a sense of proportion and values.

Long ago, while walking from her set with Lon Chaney, that majestic contortionist, now no more, said to me, "There's nobody fooling Davies." Chaney was her greatest admirer.

Marion Davies refuses to do imitations; having learned perhaps that in Hollywood one must laugh with, and not at, the citizens. Her refusal to develop this talent is to me the chief regret concerning her.

Long ago she did an imitation of Pola Negri in a film with William Haines. That lady, who had much more understanding than the average film actress, laughed the loudest and the longest at the mimicry of herself.

Mabel Normand was remarkably similar to Marion Davies. One brunette, the other blonde, they might have been sisters, so alike were they in temperament, mannerisms and mould of body. Mabel Normand, like Marion Davies, had a piquant combination of mimicry and a soft heart.

Her charities are numerous. Out of her own earnings she supplies $12,000 a year that needy children might have milk.

On one occasion, while a large party was in progress at her home, a life-whipt girl appeared at the door of her kitchen, and explained her errand to the cook. Her child was expected soon. Her husband was out of work. Marion overheard.

The girl was sent to the hospital. The husband was given work. Like the beloved character in Goldsmith's poem—her pity gives even before charity begins. Like everything about Marion Davies, her kindness is without affectation. It is as natural as rain.

As a hostess, she is, of course, the greatest in Hollywood. An aristocrat of fine sensibilities, all classes of people are made to feel at ease in the palatial Santa Monica beach home of this girl whose first impulse is to see that all are happy around her.

William Shenstone who long ago wrote

Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
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was unfortunate in not meeting Marion Davies.

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Chester Morris Defies Fame's Jinx

Continued from page thirty-seven

slipped so gracefully and gradually from the young man to early middle age, and then to a dignified and entrancing middle age, that one never realized when the change came. Today he can give a lot of young fellows lessons in how to portray a tenderness and virility in love making that makes some young lovers look like rank amateurs.

"When I am forty I hope I shall have been able to keep the virility and romantic spirit of the twenties, but I do not expect to take the rôle of the young son of a wealthy dad and dash madly about in a topless roadster that is dolled up in college-boy fashion. That is out of the question.

"Fortunately, I am already playing, and always have played parts that verge on the heavy, and it will only be a step to get into rôles that will fit. It will probably be some few years before I do get into rôles that are decidedly different from those I do now, but when I reach them I hope you will never notice the transition.

"You Might Think me a bit crazy for getting so serious about the future when I am only thirty," he went on. But, I believe that when a man reaches thirty he should take stock of himself, and start serious planing for the years ahead. In the business of screen acting you hear so many people say that an actor has only from five to seven years in which to be a success and reap his harvest.

"There is no reason in the world why an actor should be limited to such a brief span. True, the non-thinking actor is limited, for he labors under the impression that he must play the same type of rôle as long as he is on the screen. He doesn't prepare himself for any other type. That's why so many actors are through after a few short years. They can't be hot, young lovers forever. When the crows-feet appear and the pouches show under the eyes they can't kid anyone any longer. They are through.

"That's what I want to avoid—being finished—washed up when the front office discovers I am advancing in years. So, I plan to work gradually into heavy rôles, and then into character parts without that awful flop which takes place when a man is suddenly called into the front office and is told he doesn't look young enough for the part.

"It is a pity that actors as a whole do not plan their careers beyond the good-looking, youthful stage, for I believe that the finest acting comes from the men and women who have devoted years to the gaining of experience; the finest pictures are those built around a player who portrays the rôle of a man or a woman who has passed middle life. Look at George Arliss, Lionel Barrymore, Will Rogers, May Robson or Marie Dressler. They put us youngsters to shame. But they have given a lifetime to their work, and their ability has ripened along with age. What a shame if they were not on the screen!

"So, that's what I hope to do—grow old gracefully, and make a gradual transition from youthful parts to those more mature, and as the years roll by, continue with my screen work."



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I Knew Charlie Farrell When—

Continued from page thirty-one

bare-footed, bare-chested crews that sang and joked lustily as they hauled fish from hatches after successful cruises or fixed nets and threaded hooks with bait between trips. Here also were fascinating brine-bitten old-timers who were only too glad to beguile wide-eyed youngsters with great tales of the sea when iron men sailed wooden ships.

As a youngster, Farrell was typical of his environment. Adventurous, nervy and care-free. Like most boys brought up on New England's coast, he was a good swimmer. During the summer months the group of youngsters he ran around with would spend most of their time along the waterfront.

The favorite swimming hole for Farrell and his playmates was the foot of a waterfront lumber shed, the sloping roof of which offered a great chute. From the top edge of this roof the boys would start a long slide that would carry them well over the edge to plunge fifty feet below into water just twice that deep.

Farrell's Folks were far from wealthy and all his recreation had to be inexpensive. This early struggle for livelihood has left its mark on Farrell to this day, even though now he is financially independent. While not what is commonly known as "tight," he has restraint in money matters and does not splurge in what is considered typical Hollywood style. He has learned how to obtain enjoyment from simple and inexpensive things. Even after he was a star, Farrell traveled around Hollywood for some time in a decrepit Ford which he incidently still keeps for luck.

In Onset, Farrell learned how to handle a boat. He became an expert in sailing the small craft and once his skill and seamanship in all kinds of weather saved the lives of a group of classmates and himself when the party, in a small boat, were caught in a storm during a fishing trip off the coast of Nahant.

Charles' love of the sea, developed in a seacoast community, and backed by the blood of adventure-seeking ancestors, is still a major part of his make-up and today he is never so happy as when cruising along California's coast in his forty-five-foot auxiliary yacht, *Flying Cloud.*

Sometime Before moving to Onset, Charlie became a member of a Walpole Boy Scout troop. He soon rose to a troop leadership and to this day is the proud possessor of thirteen merit badges which he'll eagerly display when asked to.

Soon after arriving at the seacoast village, Charlie started acting as usher, doorman, and business manager, during spare time, at his father's theatre. He kept up this work as much as possible during his high school days and when a student at the College of Business Administration, Boston University. Possibly it was while at work in this little theatre that he first got the ambition to become a screen star.

While never much of a so-called "lady's man," Charles while in school showed a marked preference for the more ritzy type of co-ed débutanté. He liked them well-poised and serious in their conversation. For this reason his marriage to Virginia Valli came as no surprise to his friends, who all were well aware of this trait.

However he did, and still does think



Mrs. Nick Stuart (Sue Carol) and Carol Lee Stuart pay a visit to Stuart Erwin, Jr. and Mrs. Erwin (June Collyer) and are promptly snapped by Stuart who is one of Hollywood's most ardent candid camera enthusiasts

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Answers

To Questions on Page 55

1. Marion Davies.
   See story on page 24.
2. Chester Morris.
   See story on page 37.
3. Janet Beecher.
   See "Cross-Examining the Stars," page 42.
4. Sally Eilers.
   Read her story on page 21.
5. Ralph Bellamy.
   "With the News Sleuth," page 26.
6. Marlene Dietrich.
   Read her story on page 22.

a lot of winsome little Janet Gaynor. He proved it when she was being operated on for appendicitis in Honolulu. I was lunching with him at the time in his dressing room on the lot. Every hour cabled reports would come in from Hawaii concerning the diminutive star's condition.

Charles could hardly eat. He was nervous, upset, and kept muttering to himself, "I hope the little kid pulls through." Most of his conversation centered about her.

His interest in her appeared that of an affectionate big brother. Not that of a lover. He still considered her the weak little thing that needed the protection of a man like *Seventh Heaven's* Chico.

Knowing Charles Farrell for the man he is, I have no hesitance in saying that if he had loved Janet Gaynor like a man loves a sweetheart, and not like an elder brother loves a younger sister, nothing in the world would have stopped him from marrying her.

Furthermore I'm thoroughly convinced, that unless Charles and his wife Virginia, are putting on a beautiful act, they are pretty much in love with each other. If nothing else they certainly have a sincere affection, respect and admiration for one another.

PROBABLY THE greatest love in Charles' life for a woman, was that for his mother. He worshipped her and she was a paramount part of his life. Her death, especially its suddenness, was a distinct shock to him. His sister couldn't fill the void and his crying need for maternal comfort unquestionably hurried his marriage to Virginia Valli.

To Charles, a friend is a friend, regardless of what or who he is or how much he has. Farrell has seen too much of life's struggles to let superficial phases of life stand between him and friendship.

Regardless of how he feels at the moment, tired or ill, he will always greet a former pal or acquaintance cordially.

Keener than the more or less inexperienced youth that landed in Hollywood nearly broke not so many years ago, Farrell has remained the sort of fellow one can talk to without watching each word.

On the screen Farrell has been portraying a naïve, unsophisticated sort of youngster. In real life he is a sturdy, well-poised man, with just a touch of that naïvette that makes him so charming on the silver sheet. There is nothing arty about him—he's a regular guy.

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Additional Reviews on page 6

THE GUIDE TO *New Pictures*

Convenient reviews of current movie attractions

RATINGS CODE
●●●●—*Excellent*
●●●—*Good*
●●—*Fair*
●—*Mediocre*



***Warren Crosby and Bula McDonald in* Down to Their Last Yacht**

NEW PRODUCTIONS

●●●● AFFAIRS OF CELLINI—Fredric March, Constance Bennett and Frank Morgan superb in 16th century love story.—*Twentieth Century.*

●●●●—BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK—Ronald Colman at his best in thrilling sequel to *Bulldog Drummond.* Charles Butterworth, Warner Oland, Una Merkel.—*United Artists.*

●●●—HALF A SINNER—Worthwhile picturization of stage hit, *Alias the Deacon.* Berton Churchill scores; Joel McCrea, Sally Blane.—*Universal.*

●●●●—HAPPY ANDREW—Will Rogers in best performance of career as smalltown druggist on pleasure spree.—*Fox.*

●●●●—LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?—Margaret Sullavan excellent in film version of famous novel. Douglass Montgomery.—*Universal.*

●●●●—LITTLE MISS MARKER—Shirley Temple in a great Damon Runyon gangland story. Dorothy Dell, Charles Bickford.—*Paramount.*

●●●●—MANHATTAN MELODRAMA—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and William Powell in highly dramatic story of New York life.—*Metro.*

●●●—MANY HAPPY RETURNS—Burns and Allen at their funniest.—*Paramount.*

●●●—NOW I'LL TELL—Dramatic story of gambler Arnold Rothstein. Alice Faye, Helen Twelvetrees, Spencer Tracy.—*Fox.*

●●●●—OPERATOR 13—Marion Davies at her best with Gary Cooper in Robert W. Chambers thrilling Civil War story.—*Metro.*

●●●—SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Emotional drama of love, marriage and the other woman. Elissa Landi, Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut.—*Universal.*

●●●—SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Otto Kruger in delightfully wicked farce. Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel, Herbert Mundin.—*Fox.*

●●●—STINGAREE—Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in vivid story of adventure and romance in Australia.—*Radio.*

●●●—SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS—Warner Baxter as playboy who faces electric chair through circumstantial evidence. Rochelle Hudson, Rosemary Ames, Irving Pichel, Herbert Mundin.—*Fox.*

●●●—THE CIRCUS CLOWN—Joe E. Brown in colorful drama of circus life.—*Warners.*

●●●●—THE LAST GENTLEMAN—Another George Arliss masterpiece of erratic gentleman with fortune to give away. Splendid.—*Warners.*

●●●●—THE WITCHING HOUR—John Halliday, Tom Brown, Sir Guy Standing in powerful drama of gambling casino. Not a dull moment.—*Paramount.*

●●●—THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS—Sylvia Sidney in dual rôle in interesting story of romance in mythical kingdom. Cary Grant.—*Paramount.*

●●●—WILD GOLD—Lively melodrama in an old mining camp. John Boles, Claire Trevor, Monroe Owsley, Roger Imhoff.—*Fox.*

NEIGHBORHOOD SHOWINGS

●●●●—CATHERINE THE GREAT—Featuring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Elizabeth Bergner. Romantically entertaining.—*United Artists.*

●●●●—CHANGE OF HEART—Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor reunited as lovers who seek happiness in New York and succeed.—*Fox.*

●●●—COME ON MARINES—Beauties alone in a jungle with a bunch of marines. Plenty of laughs. Richard Arlen, Ida Lupino, Grace Bradley, Roscoe Karns, Toby Wing.—*Paramount.*

●●●●—GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Outstanding musical. Alice Faye, Rudy Vallée, Jimmy Durante, Adrienne Ames.—*Fox.*

●●●●—GLAMOUR—Paul Lukas and Constance Cummings in Edna Ferber's story of a show girl who puts ambition above everything.—*Universal.*

●●●●—HOLLYWOOD PARTY—Genuine musical hit. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Jack Pearl.—*Metro.*

●●●●—HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD—George Arliss at his best. Story based on noted English banking family. Loretta Young and Robert Young offer fine support.—*Twentieth Century.*

●●●—I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Lee Tracy as reporter. Rival is Roger Pryor; love interest, Gloria Stuart.—*Universal.*

●●●●—MEN IN WHITE—Clark Gable in one of his best performances. Intriguing love theme carried by Myrna Loy, Elizabeth Allan. Jean Hersholt excellent. Marvelous picture.—*Metro.*

●●●●—MURDER AT THE VANITIES—Excellent musical. Carl Brisson, Victor McLaglen, Jack Oakie, Kitty Carlisle, Lona Andre, Toby Wing, Earl Carroll's beauties.—*Paramount.*

●●●—REGISTERED NURSE—Gordon Wescott, insane husband of Bebe Daniels, kills himself when he learns of her love for John Halliday, a surgeon. Lyle Talbot, another doctor, is his rival. Minna Gombell, Vince Barnett.—*Warners.*

●●●●—SADIE McKEE—Joan Crawford as girl who loves three men. Franchot Tone, Gene Raymond, Edward Arnold.—*Metro.*

●●●●—STRICTLY DYNAMITE—Jimmy Durante as the great radio broadcaster is a riot. Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Lupe Velez, Minna Gombell, Eugene Pallette.—*Radio.*

●●●●—THE CRIME DOCTOR—Otto Kruger commits "perfect crime" which nearly sends Nils Asther to chair.—*Radio.*

●●●—THE MYSTERY OF MR. X—Robert Montgomery as a clever diamond thief who has plenty of love and adventure.—*Metro.*

●●●—THE SHOW OFF—Spencer Tracy as an egotist who is finally deflated. Madge Evans, Clara Blandick and others.—*Metro.*

●●●—THE TRUMPET BLOWS—Life and loves of a Mexican bull fighter. George Raft, Frances Drake, Adolphe Menjou.—*Paramount.*

●●●—THIS MAN IS MINE—Sophisticated romance of two married couples. Constance Cummings, Irene Dunne, Kay Johnson.—*Radio.*

●●●●—TWENTIETH CENTURY—John Barrymore as eccentric impressario and Carole Lombard as his temperamental star.—*Columbia.*

●●●●—TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS—A musical built around a fair plot. Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Four Mills Brothers, Ted Fio-Rito and his band.—*Warners.*

●●●—UPPERWORLD—Warren William, Ginger Rogers and Mary Astor in story of man whose wife's social ambitions drive him to arms of another.—*Warners.*

●●●●—VIVA VILLA!—Outstanding movie of Mexico's great military figure. Wallace Beery, Stuart Erwin, Leo Carrillo.—*Metro.*

●●●—WHERE SINNERS MEET—Eccentric millionaire traps eloping couples and makes them consider importance of marriage. Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Billie Burke.—*Radio.*

●●●—YOU'RE TELLING ME?—Comedy featuring W. C. Fields as inebriated father who nearly ruins daughter's social standing. Joan Marsh, Buster Crabbe, Adrienne Ames.—*Paramount.*

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— Mae West

NO MAN IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR
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No. 9

HOLLYWOOD

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

Edited in Hollywood

ARTHUR C. JANISCH
Assistant Editor

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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
Western Editor



Alice Faye*—She Learned About Sailors *and, as you can see, looks cute as the dickens in a sailor chapeau

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

●

Marian Marsh Is back in Hollywood after six-months of picture-making in England and France. . . . There's every possibility that Mary Pickford will star in a stage production on the coast. . . . When a male socialite called Jack LaRue, "a sissified gangster" Jack up and k.o'd the fellow, while other guests at the very 400-ish ball gasped in horror. . . . Sidney Howard, the London star, is here for a United Artists' rôle.

●

Walter Winchell, vacationing in Hollywood, may emote in a flicker before returning to Broadway. . . . Paramount is going to launch W. C. Fields as Will Rogers' rival as a screen philosopher. . . . Frank Capra has chosen Myrna Loy to emote opposite Warner Baxter in Columbia's super, *Broadway Bill*. . . . They say Helen Morgan was terribly disappointed because none of the producers bid for her services during her California stay. . . . Doris Kenyon and Adolphe Menjou will co-star in Universal's *The Human Side*.

●

Jean Muir is awfully peeved at Sylvia, the masseuse, for saying things about her silhouette in those farm woman rôles. . . . The Warren Williams have gone ranchy . . . they've purchased ten acres out near Encino. . . . Dorothy Martin (the first Mrs. Eddie Hillman) is in town to try her luck in the talkies. . . . Ethel Merman here for her rôle in Cantor's next, *Kid Millions*.



Elissa Landi is proud of her police dog, Tack, with whom she is motoring on her Beverly Hills estate

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

●

Two Days After attending a shower given in honor of Billie Dove, Ruth Roland sued Billie for $25,750 because of that dog bite. . . . Adamae Vaughn was betrothed to Joseph Valentine Roul Fleur D'Auvray for five whole years before going to the altar with him t'other day. . . . Paul Kelly collects ultra-ancient autos as a hobby. . . . Boris Karloff won stardom as a black-browed villain, yet he's just aching for a nice-clean-young-man rôle.

●

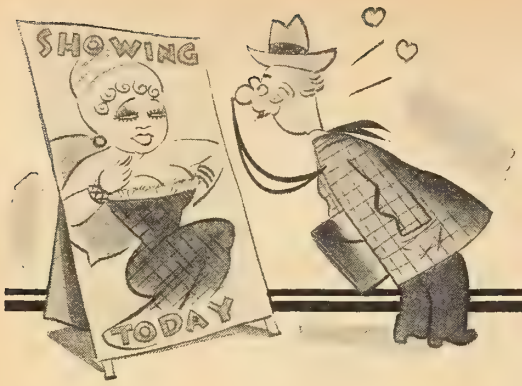
Dorothy Tree, who tried no less than three times to crash important rôles without success, credits her current forward spurt to the fact that she is wearing a blonde wig. . . . El Brendel walked smack into a pole on a Warner Brothers' set and knocked himself cold. . . . They used rubber barbs on the barbed-wire for the *Viva Villa* battle scenes. . . . Evelyn Venable is a vegetarian . . . Ben Bernie did so well in *Shoot the Works* he's been resigned for the featured spot in Paramount's *One Night Stand*.

●

Lenore Keefe of the 1934 Wampas Babies is the daughter of Bill Keefe, Hollywood's first press agent. . . . W. S. VanDyke is the colony's champion joiner . . . he belongs to thirty-three organizations. . . . Betty Furness has wall-papered her dressing room with telegrams received since she was five years old. . . . Steffi Duna goes about town leading a lion cub on a leash.

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PRINCE ON
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what's new ON THE SCREEN

Advance information on pictures worth seeing

RATING CODE—● ● ● ● Excellent ● ● ● Good ● ● Fair ● Mediocre

Cleopatra

● ● ● ● How better could we start off telling about the month's new films than with Cecil B. DeMille's gorgeous spectacle, *Cleopatra*? The glamorous queen of ancient Egypt is brought to life by Claudette Colbert in one of the Old Master's most lavish productions. The story is that of the royal vamp who uses her allure to enmesh the great Caesar and Marc Antony as a means toward conquering the Roman Empire. Claudette has never been more glorious than she is as Cleo, Warren William makes a superb Caesar and Henry Wilcoxon, fresh from England, proves his heralded ability in the rôle of Marc Antony. This triumvirate of great players is abetted by a vast supporting cast, costly production and intelligent direction. A picture no fan can afford to miss.

Barretts of Wimpole Street

● ● ● ● The old love story of the poet Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, complicated as it was by the unnatural love of Elizabeth's father for his three daughters, of which she was the eldest, is delightfully retold in this splendid picture starring Fredric March as the poet, Norma Shearer as the invalid Elizabeth, who finds health as well as love in her romance, and Charles Laughton, the great English actor, who plays the father rôle. Laughton, especially, delivers a magnificent performance in a difficult part.



Just a sample of the many beautiful girls in* Dames, *the new Warner musical featuring Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. Her name is Ruth Eddings. You'll find pictures of a number of other lovelies from the same film on page 24

One More River

● ● ● ● An almost completely English cast, headed by Diana Wynyard, Frank Lawton, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Colin Clive and Reginald Denny, give a great rendition of Galsworthy's fine story. Jane Wyatt is the only American. The story is an intensely human tale, highly dramatic and well presented.

Million Dollar Ransom

● ● ● ● Another of those fine Damon Runyan yarns with Phillips Holmes as the young scion of wealth who hires Edward Arnold to kidnap him to prevent his mother's marriage to a gigilo. Mary Carlisle is the gangster's daughter with whom Holmes falls in love. There are plenty of exciting complications and the entire cast is excellent.

The World Moves On

● ● ● ● A strong war drama that will certainly serve as anti-war propaganda. It is the story of an internationalized family split asunder one member against the other, by war. Franchot Tone and Madeleine Carroll, the English actress who leaped to fame with her rôle in *I Was a Spy*, head a distinguished cast.

The Old Fashioned Way

● ● ● A typical W. C. Fields comedy. The star gives the audience a great two hours of entertainment, although there's not much *story* — but since when has Bill Fields needed a story? Baby LeRoy and Judith Allen are in the cast.

Of Human Bondage

• • • The combination of Somerset Maugham's famous book and fine portrayals by Leslie Howard, as the club-footed hero, and Bette Davis, the waitress who holds him in the bondage of her feminine appeal, make this worthwhile entertainment, although the Maugham story suffers somewhat in translation to the screen. The cast includes Kay Johnson, Frances Dee, Reginald Denny and Alan Hale.

She Loves Me Not

• • • • You can't go wrong on this funfest of a chorus cutie among the collitch boys. Rapid fire from start to finish with Miriam Hopkins and Bing Crosby taking top honors. Imagine Miriam in her dancing costume stranded in a Princeton dormitory!

Baby, Take a Bow

• • • Shirley Temple again, and again she steals the picture. Plenty of comedy thrills as Jimmie Dunn and Ray Walker, former convicts, try to return a stolen necklace while Detective Alan Dinehart pursues them. Shirley keeps hiding the necklace and a lot of fun is had by all—with the possible exception of Sleuth Dinehart. A fine comedy.

Born to Be Kissed

• • • • Here's another good comedy. (Looks like a great month for the funny bone!) Jean Harlow has her best chance to date to demonstrate that she has more than platinum blonde hair and so forth. Franchot Tone and Lionel Barrymore give her fine support and Lewis Stone and Patsy Kelly turn in excellent performances. A typical Harlow picture which Harlow fans will find just to their taste—and we'll bet it will make a lot of new ones, too!

Shoot the Works

• • • If you like back-stage stuff and can stand a big dose of Jack Oakie (as who can't?) then by all means see *Shoot the Works.* It's the brand of entertainment all studios try to turn out. Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, makes his debut as a full-fledged player in this one and that alone should bring a few million of you radio fans trampling into the theatres. There is a tragic side to this picture for it marks the final appearance of Lew Cody and Dorothy Dell, both of whom died just previous to its release. The cast also includes Arlene Judge, Alison Skipworth and Roscoe Karns. See it by all means.

Murder in the Private Car

• • • An excellent comedy-thriller, this film introduces Mary Carlisle as a millionaire's daughter, Charlie Ruggles and Una Merkel as a comedy pair and Russell Hardie as Mary's



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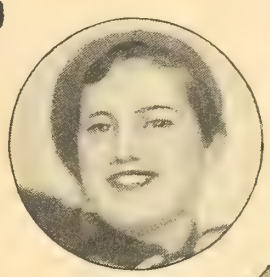
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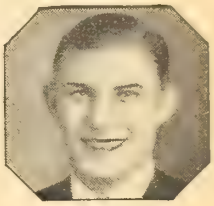
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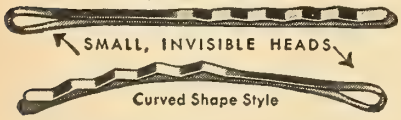
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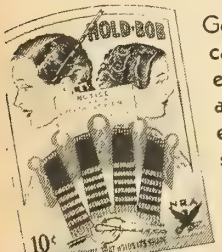
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young man, all in a private car heading for New York while the old mystery standbys transpire — murders, lights flashing on and off, eerie voices and the rest of them. The comedy is continual and enjoyable.

His Greatest Gamble

• • • This is Richard Dix as his fans —particularly the feminine ones—like to see him. A gambler reckless in his profession and sentimental in his love for his infant daughter, whom he has kidnaped from his divorced wife, lands in prison accused of a woman's murder, and later escapes to restore happiness to his daughter, Dorothy Wilson, now grown to young womanhood. Edith Fellows, Bruce Cabot and Erin O'Brien-Moore are excellent support.

She Learned About Sailors

• • • A light, fast-stepping comedy which is bound to please. Alice Faye and Lew Ayres do fine work as the night club entertainer and the sailor whose romance almost goes on the rocks. It's a swaggering tale of the navy ashore in an oriental port and its interest is increased by the antics of Frank Mitchell and Jack Durant. Not a dull moment.

Bachelor Bait

• • • A pleasing little comedy with plenty of laughs and human interest. The story concerns the building of a successful matrimonial bureau by Stuart Erwin, an idealist, and Skeets Gallagher, a more crafty and practical soul. The entire cast—including Pert Kelton and Rochelle Hudson—have exceptional opportunities to display their talents.

Here Comes the Groom

• • • The presence of Jack Haley and Mary Boland makes this a bright and entertaining comedy. Haley gets himself wanted by the police to please his girl friend, but is captured by an heiress, in whose home the girl friend later turns up as a servant. The cast includes Isabel Jewell, Neil Hamilton, Sidney Toler and Patricia Ellis.

Our Daily Bread

• • • • A beautifully written and expertly directed picture depicting the heart-rending struggle of a young couple faced by the problems of the depression. It will strike home to the hearts of millions who have gone through the same struggle, and it is reminiscent of King Vidor's other epic, *The Crowd.* Tom Keene and Karen Morley turn in exceptional performances. See it by all means.

The Most Precious Thing in Life

• • Jean Arthur appears in what is for her a new type of rôle, one in which she is called upon to portray both youth and age, and she comes through with telling effect. Donald Cook also shines in a dual-age part and Richard Cromwell and Anita Louise are excellent. The story is set against a college background and concerns a father's attempt to break up his son's romance, and the heroic struggles of the mother—long since divorced and working as a servant at the college—to thwart his plan and prevent another heartbreak like the one she suffered when Family and Tradition were allowed to smash love.

Here Comes The Navy

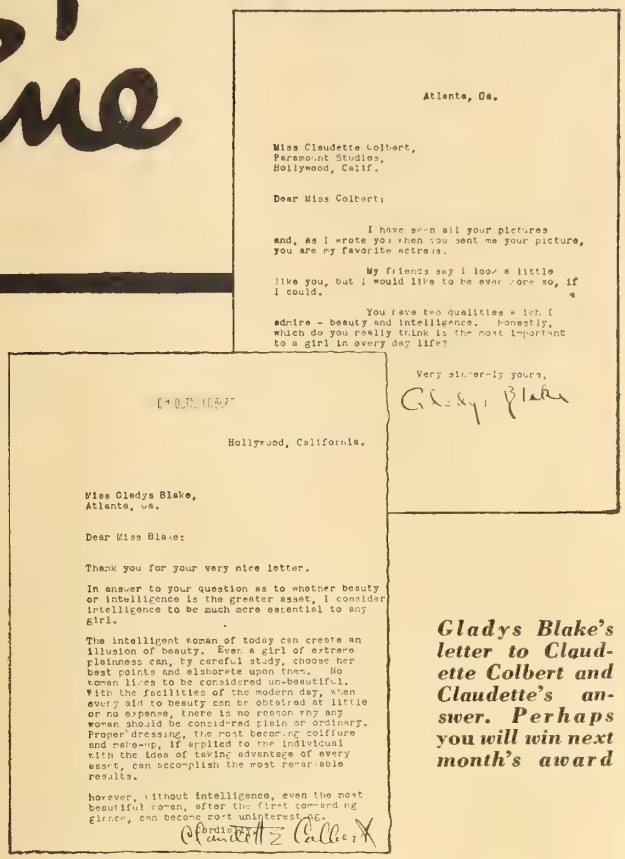
• • • Some of these days somebody is going to discover James Cagney is an actor. In spite of the fact this is the same sort of stuff Jimmie has been doing since he pushed a grapefruit in Joan Blondell's face it's a wow. Plenty of thrills, romance, comedy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart, Frank McHugh and NAVY.



***Phillips Holmes, Charles Boyer and Loretta Young as they appear in Fox's forthcoming spectacular production,* Caravan**

Drop Me a Line

Write a letter to your favorite star and try for a cash award and a personal answer! See details below



Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Claudette Colbert,
Paramount Studios,
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have seen all your pictures and, as I wrote you when you sent me your picture, you are my favorite actress.

My friends say I look a little like you, but I would like to be even more so, if I could.

You have two qualities which I admire - beauty and intelligence. Honestly, which do you really think is the most important to a girl in every day life?

Very sincerely yours,
Gladys Blake

Hollywood, California.

Miss Gladys Blake,
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Miss Blake:

Thank you for your very nice letter.

In answer to your question as to whether beauty or intelligence is the greater asset, I consider intelligence to be much more essential to any girl.

The intelligent woman of today can create an illusion of beauty. Even a girl of extreme plainness can, by careful study, choose her best points and elaborate upon them. No woman likes to be considered un-beautiful. With the facilities of the modern day, when every aid to beauty can be obtained at little or no expense, there is no reason why any woman should be considered plain or ordinary. Proper dressing, the most becoming coiffure and make-up, if applied to the individual with the idea of taking advantage of every asset, can accomplish the most remarkable results.

However, without intelligence, even the most beautiful woman, after the first commanding glance, can become most uninteresting.

Cordially,
Claudette Colbert

Gladys Blake's letter to Claudette Colbert and Claudette's answer. Perhaps you will win next month's award

Unfair Judgment

I HAVE ALWAYS wondered, after reading letters criticizing the different movie stars, why people are not broadminded enough to consider that when a player appears in a certain production he cannot be judged by the part he plays any more than our home talent actors or school children can be judged by the parts *they* play in amateur shows. It is very unfair and not good sense to judge a girl "hard," "course," "loud," "crude" and so forth because she has appeared in a rôle of that character. It is her work and she is doing it in as conscientious a manner as anyone applies himself to his particular task.

($1.00 Letter) HAZEL BROOKS,
Waupun, Wis.

Fears for the Men!

IN THE May issue of your magazine I read the article entitled, *Are Pretty Girls Safe in Hollywood?* and I think it should be changed to *Are Handsome Men Safe in Hollywood?* My opinion is that the girls can take care of themselves, but it is the men who are usually in danger. In this modern age girls know what they want and evidently intend to get it.

($1.00 Letter)
MARGOT STEPHENS,
52 Prospect Street, South Orange, N. J.

A Big Order

PLEASE, Mr. Movie Man, show me: A Garbo picture that isn't all Garbo . . . George Raft with his hair mussed . . . Connie Bennett in another light comedy rôle (and let her sing more) . . . A newspaper story in which the reporters act like reporters . . . Lots of Helen Mack . . . Ditto Frances Drake . . . Norma Shearer in something besides a parlor problem play . . . One of Jimmy Cagney's leading ladies kicking him back.

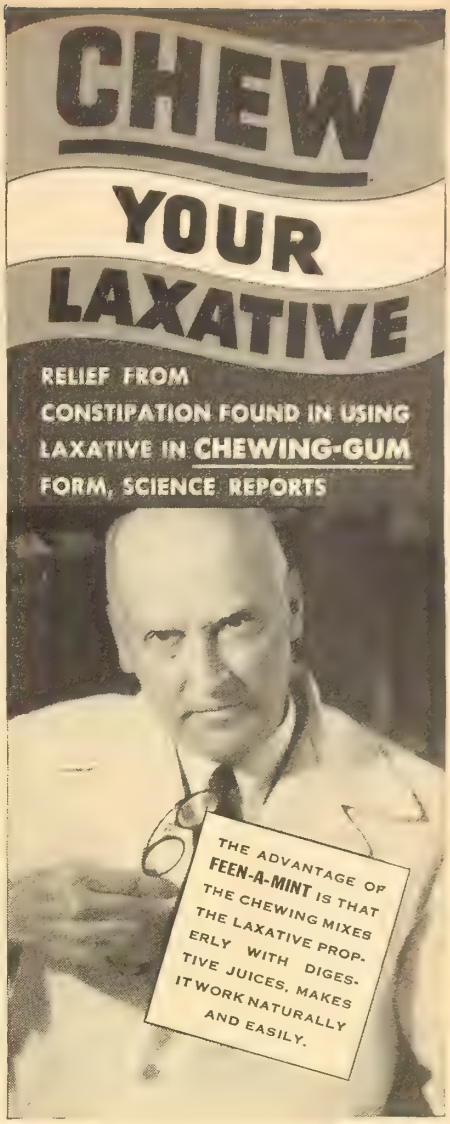
($1.00 Letter) C. C. McMILLAN,
Box 163, Oakdale, Calif.

Why Not Jalna?

WHY DON'T the producers make more pictures based on some of the interesting books we have all read? We'd

Please turn to page ten

One or more stars will reply to the best letters received during the month. These will be reproduced on this page and $10 will be paid for each letter so published; $5 will be paid for the two next-best letters, and $1 each will be paid for the next five. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of a tie. The editors of HOLLYWOOD Magazine will be the sole judges and their decision will be final. No letters will be returned and the right to reproduce, either wholly or in part, any letters received is reserved. Address your letters to Drop Me a Line, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 529 South 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



Every day new thousands of people turn to FEEN-A-MINT for relief from constipation. And here's the reason. It's so easy to take—it's so modernly scientific because it mixes the laxative with digestive juices, thus letting nature do its part in helping the laxative work more thoroughly.

FEEN-A-MINT gently increases the movement of the *lower* intestine, which is what nature wants. It doesn't give you that distended feeling that many cathartics do, it does not cause cramps. And, above all, it is not habit-forming.

Join the more than 15 millions who take their laxative this modern, easy way—by chewing FEEN-A-MINT.



Fling a challenge to adventure

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

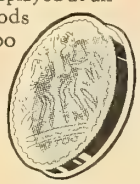
SEE TRIAL OFFER BELOW



Tattoo your lips, and you'll dare romance! Tattoo . . . that lovely lip color of intense, more meaning brilliance . . . tempting in itself, but more tempting on lips. Subtle, exquisite Tattoo! Different from anything else. Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . only the color stays. No pastiness . . . only the color . . . the warm red of challenge to adventure . . . to *fate!* Then, Tattoo your cheeks into alluring harmony with your lips by using the exactly matching shade of Tattoo Rouge.

Choose your most suitable shade of Tattoo by actually testing all four at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed at all smart toilet goods counters. Tattoo For Lips is $1.

Tattoo Rouge (for Lips and Cheeks) . . . 75c



4 STARTLING SHADES

TATTOO *for Lips and* TATTOO ROUGE *(for cheeks and lips) come in these really startling shades.*

•

CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

•

EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it *very* effective!

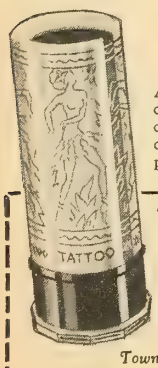
•

NATURAL is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette.

•

PASTEL is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing.

Don't be misled by imitators . . . there is nothing else like Tattoo!



SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL

A miniature size of Tattoo (Lipstick) contained in a clever black and silver case, will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10c to cover postage and packing. Tattoo your lips!

TATTOO, CHICAGO

TATTOO, Dept. 16
11 E. Austin Ave., Chicago.
10c enclosed. Send me Trial Size Tattoo (LIPSTICK) postpaid.
☐ Coral ☐ Exotic ☐ Natural ☐ Pastel

Name .....
Street .....
Town ..... *State* .....

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TATTOO

Drop Me a Line

Continued from page nine

like to see, for instance, a movie of such books as *The White Oaks of Jalna,* with Edna May Oliver as the granny, John Gilbert as *Reynard,* Phillips Holmes as *Eden,* Barbara Stanwyck as *Eden's* wife, Norman Foster as *Piers,* Jean Parker as *Pier's* wife and Richard Cromwell as *Finch.* Also we wish very much to see a talkie version of *Peter Pan* with Katharine Hepburn playing the part of *Peter* and Jean Parker as *Windy.* Please, can't we have some more of those timorous mysteries on the screen such as *The Dark Garden, Menace* and *Album?*
($1.00 Letter)

HELEN L. HARRIS,
139 Franklin Avenue, Kittanning, Pa.

Thanks to Arliss

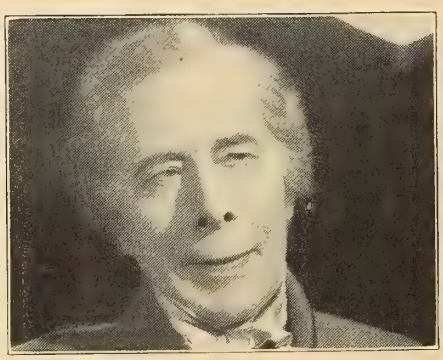
JUST a word of thanks for the pleasant afternoon I spent in seeing George Arliss in *The House of Rothschild.* My vocabulary is too limited to go into rhapsodies of praise, but again I say, "thank you" to him for giving such an understanding portrayal of a very difficult rôle. I feel that his advise to his five sons in the fore-part of the picture is as applicable and worth as much consideration today as it was in the days during which the scenes of the story are laid. I enjoyed the rôle Mrs. Arliss played as she made me feel her affections and feeling for Mr. Arliss were as true in real life as in the movies.
($1.00 Letter)

MRS. B. J. CONLON,
815 Sixth Avenue, Councile Bluffs, Ia.

Australia Heard From

While You Will probably consign the following comments to the w. p. b., at least you may gather something of the general intelligence of the Australian fan in general. Far be it from me to criticize the work of a man who probably earns his living at it, but Harry Carr's article (*War Declared on American Movies*) in a recent issue calls for some comment. It is news to me that Australians prefer British films, since I have found that the majority even fight shy of them—like Americans they have an intense hatred for the exaggerated Oxford drawl. Mr. Carr is right when he says that a lot of the British films are "gosh awful," but does he know that most film-goers here think the same thing? We are also well aware of the fact that most of the good performers in British films are snapped up by American studios and there are quite a large number of us who rejoice when this happens. We like to see a good star given a chance and, unfortunately, British studios have a habit of swamping them with bad stories, bad photography and generally bad management. Our complaint is that England cannot keep her big stars and make them assets to her industry. But we certainly aren't kicking because America has the common sense to get in first. Most of us know that it almost always means improvement for the star. Of course we boost British films where we can, but all the propaganda and advertising in the world isn't going to make us sit through bad films, as England is finding out. We are suite willing to do our share of the boosting, but we want good films and, believe me, we know good films when we see them!
($5.00 Letter)

DOROTHY H. RAY,
"Lochinvar" 46 Palace Street, Ashfield, Sydney, N. S. Wales, Australia.



"Thank you, George Arliss, for a very pleasant afternoon"



"Please, Mr. Movie Man, show me . . . lots of Helen Mack

A Nurse Protests

IF YOU are to believe all you see in the movies, you'll soon discover that the doctors and nurses and internes are just a merry bunch of kids who date each other up and make love to the patients. I'm only a registered nurse, but I'm blessed if I ever had the doctors treating me the way they do Bebe Daniels in *Registered Nurse.* Neither do I nor any of my fellow workers wear those soft, frilly, wispy underthings as shown by Barbara Stanwyck in *Night Nurse,* Joan Blondell in *Miss Pinkerton* and scores of other movie nurses. Heaven knows I *try* to wear as pretty ones as possible, but even "second bests" cost! And in *The Girl in 419* James Dunn seemed to be the only surgeon in the hospital, yet he had plenty of time to take nurses into private rooms and kiss them! And, I suppose, I ought to finish this by saying *Men in White* isn't an improvement either!
($5.00 Letter)

KAY BECKWITH,
6300 Fourteenth N. W., Seattle, Wash.


CLAUDETTE COLBERT
in Fannie Hurst's
Imitation of Life"
Directed by JOHN M. STAHL
THE MAN WHO DIRECTED "BACK STREET" and "ONLY YESTERDAY"
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, JR.
A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



The PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Pointed comment on cinema affairs and people

by

W. H. FAWCETT

Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine

Shirley's Stand-In



Shirley Temple

PERHAPS THE MOST pleasant sensation of the year was the discovery of Shirley Temple's talents and her elevation from kid comedies to featured rôles. Winfield Sheehan, Fox executive, has jealously guarded Shirley to keep her the unspoiled child beloved of all fans—to prevent her becoming the all too familiar, insufferable spoiled movie prodigy.

Recently Shirley became aware of the fact that Gary Cooper had a stand-in and immediately demanded and received one for herself. We hope this is not a sign of budding temperament that will undo Sheehan's conscientious efforts. Such talent, sweetness and wholesomeness should be preserved at all costs.

Mary Brian made the mistake of boasting she has so many luncheon engagements that she has carried a five dollar bill in her purse a year without spending it. So the other day Ned Sparks and Phillips Holmes took her out to lunch and then calmly walked out, leaving her with the check! Justice will be done!

Fields Forgot



W. C. Fields

W. C. FIELDS is in a quandary. It is well known in Hollywood that the comedian has an extremely unreliable memory. Things he should do slip his mind too easily.

Recently he forgot to attend a large function at which many stars were present, although it was his duty to be there. The next day he wondered if he had been missed and just what the result of his failure to attend would be.

Imagine his surprise and perplexity when he received a sweet note from Marion Davies thanking him for attending and doing his part to make the affair a success! Which, Mr. Fields is convinced, is the height of something or other.

A number of Hollywood actors are inventors, too. Gary Cooper has invented a calibrating device and an adjustable stirrup. Charlie Ruggles has patented an automatic egg ejector (no foolin'). But Bill Fields is the most prolific. His prize is a combination desk, lounge, bar, phonograph, ice shaver, radio, cocktail mixer and aspirin tablet.

Death Wins



Dorothy Dell

DEATH HAS COMPLETED his cycle of three in Hollywood—Lilyan Tashman, Lew Cody and Dorothy Dell. Despite its love for Lilyan and Lew, the death of Dorothy in a tragic automobile accident stunned Hollywood most of all.

Facing stardom after only eight months in pictures, Dorothy had everything to live for. Death, however, had stalked her since childhood—since the age of three, when a dog viciously attacked her, down through the years of narrow escapes and freak accidents.

Taken at the age of twenty-four, when life was sweet and full of promise for her, Dorothy might well have been spared and a less worthy person taken.

Doggy, Wot?



Donald Cook

GOING TO THE dogs in Hollywood should not be such an ordeal now that Donald Cook has opened his tony eatery for canines. The film capital has had hospitals, beauty shops and cemeteries for its pets, but not until now has there been a restaurant exclusively for them.

Cook has a fleet of delivery cars which will bring the tasty food right to the tables of filmdom's aristocratic pooches. If His Highness is overweight or for other reasons needs to diet, the proper foods will be supplied. Patrons may leave their hounds at the café, where they will have private booths and may gorge themselves on the choicest of canine victuals. Truly every dog has his day—at least in Hollywood!

Jimmy Starr records Wynne Gibson's latest smart come-back thus: Eddie Welch bounced up and greeted her like a long lost brother. "Say," he said, "I haven't seen you since we started in show business together on Broadway. You've certainly passed me!" "Yeah," flipped Wynne, "and I'm at a stand-still."

Best-Dressed?



Genevieve Tobin

GENEVIEVE TOBIN HAS been nominated by Irene Castle McLaughlin as the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. The former dancer called her the logical successor to the late Lilyan Tashman as fashion dictator.

Discretion is the better part of valor, so we refrain from comment. We are perfectly willing to let the laurels rest on Genevieve's fair head, but deep in the heart of every woman in Hollywood lies the ambition to win this title, and we doubt that Irene's nomination will pass unchallenged. Who do you think should be named? Send your vote to HOLLYWOOD Magazine and we'll publish the returns.

They're telling this one on Director Frank Tuttle, whose Russian wife had a fellow countrywoman visiting her. Tuttle thought it would be sporting if only Russian were spoken at the table during her stay, and everything went fine until one meal he thought he asked for a spoon. The guest grinned, left the table and returned some minutes later leading a horse!

Play Or Player?



Clark Gable

WE'VE BEEN IMPRESSED lately with a marked increase in the number of letters from readers which stress the importance of story as against star names in motion picture productions.

For years the novelty of speaking pictures and the fabulous glamour of screen personalities held the public interest despite poor stories and weak dialogue, but novelty and glamour have had their day and the industry is being shaken down to the one great fundamental expressed in Shakespeare's famous axiom, "The play's the thing."

The public will not pay to see just Clark Gable or just Greta Garbo any more. The stars are rapidly finding out that they cannot be greater than the stories in which they are presented.





Diana Wynyard and Jane Wyatt (left) are featured in **One More River**, *which is expected to be one of the most outstanding pictures of the current season. Reginald Denny, C. Aubrey Smith, who appear at the right with Miss Wyatt and Miss Wynyard, are other members of the splendid cast assembled for this noteworthy production of the John Galsworthy novel*

BEHIND THE SCENES ON

One More River

UNIVERSAL'S SUPERB PICTURIZATION OF THE FAMOUS GALSWORTHY NOVEL



Diana Wynyard and Frank Lawton, well-known New York stage actor, in a chummy scene from the production



Reginald Denny and Jane Wyatt find romance in this appealing scene, a charming bit of byplay from the film



Jane Wyatt, who also has scored on the New York stage, is hailed as a real find by the studio that introduced Margaret Sullavan

Here's your *Entertainment map* for the new season



For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.

FOX



Here's Looking at You!

Intimate camera glimpses of your favorite stars as seen by filmdom's master portrait artists

Ginger Rogers

● We'll take a second or third or any number of looks at slim waisted, adorable Ginger Rogers! She's the spice of any program and it is certain that *The Gay Divorce* will be many times gayer because she is featured in it

—*Hurrell*



Johnny Weissmuller

—*Russell Bati*

● And there's many a backward glance as Johnny (Whataman!) Weissmuller gets in the swim! Tarzan hasn't said much on the screen but his splendid physique does all the talking that's necessary as far as his fans care. You'll see him in *Tarzan and His Mate* and *Hollywood Party*



Grace Moore

—*Schafer*

● Here's a Grace note in the modern movie scale that's as easy on the eyes as it is on the ears. The famous opera prima donna's infectious charm and silvery-toned melodies are a feature of *One Night of Love* with Tullio Carminati and Lyle Talbot, one of the season's not-to-be-missed pictures



Heather Angel

Jack Freulich

● Speaking of Angels, Heather is a living demonstration of a romantic young man's most cherished dream come true. Big things are planned for Heather at Universal, where she recently assumed an attractive contract, the first of which will be her appearance in *Romance in the Rain*



Constance Bennett

● If it isn't what she is doing it is what she is wearing that makes Connie Bennett the cynosure of all eyes at all times. You'll have a sample of both in *The Green Hat*, the new talkie version of the famous Michael Arlen novel, in which she wears this stunning frock of blister crêpe



Paul Muni

—*Elmer Frye*

● Eyed covetously by all women who admire the ruggedness of virile manhood coupled with an irresistible romantic personality, Paul has also a histrionic talent surpassed by few. His latest is *Border Town*

Madeleine Carroll

● Hollywood men are no different from movie fans hither and yon the country over for they simply can't keep their eyes off Madeleine Carroll. Remember what a sensation she was in *I Was A Spy* with Herbert Marshall? It is anticipated her success will be even greater in *The World Moves On*

Dolores Del Rio Is Handicapped BY Too Much Money!

How Dolores Del Rio has had to fight relentlessly against a boon that became a curse!

by BEN MADDOX

TOO MUCH MONEY! That has been Dolores Del Rio's astounding drawback in Hollywood! Now that she again possesses a long-term starring contract which keeps her working regularly once more, she has to fight this extraordinary handicap of hers with even greater vigor.

If she ever relents, gives in to this nigh-unbelievable menace, her career is doomed. And Dolores wants so very much to go on!

Every star in pictures has had some sort of obstacle to overcome. Many have had to deliberately acquire a camera face, and gilding basicly average looks is no easy job. Drastic dieting has been the steady fate of some. Learning to wear clothes with a provocative air has been the task of others. Those who have sprung from unpretentious backgrounds wage a continuous struggle for a convincing veneer of elegance and culture. Since sound, the fine voice requirement has been a familiar stumbling-block.

But the case of Dolores Del Rio is absolutely unparalleled.

She has been remarkably successful in spite of never having known the need for money! If you will check carefully, the driving force which has spurred practically every other star on has been desire for the wealth which the films lavish on their topnotchers.

You have often read of ambitious girls and men being slowed down in Hollywood because they lacked funds. Have you ever heard of a movie actress being impeded by too much money? Yet this, nevertheless, is the only thing which has stood in the lovely Del Rio's path!

Dolores has been wealthy, both before she became famous and ever since. What would seem marvelous luck has, actually, hampered her.

● "As an actress--not personally, of course," she hastens to explain. "So far as my personal life is concerned, being well-to-do has enabled me to elude financial worries. Money has given me much hap-

Please turn to page fifty-four



"As a factor in getting ahead in Hollywood having money has certainly been anything but helpful," says Dolores Del Rio. "Now I know the best training for an actress is hardship"

by JERRY LANE

I'd fight to hold my man! —Mae West



Two famous screen charmers answer a

"Any women can get any man these days. But she's got to be good to keep him," says Mae West

"IF HE'S NOT WORTH fighting for, he's not worth having!" Mae West put plenty of punch behind that statement. The West eyes blazed with the light of battle. And when they blaze. . . !

"Listen, baby, 'it ain't no sin' to wage a good stiff war to keep your man. There were more than 200,000 divorces last year in this country. And if half of those wives hadn't been weak-kneed they wouldn't be wandering widows now! Any woman can get any man these days. But she's got to be *good* to keep him—better than her grandmother was by several hundred hot-cha degrees!

"You see," went on Mae, warming up to her subject as only she can, "every man seems always at least potentially in circulation. That's his nature. If you've got an interesting or attractive husband you can expect to face daily competition and comparison. There are plenty of sweet young things ready to get an unhappy man adrift. So—*anchor him*! Here's the way of it—

"If a girl finds she's losing hold on her man —and we're taking for granted he's the guy she can't possibly live without—she shouldn't waste time sympathizing with herself. Or wondering what's the matter with the man. Or trying to argue him into behaving himself.

"Just let her ask herself: *What's the matter with me?* Why doesn't he love me as much as he used to? What have I done? What *haven't* I done that he's giving me the chill?

"If the girl is frank, she might find that she has fallen into the habit of treating the man like just another possession. Perhaps she is not making herself as attractive to him physically and mentally as she did when they lighted the torch. Maybe she's forgotten to be the playmate as well as the wife. *You can't be a spineless quitter if you want to hold your man!* You've got to understand his moods and know how to handle him when those moods are upon him. When he wants affection give it to him. When he doesn't, don't try to force it on the poor fellow. Anticipate his likes and dislikes so that you are continually captivating him with pleasant surprises. Men love surprises. They're a good deal like kids. When he expects a scolding, give him smiles.

"In short, try to make yourself so completely desirable, so utterly necessary to his well-being and fit into his life so charmingly that he'd rather go out and cut his throat than look at another girl.

"That all sounds like a pretty tough job, doesn't it? It is. But that is what fighting to hold your man consists of."



Mae West and John Mack Brown in a scene from* St. Louis Woman *in which she practices the wiles she recommends for real life

● Of course Mae wants it distinctly understood that she doesn't mean for a woman to bury her own personality and be entirely overshadowed by the man. On the contrary, the more she keeps herself an *individual*, the more he's apt to respect her.

This is one of the favorite West subjects. She has studied it out in many a drama of the sexes. A large

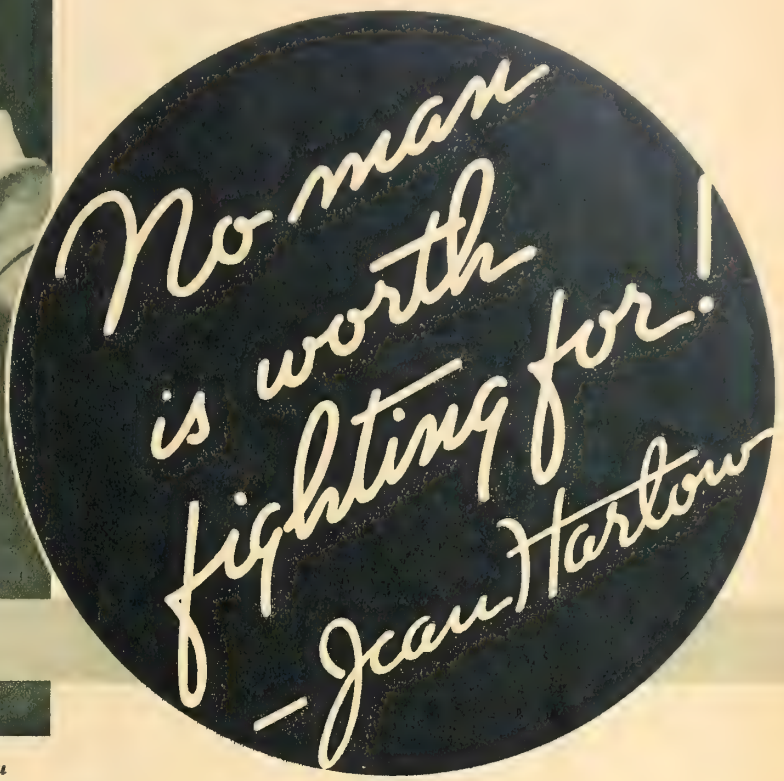
Please turn to page fifty-two

"If he's not worth fighting for he's not worth having!"—Mae West

"If you have to struggle to hold a man's affection he isn't worth the effort!"—Jean Harlow



question of vital interest to every girl



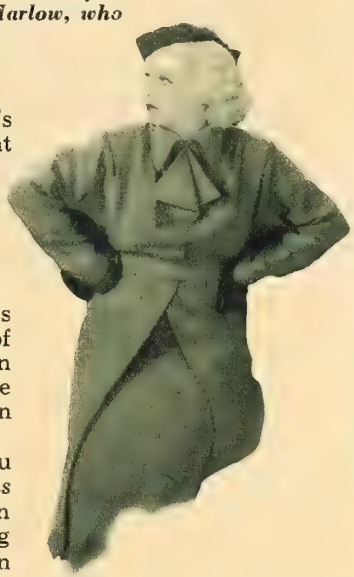
"You're defeating your own purpose when you think you have to fight to hold your man," says Jean Harlow, who is shown here with Franchot Tone

IF YOU HAVE to struggle to hold a man's affection he isn't worth the effort!" That is how Jean Harlow summarizes it. Jean, who typifies all the freedom and independence of the new era. Who is as modern as tomorrow—and just as unpredictable.

Jean, at twenty-two, has been married three times. Mae West, at thirty-two, has never been married. Both are the kind of women men can't forget. Sensational screen sirens. Glamour girls who know all the answers—but they differ on this one. Listen to what Jean says:

"You're defeating your own end when you so much as think, *I have to fight to hold this man.* You're placing a terrific handicap on your romance. Because you are implying *doubt.* Doubt in your husband, doubt in yourself. No love can live under such conditions. If you enter into marriage with the idea that it's going to be an endurance contest and all other women are your opponents—well, you might as well say 'Good morning, judge!' right then and there.

"I know a girl who had that thought. Just before the wedding bells chimed a wiseacre aunt whispered to her, 'Now, Ann, my dear, *remember* Bill is your particular property. Don't let him out of your grasp for a minute.' And Ann didn't. If Bill came home tired and kissed her a little abstractedly it was a sure sign to her way of thinking that she was slipping in her looks. So she'd go out and get a new dress and an expensive facial.



"I know I fight to hold my men on the screen," Jean Harlow says, "but you're placing too great a handicap on romance when you do this in real life"

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"It was only then that Ann woke up. Someone said: 'Why don't you try being like you were when Bill fell in love with you? Don't work so hard at trying to fascinate him.' It was the soundest advice in the world. They're remarried now. And happy.

● "Why should a woman be different after marriage anyway? Why shouldn't she go right on being a man's sweetheart and treating him like she did when they were engaged? There's no need to take that terribly possessive air with him. He's a free individual. So are you. It's the worst mistake a woman can make to attempt to change herself into something she's not—or to attempt transforming her husband!

"A man falls in love with you because you have certain qualities. Don't alter them after the last of the rice has been thrown. Accentuate them. Do your utmost to make the type you are outstanding. To be definitely, clearly *yourself.* Your best self. Then if you fail, you can't have any regrets." Jean shrugged. There

Please turn to page fifty-two

by JERRY LANE

I'd fight to hold my man! —Mae West



"Any women can get any man these days. But she's got to be good to keep him," says Mae West

Two famous screen charmers answer a question of vital interest to every girl



"You're defeating your own purpose when you think you have to fight to hold your man," says Jean Harlow, who is shown here with Franchot Tone

"If he's not worth fighting for he's not worth having!"—Mae West

"If you have to struggle to hold a man's affection he isn't worth the effort!"—Jean Harlow

No man is worth fighting for! —Jean Harlow

"IF HE'S NOT WORTH fighting for, he's not worth having!" Mae West put plenty of punch behind that statement. The West eyes blazed with the light of battle. And when they blaze. . . !

"Listen, baby, 'it ain't no sin' to wage a good stiff war to keep your man. There were more than 200,000 divorces last year in this country. And if half of those wives hadn't been weak-kneed they wouldn't be wandering widows now! Any woman can get any man these days. But she's got to be *good* to keep him—better than her grandmother was by several hundred hot-cha degrees!

"You see," went on Mae, warming up to her subject as only she can, "every man seems always at least potentially in circulation. That's his nature. If you've got an interesting or attractive husband you can expect to face daily competition and comparison. There are plenty of sweet young things ready to get an unhappy man adrift. So—*anchor him*! Here's the way of it—

"If a girl finds she's losing hold on her man—and we're taking for granted he's the guy she can't possibly live without—she shouldn't waste time sympathizing with herself. Or wondering what's the matter with the man. Or trying to argue him into behaving himself.

"Just let her ask herself: *What's the matter with me?* Why doesn't he love me as much as he used to? What have I done? What *haven't* I done that he's giving me the chill?

"If the girl is frank, she might find that she has fallen into the habit of treating the man like just another possession. Perhaps she is not making herself as attractive to him physically and mentally as she did when they lighted the torch. Maybe she's forgotten to be the playmate as well as the wife. *You can't be a spineless quitter if you want to hold your man!* You've got to understand his moods and know how to handle him when those moods are upon him. When he wants affection give it to him. When he doesn't, don't try to force it on the poor fellow. Anticipate his likes and dislikes so that you are continually captivating him with pleasant surprises. Men love surprises. They're a good deal like kids. When he expects a scolding, give him smiles.

"In short, try to make yourself so completely desirable, so utterly necessary to his well-being and fit into his life so charmingly that he'd rather go out and cut his throat than look at another girl.

"That all sounds like a pretty tough job, doesn't it? It is. But that is what fighting to hold your man consists of."



Mae West and John Mack Brown in a scene from St. Louis Woman *in which she practices the wiles she recommends for real life*

● Of course Mae wants it distinctly understood that she doesn't mean for a woman to bury her own personality and be entirely overshadowed by the man. On the contrary, the more she keeps herself an *individual*, the more he's apt to respect her.

This is one of the favorite West subjects. She has studied it out in many a drama of the sexes. A large

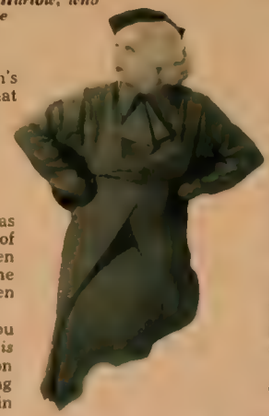
Please turn to page fifty-two

IF YOU HAVE to struggle to hold a man's affection he isn't worth the effort!" That is how Jean Harlow summarizes it. Jean, who typifies all the freedom and independence of the new era. Who is as modern as tomorrow—and just as unpredictable.

Jean, at twenty-two, has been married three times. Mae West, at thirty-two, has never been married. Both are the kind of women men can't forget. Sensational screen sirens. Glamour girls who know all the answers—but they differ on this one. Listen to what Jean says:

"You're defeating your own end when you so much as think, *I have to fight to hold this man.* You're placing a terrific handicap on your romance. Because you are implying *doubt*. Doubt in your husband, doubt in yourself. No love can live under such conditions. If you enter into marriage with the idea that it's going to be an endurance contest and all other women are your opponents—well, you might as well say 'Good morning, judge!' right then and there.

"I know a girl who had that thought. Just before the wedding bells chimed a wiseacre aunt whispered to her, 'Now, Ann, my dear, *remember* Bill is your particular property. Don't let him out of your grasp for a minute.' And Ann didn't. If Bill came home tired and kissed her a little abstractedly it was a sure sign to her way of thinking that she was slipping in her looks. So she'd go out and get a new dress and an expensive facial.



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Please turn to page fifty-two

I'M A GAY



—*Eugene Robert Richee*

Divorce, with its freedom and independence, is a swell idea, says Carole Lombard, but it never works out!





—*Russell Ball*

Carole Lombard misses now the protection William Powell gave her as her husband

IT HAS BEEN A LITTLE over a year now that I ceased being Mrs. William Powell and became Carole Lombard again.

In other words, for about thirteen months I have been supposedly as "free," "gay," and as "carefree" as only a Hollywood divorcée is cracked up to be. I have repeatedly stated I do not believe the average professional marriage in Hollywood can be a success. I haven't changed my mind. I still think Bill and I are better friends now because of our separation than we would have been in spite of our marriage. With our temperamental differences divorce was the only logical step for us. But speaking from months of experience I am not at all convinced that the life of a Hollywood divorcée is all it is publicized to be!

Women are funny creatures. Movie stars are even funnier. I suppose there is really no perfect state for a woman with a Hollywood career. Perhaps that is the reason why so many women stars try marriage . . . and finding it fails, try divorce . . . and finding *that* fails, try marriage again . . . and so on through several marital interludes. Speaking for myself, I have not reached the point where I would even consider another flyer into matrimony . . . but I am going to be very frank:

There are many delightful moments of companionship and sociability and good old-fashioned protection that I miss from marriage. And there are many supposedly exciting moments from my short life as a divorcée which I find boring and annoying.

● I suppose the fans have decided from the number of divorces in Hollywood, and the gala way they are conducted, that the legally free movie star tosses her hat in the air the minute her lawyer puts her interlocutory decree in her hands and says (at least, inwardly): "I am free! My life is my own again. I can come and go as I please . . . "

It is a swell idea if it would work. It doesn't!

The truth is, I had more actual freedom from gossip, from gossip writers and from kindly meaning friends when Bill and I were married than I have enjoyed for one moment as Carole Lombard ex-Powell. When I was married I frequently dined with friends when Bill was working nights at the studio, and perhaps there would be an extra man along. No one thought much about it. But let me dine now with the same friends and an unattached male in the party, and the next day I am surprised (and no doubt he is, too) to read we are the newest Hollywood love affair!

As Mrs. William Powell I could send an innocent wire of

DIVORCÉE

by Carole Lombard

as told to DOROTHY MANNERS

heh-heh

And Carole says it with a hollow laugh, for a Hollywood divorcée is far from happy!



congratulation on a new contract, or an excellent stage or radio appearance to some actor I knew, and no notice was taken of it. The same message coming from Carole Lombard, divorcée, is described as "showering wires" upon the latest sensation of the screen, stage or radio! This sort of thing can become so embarrassing that I find I am going out in public less and less frequently.

There have been nights when I have actually *wanted* to go to the Cocoanut Grove, or one of the other dancing spots with some casual friend, and yet I have hesitated to do so because I knew we would be met by a battery of news cameramen all set up to shoot the "evidence" of our flaming love affair!

Last week I wanted to go to the mountains on a short rest vacation. I couldn't. One of my rumor-romances was vacationing there. So, instead, I went to the beach (and I'm heartily sick of it!) If this be freedom . . . make the most of it!

● And then there are your friends . . . not your intimate friends of course, they always understand . . . but that vast army of friendly acquaintances who insist upon "cheering you up!" I have discovered that as a married woman I was not nearly so

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Men treat a divorcee differently than they do a single girl, Carole Lombard has found

DA WE'D LIKE



—*Bert Longworth*

First off we should like an introduction to luscious Jean Conners, whose comely charm would turn any man's head. But on the* Dames *set a man's head keeps turning and turning!



—*Scotty Welbourne*

We surrender weakly as these two pirate damosels, made-up for a colorful sequence in* Dames, *approach. And surrender is so easy to such beauty!

MES TO KNOW

You'll soon see them in "Dames", the great new Warner musical



Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are the three principals of **Dames**, *which boasts an excellent supporting cast*



—*Scotty Welbourne*

And they say the life of a movie star is nothing but hard work—long, unexciting hours before the camera! Be that as it may, if Mr. Guy Kibbee will kindly step out of line we'll fall right into line and fill his job any day!



—*Bert Longworth*

Here's a number to put in the book if we can find someone who knows her and Adele Lacy will give it to us! If this gorgeous member of the chorus of **Dames** *does give it to us we think we'll throw all our other numbers away!*

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SLEUTH





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And now, making matters still worse for Joan, Warner's have been successful in borrowing Franchot for the principal male rôle in *Oil Lamps of China.*

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With the NEWS SLEUTH

Gossip and facts concerning your favorites direct from Filmland

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George in the feminine lead . . . Andy Devine journeyed down to Little Rock, Arkansas, where he was selected as King of Cotton at the annual Mississippi Valley festival . . . Harold Lloyd cut short his New York business trip to get back to Hollywood for the Shrine Dunbar . . . Mona Rica, Mexican actress, who admires President Rodriguez of her native land, but thinks Franklin D. Roosevelt "one grand senor," has filed declaration of intention of seeking American citizenship . . . Sally Eilers and hubby Harry Joe Brown finally reached Honolulu . . . but they'll be back in Hollywood in time to welcome the stork . . . Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson boated it through the Canal on their current trip to New York.

Romance

DOROTHY GRANGER and George A. Lollier had filed their application for a marriage license before Dot's mother got hold of her and talked her into waiting another year . . . so George buried his grief in a trip to Europe . . . Miriam Hopkins has eyes only for Harold Pickering these days . . . and nights . . . Toby Wing has returned that sapphire to Junior Laemmle in order to wear the solitaire given her by Eddie Hillman, Marian Nixon's ex . . . Gene Raymond seems to have forgotten our own Janet Gaynor in his enthusiasm for a New York debbie . . . Jay Henry and Gail Patrick are stepping . . . The interest that lies between Barry Norton and Alice Terry, Rex Ingram's wife, grows apace . . . Raul Roulien is going places with Conchita Montenegro . . . Maxine Jones, Buck's sixteen year-old daughter, and Noah Beery, Jr., aged nineteen, are in love and can't help blushing over the fact . . . Charlie Murray took an attractive girl to Coronado Beach for a recent week-end, it being their twenty-eighth annual honeymoon . . . John Blakely of the New York social register is squiring Betty Furness . . . The Prince Serge Mdivani-Dorothy Dunbar (ex-Mrs. Max Baer) affair has reached a point where he is giving her polo ponies . . . Joe Schenck is seen everywhere with the dancing Grace Poggi, but he denies they're already wed . . . Arthur Lake is beauing Kay Toberman, the social deb who recently returned Monroe Owslev's engagement ring . . . Esther Ralston and William Morgan are mooning . . . Matty Kemp and Shirley Grey are very, very near the altar . . .

Please turn to page fifty-eight



—Roy D. MacLean

Lois January is appearing in* Loves of a Sailor *with Chester Morris, which isn't at all difficult to understand. Anybody surely could love her

Kay to Do Europe

KAY FRANCIS set sail for Italy immediately after completing her task opposite Leslie Howard in *British Agent*, and you can expect an announcement that Maurice Chevalier is Europe-bound any day now.

What began as a casual friendship—two lonely stars seeking companionship—has blossomed into a real romance. They're seen everywhere together these days—and evenings.

Marches Adopt Boy

THE FREDRIC MARCHES have adopted a second orphan, bestowing upon him the monicker of "Anthony." To the proud foster-parents, however, the newcomer will be known as plain Tony.

Ruth Etting Back

GOLDEN-VOICED Ruth Etting is back in Hollywood, this time to make a series of short musicals for RKO-Radio.

The healthy pay-checks Ruth garners for her efforts will go toward the restoration of the family farm near David City, Iowa. En Route to Talkietown from New York, Ruth stopped off at the old homestead long enough to set carpenters at work building a new barn and repairing the hog pens.

Ruth has assumed active management of the place, and she's throwing out the mechanical equipment in favor of a dozen new hands.

"Farming has become too mechanized," she declared. "Machines have cut down the demand for human labor, which is one of our real problems right now. I'm going to operate the place along the old lines with men and horses instead of with machines."

Marriage for Phillips?

FLORENCE RICE has arrived in the film colony to begin her talkie career, and Phillips Holmes is Oh, so happy!

When the daughter of the noted sports writer, Grantland Rice, alighted from a transcontinental plane the other dawning, she was greeted with a hearty embrace and a noisy kiss from Phillips, all of which served to revive rumors that wedding bells are being readied for this pair.

Florence, ex-mate of Sidney Smith, deserted her rôle in Broadway's *She Loves Me Not* to accept a Columbia contract.

Fishing Is Costly

A FISH-HOOK was responsible for John Barrymore's recent hospital sojourn.

On a trip into Alaskan waters aboard his elaborate yacht, John pricked a finger while baiting his line. Fever laid him low after he reached the home port. Medicos traced his high temperature to the hand infection.

La George Arrives

GLADYS GEORGE is in town for her initial talkie rôle, which will be in Metro's *Dolly*. The Broadway actress who scored such a hit in the flop footlight production of *Queer People* is the bride of Edward Fowler, multi-millionaire paper manufacturer of Holyoke, Mass. They have found a great happiness, Gladys will tell you, through living under the Fannie Hurst matrimonial code.

They're Writing Checks

THE bank accounts of Joan Crawford and William Powell received severe set-backs the other day when William Haines, who deserted the kleigs for interior decorating, returned after six months in Europe, where he busied himself picking up knick-knacks for the Crawford and Powell abodes.

Will Goes Visiting?

METRO INTENDS to do right by Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wildnerness,* financially speaking. Clarence Brown, the studio's highest-salaried director, has been assigned to megaphone the piece, and now Brown is negotiating with Fox for the loan of Will Rogers for the same rôle he portrayed on the Hollywood stage. If the deal goes through—and there's every likelihood of it—it will be the Oklahoma philosopher's first vehicle off the home lot.

Jolson Goes Dramatic

AL JOLSON, who won fame and fortune as a mammy shouter, is going in for bigger and better things. Because of Al's smash hit in the rôle of Pancho Villa in the etherization of *Viva Villa*, his radio sponsors now are buying up the air rights to such dramas as *The Hairy Ape* and *The Valiant* for Jolson to microphone. All of which brought out Al's secret ambition. It is to do Hamlet on the silversheet!

Diana Takes Spill

DIANA WYNYARD has been in the saddle since childhood, but it took a California nag to toss her for a Prince of Wales loop. The English star limped onto Universal's *One More River* t'other morning, her torso bruised and aching. Her unpremeditated exhibition of the previous day gave her Beverly neighbors quite a thrill, for it occurred on the bridle path that runs through the center of busy Beverly Boulevard.

Dot Jordan Home

DOROTHY JORDAN and her newborn, Mary Caroline Cooper, have arrived from Honolulu, where the stork delivered Mary. Dorothy, however, will not resume her histrionic career for several months because she and hubby Merian Cooper, RKO-Radio head, are leaving shortly for Italy, where Cooper will supervise the shooting of exteriors for his production of *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Mary Caroline will be left behind in care of her nurse.

Colleen's Doll House

THE DOLL HOUSE that Colleen Moore has had under construction for six years will shortly be completed, and Colleen will send it off on a tour of the United States, exhibition proceeds to go to aid hospitals for crippled children.

The Lilliputian castle, which cost more than $50,000 to build, is complete in every detail, including workable water and lighting systems, electric refrigerators and every other convenience.

One Wife at a Time!

IT WOULD seem that persistent reports of approaching marriage for Bert Wheeler and Patsy Parker are a bit premature. Bernice Speer is still Bert's legal mate, although they've been separated for more than two years.

Eric Dons Makeup

ERIC VON STROHEIM, for whom the Fates have seldom smiled in recent months, is coming back to the screen as an actor. The eratic thespian-director will portray an Austrian army officer in Invincible's *The House of Strangers.*

Henry Walks Again

HENRY WILCOXON has tossed aside the cane on which he has been hobbling for several weeks. The English actor, imported for De Mille's *Cleopatra*, was seriously stabbed in the knee during filming of the feature. The knife was one of those trick things supposed to break with the slightest impact—but this one fooled its inventor.

Mexico Likes Wally

WALLACE BEERY made such a hit with the residents of Mexico City during his *Viva Villa* location sojourn there, that

Please turn to page forty-eight



Twenty years ago Adolphe Menjou was an extra in The Man Behind the Door *which starred Alice Lake. Now she has a bit in* The Great Flirtation *which stars him*

—*Bert Longworth*

Genevieve Tobin is another Hollywood star who knows how to make the best of a glorious day at the beach. She left for a European trip after filming Kiss and Make Up

DOES A SINISTER *Nazi Doom* MENACE BERGNER

All Europe is discussing the strange peril that endangers Elizabeth Bergner's life and career!



Elizabeth Bergner was a popular Austrian star before Catherine the Great *won her a Hollywood contract. She defied Hitler and dread experiences followed!*

by VAL GUEST

(Special London Correspondent)

One Night Recently London doctors were again called to the bedside of the little Austrian star who is shortly to make a film in Hollywood—Elizabeth Bergner. A week before she was carried from the stage of the Apollo Theatre where she had collapsed during the performance of her play *Escape Me Never.*

Her sensational collapse has set all Europe talking. Was this incredibly beautiful woman poisoned by Nazis for her contempt of Herr Hitler's orders? Europe says "yes." Her physician denied it on the telephone.

"Miss Bergner is suffering from a bad attack of insomnia," he said.

"But people don't collapse from insomnia—" I began when I was cut off.

I sought out the star's husband, Paul Czinner, who has directed all her films and was responsible for *Catherine the Great.*

"Yes, it is poison," he admitted. "Miss Bergner and I ate something or other yesterday which disagreed with us and we have both been affected. But to say that we have been deliberately poisoned is ridiculous."

When I had made a few inquiries I began to wonder if it *was* so ridiculous after all. Here is the unabridged story —a story that the press over here dares not print.

● Elizabeth Bergner is truly a great actress. She has the simplicity of a Gish—that curiously featureless, arresting face which can be transformed in a second with passionate anger or wistful impudence—she is the Dusé of our time.

When Hitler began his campaign against the Jewish artists in the entertainment world of Germany, Bergner left the country immediately and vowed never to return. She had made a few films on the Continent and Alexander Korda, ever watchful for these opportunities, approached her with an offer to make *Catherine* at Elstree.

At first Bergner was doubtful. Films did not appeal to her. Her début in pictures had been an epic called *Nju* with Emil Jannings and Conrad Veidt. When they showed her the rushes of this film she sat, holding her husband's hand, until the last picture had faded off the screen. Then she ran out of the studio, tears streaming down her face, and wandered around Berlin all day in full make-up.

That is Elizabeth Bergner. Almost childlike in her temperaments, it took the combined efforts of Jannings, Veidt and Paul Czinner to convince her that she was going to be a sensation in the new medium.

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I'm a Mug and Proud of It!

Spencer Tracy reveals a fascinating philosophy of life as he tells why he wants to go on being a man among men

By RICHARD T. ENGLISH



"I like being a mug," says Spencer Tracy. "It is something I know something about, being just an average guy. If you can do a part well enough for some kid to say 'I'd like to be like him' then you're serving your purpose"

Fans And Stars alike have dubbed Spencer Tracy a "mug" and no praise could be sweeter to that gentleman's ears. While other stars have been awarded titles from "the greatest profile" to that of "the greatest lover of them all" Spence goes his serene way, "just a mug" and proud of it!

Spencer lolled in a chair as we talked of his strange appellation.

"You know, that name is right down my alley," he said. "Practically every good part I've had is that of just an average guy. And what more could I ask? This arty business of costume rôles and great lovers isn't for me—and don't I know it! Most guys don't realize it but the best parts of them all, in my estimation, are those of the average man. A fellow that's making thirty bucks a week, living in a little flat with the wife and kids, He's the man that knows the most about real life—the average tragedies, average joys and experiences that color existence.

"People seem to think that you learn about acting from dramatic schools and because one has artistic tendencies. But they don't mean a thing! Sure, schools and natural abilities aid you, but the payoff is through observation of common folks. Today the stage and pictures are going in for realism; illusion has been discarded in favor of scenes from everyday life in that of any home. People change—just as you and I change—and as life becomes different the stage reflects what is going on in the world. I'm darned fortunate that the business *has* changed. Can you imagine me trying to do one of those lavender and old lace parts? You can't!"

His feet came off the desk with a bang. Hunching over in his chair Spencer's voice dropped to a confidential tone.

"You know what I'd tell him if a kid asked me the best way today to prepare for a motion picture career? I'd tell him to go to work in a foundry, a shop or a lumber yard—any place where he'd meet real people and could study them and try to emulate them! Because when you come down to it they're the people that make the world go round.

"The guy working for his dough, supporting his family and buying a little car has more color in his life than a dozen millionaires. And simply because he's living a down to earth life. Taking care of his own instead of supporting some yachting club!

"I used to work in a lumber yard in Milwaukee. I started for two bucks and a half a week, piling lumber after school. In two years I had had about every sort of a job, including driving the kindling wagon. I was about sixteen then; a good age to retain impressions and I had a good peek at what life really means. A guy's either on the level or he isn't; he's either O. K. or a washout. Pat O'Brien worked there, too—and he's playing mugs today.

"When you've the part of an average Joe you're really drawing on your memory of some real man you know, whether in a foundry or a lumber yard. I've often had chances to do other kinds of rôles but I want no part of them! My only idea is to play parts the average person understands and appreciates. If you can do a part like that well enough for some kid to say 'I'd like to be like him' then you're serving your purpose."

● Spence stopped, suddenly abashed at having been so outspoken and I grinned as my memory tallied off comparisons of Spencer Tracy, screen star, and Spencer Tracy,

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They Thought She Was Dillinger's Girl!

But it turned out she was Binnie Barnes, the newest English screen sensation!

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

"And They Thought I was Dillinger's moll!" Binnie Barnes, the English girl Universal has imported for an important rôle in *There's Always Tomorrow,* smiled at me across the luncheon table.

"Of course I had read of American gangsters, but imagine the thrill of being stopped by the police, within a few minutes after I got off the boat and suspected of being Dillinger's girl friend, just because I had red hair! Me for America!"

Listening to her low, pleasant, cultivated voice, I wondered how anyone, except a policeman, could mistake her for a gangster's moll, for Binnie Barnes is one of the most accomplished and talented of Hollywood's importations, every inch a lady but not conscious of it. She had been in Hollywood less than three weeks and she was already more American than British.

● Binnie's professional career began on the night she appeared on the stage of a London music hall. It was try-out night, when the amateur talent was given the opportunity to show its wares, success or failure depending upon the applause of the cat-calls of the rough-and-tumble cockney audience.

"I thought my outfit was simply the last word that night," she laughs at the recollection, "but looking back, it must have been awful. I wore a wide picture hat, a long flowing dress trimmed with a profusion of feathers and a pair of run down high heeled shoes."

With all the assurance of a veteran, she advanced to the center of the stage and lifted her voice in song.

"I'm looking at the world through rose-colored glasses."

"Well blarst hit lyde, we're not," roared a cockney voice from the gallery, "tyke her off!"

But Binnie sang serenely on and followed her song with a dance.

"As I danced," she relates, "my dress began

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As they say in Hollywood, Binnie Barnes "has something." There are more beautiful girls, but she has brains and personality plus. Remember her in* The Private Life of Henry VIII *as* Katheryn Howard? *Now she's making* There's Always Tomorrow *for Universal



LOVE IS LIFE TO



(His signature)

And that's why Otto Kruger is the screen's latest romantic rave

by CLARK WARREN

Otto Kruger is a man of impulses and, unlike most of us, he follows them. He proposed to his wife on the first night that he met her. He has been married for fifteen years and during that time he has been in love hundreds of times. He admits it. He falls in love with every leading woman with whom he plays.

"I couldn't live without being in love," he explains. "My wife knows all about it and she understands. Love is life itself to me."

He admits that he has been in love with so many women that he can't begin to remember all their names. And he is sincere about it. His love-making is a very real thing to him. He showers the lady of his immediate passion with candy, flowers and attentions. And his wife understands, that's the amazing part of it.

"I was out here alone in Hollywood for nine months. My wife and little daughter were in New York. I wrote and told her that this is no town for a wife. It's a man's town. Wives are beaten before they start in Hollywood. They haven't a chance. To prove it to my wife, I took her to the studio. I showed her hundreds of alluring chorus girls in scanty garments. I told her to believe everything she hears about me for it will probably be true. You see, my wife and I, when we were married, agreed upon something we call our twenty-five year plan. Part of it was complete freedom for each other. We've followed it out, so far, with considerable success and it's the best defense against Hollywood I know."

When Otto was informed that he was to be groomed for romantic leads, he hit the ceiling. He didn't want to be a great screen lover. He had been one of Broadway's leading character actors for fifteen years and he felt that the brand of having sex appeal, which the movies wanted to tack on to him, was a brand of shame. It made him look like a sissy.

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Star

Candid camera shots of film famous in and out of the studios and news oddities



Mae West has lost five pounds since she came to Hollywood two years ago but she is still an attractive girl for the shape she's in—as you'll see in St. Louis Woman



An exclusive snap of Melinda, Joan Bennett's (Mrs. Gene Markey) new baby daughter. Melinda bears a striking resemblance to her daddy



Irene Hervey makes sure that the baby leopard on the Metro lot gets enough to eat and at the proper time as all infants should



Maurice Chevalier was in a happy mood this day when the candid cameraman snapped him as he was going to his dressing room to make up for his rôle in The Merry Widow

Gazing



You'll see Jack Lawrence Jones, Jr. in A Blasted Event, *an* Average Man *comedy and if he has his way you'll see a lot more of him because he hopes to give Baby LeRoy some stiff competition*



Stuart Erwin and Maureen O'Sullivan stop to chat for a moment with a studio attache in front of the commissary. Stu will be seen in Chained, *and Maureen in* The Barretts of Wimpole Street



←

—*John Miehle*

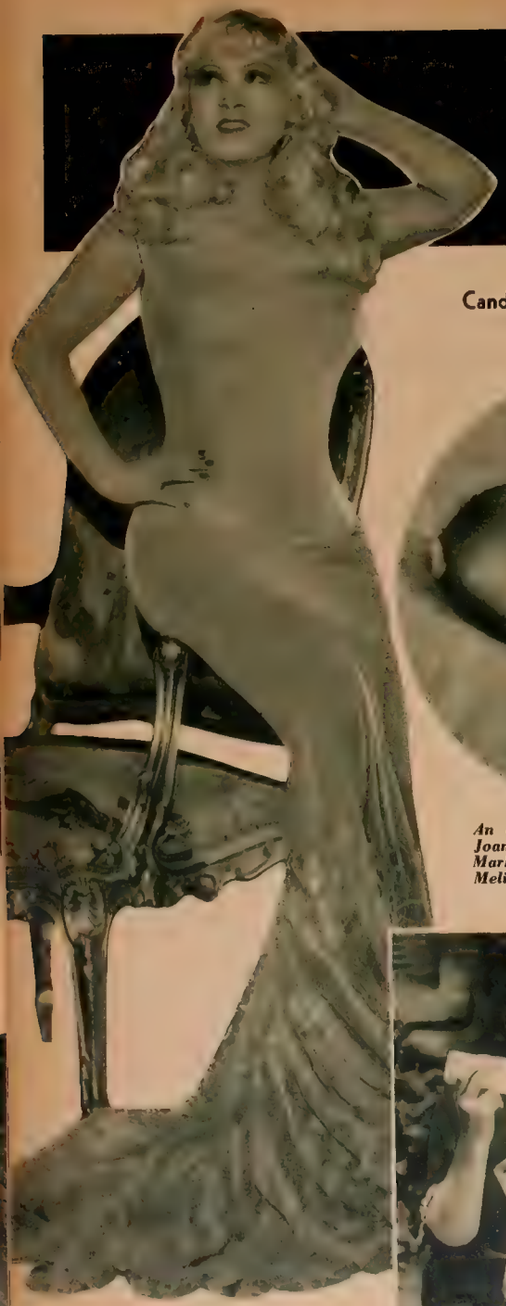
Phyllis Barry finds a game of shuffleboard a diversion between scenes of Where Sinners Meet



Jean Harlow was snapped in this fetching swim suit as she sun-bathed on the edge of her swimming pool during a day off from filming Born to be Kissed

Star Gazing

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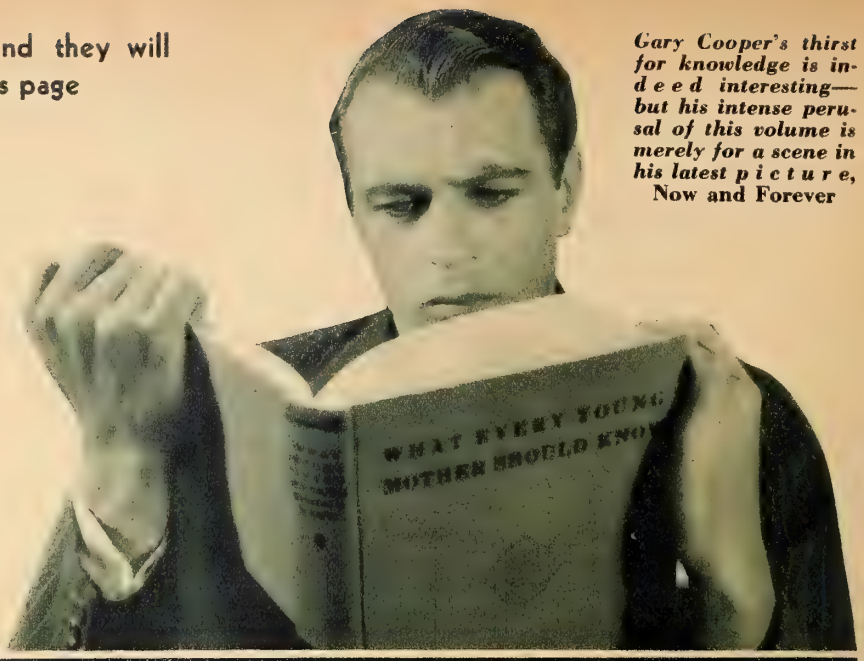
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—*John Michle*

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Ask the stars your pet questions and they will personally answer them on this page



Gary Cooper's thirst for knowledge is indeed interesting—but his intense perusal of this volume is merely for a scene in his latest picture, **Now and Forever**

Cross Examining the Stars

RONALD COLMAN: Where were you born and when? What is your last picture? What is your hobby?

I was born in Richmond, England, February 9, 1891. Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back *is the last picture I have made. I think my favorite hobbies are tennis and traveling on the sea.*

KATHARINE HEPBURN: What are your hobbies? What is your birthday? What is your address? What are you going to play in next?

My hobbies are tennis, swimming, and golf—and of course acting! My birthday is November 8th. My next picture will be J. M. Barrie's Little Minister.

ELISSA LANDI: Are you really an Italian because you have an Italian name? Where and when were you born?

No, I am not Italian. I am Austrian by birth, but I was born in Venice, Italy, December 6, 1909.

WARNER BAXTER: You and John Boles look alike. Are you related? Who is the oldest, the tallest? What state did you come from and are you married or single?

John Boles and I first met in pictures and we are not related. I am the eldest and he is the taller. My native state is Ohio, and I am married to a very charming young woman to whom I hope to remain married as long as I live!

ZASU PITTS: When and where were you born? Are you married? Do you feel as helpless as you look?

I was born January 3, 1900, in Parson, Kansas. Yes, I am married. He is a broker and exceedingly nice! I have always been shy and more or less helpless—but perhaps not as helpless as I look!

JEAN PARKER: What is your favorite sport? What city and state were you born in? Are you married? How old are you?

I like walking, swimming, and to watch football. I was born in Deer Springs, Montana. No, I'm not married and I'm not at all sure I'm going to be now that I am in pictures. They do not seem to mix very well. I am eighteen years old.

CLARA BOW: What makes a girl attractive to boys?

I wonder if there is any formula for being attractive to boys? If there is, I think it would include being ready to do anything he wants to do, being a good, understanding pal, a sympathetic listener, being peppy, good humored and keeping your sense of humor sharpened.

GINGER ROGERS: How old are you? What is your real name? What color hair have you? How tall are you and how much do you weigh?

I am twenty-three years old. My real name is Virginia Rogers. I have golden red hair. I am five feet, four inches tall and I weigh 108 pounds.

FRANCES DEE: How tall are you? How much do you weigh? What color hair and eyes have you? Do you think your marriage to Joel McCrea will be a happy one in spite of Hollywood? If so, why?

I am five feet, three inches tall. I weigh 108 pounds. I have blue eyes and brown hair. I certainly do think my marriage to Joel McCrea will be a happy one, because we refuse to let Hollywood into our lives after we leave the studio. We enjoy the same things—and they have nothing to do with Hollywood—and we are very sincerely and deeply in love. Our married happiness comes before career, fame, money and all else—that's why I think our marriage will be a success.

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Mail this Coupon

The Question Editor,
HOLLYWOOD Magazine,
6605 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, California.

I should like to ask.....

the following question.....

.....

My name is.....

Address .....

It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOAN CRAWFORD

J. Eugene Chrisman speaks to Joan on behalf of her fans! Watch for her reply next month



Dear Joan,

THE GOSSIPS are at it again. They just won't let you alone, will they Joan? I remember when they were calling you a hey-hey girl whose only ambition was to make whoopee and win dancing cups. They said that you couldn't go far on the screen because you were too flighty and too intent on having fun. But you fooled them. I also remember what they said when you married Douglas. You were a social climber then, an obscure girl who had tossed your loop around the neck of the Crown Prince of Picturedom to advance your own social position and your career. Then again, when you divorced Douglas, the harpies of the press pounced upon you again. They have always pounced upon you Joan and now they are descending again.

They are printing stories that you have gone *arty*. They are saying that you are no longer the old down-to-earth Joan and that you want to be another Dusé. They are saying that you have gone high-brow and that Franchot Tone, Frances Lederer and others are a bad influence in your life. They are laughing at your ambitions for the stage and tossing brickbats through the windows of your Little Theatre. They are saying that you are foolishly jealous of Franchot, that you deeply resented his love scenes with Jean Harlow and with Madeleine Carroll. They have criticized the manner in which you have been using your lip stick and all in all Joan, they have been picking you pretty well to pieces.

All of which wouldn't matter, Joan dear, except that your fans are beginning to wonder if these things are true. Letters by the hundreds are coming to my desk. They ask me to tell them the truth. They can't believe these things but they want to know. I'm writing this to ask you if you won't tell them.

● You and I have been friends for a long, long time, Joan. I knew you when you were Lucille LeSeur. I've watched your progress through the years, admired you and respected you more than any other woman I have known. Once you did me a favor about which only you and I and one or two others know for you were never one to make your good deeds public. A great critic recently said, after praising your work in *Sadie McKee*, that you could become the foremost lady of the screen. I agree with him Joan and that's another reason why I'm writing this letter. I don't want you to fail to do it.

But Joan I must scold you a little bit. Recently while talking to a publicity man on the set, you went into a tantrum about these things which the gossips are printing about you. You said that because you study music they charge that you are forsaking the common things. Because you read good books they scream that you are taking on culture and because you built a Little Theatre that you are going in for long-haired theatricalism. You resented their criticisms of your make-up and the way you outline your lips, saying that it is your face

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CLARK GABLE REPLIES TO J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

To tell him he'll always be a mulligan eater at heart!

Dear Gene,

WHAT A PAL *you* are! Anyhow, thanks for the kick in the pants. Perhaps I needed it. I just finished reading your open letter to me, in the August issue of HOLLYWOOD and if talk like that is going around, you can tell the world I want to answer it.

You ask if I'm going high-hat. My answer is, No!

You ask if I'm going *social*, if I've traded my turtle-neck sweaters for a tuxedo. *No again!* I'd rather climb into a leather jacket and a pair of hiking boots and tear out to Arizona in my Ford after deer or cougar than to go to a Mayfair ball any day. Stiff collars hurt my adam's apple and always did.

You've written a lot of stories about me, Gene, and they were good stories, too. Even I have enjoyed reading them and that's something. I'm not responsible for the parts I play but you

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HARRY CARR'S Shooting

Viewing the events of the month in Cinemaland through the eyes of a pointed comment is a monthly feature



Ray Jones

***Evelyn Venable gives the high sign to her fans as she poses while on a vacation at a California mountain resort. Her next will be* Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch**

I AM WRITING some of this page in New York. The movies are trying to jump the reservation again and move from Hollywood to Broadway.

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur (the husband of Helen Hayes) are the newest producers. They made up their minds that pictures did not have to be made in Hollywood. So they have opened up in the old Long Island studios of the Paramount company.

They are apparently unterrified by the jinx. At least one world record-breaking picture was made there—by Rudolph Valentino. But as a usual thing, pictures that come out of that studio have the poison label on them from the start.

High Life

NEVER have I seen such a gay rollicking studio. Whatever the fate of the production, they are having a swell time making it together — both directing.

They are producing a story called *Crime Without Passion*. Nobody heard of most of the people in it. The leading man is Claude Rains, a stage actor. The leading lady is a girl who does not seem to have any name beyond "Margot." They found her at a hotel. Those who have seen the rushes say that picture is due to be a sensation.

Rueful Kate

THE STUDIO has become the hang-out of most of New York. The day I was there Lillian Gish, Helen Hayes and Katharine Hepburn dropped in.

Some one spoke of a rotten play; his eloquence was fiery. "He must be talking about *The Lake*," murmured Miss Hepburn—referring to her own flop.

When not smart cracking and fencing with reporters and publicity men, Katharine Hepburn is quiet and rather subdued. And, strange to say, very gracious.

Lillian Gish is going back to the stage this fall. Hold your breath; she is going to play the part of a street walker.

Can't Be Done

NO MATTER how brilliantly these two young producers perform, they are kidding themselves. Pictures will continue to be made in Hollywood. I went all through that as a member of the producing staff of D. W. Griffith.

For instance, when making *Dream Street*, Griffith needed a bird in a cage—a thrush. In Hollywood he could have had any conceivable variety of bird in half an hour. Production had to be stopped two days while a property man combed the bird stores—unsuccessfully as it turned out. Another time the prop man turned up with the wrong kind of a revolver. Half a day wasted while he went back to New York for another. The search for extras who looked like starving French women stopped *Two Orphans* a week.

The reason why pictures have to be made in Hollywood is not climate or attractive locations. It is because they have been always made there. Helpful hands are grouped around the studios.

What costs in making pictures is the element of time. You hear about "one hundred extras used on this set." That is all bunk. The bills run up with wasted time. And making pictures outside of Hollywood wastes time.

Axes For Movies

I AM IN Washington now.

The movies are in great danger of being stepped on with force and violence . . . on account of gangster pictures.

Under the leadership of the Catholic church there is a movement to discipline the producers. The Catholic prelates say that the producers have promised time and again to clean up their stories. They do not keep their promises.

"We shall not take their word again," said one of the leaders in the reprisal movement. "Now we are going to act."

The plan adopted is to ignore the producers altogether. It will be the exhibitor who is stepped on. Whenever a crime picture or hot sex picture is shown at any house, the church intends to ban the house—no matter

Script



famous movie observer and writer whose
of this magazine

by
Harry Carr

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Directly and indirectly the cost of crime to the United States has reached the appalling figure of $15,000,000,000.

Getting Mary's Goat

MARY PICKFORD dashes to and from the coast. She has many plans for this summer, both stage and screen.

I heard an inside story about Mary and the grand dukes and kings which explains much as to why Douglas insisted on going back to Europe and Mary would not go.

Having maintained a free boarding house for some years for the titled aristocrats, Mary and Doug went to repay one of the visits. Knowing that in England it is the custom to tip the servants where one is a house guest, Mary consulted the housekeeper.

"I think $500 would be enough," said the housekeeper—Mary having stayed one week end! In other words, they were charging her for board and keep at Waldorf prices. This got Mary's goat. Sucker stuff. Mary made it plain to one and all what was on her mind.

Mae Murray Is Back

FINANCIALLY BROKE, disappointed in her marriage, Mae Murray is back on Broadway again where she started as a young girl in the Follies. If she makes a successful come-back she will be one of the first ones in the history of stage or screen. Blanche Sweet is also struggling to get another start on the stage. She has lost her money but seems quite serene and happy.

And here came Constance Talmadge, apparently quite serene and happy with her third husband. Conny says New York gets on her nerves; so she blows through on her way to a more restful haven.

Please turn to page sixty-four



Charles Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, snapped as they returned by plane to Hollywood recently to resume picture work. He is filming The Barretts of Wimpole Street *with Norma Shearer*



The widely discussed feud between W. C. Fields and Baby LeRoy will be over soon if we can believe our eyes. "At last he is going to be the big noise he thinks he is," Mr. LeRoy said succinctly when interviewed on The Old-Fashioned Way *set*

HARRY CARR'S

Shooting Script



famous movie observer and writer whose by Harry Carr of this magazine

Viewing the events of the month in Cinemaland through the eyes of a pointed comment is a monthly feature



Ray Jones

Evelyn Venable gives the high sign to her fans as she poses while on a vacation at a California mountain resort. Her next will be Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch

I Am Writing some of this page in New York. The movies are trying to jump the reservation again and move from Hollywood to Broadway.

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur (the husband of Helen Hayes) are the newest producers. They made up their minds that pictures did not have to be made in Hollywood. So they have opened up in the old Long Island studios of the Paramount company.

They are apparently unterrified by the jinx. At least one world record-breaking picture was made there—by Rudolph Valentino. But as a usual thing, pictures that come out of that studio have the poison label on them from the start.

High Life

NEVER have I seen such a gay rollicking studio. Whatever the fate of the production, they are having a swell time making it together — both directing.

They are producing a story called *Crime Without Passion*. Nobody heard of most of the people in it. The leading man is Claude Rains, a stage actor. The leading lady is a girl who does not seem to have any name beyond "Margot." They found her at a hotel. Those who have seen the rushes say that picture is due to be a sensation.

Rueful Kate

The Studio has become the hang-out of most of New York. The day I was there Lillian Gish, Helen Hayes and Katharine Hepburn dropped in.

Some one spoke of a rotten play; his eloquence was fiery. "He must be talking about *The Lake*," murmured Miss Hepburn—referring to her own flop.

When not smart cracking and fencing with reporters and publicity men, Katharine Hepburn is quiet and rather subdued. And, strange to say, very gracious.

Lillian Gish is going back to the stage this fall. Hold your breath; she is going to play the part of a street walker.

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BABY LEROY'S

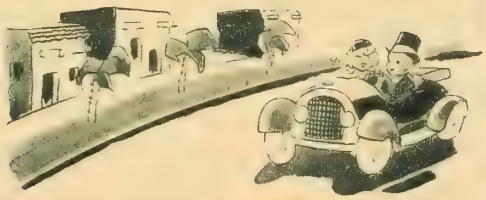




And of course Baby LeRoy chose that charming young lady, Shirley Temple, as his companion for his first fling at night life in Hollywood!



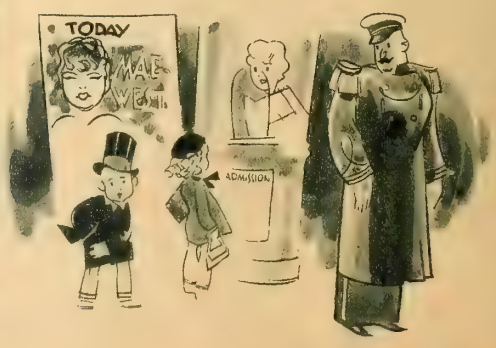
"Oh, boy, nothing can compare with a spin down Hollywood Boulevard in the moonlight with a beautiful girl like you"





"That ride in my open roadster made me thirsty, didn't it you? Besides, there's nothing better than a drink of good old milk to help people to get better acquainted"

"Two of the best seats in the house, Mister. There's nothing too good for my girl. And after the show we're going dancing at the Cocoanut Grove"



FIRST DATE

A candid camera-man, disguised as Cupid, secured this fascinating record of that memorable evening





"Well, here we are at the Grove at a chummy table all by ourselves. Isn't it swell to think we can relax and forget movie cares and have a good time just like the grown-up stars do?"





"Dancing is fun all right, Shirley, and I'm glad you're having a good time, but oh, boy, how my feet hurt!"



"Gosh, Shirley, I'm sorry, but I guess I simply can't take it. After all, bed is the best place for a little fellow like me at this time of night." "Think nothing of it, LeRoy, I had a lovely time—and if your mother has a spare crib I think I'll sleep here too. This night life isn't what it's cracked up to be"

Adrian's FASHION



Adrian designed this daring frock for Norma Shearer for Riptide *but off-screen she dresses far more conservatively*



Madge Evans is a striking example of the charm school whose intelligence is not of the dramatic type but who knows what she means and expresses it in clothes

As The First Thrilling bars of music herald the latest Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer production, you will notice, as the presentation unreels, the simple credit—"Gowns by Adrian." That is your cue to sit taut in your seat and strain all faculties for what you and you and you will next be wearing is about to be revealed!

Perhaps, as you gasp, you've turned a little green with good, old-fashioned envy? You needn't. I've talked with Adrian and I've learned that wearing distinctive clothes is not a privilege confined necessarily to actresses and people of wealth. If we will but use common sense, applied to the yardstick of Adrian's theories, clothes will become eloquent expressions of the personalities and charms of even as you and I! There are but two simple rules, which, according to Hollywood's greatest style creator, will serve as a basis for everyone.

First: Take stock, not of your body, but of your mind! That is what Adrian does to each star with whom he works. Even before attempting sketches he talks with her, gets her slant on life. Not, if you please, the life she totes out for the benefit of her public, but the private one which is the key to her personality. He tries to feel what is really going on inside that beautiful head of hers. Then, if he designs her clothes for private life, they are the expression of that, and that alone. For picture purposes, of course, Adrian must also determine how the character she is to portray thinks, and then blend the two—for that is how she will appear on the screen. But remember, it is the star's own *inner* personality that serves as a basis. This alone you must bear in mind.

● So Adrian's Rule No. 1 is: "A woman must look as she feels and not try to feel as she looks."

In a few words, don't choose things for yourself because they look well on a friend, a figure in a department store window or even on your favorite film star. Make your clothes express *your* personality—and yours alone. The stars do!

"If a woman looks like Garbo and thinks in terms of the hotcha Lupe Velez, she must dress like the latter, for no matter how strong the resemblance is, Garbo clothes would look ridiculous on her," Adrian told me.

Which brings us to the question of what *are* Garbo clothes? According to Adrian they are anything that is highly original, expressing the creative force of Garbo, the artist! But they must also have a quality of old-world repose and maturity which she expresses off-screen. In private life Garbo has no interest in clothes and usually wears tailored tweeds.

On the screen, however, glamorous Garbo, the artist, demands originality before anything else—and she is willing to try anything that Adrian suggests. The more original or seemingly absurd at first, the more she is pleased, and the better the clothes seem to suit her.

To prove the point that he always lets mind

Adrian, famous studio style designer tells how you can acquire the distinctive chic of the stars

SECRETS

by HELEN HARRISON

rule the clothes he designs, Adrian pointed out the case of *Queen Christina.* Research disclosed the real woman had no interest in clothes and spent most of her life pursuing freedom in a man's doublet and hose. Yet she was Queen, and as such, opulence was purposefully manifested at court functions. So, in creating clothes for this picture, Adrian expressed the cleverness of the real Queen, as well as the originality of Garbo before the cameras.

● Think of the tremendous popularity of the Letty Lynton clothes. Yet Adrian created them solely to express the action of Joan Crawford's personality. Not even for a fitting can she be in repose. The numerous ruffled sleeves spell action at the least movement. And those brilliant and beautiful gowns for *Sadie McKee* stress this dominant characteristic.

Norma Shearer is, to Adrian, the typical American woman—conservative at heart with a secret desire to be daring! Norma can satisfy this secret desire by wearing daring evening gowns in such films as *Riptide* but in real life she

Please turn to page fifty-five



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Don't become discouraged because you have bad figure lines—accentuate them until they become unnoticeable!



Myrna Loy is a woman to whom queenly simplicity is extraordinarily becoming, as this shiny sheath of black cire she wears in The Thin Man *indicates. "If you want to look smart, keep your minds smart," is Adrian's advice*

←

Maureen O'Sullivan is another charming young actress whose clothes effectively express her personality. Girls in the charm school classification should wear fluffy evening gowns, simple afternoon frocks and sport clothes that emphasize their charm



Herbert Marshall, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable engage in the delightful small talk that always follows a well-conceived and well-served dinner

PLAIN TALKS ON FOOD



Ida Bailey Allen

A famous home-making expert offers invaluable advice on food and new, appetizing menus tested in her own laboratory



by Ida Bailey Allen

A Few Months Ago the garden was a bare brown waste—the seeds sown in it unbelievable storehouses of future treasure. Today squash and cucumbers are rioting over the ground. Tomato vines are drooping with heavy fruit. The thickest of tall corn stalks is rich with plump ears. Lettuce, Swiss chard, carrots and radishes are chipper in neat rows. Peas and string beans are ready for the picking. Pepper pods are turning red. In that sunny spot near the slope the melon vines are pursuing their own sweet will, and beside the wall the blackberries and late raspberries are lush with ripeness.

Meals from the garden? Yes; if you are wise, as many of them as possible. For garden fare is cooling because of minerals and distilled water; equalizing because of bulk; appetizing because of flavor; economical because of seasonability; nourishing because of the unparalleled vitamin content of vegetables. They are direct sun foods contributing to the diet through the focalized violet rays certain elements that seem magnetic.

● When you cook vegetables, be sure to retain full food value. To do this:

1. Steam or bake them whenever possible.
2. If vegetables are boiled, let it be in water or milk to barely cover and serve the liquid as a sauce. Otherwise the minerals and vitamines are discarded in the cooking liquid.
3. Season plain cooked vegetables with equal parts of sugar and salt, sparingly with pepper, and with a tablespoonful of butter or nut margarine to each pint of cooked vegetable.
4. Study new vegetable dishes, but keep them simple. *Star the flavor of each vegetable.*

In planning garden meals, do not use more than three or four vegetables, and balance each menu with milk, cheese, eggs or nuts, for most vegetables contain very little protein—that food element which directly nourishes muscles and acts as an energizer as well.

The following menus are tangible examples of garden meals that will prove unusual and satisfying:

A GARDEN LUNCHEON
Vegetable Platter with Mayonnaise
Cream Sauce
Heated Seed Rolls
Steamed Blackberry Pudding
Hard Sauce Hot or Iced Tea

Please turn to page fifty-seven

Introducing Mrs. Allen

Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, internationally known home economist, is the author of "Mrs. Allen on Cooking, Menus, Service," "Vital Vegetables," "Your Foods and You," "The Service Cook Book," and "Cooking with Wines and Spirits." Now a sensationally popular radio broadcaster, she has been Home Economics Editor of Good Housekeeping, Pictorial Review and Woman's World; Diet Editor for Medical Review of Reviews and was the founder of the Physical Culture Institute. Now HOLLYWOOD welcomes her as a regular contributor to this magazine.

THE MOVIE STARS' OWN

School of Make-Up

by
MAX FACTOR
Famous Studio Makeup Expert





Max Factor, beauty expert, points out the right way to make-up to accentuate your beauty to the utmost



—*Ernest A. Bachrach*

If you have an annoying bump on your nose, balance your features by wearing your hair in a neat twist at the nape of the neck like Ann Harding does

Correct beauty hints as used by the world's most beautiful women to help you solve your beauty problems

Do You Know that you can change the very contour of your face? That isn't an idle dream. It's a fact. All you have to do is to learn a few elementary principles of art.

So—step into school! First, let's do what the artist would do if you were sitting for a portrait. Let's get the proportions of your head. Comb your hair back smoothly, wipe away every trace of make-up and take a good look at your features. Now—which is the longer? The distance between the tip of the nose and the back of the head or between the tip of the chin and the top of the head? The last-named should be the greater distance. If it isn't, then you'll have to create an illusion of length.

That is not so difficult. Round faces belong to cherubs and if you're not particularly interested in being one, don't wear bangs nor part your hair in the middle! It ought to be brushed back and a little to the side from a point near the temple. Something in the manner of little Sidney Fox's. Keep away entirely from a "set," tight headdress. Lovely, loose waves—hair away from the face as much as possible—that's your scheme.

Long, thin faces are another story. Treat them as such. Bangs in this case are advocated. Or you might try bringing the hair down in swirls on either side of the forehead. It ought to be arranged softly about the face to give the idea of width.

● But what, asks the girl in the back row, can one do about a funny little bump on the nose? No way of detracting from *that*. Oh, yes there is! Try fixing your hair in a neat standoutish twist at the nape of your neck and you'll be surprised how much less noticeable the bump is. Ann Harding's favorite way of doing her hair is like this—even though she hasn't the smallest reason to complain about her nose.

It's all a matter of *balance*, that underlying rule in art. You know how it is—when you see a flat-chested girl with a tiny hat tipped over one eye she looks exactly as if she were

Please turn to page sixty-two

Hollywood's Pattern Service Offers BETTY FURNESS' FAVORITE FORMAL



You will achieve a new smartness with this frock from the wardrobe of Betty Furness

A DREAM IN LACE, as worn by Betty Furness, chic Radio Pictures player currently appearing in *The Life of Vergie Winters*, is the September selection for HOLLYWOOD'S pattern service.

Betty chose pure white lace for her charming gown. Cut princess, it flares below the knees into graceful ripples, which help to give that queenly effect so currently popular.

The outstanding features of the dress are a front closing fastening with crystal buttons, and a front tying belt.

Style No. 613 is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years and 36-, 38- and 40-inch bust.

Each pattern is 15c and the large HOLLYWOOD Fashion Book is also 15c, but when ordered with one or more patterns the book will be sent for only 10c.

Use the coupon on this page for ordering. Enclose the correct amount in stamps or coin and address your order to HOLLYWOOD Magazine, Pattern Dept., 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



HOLLYWOOD PATTERN DEPT.,
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.....send me Betty Furness' dress pattern No. 613

Size .....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.

Look for Another Stunning Frock Next Month!

Betty Furness, Radio Pictures player, and her fetching formal gown in white lace. You may duplicate it for your own wardrobe by sending for the pattern. Use the coupon at the left

Oooooh THAT KISS!



Franchot plants one on Madeleine's temple — sweet, but of course he'd rather find those ruby lips

Franchot Tone and Madeleine Carroll, starring in *The World Moves On*



"Next time, young lady, you can't dodge me," says Franchot. "Silly boy," says Madeleine, "who'd want to?"



Ah-h-h-h-h-h. **The World *may* Move On,** ***but the thrill of a kiss is the same always. Ask Franchot and Madeleine***



"Now let me get this straight," says Franchot. "I don't want to miss again." "M-m-m-m-m-m-m," sighs Madeleine



Norma Shearer makes a charming hostess at an impromptu back-stage tea party for her co-star in The Barretts of Wimpole Street. *Fredric March, and Maurice Chevalier, who dropped over for a chat*

With the News Sleuth

Continued from page twenty-nine

they insisted he come back for the Mexican première of the opus. Wally will don his Villa costume and pilot his plane to the Mexican capital for the event. During his stay there, he will be the guest of Gen. Villa's widow. After the opening, he will change to hunting attire to try out his new rifle on Mexican bear.

May Loaned Again

EVER since May Robson's tremendous hit in Columbia's *Lady for a Day*, that studio has been seeking another powerful yarn for her. Now Harry Cohn is convinced he has just that in *Orchids and Onions*. So May is being borrowed from Metro once more, and she'll be co-starred with Carole Lombard.

Natalie Starts Over

NATALIE TALMADGE, who deserted her celluloid niche when she married Buster Keaton, is planning a new try for silversheet glory. Divorced from the comedian two years ago, Natalie recently appeared in a Los Angeles court with a plea that she be permitted to use her maiden name as her legal cognomen.

A New Dance Looms

FRED ASTAIRE and Ginger Rogers, co-starring in RKO-Radio's *The Gay Divorce*, are rehearsing an original ballroom step for that vehicle. Much secrecy surrounds their trials, and the dance will be shot on a closed set. The sole clue is that the number is a variation of the Castle walk, introduced by Irene and the late Vernon Castle, which was so popular in pre-war days.

Joan May Step Down

THERE'S A POSSIBILITY that motherhood will bring about Joan Blondell's permanent retirement from the spotlight.

"I won't come back if I can find a real excuse for staying away," the blonde star confided. "I'm not going to have a youngster, then leave it in the care of nurses. I'm going to watch it grow up and see to it that it gets the proper care. I'll quit entirely—I don't care much about acting, anyway—if we find we can get along on George's salary. We'll find that out while we're waiting for the baby to arrive."

A New Screen Team

CLARK GABLE is to have a new cinematic fate. She is none other than the beautiful and talented Jeanette MacDonald. They will make their initial appearance together in Metro's *The Lady Comes to Town*, a tale of the roaring west of the '80's.

Determination Wins

FRANK MELTON, the Pineapple, Alabama, husky who hitch-hiked to Hollywood and landed the rôle of Janet Gaynor's bumpkin suitor in *State Fair*, continues to forge ahead in his new career.

During lean weeks following the completion of *State Fair*, Frank toiled long hours for little pay as a gas station attendant. Then he talked his way back onto the Fox lot, and landed a part with Will Rogers in *Mr. Skitch*. That won him a long-termer.

Then, when he heard Victor Jory, due to conflicting schedules, wouldn't be able to take the characterization of the villainous village barber in *Judge Priest*, the new Rogers' vehicle, Frank launched an annoyance campaign that continued until Producer Sol Wurtzel gave in.

Ring Travels Far

BRUCE CABOT and Adrienne Ames are back after a visit to Bruce's home town, Carlsbad, New Mexico. Bruce brought with him a ring he lost in a French seaport five years ago while working his way around the world on a tramp steamer. The keepsake was engraved with his real name, Jacques Debujac, and the finder had sent it to Carlsbad.

Stan's Back At Work

THE FIRST THING Stan Laurel did after taking upon himself a new bride was to make peace with his boss, Hal Roach. The result is that Stan and Oliver Hardy once more are emoting together, their current comedy being titled *Public Enemies*.

Gary, The Benedict

IF YOU don't believe Sandra Shaw has Gary Cooper hog-tied, matrimonially speaking, just glimpse the long, lean fellow from the Montana plains any day as he strolls down Hollywood Boulevard. Yes, sir, folks, Gary has gone in for spats, a la Odd McIntyre. And his batik neckties! Oh, boy!

Shirley Prompts 'Em

LITTLE SHIRLEY TEMPLE has painted the faces of a lot of Hollywood big shots a vivid red. The youngster not only memorizes her own lines, but those of other players as well.

Gary Cooper blew up the other day while they were emoting together in *Now and Forever* over at Paramount. Try as he would, he couldn't remember his dialogue, then Shirley put him on the spot by whispering the words in his ear.

He Takes No Chances

CHARLIE CHAPLIN never has been accused of cowardice, but the little fellow did assume a cautious attitude during the Gettle kidnaping episode.

Despite the fact that Charlie is trying to speed up production on his new picture, he remained within the four walls of his Beverly hilltop mansion, the estate surrounded by guards, during the three days and nights the multi-millionaire broker was in the hands of the snatchers. But Chaplin had good reason for playing safe. His intimates reveal that he has been the recipient of threatening communications.

Gloria Files Suit

GLORIA SWANSON has filed her action for divorce from Michael Farmer in the Los Angeles courts, and Michael, departing on a round-the-world yachting cruise, announces that he won't fight the action.

"If she wants the custody of our baby, I'll willingly grant her plea," said Mike. "In fact, I'll do anything to make her happy."

However, because Farmer is out of the state, Gloria cannot obtain her decree for ninety days. The law requires that notice of the suit be published for that length of time in view of the fact that he cannot be served with a subpoena.

It's All Over

THE romance between Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall was short-lived. Edna Best, Herbert's wife, is en route back to Hollywood for a picture rôle and a possible reconciliation. They do be saying that Herbert's pals talked him out of the Gloria Swanson intrigue!

They Thought She Was Dillinger's Girl

Continued from page thirty-two

to shed feathers and the audience began to make clucking noises like a chicken but that didn't stop me. I was just a kid and as cocksure as I could be."

To use her own words, Binnie has bumped about a bit. She was born in London where her father was a bobby or policeman. Her mother was Italian. At the age of fifteen she left home to become a milk maid at the Finchley Manor farms.

"Oh yes," she admits, "I milked the cows and delivered the milk but now I climb the fence at the very sight of a cow. You have great droves of the beasts out here on the ranches don't you? I must watch and not come on any unaware."

But Milking cows soon lost its allure for Binnie and she joined the staff of the Great Northern hospital as an apprentice nurse.

"Filthy work," she frowned, "so I chucked it and went into a draper's shop."

But drapes held no more fascination for Binnie than had the cows and the operations. It was soon after her try-out at the music hall that she joined a troupe which was playing at the Cosmo Club and became the partner of Tex McLeod, a rope spinner.

"I became a female Will Rogers," she smiles, "and although neither of us had ever been within a thousand miles of a real cowboy, Tex taught me to spin a rope."

Tex and his company decided to trek to South Africa and Binnie went along. For a time they did their rope spinning in the best cafés of Cape Town and Johannesburg but the idea palled on the natives of the veldt and the company returned to London.

Binnie stayed on. She had decided to become a singer.

"I decided to mimic Whispering Jack Smith who was tremendously popular at that time," she told me, "and so I played his records in my room until I could imitate his low, husky whisper to perfection. Then I got a try-out at a café. You don't know what rain is until you go to South Africa and the café had a tin roof. I had selected *My Blue Heaven* for my opening song and as I began my blue heavens opened up in a downpour. The noise on that tin roof was awful and the audience couldn't hear a word but when I had finished, they clapped politely and I got the job."

Tiring Of South Africa, Binnie returned to England. She found out that while English actresses were starving, an American girl could find a dozen jobs. She resumed her rope spinning act under the very American cognomen of *Texas Binnie*. The audience thought her a true daughter of the wild-and-wooley. She picked up American slang and managed to drop her accent. Today it is hardly discernible. Her act became famous and she decided that it was time to try the legitimate stage. Her first chance came in 1929 in the cast of *Silver Tassie*, in which Charles Laughton and Una O'Connor, both now in Hollywood, appeared. Next came a rôle in Charlot's revue and then a season of training at Cannes on the French Riviera. She returned to London, a finished product, to appear in *Down Our Street* with Hugh Williams, Elizabeth Allan and Heather Angel. Her first real triumph came in the original Drury Lane production of Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*. It was during the run of this play that Alexander Korda, the director, saw her and signed her to a film contract. It was also while in *Cavalcade* that she met and married Samuel Joseph, a collector and book dealer.

"And you are still married?" I asked.

"Why yes, of course." She seemed puzzled and then laughed, "Oh, I had forgotten about Hollywood marriages, but they are more permanent in England."

She made several films and then played the rôle of *Katheryn Howard* with Charles Laughton in that memorable classic, *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. It was this picture which attracted the attention of Hollywood and Universal placed her under contract.



***Something must have startled Maurice Black and Alice Moore! What it was is one of the secrets to be unfolded in* Down to Their Last Yacht**

"I Am Still out of breath," she laughed. "America and American methods amaze me. Six and a half days after I left London, I arrived in your Hollywood. Five and a half days by boat and a day and night by plane. A studio representative met me at the boat and kidnaped me. We got in a car and started for New Jersey and the airport. My cousin, Edna Searl, accompanied me and we both have red hair. It was at the entrance to the Hudson tunnel that the police stopped us. We had a terrible time, nearly missing our plane, because they thought us Dillinger *molls*. That was my first American adventure."

"But the plane," she admits, "frightened me even more than the police or even Dillinger. I had never been up before. We flew and flew until at last we stopped, I thought in Australia or China but it was only Omaha, half way to the coast. I got to be quite the experienced flyer by the time we got to Hollywood."

But there was no rest for Binnie in Hollywood. Before she had time to more than bathe and change, she was treated to a sample of Hollywood efficiency. A car whisked her to the studio. Make-up men, hair-dressers and dress designers pounced upon her and within three hours she was making her first screen test at Universal. Within three days she was shooting the first scenes of her picture.

"You can imagine, after the leisurely English way of making pictures," she laughed, "that I thought America and Americans crazy, but now I like it. I like to move fast."

No, Hollywood was not disappointing. She had been amazed at the number of beautiful girls she encountered at every turn.

"I almost decided to go home," she confided, "for, I thought, what chance have I, with all these truly beautiful girls here."

As We Say here in Hollywood, the girl has *something*. She isn't beautiful but she has two more important ingredients, brains and personality. Her voice is low and vibrant and almost without accent. She is tall, five feet six and weighs 122 pounds but the curves are there, in exactly the right places. She fairly sparkles with vivacity and energy. Her skin is fair but deeply tanned and her teeth are astonishingly white and even.

"But you must have had some exciting experiences during all your travels," I insisted.

"I did but another time I'll tell you about them," she insisted.

And I'm looking forward to hearing about them.

Little Success Stories OF THE STARS

No. 2 MARGARET SULLAVAN

Nobody was more surprised than she when they called her beautiful

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

You Wouldn't Think to look at Margaret Sullavan, the picture of robust health, full of life and vivacity, sparkling with the joy of living, that she was once an invalid. But, strange as it may seem, Margaret Sullavan could not walk a step until she was four years old!

"I suffered from malnutrition," she explains, "and my legs didn't develop. At the age of three, I could not even stand up, so I was put in a baby walker until I learned to use my legs. Then I was sent up into the mountain camps in Vermont where I grew strong and well."

It was because she learned the joys of freedom and the comfort of old slacks and sweaters that Margaret reacts so violently to the restrictions which Hollywood imposes, and insists on garbing herself in outlandish but comfortable clothes at all times. The air of the Vermont hills also gave her beauty, a clear complexion and a healthy viewpoint on life. She still refuses to consider herself a beauty.

"Nobody was more surprised than I when I was chosen as a potential Hollywood beauty," she smiled. "I took a look at this pan of mine and said to myself, 'Well, Sullavan, maybe there is something you have missed. Maybe you have that ephemeral something or other that is beauty. But no, wait until I tell you. . . .

"When I got to Hollywood the makeup boys, the cameramen, the directors and the executives all inspected me. Whatever it was that made them select me in the first place, they insisted on changing. They first removed a mole from my left cheek which I had been previously told was a mark of beauty. They said my teeth needed repairing and straightening and suggested that I have them all pulled and put in plates. We compromised on a shield which fits over them and is worn only on the set.



"If most women would study their faces and work to correct their faults they could be much more beautiful than nature made them"

"They told me my face was lopsided and that my mouth droops on the right side and that my jaw is lower than on the left. They fixed that in the makeup department with lipstick on the corner of the mouth and by painting the right eyebrow higher than the left, they raised the right side of my face. I think they did a good job. I really think that if most women would do what the studio did to me, study their faces and work to correct their faults, they could be much more beautiful than nature made them."

So you see even *Margaret Sullavan,* whose spectacular rise from obscurity has taken place over a period of months, wasn't born perfect.

WATCH FOR ANOTHER LITTLE SUCCESS STORY NEXT MONTH

An Open Letter To Joan Crawford

Continued from page thirty-seven

and your lips and that you will do what you please with them.

But Joan, *is* it your face and are they *your* lips? Can you afford to wear makeup which the fans do not like and outline your lips in a manner which they resent? No, Joan, you can't. You are the Joan Crawford you are today because you incited the love and admiration of millions of men and women, boys and girls. As long as you intend to appear on the screen and as long as you wish to hold their affections, you must be the Joan Crawford *they* want. Don't you see, Joan dear, what I mean? You no longer belong to yourself but to the millions of fans who love you.

There are many great personalities on the screen, Joan, but few great actors and actresses. You are both. There is not a man, woman or child in America who does not admire you for the things you have accomplished in the development of your personality and your career.

I Do Not Blame you for carping at the gossips but remember that your fans do not know you as I know you. They only know what they read in their newspapers and their magazines. Please, Joan, give them your side of the story in your own frank way. They'll believe you, no matter what you say.

Go on, Joan, with your books, your music and your languages. Build your Little Theatre and develop your undoubted talent for the stage. Invite only your close friends, if you want to; that is your business and no one else's. Study and learn and become great; your own career is an inspiration to every girl who wants to rise above the common herd. Only, Joan dear, take your fans into your confidence. Tell them what you are trying to do. Sit down with them and let them know the Joan Crawford I know and they'll stick with you until Doomsday. I'm not asking you to defend yourself, because you need no defense. I am asking you to give your fans, firsthand, the *truth.*

The other day on the studio lot, you passed in your open Ford as I came out of one of the stages. At the wheel was Franchot Tone. With that smile of yours which I can never forget, you turned and waved cheerily at me, "Hello, Gene!"

I had not seen you for months but you were the same Joan. That is the Joan I want you to show to your fans. They are beginning to think of you, because of this gossip, as having drawn yourself away from them. They are beginning to picture you cold and aloof when, as a matter of fact, all of the art, all the culture, all the Little Theatres in the world could never make you anything but warm, impulsive, vivid and generous.

I am not asking you to write to your detractors, Joan, I am asking you to write to your fans. Let your critics stew in their own unsavory broth. Speak to them, Joan, these millions who love and admire you and who want the truth as only you can tell it.

Always,

J. Eugene Chrisman

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Who can blame a man for resenting the odor of underarm perspiration upon a girl? It's altogether inexcusable when it can be avoided so easily with Mum, the dainty, fragrant cream deodorant.

Just a little half minute when you dress to smooth on a bit of Mum, and you can forget your underarms for *all day.*

You need not hesitate to use Mum. It's harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Use Mum regularly every day. Then you'll offend no one with this unpleasantness which always robs a girl of popularity and admiration. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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DEPEND UPON MUM TO DO THIS. Use Mum as a deodorant on sanitary napkins and enjoy absolute security.

I'd Fight to Hold My Man

Continued from page twenty

portion of the unhappiness in the world, she claims, is due to lack of the proper sort of spunk on a woman's part—and lack of using her head with her heart.

"Now comes the question of the Other Woman." Mae looked thoughtful. "What should a girl do when it has reached the point where her man is resting another head on his shoulder or even thinking about it?

"If the prescription I've already mentioned is taken in time I don't believe there can be any Other Woman. But if the O. W. has muscled in on your exclusive territory before this, something must be done at once. That is, if you still think your man is worth scrapping for.

"Should you set yourself to give said Other Woman a terrific shellacking at the first opportunity? I wouldn't. If you beat her up—with words or fists—you'd only make your boy friend sympathize with her. What to do then? Step out yourself and make your man jealous? That doesn't work out well except in one case in a thousand. It's sure to stir up a lot of argument and common ordinary brawling between you and your man, and when it boils down to that you might as well put on your hat and coat and consider it all washed up.

"I'd say the best way out of the O. W. problem is to be so attractive yourself that no other woman will stand a chance. I don't just mean by 'attractive' that a woman has to be beautiful or even pretty. Attractiveness combines one's manners; one's ability to be pleasant and 'likeable.' In brief, it is the front that you show to the world backed up by what you feel inside of you—the total effect of your whole personality that makes you engaging or not.

"I CAN'T GIVE any capsule formula for holding a husband. I don't believe there is any. But if you are in fear of losing your man and you want to hold the brute, fill his evenings. Fill his thoughts. But don't make it obvious that you're after his admiration. No fight is going to produce results unless you're able to create for him the illusion at least that you are indispensable to his life. Fight *subtly.* Gaiety and humor mixed with a dash of mystery are the finest weapons.

"And by mystery I'm not referring to any cold aloofness," Mae hastened to explain. "Keeping a man guessing is usually a good piece of business for a single girl but it usually gets a wife into trouble. A woman who makes her husband worry and wonder too much is apt to be pretty irritating around a home. Very likely he'll turn to someone else who doesn't afford so much guess-work! No, by mystery I mean simply to exercise a certain amount of reserve in her relations to others and create an atmosphere of self-containment. It makes a man think about her. It makes him want to know why she is that way and how she got that way! He will want to break down that reserve and disturb that self-assurance. Frankly, no woman should be as easily readable as an open book. She should control her emotion just enough to provoke a man's curiosity.

"Fight? You bet you should! It's a wrong idea of sportsmanship to bolt the minute the third angle of a triangle shows her head. Boys and girls these days know the physical facts. But they're ignorant of the things that really matter. That a man's and woman's love is something to be held and sacrificed for—yes, and *fought for.*"

◆

No Man Is Worth Fighting For

Continued from page twenty-one

was something a little pitiful about that shrug.

No girl ever wanted more to make a success of her marriage than Jean did. Now at the end of eight months she finds her romance with Hal Rosson, that started out so gaily with an elopement at dawn to Yuma, ended . . . in divorce. She's facing a high wave of misunderstanding, sharp criticism, even rebukes for something I happen to know was as unescapable as Fate. And she's facing it with characteristic courage.

No, it isn't from any lack of stamina that Jean Harlow says, *don't struggle to keep your man.*

"Oh, I know I do it on the screen. I literally pull hair and strike and scratch for him!" she smiled. "Remember in *Red Dust*? And I even did a picture with the title, *Hold Your Man.* But in everyday living it's another matter.

"It's the *man* who wants to feel he's holding his woman against the world. *You* do it and the first thing you know you'll be cajoling and mothering him and there's nothing a man hates more.

"Jealousy is only a form of distrust, a thing that kills love. It's *fear*—and that's what makes you want to fight. Throw away the fear of losing your husband. Let me tell you, the greatest romance in the world can't stand nagging! The most terrible thing a woman can do is to get her feelings hurt and pout. And that's the one way to get rid of the person you adore!

"It's a wise wife who can enter into the spirit of playtime with her man and not be too matter-of-fact; who knows how to offer him something when he comes home—varied interests, charm, a real smile of the just-for-you variety.

"To her, marriage won't mean a continual conflict for the love of a man. It will mean the security and happiness that every woman wants."

Cross-Examining the Stars

Continued from page thirty-six

CHARLES FARRELL: Is Glenda Farrell any relation to you? What are your hobbies? Do you like Janet Gaynor very especially?

Glenda Farrell is no relation to me. Yachting, polo and tennis are my hobbies. Of course I like Janet Gaynor, very, very much indeed. She is a very wonderful friend and a very marvelous little actress —but please don't forget I am very happily married to Virginia Valli.

ALICE FAYE: Where may I write you? How old are you? Are you married? Is Alice Faye your right name? Are you a natural blonde?

You may write to me care of the Fox Studio, Fox West Coast Hills, West Los Angeles, California. I am eighteen years old, am not married, Alice Faye is my right name and I am a natural blonde.

JEANETTE MacDONALD: When did you start dancing and music? How tall are you? What color is your hair? What color eyes have you?

I started dancing and music when I was six years old. I am five feet five inches tall. My hair is red-gold and my eyes are a real green.

GEORGE RAFT: What is your nationality? Where were you born? How tall are you? What color are your eyes and hair?

I was born of German and Italian parentage in New York City. I am five feet ten inches tall. My eyes are very dark brown and my hair is black.

JANET GAYNOR: Where and when were you born? Did you have any experience before entering pictures? What is your real name?

I was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on October 6th. No, I entered pictures direct from high school. My real name is Laura Gainer.

MAE WEST: Where and when were you born? Do you play your rôles with your tongue in your cheek?

I was born August 17th in Brooklyn, New York—and just try and find out the year! After all I'm a woman! Ummmm I dunno, what do you think? The kind of women I play, my friend, live with their tongues in their cheeks—if that's what you mean. They have to laugh at life inside—or else!

JEAN HARLOW: Have you a temper? I have. Please tell me how I can control it?

I think almost everyone in the world has a temper, don't you? Only some people have an easier time controlling it than others. I have found my very greatest help in controlling quick anger —which temper really is—is to put myself in the other person's place before I have a chance to feel mine too intensely. I have found by doing this you can then see the other fellow's slant and discover the reason he is doing what he is doing— and by that time your temper is gone.

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Make excess hair INVISIBLE with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash—that's the way to make limbs attractive and avoid troubles.

"Dark hair on arms and legs use to drive me to tears" writes a woman. "I shaved it off. I tried rubbing it off with a sand paper gadget. But back it grew every time, coarser and blacker than ever. On a friend's advice I used Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. **It actually made the hair invisible.** Everything you say about it is true. I have no more worries about re-growths or skin irritations. I'm not afraid to show off my arms and legs now!"

Just another case of a girl who tried to stop natural hair growth but only stimulated it instead. Nature won't let you destroy hair growth. But nature will let you take the blackness, the real ugliness out of excess hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde.

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Whitney Bourne, New York socialite who makes her film début in* Crime Without Passion; *Claude Rains, who plays the lead, and Charles MacArthur, who is producing and directing it with Ben Hecht, chat on the set while lights are adjusted

Handicapped by Too Much Money!

Continued from page nineteen

piness in allowing me to live comfortably, luxuriously. No woman could deny the pleasure in that!

"However, as a factor in getting ahead in Hollywood having money has certainly been anything but helpful! You might presume that the studios would pay infinitely more attention to you if you came to Hollywood in a 'grand' manner. I can speak with authority, for my own experience taught me differently. When I came here I rented a big place and I entertained extensively. Important, influential producers were my guests and companions.

"They were impressed; yes. But that's all! They liked me and agreed I had good screen possibilities. And right there the interest ceased. Whenever I said I was anxious to work as hard as any girl in town at acting, they laughed. 'You are just fooling,' they insisted. 'You have too much money to be serious, really turn working woman!' "

She hadn't, though. The idea of work had never occurred to her until she bumped into this odd attitude. She had never been crossed and her latent fighting spirit was aroused. Nothing in her former environment or in this annoying Hollywood encouraged Dolores. In fact, she had to combat both the traditional ease to which she'd been accustomed and the snap judgment of the film colony.

"I played four supporting parts before I got my chance at a lead," Dolores tells me. "My money had no bearing on my selection for *What Price Glory?* I did not meet Raoul Walsh, who cast and directed it, until the day I went to take the test for the rôle. I was tested along with half-a-dozen actresses."

She was chosen because she had the best understanding of the part, and because her natural aptitude for emotional acting was evident to Walsh. The public, immediately charmed, demanded more Del Rio. She had no trouble staying to the fore for more than four years.

GRADUALLY, INSIDIOUSLY, a strange slant to her too-much-money handicap popped up. There was something so lush and gorgeous about her personality that the powers-that-be began branding her "too expensive." Under Edwin Carewe's long supervision each Del Rio release cost nearly a million to make. Which was satisfactory so long as the pictures clicked.

When she was unfortunate enough to get poor stories the feeling grew that she had to rely on an extravagant production set-up. Meanwhile, her salary had mounted startlingly. Once, in the silent era, she was reputedly earning $12,500 a week.

"I was raised to utterly disregard money, to be a wife and mother. My education, at a convent in Mexico City, was instruction in music, literature, and the art of being a worthy housewife.

"At sixteen I married and Jaime and I spent an entire year revelling in the sights of Europe." Although this first marriage of hers went on the rocks after she found fame in Hollywood, she refers to the now-dead Jaime with tenderness.

"I do not regret a moment of that marriage. We were happy. He taught me to appreciate many things. Russian music and art, for instance. I'd never been permitted to read novels. He opened new worlds in countless ways."

Dolores, the intoxicating, is a busy bee these days at Warners. They realize that she doesn't require extravagant bolstering; she has a real following who will flock to see her in worthy stories, the latest of which is *Farewell to Shanghai.* She's conscientiously making herself step as lively as anyone on the lot, vowing never to be permanently daunted by her unique handicap!

Adrian's Fashion Secrets

Continued from page forty-three

knows better and all her clothes are conservative. Perhaps you, too, have a hidden desire to do something "different?" Well, don't take it out on your clothes—unless you're an actress. You might substitute flying or anything else that has an element of danger—but don't ever risk being badly dressed to satisfy a hidden quirk!

HARLOW EXEMPLIFIES THE woman who has a perfectly honest mind and dares to think directly. Yet she is a much more polished person than the woman she portrays on the screen. This natural directness blends admirably, in clothes, with her daring rôles and permits Adrian full leeway for startling and breathtaking innovations which should be carefully modified when transposing them to your own wardrobe.

Consider one more type—that vast army of American girls Adrian covers by the one word "charming." Marion Davies, Maureen O'Sullivan, Madge Evans and many other film actresses head such a group. They wear, for the most part, young girl fashions, fluffy evening gowns, simple afternoon frocks, sport clothes that emphasize the one point, *charm*.

We cannot all have the repose of a Garbo, the dynamic action of a Crawford, the conservatism of a Shearer, or the daring of a Harlow. Perhaps our lives aren't fully enough developed to give sharp lines to our personality. What, then, should *we* wear?

Simple things.

"By simple things I don't mean dull ones," says Adrian. "A simple dress becomes exciting by reason of playing up one note—color, cut, sleeves, an arrangement of buttons or that most important factor of all—accessories."

Which brings us to Adrian's second rule:

"Accentuate bad body lines until they become unnoticeable!"

Don't gasp. That's what *he* does. And it will work with you, too!

You know how little women with narrow shoulders usually try to wear broadening effects? Well, Garbo is a fairly tall woman with particularly broad shoulders. Instead of creating lines to narrow them, Adrian puts ultra-broad shoulders on her. Strange paradox! Her shoulders are now so broad that they seem narrow, or are at least unnoticeable and attention is called to other points of her dress.

If, on the other hand, like Joan Crawford, you have a body "almost divine," it does not matter where the emphasis lies, excepting, of course, for the fundamental rule of not emphasizing one's breasts. This is all right for clothes worn in the privacy of one's boudoir, but there good taste says that it must end. Clinging dresses, to Adrian, mean those which cling around the hips and show the leg line in walking.

If your arms are too long you put on longer sleeves of wide interesting cuts, with perhaps decorative slits in the upper arm, near the shoulder. If they are too short, you puff your sleeve in some fantastic way that calls attention to the sleeve rather than to the arm. Accentuating bad points becomes just another form of camouflage that is very simple.

As to materials, Adrian's ideas may be carried out as well in gingham as in velvet. Flat crêpe, satin and velvet serve equally as well as woolens to emphasize body lines, and personality can be expressed in any material.

Color not only expresses the personality, but harmonizes with the eyes and the skin pigment. Most of Joan Crawford's frocks are done in blue, for that is the action color. Red and white tell of the blending personality of a Harlow; solid colors, like black, brown and gray express the repose of Garbo; pastels the charm of a Davies or an Evans.

But Adrian thinks the details of color, necklines, buttons, buckles and accessories become important only when a woman does interesting things with them to carry out the two main points. Losing sight of the fundamentals by stressing one of its parts is a mistake made by far too many, in Adrian's opinion.

He says: "If you American women want to look smart—keep your minds smart. You must be vitally interested in something or everything so that your personality will develop and you will become so definite a type that you cannot help but choose clothes to match it—as do those glamorous, gorgeous creatures who 'dress for fame!'"



Maxie Baer is the first movie star to win the world's heavyweight boxing title, or, if you'd rather, the first world's heavyweight champ to be a movie star. His fine work in* The Prizefighter and the Lady *cinched a return engagement on the screen in the near future



Use FREE Coupon Below

● Years ago—remember when your Dad called to you, "Hello, Dirty Face?" It was "clean dirt" that he referred to—easily washed away.

Today, lurking *underneath* the surface of your skin, may be a much more treacherous dirt—(caused by dried make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water)—and it is *this kind* of dirt that stops up your pores, bringing blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores and shiny skin.

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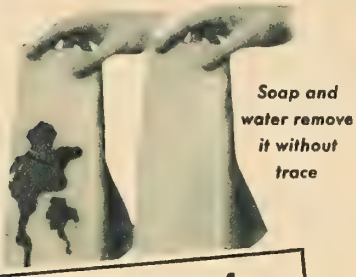
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Send demonstration bottle of Qu*ink*—
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☐ WASHABLE .....*Blue or .....Black*
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SUNNY golden curls . . . smart blonde coiffure. Mother and daughter keeping young together—thanks to Blondex. This special blonde hair shampoo not only helps prevent darkening—but safely brings back true golden color to dull, drab, faded light hair. Brings out the bright, gleaming lights—makes the hair soft and silky. No injurious chemicals. Not a dye. Invigorates the scalp. Ask any Blondex user! At all drug and department stores.

Clark Gable Replies

Continued from page thirty-seven

ought to know me too well to think that I've changed any off-screen. Success hasn't softened me, not a bit. If anything, it has hardened me more. The fight to keep on top takes a lot more work than the one to get there and the fellow who lets it soften him doesn't stay on top long.

But where do you get that boiled shirt stuff? I haven't worn a dress suit since *Strange Interlude*. What about *Red Dust* and *Men In White* and even *It Happened One Night*? Was I a softie or a stuffed shirt in any of those? And when it comes to trading mulligan stew for caviar, give me mulligan every time and no matter if I eat it out of a tin can or out of hand painted china and whether I eat it with the right fork or use a bent spoon, I'm still a mulligan eater at heart.

You say that I've come a long way. I have and I admit it. I couldn't be where I am today if I still had the mannerisms that I knew when I was a lumberjack or an oil field worker. A rolling stone might not gather much moss but it picks up a lot of polish. I have, and I'm proud of it. Polish may make a man more of a gentleman but it should not make him a sissy and a softie. Some of the he-est he-men in the world know how to balance a tea cup and wear a tail coat.

YOU SAY THAT Ace Wilfong in *A Free Soul* was my best rôle. I don't think so myself. I liked my part in *It Happened One Night*. That was comedy, of a kind, but I've always wanted to do that kind of comedy. Anyhow, the Ace Wilfongs went out with the gangster cycle.

Then they pick up this race horse business. Said it was an indication that I was going Gene Tunney on them. Do you want to know the real lowdown on why I bought a racing stable? Here it is. I learned to ride in order to get my first big break in *The Painted Desert*. That taught me to love horses. I began to ride a lot, for pleasure and to play a little polo. Then I had an operation and the doctor told me no more riding for a long, long time. I love horses and wanted to be around them, so I bought four racers. I have only one left. That's the real low-down.

Maybe I have lost a little of what you call my punch and virility on the screen. Perhaps I am fed up. I've done a lot of hard work. I can't get the slant that most picture people have, that Hollywood and pictures are the center of the universe. I keep realizing that there is an interesting world outside, places to go and things to do and see. I'm a rolling stone and I'm always wanting to see what's behind the next hill. I'd get away and take that sea trip on a mangy tramp steamer if I could but I'd be afraid that I might never come back. I do the best I can with my hunting and fishing trips.

NOBODY KNOWS better than I, that I am not a great actor. I wouldn't even agree with you that I'm a great personality. I'm just a guy who got a lucky break, that's all. If people like me on the screen and I manage to give a few million people a vicarious thrill, as you say, that's fine. I want to give them the kind of rôles they like, as far as I can but if I ever let it go to my head, I hope somebody will take a punch at it.



—*Pinchot*

***Henry Hull, Broadway star of* Tobacco Road *will soon be seen in Universal's* Great Expectations**

Success has changed me. It will change anyone. When I was struggling along, I wanted success, I wanted fame and I wanted money. Now that I've got them, I don't think they are worth what it takes to get them. If I had a swagger and carried a chip on my shoulder it was because I had a goal to fight toward. If I've lost it, it is because I've found that the grass on top of the hill isn't as green as it looked from below. I don't mean to sound cynical. I'm merely trying to be honest with you and with the people who put me where I am today.

If I had a swagger, it was because I had learned in the school of hard knocks that life is mostly bluff. If you want to get what you want, make people think you are good. I thought then that the greatest thing in the world was money, fame, luxury. Now I know that it is to be free. When people get tired of me on the screen, the world is before me. There are a million things I want to do, a million places I want to go. I'm not going to let Hollywood get me down.

Thanks for the letter, Gene, it was great of you to think of me as you did. I hope I've made myself clear. At least I've been honest. I haven't strangled many babies in recent pictures or kicked many cripples but that doesn't mean I'm softening up, going high-hat or trading in my leather jacket for a stiff shirt. Perhaps the rôle I have with Joan Crawford in this picture we're making will convince my fans that Adolphe Menjou's reputation is safe from me.

Sincerely,

Clark Gable

HOLLYWOOD

Plain Talks On Food

Continued from page forty-four

VEGETABLE PLATTER

12 small flaky boiled potatoes
6 baked cheese-stuffed tomatoes
2 pounds cooked fresh peas
Minced parsley
Sprigs of parsley
Mayonnaise cream sauce.

Heap the potatoes in the center of the platter and surround alternately with large tablespoonfuls of peas and with the cheese-stuffed tomatoes. Edge with sprigs of parsley.

MAYONNAISE CREAM SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
⅓ teaspoon salt
Few grains white pepper
¼ teaspoon sugar
⅓ cup mayonnaise
½ teaspoon lemon juice for extra tartness (optional).

Melt the butter and gradually stir in the flour and seasonings. Stir in the milk and cook over a low heat until smooth, thick and boiling point has been reached; then slowly beat in the mayonnaise and serve at once.

THE MENU FOR the following garden dinner is one that I used years ago when in charge of a famous club in the Berkshires:

A GARDEN DINNER

Melon Cup

Stuffed Cucumbers with Tomato Sauce
Potatoes O'Brien Corn-on-the-Cob Beer
Lettuce with Eggs Mayonnaise Rye Crisp
Deep Peach Pie with Cream
Hot or Iced Coffee

MELON CUP

1 cup balls cut from watermelon
1 cup balls cut from cataloupe
1 cup balls cut from honey dew melon
1 cup pineapple juice
Juice ½ lemon
⅓ cup claret (optional).

STUFFED CUCUMBERS

6 medium sized cucumbers
1½ cups cooked chopped meat or fish (any kind)
3 tablespoons milk
¼ cup fine soft bread crumbs
½ tablespoon minced parsley
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 chopped hard cooked egg
1 cup tomato juice
Tomato sauce.

Peel the cucumbers; cut them lengthwise and scoop out the seeds. Boil these shells five minutes in water containing a teaspoon each of salt and sugar. Drain. Dust with salt and pepper and fill with a stuffing made by combining the meat, milk, crumbs, parsley, onion and egg. Place the cucumbers lengthwise in a heavy baking pan or dish; bring the tomato juice to a boil and pour it around the cucumbers. Dust the tops with fine dry crumbs; dot with butter and bake about forty minutes or until tender in a moderate oven 350 degrees F. Serve with tomato sauce.

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Alice White featured player in Universal Pictures



Photo by Freulich

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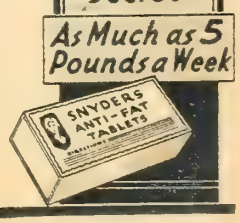


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"LOST 63 LBS!"
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Hot From Hollywood

Continued from page twenty-eight

Director W. S. Van Dyke is head man in pretty Ruth Mannix' life . . . That Lila Lee-Jack Peine blow-up was only temporary, and they're cooing again . . . William Powell is interested in Elizabeth Allan . . . Joan Marsh and Tommy Lee are not as thick as they used to be . . . Lyle Talbot has most of Sally Blane's time, now that Russ Columbo and Carole Lombard are likethat once more.

Marriages

GINGER ROGERS and Lew Ayres are so near the parson's gate that Ginger now takes Ma Ayres to lunch . . . Auburn-haired Shirley Ross will shortly become the bride of Lieut. Edward Harris, a '34 West Pointer . . . Jane Keithley is the new Mrs. Al Santell . . . Lola Lane, Lew Ayres' ex-mate, finally eloped to Las Vegas with Al Hall, the director . . . Director Hobart Henley pulled a surprise wedding with Dorothy March, a portrait artist, as party of the second part . . . Now it comes out that Phil Plant, Connie Bennett's ex-playboy-hubby, is hitched to Edna Dunham, the gal Max Baer courted so wildly . . . Lily Pons is engaged to Fritz Von Der Becke, German ship's physician, and they double up in the fall.

Births

THE ANDY DEVINES are pricing bassinettes . . . The Jack Dempseys (Hannah Williams) have agreed that if their expected is a boy, they'll raise him to be a fighter . . . and if it's a girl, they'll train her for a dancing career . . . The Donald Cooks have named their first-born Donna Dailey Cook . . . Hollywood hearts went out to George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill when their son succumbed to pneumonia at the age of nine days . . . The William Wellmans are expectant.

Social

JEANETTE MACDONALD tossed off a swanky dinner party in her Beverly home in honor of Inez Courtney, musical comedy comedienne, and her sister, Florence, also of the Broadway stage, who are Jeanette's house guests . . . Elissa Landi's Riviera manor furnished the setting for two elaborate functions, one when she entertained at dinner in honor of Baron de Rothchild, the second a less formal affair to introduce her Hollywood friends to Princess Urach . . . The day after Fay Wray completed her lead in Columbia's *Black Moon*, she gave a swimming luncheon at her Playa del Rey abode, the guests including Janet Gaynor, Ginger Rogers, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Margaret Lindsey, Martha Sleeper and Mrs. J. Ainsworth Morgan . . . Something new in get-togethers was offered by the Leslie Howards, when Leslie shipped his polo ponies to England, preparatory to his own departure Londonward . . . The star and his frau invited the William Gargans and a flock of other intimates down to the harbor, where they viewed the loading of the steeds, then boarded the ship for dinner with the captain . . . Dolores Del Rio was hostess to Filmtown's recent brides at a luncheon and swim at her Santa Monica place, with Raquel Torres, Martha Sleeper, Carmelita Geraghty, Fay Wray and Sandra Shaw among those honored . . . The Gleasons—Jimmy, Lucille and Russell—threw open their spacious Beverly house and grounds to a hundred or more persons on a recent Sabbath morning, with ham and eggs cooked by Jimmy himself as one of the main attractions.

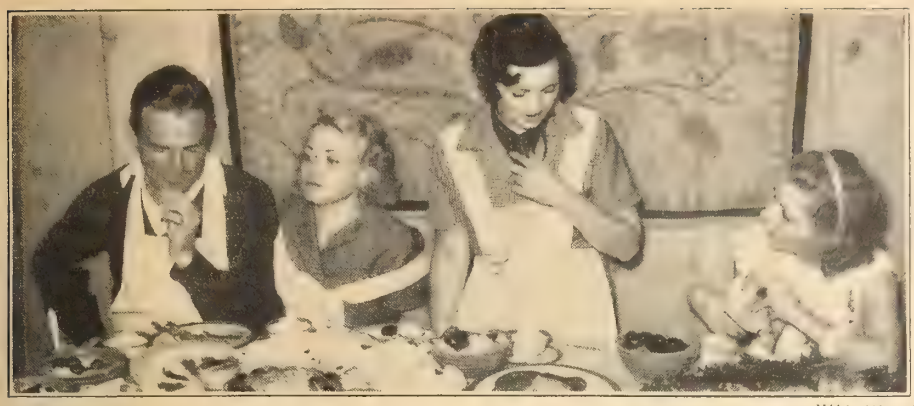
Fashions

ALICE WHITE has introduced a new farmerette beach costume held together with zippers . . . Sandra Shaw Cooper's newest bathing suit is of rubber that resembles printed crêpe . . . Janet Gaynor does her beach lounging in a backless bathing suit of blue with matching slacks . . . Grace Bradley's new headdress is shorter, waved on the sides and parted in the middle, with modified bangs . . . Kay Francis appeared on the Beverly bridle path in riding togs of white and brown, including white whipcord breeches, white herringbone tweed coat, brown broadcloth shirt and dotted stock tie, touched with brown hat and boots.



We extend greetings to the stars and fans who celebrate their birthdays in September:

Richard Arlen 1st	Neil Hamilton 9th	Fay Wray 16th
John Mack Brown 1st	Otto Kruger 9th	Dolores Costello 17th
George O'Brien 1st	Tala Birell 10th	Esther Ralston 17th
Sir Guy Standing 1st	Maurice Chevalier 12th	Helen Vinson 17th
Marilyn Miller 1st	Dickie Moore 12th	Margaret Lindsay 19th
Henrietta Crosman 2nd	Edwina Booth 13th	Paul Muni 22nd
Mary Doran 3rd	Claudette Colbert 13th	George Raft 26th
Doris Kenyon 5th	Don José Mojica 14th	Patricia Farley 27th
Dorothy Gulliver 6th	Jackie Cooper 15th	George Bancroft 30th
Roscoe Karns 7th	Alexander Kirkland 15th	Ralph Forbes 30th



—Wide World

Wynne Gibson and three of her guests snapped at the buffet luncheon she gave the other day to celebrate the opening of her Malibu Beach home. Left to right are Randolph Scott, Wynne, Arline Judge and Peggy Shannon

Does Sinister Nazi Doom Menace Bergner?

Continued from page thirty

"You are just saying that so that I will finish the picture," she accused and locked herself in her flat.

But the following day a friend fell ill, desperately ill. Money was needed hurriedly, money to pay for surgeons and operations and medicines. Bergner returned to the studio.

"I'll work," she said, her face a little wistful and sad, "but don't think it's because you've convinced me."

The film was an unparalleled success in all the cities where the censors would allow it through. Bergner became the most beloved actress in Europe. They looked upon her as a goddess.

"ELIZABETH BERGNER," said Louis Golding, the distinguished and far-famed author, "is exactly like a sheet of water which, on a dull day, will hardly catch the eye. But on a day of bright sunshine and wind, it is a blue expanse of laughter, and if another weather blows, it is livid with storm."

That is the most perfect description ever penned of this incredible little Austrian.

But then, into her idyllic and almost legendary existence came the Hitler bombshell. Bergner, a Jewess, packed her trunks and sailed for England. Hitler ordered her return on the grounds that there can be exceptions to every rule.

"There can be no exceptions in uncivilized massacres," is said to have been her reply to the German dictator.

From that minute on I believe that Elizabeth Bergner was a marked woman. In spite of all assurances to the contrary I *know* there were detectives watching her from the moment she landed at Southampton until she was safely installed in her Park Street flat.

Now, no one is allowed to see her unless on important business. Even the press are scrutinized thoroughly before admittance. Why? Does Bergner fear for her life?

ON THE OPENING night of *Escape Me Never* at the Apollo London turned out in its glory.

Crowds . . . lights . . . the élite of Mayfair . . . royalty . . . applause, and one more magnificent triumph for Elizabeth Bergner. And with this opening came our first meeting.

"Poor man," she said with an elfish smile, "have they treated you very badly?"

To be allowed to speak with her for more than fifteen minutes is both a compliment and a distinction afforded to few.

"But why?" you ask her.

"Because," she says, and pauses. Then her stridently girlish voice rises to a crescendo, "Because I don't believe in interviews . . . Einstein, Shaw, Remarque or Mussolini—yes. But I? I have nothing nearly so important to say. I'm an artist . . . if you have seen me on the stage then you know more about me than I could ever put into words."

"What about Hitler?" I hazarded, aware of the fact that was dangerous ground.

For a moment she was silent. Then, "Naturally I am distressed at the tragedy of the new Germany . . ."

"Do you believe—"

"No, no, no!" she broke in sharply. "That is all I have to say."

ELIZABETH BERGNER Is more than an artist—she is a genius who will never grow old.

When she collapsed on the stage the management refunded every penny paid for advance tickets.

"There will be no performance for at least a week," they said, "No one can understudy Bergner."

Up in Hampstead the little star was bedridden, watched night and day by London's most famous doctors.

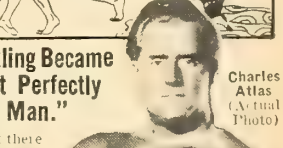
Bergner used occasionally to have food sent in to her dressing room nights from a little restaurant in a nearby street. Did the star's unknown enemies find this out? Did they tamper with the food on its way to the theatre? Those are just two of the questions being asked here and, as yet, getting no answer.

A visit to the restaurant in question proved it to be a place of international repute and there is not the slightest chance that the food was "doctored" *inside* the precincts. But the girl who carried the tray admits that she *did* stop and talk to several people on the way over.

And so we wait and wonder.



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Charles Atlas (Actual Photo)

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No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Where do you want powerful muscles? Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girl, the best jobs? *Give me just 7 days!* I'll PROVE that *Dynamic-Tension*—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or weights and pulleys—can make you a healthy confident powerful HE-MAN! Mail Coupon NOW for my illustrated book. Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 94-J, 133 East 23rd St., New York City.

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29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.95	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
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33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

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30x3½	2.35	0.75
31x4	2.95	0.85
32x4	2.95	0.85
33x4	2.95	0.85
34x4	3.25	0.85

Size	Tires	Tubes
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5	3.65	1.35
33x5	3.75	1.45
36x5	3.95	1.55

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Love Is Life to Otto Kruger

Continued from page thirty-three

But when *Beauty For Sale*, in which he played his first romantic rôle opposite Madge Evans, was released, feminine hearts from Maine to California and from Washington to Florida, began to pulse to a faster tempo. Feminine America took one look and decided that they must have Kruger. He had brought a new type of sex appeal, a new brand of love-making to the screen. His poise, his polished sophistication, his blonde wavy hair and his smile did things to them. But it was his voice, more than anything else, which made feminine hearts turn flip flops.

It would require volumes to hold an account of Kruger's amazing career. He was born in Toledo, Ohio, of German parentage and his real name is Krueger.

He has spent a total of more than seventeen years in college but is not eligible for a single college degree.

"When President Butler of Columbia University gave a luncheon for me at the Lotus Club in New York some years ago," said Otto, "he wanted to confer some sort of degree upon me. But search as he would among my hundreds of credits, he could not combine enough to entitle me to any degree within his power to confer. I have studied everything from electrical engineering to mob psychology and perhaps that is why I am not a great actor. My mind is too absorbent. I want to know about too many things and it prevents me from giving the concentration to my work that I should."

When Kruger was a boy, just passed his sixteenth year, he commanded a ninety-foot schooner which he sailed without power from Philadelphia down Delaware Bay, up the storm-tossed coast of New England and down the St. Lawrence river to the Great Lakes and at last to his home port, Toledo.

When even a smaller boy, just past nine in fact, he once tried to lead a seventy-five-piece orchestra but got stage fright and could not finish. Now he is an accomplished musician and can play almost any instrument like a professional. At seventeen he was a lineman for a Mid-West telephone company and once narrowly escaped death when he was inspecting a 500 volt armature for a shorted fuse. He was leaning over the armature, peering into its vitals, when a ball of fire suddenly sprang out.

"I saw it coming," he relates, "and I thought that my time had come. I wasn't frightened. I was merely curious. For six months I lay in a hospital, totally blind and completely shorn of hair. Neck and face were terribly burned and it was feared that I would be disfigured for life."

It would not be fair to Kruger to leave him here without saying something of that remarkable voice of his which a studio press agent labeled *The Voice With the Mating Call*. Kruger uses his voice as a great musician uses his instrument. Before he would consent to appear before the mike, he demanded to be allowed to put in two weeks in the recording department so that he could study the science of the thing and learn something about the voices of the women with whom he was to appear.

Studios are fighting for Kruger's services. He is Hollywood's latest screen Romeo.

Strange MOVIE FACTS





Clark Gable's hobby used to be the "stepping up" of small cars. He had a flivver once that was capable of doing 100 miles per hour.

Greta Garbo has a private stairway and a private sun porch on her studio dressing room that enables her to enjoy sun baths during leisure moments from the sound stages.

Akim Tamiroff, the innkeeper in *Queen Christina*, has not had a working day's vacation since he came to Hollywood two years ago—yet scarcely anybody knows his name on the screen.

When Frank Morgan was a lad he was known as the best boy soprano in New York. He sang in the choir at St. Thomas' and All Angels' churches.



Tom Keene once made his living killing rattlesnakes for the government.

Lyle Talbot started his professional career as a magician but gave it up when his stooge forgot to close the apparatus that made a rabbit disappear—much to the amusement of the audience.



Chic Sale owns one of the finest hook rug collections in the United States.

Wallace Beery can catch trout from the front porch of his mountain cabin! The cabin is located on a small island in the middle of a lake.

Ralph Bellamy once won a rôle in *Roadside*, a stage play, by wearing three vests to build up his slender physique so he would look like a tough guy.

When Una Merkel made her stage début she was paid a dollar for every word she spoke. Of these there were three—"Come on, Wisconsin."



I'm a Gay Divorcee

Continued from page twenty-three

much at their mercy as I am as a divorcée. If Bill and I were invited to a party, and for some reason or other we could not attend, all we had to do was to send regrets. But regrets from a newly unattached girl? Don't be silly! "You must come, my dear. I can't bear to think of you being alone . . . "

Or take the other angle of this entertaining problem. When Bill and I were married we entertained frequently. And because he is such a splendid and natural host only the pleasant duties fell my way, such as arranging the flowers and seating the guests. Everything went so smoothly I was often a guest at my own parties.

But when the divorcée entertains in her brand new bachelor quarters . . . ah! There is entertainment!

Everything from calling up the caterers to paying off the stringed orchestra falls to her, not to mention that little detail of seeing that So-In-So doesn't fall asleep in a corner undiscovered until daybreak when he is always spotted by a neighbor taking a solitary departure (*scandal*!!!).

In the year and a half of our married life, Bill and I gave many parties, as I have mentioned before. We never had one disagreeable moment through jealousy! My charming ex-husband had implicit confidence in me, and if I was seen carrying on a tête-tête with a handsome guest . . . he regarded it merely as one of the duties of a good hostess. I can't say this same attitude is true of several gentlemen whom I know quite casually since my divorce! It can be quite annoying to find yourself explaining your actions to a more or less furious young man who has not the slightest claim to explanations . . . or anything else.

MEN! NEW MEN! A perfect passing parade of men . . . these are supposed to be the highlights of interest in a divorcée's life. And at first (I insist upon being truthful about all this) the ringing of the telephone, and the sound of a nice, masculine voice asking for a dinner or dancing engagement, is nice . . . and often, exciting. You think: "This reminds me of my flapperhood . . . of those gay days and nights when I was free, white and unattached with a string of beaux to take me out every night in the week." I say, you think this, at first! And then you begin to wonder about many things:

We never go backward in life. All of us, except the nit-wits, must go forward. If we lose, or escape giddiness . . . we seldom recapture it . . . which is just as well. If we have found one man to whom we can talk and enjoy the quiet moments, we are that much wiser about men with whom we can only dance and dine and pass the frivolous moments of life. Every girl goes through the period when any attractive man who dances well and makes a presentable appearance is a suitable escort for an evening. And every divorcée reaches the stage where she knows better! Another thing:

When a girl is single, before she has ever been married, every new man she meets carries the promise of possible romance to her . . . and she to him. Their association is sweet because the men she meets are usually younger and less experienced. But the divorcée finds these boy-and-girl romances closed to her forever . . . because, well, just because they are! The suitors at the divorcée's court are of a far more worldly stripe.

I was surprised one evening to be called to the telephone by a man in Hollywood who enjoys a thoroughly hectic reputation as a rounder and playboy. I had met him casually at a big party the evening before.

"Hello, Carole," he hailed me. "How about getting into your glad rags and going stepping?"

I replied, "Sorry, but I'm very tired." I had no intention of being seen with this man.

"Don't be silly," he insisted, "I'll be right over for you. We'll raise some whoopee!"

I tried to put him off. "I have another engagement."

"Break it," he commanded. "I'll be over in ten minutes."

I was thoroughly angry by then. "I won't be here," I screamed into the 'phone . . . but he didn't hear. He was already on his way.

One of the truths about being a Hollywood divorcée is that it can be most annoying to have to turn out all the lights in your house, "sushhhh" your servants and sit in the dark for a half-hour or so, while playing "not at home" . . . to such unwelcome cavaliers as this gentleman!

Why hedge . . . or muddle the point? Men have an entirely different set of social philosophies toward a girl who is merely single and one who has recently been freed by law! And every divorcée knows what the difference is!

If I were to try to sum up what hangs in the balance between the benefits and failings of being a Hollywood wife . . . and the blessings and annoyances of being a Hollywood divorcée . . . I could only repeat what I said earlier in this article . . . *there's no such thing as a perfect state for a woman with a Hollywood career!* For the great god Studio is the most jealous lover of them all!

Do You Know—

1. What popular entertainer turned down a starring movie rôle because his wife's divorce action was pending in the Los Angeles courts?
2. What great lover was blinded and had all his hair burned off while employed as a lineman?
3. What popular English star used to be a milkmaid?
4. What star's collapse while on the stage is seen as evidence of an attempt on her life?
5. One star used to work in a Milwaukee lumber yard. Who was he?
6. What star is best pleased with her screen frocks if they are so original that they seem, at first, absurd?

(*Answers on page* 63)

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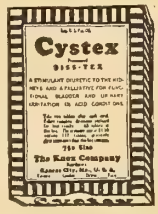
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Movie Stars' Own School of Make-Up

Continued from page forty-five



Flat-chested girls who wear a tiny hat over their eyes look like they are going to topple over

going to topple over any minute. A girl who is full-bosomed should do her hair full in back to be in proportion.

So often, too, one shoulder slopes more than another. Supposing it's the right shoulder. To overcome this, part the hair on the left side and let your wave float high over the right side. Do the opposite if it's the left shoulder that droops.

The next thing an artist does after he's gotten his proportions is to draw in the background. The skin is the background of your personal "picture." If it is smooth and clear and firm, depend upon it that "picture" will be infinitely more attractive! To insure this, there is a special new cream that is the foundation of make up and far removed from the ordinary powder base. It gives a uniform color to the face and helps to conceal any brown spots or blemishes. To blend in perfectly so that it seems to vanish, work it away from the center of the face and keep your fingers moist with cold water while you're doing it. This sets the cream and it will hold your make-up for hours.

Now Comes The important business of highlights and shadows. Many a mistake in make-up has been made because women didn't understand the rules governing them!

Rouge, even though red, acts as a shadow if used sparingly. Consequently if it is placed in the hollow of cheeks it serves to accentuate that in-drawn look. Instead, blend your rouge down from the cheekbone and around the hollow. This counteracts the natural shadow there and the contour appears fuller. You've rounded the outline of your face.

On the other hand, if you have prominent cheekbones you can use your rouge to make them less noticeable. A very slight amount of it will shadow the highlight on the cheek-bones. But avoid using too much color there. That will only make them more conspicuous.

You must learn to see red! Any painter will tell you he mixes a variety of pigments to get a skin tone. You must know the compound colors of your own skin—whether there are bluish undertones or a ruddier depth. Perhaps it has a golden cast or is sun-tanned.

Study it. Know your complexion. There's a rouge to match it that's as skillfully blended by scientists as the pigments are by famous painters. Don't spoil the effect then, by being satisfied with an "off-tone." You wouldn't like it on canvas. Why do it to yourself Be *sure* your colors are right. That's as important in a picture as outline. Probably more so—because *you can change the outline with color!*

For instance—supposing you have a thin face. Do you realize that by rouging near the center of the face you are actually emphasizing that thinness? The thing to do is to bring the rouge outward to the full part of the cheek and keep it away from the nose. By doing this you really increase the apparent width of your face.

Just the reverse is true with a chubby "moon" face. Here the rouge ought to be brought well towards the nose. Because by doing so you cut down the natural highlight through the center of the face and give it a semblance of length. To borrow an art term, you have "shadowed the fullness" of the cheeks.

Not Long Ago a woman you would have taken for forty or more came into my studio. When she went out she looked twenty-five. We had done nothing miraculous to her. All we did was to apply a little fundamental knowledge of art. You see, she had been using a purplish rouge low on her cheeks. The result, of course, was that it made her face look square and years older. *Never let rouge wander below your lips.* Another thing, she had dark circles under her eyes. Instead of helping her to erase them by a slight tracing of the red as she should have done, the color was nowhere near the circles. That is always artistically bad. To have the rouge a distance from the eyes.

What we taught her to do was simply this: To start the rouge—which was the match of her own skin tone—at the high point of the cheek by *patting,* not rubbing, and to follow the curve of the cheekbone toward the nose. Then with the fingers, to blend the edges so that it seemed a very part of her complexion, and to carry the rouge very faintly up to the outer corner of the lower eyelid. This not only gives the eyes an extra sparkle but it does away with those white spaces or



Full-bosomed girls should do their hair full in the back



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You'll find in the September issue "Radio Doubles of the Movie Stars," Rudy Vallée's monthly discussion of popular song hits, Jessica Dragonette's article on "Read Your Future from the Stars," RADIOLAND's Hall of Fame, reviews of current programs, tabloid stories of the stars—and dozens of other features. You'll be wise to reserve a copy with your newsdealer.



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dark rings, as the case may be, immediately below them.

I like to remember what charming Billie Burke told me once, "People love color and color inspires gaiety. That's why cosmetics mean as much to a woman as pigments to an artist!"

Consider: Is your eye-shadow blended so that it disappears, or at least seems to? Are the lines of your eyebrow pencil distinguishable or have you softened them into a gentle shadow with your fingertips as is necessary?

Most artists use their fingers as much as their brush! You can use them to extraordinary advantage in putting on make-up too.

For example: if you have round eyes and wish to lengthen them, you of course extend the line of the upper and lower lids at the outer corner with an eyebrow pencil. *Then with the cushions of your fingertips blur the line into a scarcely perceptible shadow.* That way you get the most natural effects.

If your eyes are sunken-in there is shadow enough in the inner corners without putting more there. But if you use your regular eye-shadow from the center outward you get the proper balance of light and shade.

With small eyes the trick is to highlight them from below. So with tiny even strokes, draw your eyebrow pencil under the lashes of the lower lid—and don't forget to use your fingertip to blend it!

The most essential thing about lipstick is to have it a lifelike color. Be sure to dry the lips before you apply it. Many of the stars even dry their mouths with a tissue so they'll be certain the lipstick lasts longer and is more uniform in shading. After you've outlined the contour on the upper lip, fill it in by blending the lip rouge *with the little finger.* Press your lips together, fill in the lower lip the same way—and you have a symmetrical, most attractive mouth.

With thin lips, don't be afraid to build up their shape a trifle. But do it evenly and smoothly and be careful to make the outer edge distinct and not blurred.

Thick lips call for "contrast lighting." That is, the upper lip—made up so that the line is a little inside the natural lip line—should be a shade darker than the lower one.

If it's a case of drooping lips, just don't make up the corners. Stop the color at the point where they start to droop. Because—you want the lines of your face to go *up.* Like Ginger Rogers. That's what makes a happy "picture." The sort of picture the whole world likes to see!

Answers

1. Rudy Vallée.
   See "With the News Sleuth," page 26.
2. Otto Kruger.
   See story on page 33.
3. Binnie Barnes.
   See story on page 32.
4. Elizabeth Bergner.
   See story on page 30.
5. Spencer Tracy.
   See story on page 31.
6. Greta Garbo.
   See story on page 42.



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Harry Carr's Shooting Script

Continued from page thirty-nine

Hello Hollywood

BACK in Hollywood again.

They are still trying to find a part for Francis Lederer. He is a gorgeous looking fellow and a fine chap; lot of brains; but he is just as easy to manage as a drop of quicksilver. They laughed with uproarious glee in New York when they heard last winter that he was going to Hollywood. They said they hoped the director he drew had done something wicked enough to deserve what was coming to him.

After the flop of *Man of Two Worlds*, he got still more fussy. Now RKO have sent him over to Paramount and hope for the worst.

Personally I think that the emotional Lederer was right in refusing to play Joaquin Murietta in the California drama that RKO had bought and paid for. I happen to like stories of old California; but the public doesn't and that's that.

Army Pictures

FRANK BORZAGE is braving another tough experience in making a picture at West Point, *Flirtation Walk*, with Dick Powell featured.

The army is hard to deal with. They not only censor the story on all normal lines but put in all manner of other fussy objections. They throw out good scenes with the sour remark: "We don't think that the daughter of an army officer would do that." And then the characters have to hup hup hup according to military regulations when not always according to drama.

Daggers Behind

I IMAGINE there are plenty of daggers behind the Lubitsch production of *The Merry Widow* with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier.

There are two people in Hollywood who have about as much use for each other as Hitler and a Jewish rabbi. They are Erich von Stroheim and Ernest Lubitsch. And Lubitsch follows—directing again the most successful picture von Stroheim ever made.

Lubitsch feels that von Stroheim betrayed his Teutonic blood in having shown the German officers as low villains in a long succession of war plays. Considering what those of German blood have since done to those of Jewish blood, Ernst's emotion may have toned down somewhat. Nevertheless this picture represents a bitter rivalry between two masters.

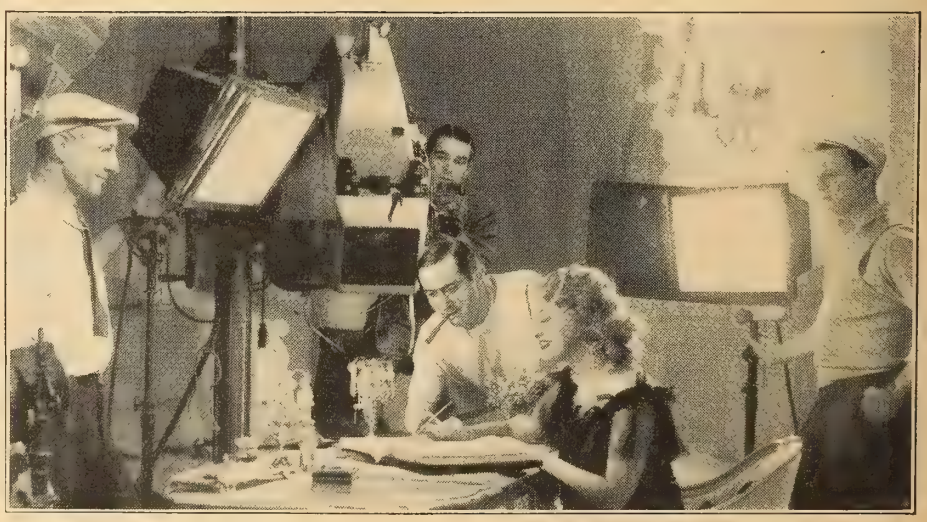
Marathons Are Short

MY HEART-FELT SYMPATHY to the guy who has to make a screen play out of *Anthony Adverse;* you might as well make a shooting script out of the history of the human race. If, indeed, you matched up the history of the world alongside that interminable romance, the end of the world would come along in the middle of *Anthony.* They say that the real reason why Admiral Byrd has locked himself up for the Winter in a snow hut at the South Pole is that he is trying to finish *Anthony Adverse.*

The Third Victim

LITTLE Dorothy Dell had to be the third one marked for death. First Lilyan Tashman—Lew Cody; then this child. The jinx of Hollywood is ruthless.

I knew them all; but I knew Lew Cody best of all. He was one of my buddies back in the old Mack Sennett days. The first time I saw him he was chasing Mabel Normand around a set, she screaming for help and he upsetting tables to wreak his demon will. It did not look much like an introduction to a marriage; but it was the beginning of a friendship that ended in marriage. Like Mabel herself, there was a serious and intellectual side to Lew that few understood.



In this interesting behind-the-scenes shot, Director Ernest Lubitsch (you can't mistake that cigar!) is instructing Jeanette MacDonald just how she should handle the action in the diary scene from Metro's* The Merry Widow, *in which she is co-starring with Maurice Chevalier



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I'm a Mug and Proud of It!

Continued from page thirty-one

stock actor. I'd known him by reputation long before we met. Throughout the midwest people still speak of him as a local boy, due to his work in stock. And their analysis of his character was correct after a lapse of seven years. "Yep," they'd say, "Tracy played here in stock. But he was a nice guy; no airs about him. He used to hang out with the boys at the garage."

His greatest phobia has always been a fear of insincerity. No matter where he was, Spence's greatest ambition was to be one of the boys and any and all acting was reserved for the theatre. A native of a factory and manufacturing city where actors, at best, are regarded as decidedly sissy, his urge for a dramatic career had been carefully concealed in his private skeleton collection.

Not until he and Pat O'Brien felt that they could be actors and still be "regular guys" did they journey to New York and fame. Spence consistently dodged the bright lights and Broadway even after his success in *The Last Mile*. He'd always abhorred matinée idols and suddenly he was panic-stricken at discovering he was the débutanté's favorite.

Spencer's virile parts had appealed to those Park Avenue denizens who for the first time, even if vicariously, became aware of the charm of an "average hair-on-the-chest guy." Long nights, after the show was over, he used to pace the floors fearing that some insincerity was cropping out to make him a matinée idol. It was in that frame of mind that he fled to Hollywood to make his first picture only to find the screen colony in its greatest era of artificiality.

With the coming of the talkies, diction teachers were dropping from the trains like ripe plums from a tree, and you had to cut through the broad-A's with a knife to enter the Brown Derby. After a harrassed six weeks he left precipitately for New York with a column writer's eulogy of "that cute Spencer Tracy" drumming in his ears. Nor was he to be coaxed back to the screen until he was permitted to have a say in the selection of his rôles. He vowed "no bedroom parts for me" and so it has been.

ONCE AGAIN propping his feet on the desk, he lit a cigarette and continued.

"The reason I'm so so afraid of becoming hammy, in any way, is because once you do you've lost the basis of all acting. Sincerity in playing a part is what you need and the minute you start hippodromeing all over the place your number's up.

"I think, too, that your early background lays the foundation for your type of acting. I ran around with average kids and thought I was getting up in the world when I rated the job of driving the kindling wagon and could have a swell time giving the girls an eyefull. I thought I was a man when I'd walk into a saloon and grab myself a handful of free lunch. Of course, I was just a foolish kid but I was actually meeting some real people; folks we all know. That's why I like being a mug—it is something I know something about, being just an average guy."



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NEW PRODUCTIONS

● ● ● ●—CALL IT LUCK—Herbert Mundin as a London cabby who wins a sweepstakes fortune. Hilarious.—*Fox.*

● ● ●—COCKEYED CAVALIERS—The latest Wheeler and Woolsey opus.—*Radio.*

● ● ● ●—EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—A sure-fire laugh getter. A story of practical jokers with Chester Morris, Marian Nixon, Alan Mowbray.—*Universal.*

● ● ●—FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—A good, all-around comedy with Charlie Ruggles, Berton Churchill and Ann Dvorak.—*Warners.*

● ● ● — FOG OVER FRISCO — An old-fashioned melodrama with Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot, Donald Woods and Margaret Lindsay.—*Warners.*

● ●—GRAND CANARY—Warner Baxter as a doctor who seeks to rebuild a shattered life. With Madge Evans.—*Fox.*

● ●—I GIVE MY LOVE—The *Madame X* theme done by Wynne Gibson, Paul Lukas et al.—*Universal.*

● ● ●—LET'S TALK IT OVER—Chester Morris as a gob who loves Mae Clarke and tries to educate himself up to her standards.—*Universal.*

● ● ● ●—MADAME DU BARRY—Dolores Del Rio plays the title rôle in one of the season's outstanding pictures.—*Warners.*

● ● ●—MIDNIGHT ALIBI—A different sort of gangster picture with lots of pathos and human interest. Dick Barthelmess, Ann Dvorak.—*Warners.*

● ● ●—MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—Another good mystery and a riot of laughs. Edna May Oliver, James Gleason, Barbara Fritchie, Bruce Cabot.—*Radio.*

● ● ● ●—ONE NIGHT OF LOVE—Grace Moore, the Metropolitan opera prima donna; Lyle Talbot and Tulio Carminati in one of the most delightful films ever offered.—*Columbia.*

● ● ●—ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Neil Hamilton scores a decided hit as the rounder who marries Marian Nixon to avoid summons in a divorce case.—*Hoffman.*

● ● ●—RETURN OF THE TERROR—A thrilling mystery film with John Halliday, Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot and Frank McHugh.—*Warners.*

● ● ●—SMARTY—Joan Blondell in a light and amusing comedy during which she switches husbands—Warren William and Edward Everett Horton.—*Warners.*

● ●—STOLEN SWEETS—Charles Starrett gives a fine performance in a hopelessly plotted vehicle. With Sally Blane.—*Chesterfield.*

● ● ●—THE KEY—William Powell in a story dealing with the Sinn Fein rebellion in Ireland in 1920. With Edna Best and Colin Clive.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS—Ann Harding scores in a powerful picturization of Bromfield's book. With John Boles.—*Radio.*

● ● ●—THE MAN WITH TWO FACES—Edward G. Robinson delivers splendidly in an unusual mystery story. Ricardo Cortez, Mae Clarke, Mary Astor.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—THE MERRY FRINKS—A great comedy with Aline MacMahon the mother of a mad family. With Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins.—*Warners.*

● ● ●—THE PERSONALITY KID—A prize-fight story with Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—THE THIN MAN—Dashiell Hammett's great detective story ably translated to the screen with William Powell and Myrna Loy.—*Metro.*

NEIGHBORHOOD SHOWINGS

● ● ● ●—AFFAIRS OF CELLINI—Fredric March, Constance Bennett and Frank Morgan superb in 16th century love story.—*Twentieth Century.*

● ● ● ●—BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK—Ronald Colman at his best in thrilling sequel to *Bulldog Drummond.* Charles Butterworth, Warner Oland, Una Merkel.—*United Artists.*

● ● ● ●—CATHERINE THE GREAT—Featuring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Elizabeth Bergner. Romantically entertaining.—*United Artists.*

● ● ● ●—CHANGE OF HEART—Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor reunited as lovers who seek happiness in New York and succeed.—*Fox.*

● ● ● ●—GLAMOUR—Paul Lukas and Constance Cummings in Edna Ferber's story of a show girl who puts ambition above everything.—*Universal.*

● ● ●—HALF A SINNER—Worthwhile picturization of stage hit, *Alias the Deacon.* Berton Churchill scores; Joel McCrea, Sally Blane.—*Universal.*

● ● ● ●—HAPPY ANDREW—Will Rogers in best performance of career as smalltown druggist on pleasure spree.—*Fox.*

● ● ● ●—HOLLYWOOD PARTY—Genuine musical hit. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Jack Pearl.—*Metro.*

● ● ● ● — HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD — George Arliss at his best. Story based on noted English banking family. Loretta Young and Robert Young offer fine support.—*Twentieth Century.*

● ● ● ●—LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?—Margaret Sullavan excellent in film version of famous novel. Douglass Montgomery.—*Universal.*

● ● ● ●—LITTLE MISS MARKER—Shirley Temple in a great Damon Runyon gangland story. Dorothy Dell, Charles Bickford.—*Paramount.*

● ● ● ●—MANHATTAN MELODRAMA — Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and William Powell in highly dramatic story of New York life.—*Metro.*

● ● ● ●—MEN IN WHITE—Clark Gable in one of his best performances. Intriguing love theme carried by Myrna Loy, Elizabeth Allan. Jean Hersholt excellent. Marvelous picture.—*Metro.*

● ● ●—NOW I'LL TELL—Dramatic story of gambler Arnold Rothstein. Alice Faye, Helen Twelvetrees, Spencer Tracy.—*Fox.*

● ● ● ●—OPERATOR 13—Marion Davies at her best with Gary Cooper in Robert W. Chambers thrilling Civil War story.—*Metro.*

● ● ●—SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Emotional drama of love, marriage and the other woman. Elissa Landi, Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut.—*Universal.*

● ● ● ●—SADIE McKEE—Joan Crawford as girl who loves three men. Franchot Tone, Gene Raymond, Edward Arnold.—*Metro.*

● ● ●—STINGAREE—Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in vivid story of adventure and romance in Australia.—*Radio.*

● ● ● — THE CIRCUS CLOWN — Joe E. Brown in colorful drama of circus life.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ● — THE CRIME DOCTOR — Otto Kruger commits "perfect crime" which nearly sends Nils Asther to chair.—*Radio.*

● ● ● ●—THE LAST GENTLEMAN—Another George Arliss masterpiece of erratic gentleman with fortune to give away. Splendid.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—THE WITCHING HOUR—John Halliday, Tom Brown, Sir Guy Standing in powerful drama of gambling casino. Not a dull moment.—*Paramount.*

● ● ● — THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS — Sylvia Sidney in dual rôle in interesting story of romance in mythical kingdom. Cary Grant.—*Paramount.*
Barrymore as eccentric impressario and Carole

● ● ● ●—TWENTIETH CENTURY — John Barrymore as eccentric impresario and Carole Lombard as his temperamental star.—*Columbia.*

● ● ● ● — TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS—A musical built around a fair plot. Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Four Mills Brothers, Ted Fio-Rito and his band.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—VIVA VILLA!—Outstanding movie of Mexico's great military figure. Wallace Beery, Stuart Erwin, Leo Carrillo.—*Metro.*

Additional Reviews on page 6

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Once Helen's teeth were bright and attractive again—there'd be plenty of young men asking her out to dinner and to dance! Romance would come running her way!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

IF YOU—like Helen—have allowed your teeth to become dingy and ugly because you have allowed "pink tooth brush" to go on and on—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth twice a day with Ipana. It is a splendid modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces of the teeth—but deep into every tiny crevice. It really *cleans* your teeth. Then—because Ipana contains *ziratol,* which aids in stimulating and toning tender gums—massage a *little extra Ipana directly into your gums.*

Today's foods are neither crunchy nor coarse enough to exercise your gums properly. That is why gums today tend to become flabby and tender—and to leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. "Pink tooth brush" may be the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It not only may *dull* your teeth—but may *endanger* your teeth.

But with Ipana and massage, the dangers from "pink tooth brush" are minimized—and your teeth shine out when you talk and smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



NRA CODE

VISIT
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.

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Vol. 23
No. 10

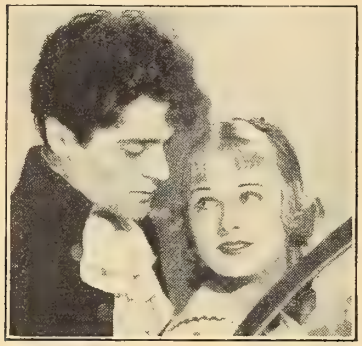
HOLLYWOOD

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

Edited in Hollywood

CHARLES VICTOR KNOX
Assistant Editor

Contents for October, 1934



Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett in* Pursuit of Happiness, *Joan's first since the birth of her daughter

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

KAY FRANCIS, WHOSE departure for Paris made Maurice Chevalier so-o-o-o sad, plans to meet him there when he returns to his native land after finishing *The Merry Widow*. . . . Hal Rosson, Ida Lupino and petite Pauline Garon, Hollywood's infantile paralysis victims, are recovering nicely, but will find it necessary to learn to walk all over again! . . . Gertrude Lawrence's birthday present from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was a $30,000 cabin cruiser.

●

Claudette Colbert installed an ex-pugilist as her chauffeur after receiving a brace of extortion letters. . . . Actor Otto Kruger played the wedding march on a piano at the wedding of Claudia Morgan (Ralph's daughter) and Robert Shippee. . . . Victor Jory will be starred in the remake of Dante's *Inferno*. . . . Now that Junior Durkin has grown up they've changed his name to Trent Durkin. . . . Hedda Hopper has quit the screen. . . . George Bancroft's daughter is making her cinema bow in *Elmer and Elsie* with her dad.

●

Young and Beautiful is Bill Haines' come-back picture. . . . Helen Hayes is ready to start with *Vanessa*. . . . Stu Erwin gave June Collyer a sixteen-cylinder something for birthday. . . . Peggy Fears is all set for her career at Fox to start. . . . Joe E. Brown suffered a sun-stroke playing ball with his sons without a hat.

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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
Western Editor



***Can you recognize Lee Tracy behind that schnozzle? He's being made up for* You Belong to Me**

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

WARNERS WERE BOTHERED about their precious Jean Muir taking up polo, but now they're tearing their hair because she's learning to fly! . . . Carole Lombard has gone in for interior decoration and has several contracts. . . . Mary Astor is writing a novel. . . . and Gloria Stuart, encouraged by Author William Faulkner, has written a book of verse entitled *Worm Behind the Leaf*. . . . It's been grabbed for publication, too.

●

Despite any rumors, Irene Dunne is *not* going to desert the screen for the concert stage. . . . John Boles is financing the education of three Los Angeles youngsters with promising voices. . . . Douglass Montgomery has been fishing way up in the San Bernardino mountains with a guide and six pack horses. . . . Gordon Westcott always liked autos until he cracked up the other day. . . . now he's going in for polo—it's safer. . . . Andy Clyde has bought the Santa Monica pro ball team.

●

On the reformer's pure picture list *Twenty Million Sweethearts* appears as "recommended" and *Rhythm in the Air* is listed "for adults only," but—what a laugh—it's the the same picture under different titles! . . . Bill Powell and Jean Harlow have been seen everywhere together lately.

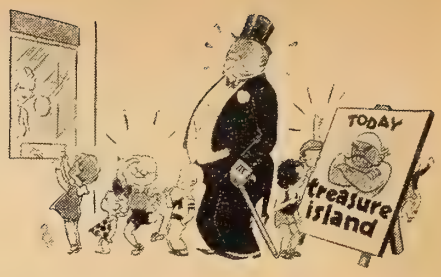
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• Coming events cast their shadows before



You will soon be seeing MAE WEST in her new picture, "BELLE OF THE NINETIES," with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture.

what's new ON THE SCREEN



Advance information on pictures worth seeing

Rating Code:

● ● ● ● Excellent

● ● ● Good

● ● Fair

● Mediocre



Heather Angel, the petite English actress, scores again in her new film, **Romance in the Rain**

Belle Of The Nineties

● ● ● Mae West is back! That this picture does not equal *She Done Him Wrong* is no fault of hers, for she does the very best anyone could with a story murdered by censorship. Mae is more comeupandseemesometime than ever as *Ruby Carter,* burlesque queen of St. Louis and New Orleans in the gay nineties. She falls in love with *Tiger Kid* (Roger Pryor), a prize fighter, but the match is smashed by his manager and Mae becomes the belle of New Orleans, frequenting John Miljan's gambling house. She plots with Miljan against Pryor, who finally kills him and flees with Mae to win the championship and live happily ever after, a conventional ending dictated by the purists.—*Paramount.*

The Catspaw

● ● ● ● Harold Lloyd rings the bell with one of the best comedies he has ever produced. As the son of a Chinese missionary he comes to America to find a bride, expecting to return to China to replace his father. Through a combination of hilarious circumstances he is elected mayor of his boyhood home town on a reform ticket and cleans up the racketeers. Una Merkel turns in an excellent performance as Harold's leading woman. —*Fox.*

We Live Again

● ● ● ● Anna Sten's second appearance seems amply to justify Samuel Goldwyn's faith in her. The picture, adapted from Tolstoy's *Resurrection,* is a magnificent, glamorous production, beautifully staged, acted and photographed. Sten is even more appealing than in *Nana* and Fredric March gives one of his best performances.—*United Artists.*

Imitation of Life

● ● ● A homely, human story about ordinary people which clicks because of its very quality of simplicity. Claudette Colbert, a widow, fails as a pancake flipper and teams with Louise Beavers, a colored girl, to found a million dollar business. Their daughters grow up and there is a romance which involves racial complications.—*Universal.*

Crime Without Passion

● ● ● The first fruit of the new deal whereby Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur write, direct and produce their own pictures is this entertaining melodrama. With the exception of Claude Rains, who was heard on the screen in *The Invisible Man* — and seen for a brief instant at the end— the cast is new to films and includes Whitney Bourne, socialite; Stanley Rogers, Leslie Adams and Margo, a night club dancer (nobody seems even to know her last name.) The story is about a criminal lawyer who has saved so many from the chair but is unable to save himself.—*Paramount.*

The Fountain

● ● ● ● This appealing drama of the world war—which is not, however, a *war* picture but a glorious romance— is a fine vehicle for Ann Harding, cast as a German officer's wife who falls in love with Brian Aherne, a British officer. When her husband is terribly wounded and returns to civilian life a wreck she abandons her love to return to him.—*Radio.*

Pursuit Of Happiness

● ● ● Francis Lederer is seen again in a vehicle better suited to his talents than any one he has previously had. With him is Joan Bennett, making her first screen appearance after the birth of her daughter. Lederer appears as a young Hessian conscripted to fight the Yankee rebels, but on arriving in America he deserts and, because of Joan, decides to to join the Continental army.—*Paramount.*

British Agent

● ● ● ● Based upon the personal experiences of its author, H. Bruce Lockhart, and vitalized by the splendid work of Leslie Howard, Kay Francis and a fine supporting cast, *British Agent* emerges as one of the most unusual pictures of the year. Kay is a former Russian aristocrat who has turned into a sort of red Joan of Arc, but, unlike the Maid of Orleans, has a great capacity for love. Leslie is an unofficial British diplomatic agent whose mission is to prevent the soviet signing a separate peace with Germany. —*Warners.*

Dames

● ● ● ● Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee and Hugh Herbert, together with Busby Berkeley's genius as a master of the en-

Please turn to page eight







This "no-scrub" way makes clothes last longer

YOU'LL save lots of money, washing clothes the Rinso way. For there's no scrubbing to streak colors — weaken fabrics — fray edges. Clothes not only last 2 or 3 times longer but they come from a Rinso soaking *4 or 5 shades whiter.*

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Grand for dishes and all cleaning. Saves time — saves work. And so easy on hands!

Rinso gives lots of rich, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* Get it at your grocer's.



The biggest-selling package soap in America

THEY BOTH OFFENDED—BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT

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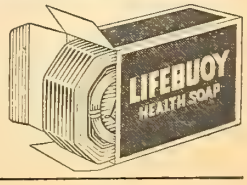






LIFEBUOY'S lather is bland and gentle, yet deep-cleansing. It washes away pore-embedded impurities — brings radiance to dull complexions. Lifebuoy lathers freely in hot, cold, hard or soft water. Purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



"WE GUARD OUR FEET as a concert pianist guards his hands"



● Lycette Darsonval, Premiere Danseuse of the Lifar Russian Ballet, won the "Prize of Honor" at the International European Dance contest, as the best woman classic dancer of the world.

● To a famous dancer, foot care is of greatest importance. Not *all* foot troubles can be removed with Blue-Jay. But most of them are simply "corn troubles," ended in a jiffy with this safe, scientific corn remover. Corn pain ends instantly. In three days the corn is removed. Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house.

25c at all druggists—special sizes for bunions and calluses.

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A is the B & B medication that gently undermines the corn.
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C is the strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.
3. After 3 days the corn goes. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

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CORN REMOVER

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Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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What's New On The Screen

Continued from page six

semble, combine to make this another memorable Warner musical. It is a backstage story with a new twist; starts with the will of an eccentric millionaire and ends with the cast of the show his money "angeled" being thrown in jail!—*Warners.*

The Dragon Murder Case

● ● ● There will be those who will insist that Warren William is not the Philo Vance Bill Powell was, but nevertheless S. S. Van Dine's clever murder mystery has been translated to the screen with plenty of punch. The usual Van Dine complexity of plot makes this fare for the real, dyed-in-the-wool detective story fan. —*Warners.*

The Notorious Sophie Lang

● ● ● A new kind of crime picture with Gertrude Michael as a jewel thief. All situations are purely farcical and great fun. The cast includes Paul Cavanaugh, Alison Skipworth, Leon Errol, Arthur Hoyt and Jack Mulhall, splendid comedians all.—*Paramount.*

Treasure Island

● ● ● ● One of those rare films which can hardly miss pleasing everyone—from the kids to great grandpa. Stevenson's memorable story has been screened with no loss of original charm. *Long John Silver, Ben Gunn, the Squire, Jim Hawkins, Flint* and the rest of the well remembered crew swagger romantically along their thrilling, adventurous pathway. Acting honors go to Jackie Cooper as *Jim Hawkins* and Wallace Beery as *Long John.* The extraordinary cast includes Chic Sale, Lionel Barrymore, Nigel Bruce, Otto Kruger and Lewis Stone. Don't miss it!—*Metro.*

The Merry Widow

● ● ● ● Made twice before in the silent days, Franz Lehar's classic operetta emerges once more as a masterpiece of entertainment. Set in the year 1885 in a mythical kingdom, it sparkles with romance, music, beauty, adventure and intrigue. The splendid teamwork of Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald and the inspired direction of Ernst Lubitsch make this an almost perfect film. The cast includes Edward Everett Horton, Una Merkel, George Barbier and Minna Gombell.—*Metro.*

Stamboul Quest

● ● ● Espionage and romance in colorful Constantinople during the early days of the world war are woven into a strong story with fine suspense and more than ordinary plausibility. Myrna Loy is a German spy and George Brent a young American medical student.—*Metro.*

Ladies Should Listen

● ● ● More fun and plenty of it. The story moves rapidly with snappy dialogue, screamingly funny situations and sustained interest. Cary Grant springs a great surprise with



Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter tingle with excitement as **Broadway Bill** *thunders by in Columbia's new picture of that title, shot at Tanforan*

his success as a *farceur.* Others in the cast are Frances Drake, Edward Everett Horton and Charlie Ray, the famous favorite of silent pictures, who does a small rôle well.—*Paramount.*

A Hat, a Coat and a Glove

• • • Ricardo Cortez in the old, familiar rôle of the fond husband who, as the defense attorney, pleads with the law for his wife's lover—John Boles—when Dorothy Burgess is done in and clues point to John as the malefactor. A well cast, convincing and very entertaining picture.—*Radio.*

Now And Forever

• • • This is the story of Jerry, Toni and Pennie, in real life Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple. It's a grand yarn, good entertainment all the way through. Gary and Carole, as the confidence man and the society girl who gives up her life of ease to follow him to the four corners of the earth, are splendid, but little Shirley, cast as Gary's daughter, steals the picture as usual.—*Paramount.*

Servants' Entrance

• • • • Janet's latest will delight all Gaynor fans. It is a lively piece, a youthful, romantic story appealingly laid in Sweden. The plot is slight but its quality of make-believe just suits the Gaynor tempo. Janet and G. P. Huntley Jr., both wealthy, decide that love in a cottage will mean happiness, so they give themselves three months of training. Janet hires out as a housemaid and falls in love with Lew Ayres, her employer's chauffeur. The cast includes Walter Connolly in a fine part and Ned Sparks, who contributes the never-failing Sparks of comedy.—*Fox.*

Happy Landings

• • • An exciting and enjoyable out-of-doors melodrama which starts off as a light comedy and ends in a welter of murder, romance and intrigue on the high seas and in the air involving two officers of the border patrol. Cast includes Ray Walker, Jacqueline Wells, William Farnum and Noah Beery.—*Monogram.*

Housewife

• • • George Brent as the unsuccessful manager of an advertising agency and Ann Dvorak as his wife, who at last persuades him to chuck it all. Her hope that this move will give him self-confidence is rewarded and he becomes a big shot. But trouble develops between Ann and Bette Davis, his new heart interest. John Halliday and Ruth Donnelly give fine support.—*Warners.*

DRAW ME!



COMPETE FOR AN *Art* SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfit. (Value of each course, $190.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from $1000 to $5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 4½ inches high, on paper 8 inches wide by 7 inches high. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Sept. 25th, 1934. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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1027D Federal Schools Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

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History records that Cleopatra's greatest charm was the deep, dark beauty of her commanding eyes . . . eyes that were mirrored pools, their brilliant depths subtly enhanced with beautifully accented lashes.

Yet, with all her wealth and power, Cleopatra had only the crudest materials . . . How she would have revelled in having smooth, delightful Maybelline . . . the non-smarting, tear-proof, utterly harmless mascara with which modern women instantly darken their lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Nothing from Paris can rival it! Maybelline's use by millions of women for over sixteen years recommends it to you!

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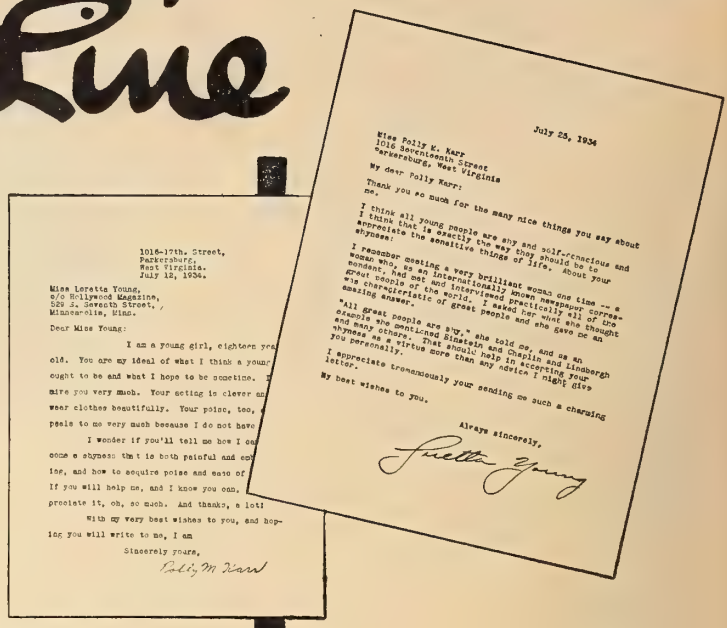
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THE APPROVED MASCARA

Drop Me a Line

Dollars for letters to the stars . . . and personal answers! See page 53



1016-17th. Street,
Parkersburg,
West Virginia.
July 12, 1934.

Miss Loretta Young,
c/o Hollywood Magazine,
529 S. Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Miss Young:

I am a young girl, eighteen yea
old. You are my ideal of what I think a youn
ought to be and what I hope to be sometime.
mire you very much. Your acting is clever a
wear clothes beautifully. Your poise, too,
peals to me very much because I do not have

I wonder if you'll tell me how I ca
come a shyness that is both painful and em
ing, and how to acquire poise and ease of
If you will help me, and I know you can,
preciate it, oh, so much. And thanks, a lot!

With my very best wishes to you, and hop-
ing you will write to me, I am

Sincerely yours,

Polly M. Karr

July 25, 1934

Miss Polly M. Karr
1016 Seventeenth Street
Parkersburg, West Virginia

My dear Polly Karr:

Thank you so much for the many nice things you say about me.

I think all young people are shy and self-conscious and I think that is exactly the way they should be to appreciate the sensitive things of life. About your shyness:

I remember meeting a very brilliant woman one time -- a woman who, as an internationally known newspaper correspondent, had met and interviewed practically all of the great people of the world. I asked her what she thought was characteristic of great people and she gave me an amazing answer.

"All great people are shy," she told me, and as an example she mentioned Einstein and Chaplin and Lindbergh and many others. That should help in accepting your shyness as a virtue more than any advice I might give you personally.

I appreciate tremendously your sending me such a charming letter.

My best wishes to you.

Always sincerely,

Loretta Young

Polly M. Karr, 1016 17th St., Parkersburg, W. Va., wins $10 prize for this letter to Loretta Young. A facsimile of Loretta's answer appears at the right . . . Perhaps next month your letter will win!

Minds in the Gutter

THERE IS A LESSON in every so-called sex and triangle picture, if they are only looked at in the right way. Let us heed the lessons that come to us via the screen. Why criticize these pictures? They have done more for our young people than any sharp-tongued spinster or well-meaning church-goer. Sensible people recognize that drama should be left as free as possible, otherwise creative power and truthful portrayal are lost. People with their minds in the gutter see wrong in all love scenes. They do not see the beauty and reality of the picture.

MRS. LILLIAN MAXWELL,
1114 Buena Vista Ave.,
($5.00 Letter) Waukesha, Wis.

Best Sermon

THREE days ago I saw *Manhattan Melodrama* and the picture is not yet off my mind. Being young, I naturally hate being preached to, but if all sermons were presented as forcefully and yet in such an interesting manner as was the one in *Manhattan Melodrama* I could easily stand a sermon every day. I truly believe that every man, woman and child should see this picture for his or her own good. ($1.00 Letter)

CATHERINE HOLMAN,
Box 247, Eagle Lake, Texas.

Spoils the Show

HOLLYWOOD PRODUCERS now seem to have a new habit which, I think, often robs pictures of some of their entertainment value. Striking airplane crashes, cut from newsreels, are being included in dramatic pic-

Please turn to page fifty-two

Polly Karr's Letter

Dear Miss Young:

I am a young girl, eighteen years old. You are my ideal of what I think a young girl ought to be and what I hope to be sometime. I admire you very much. Your acting is clever and you wear clothes beautifully. Your poise, too, appeals to me very much because I do not have it.

I wonder if you'll tell me how I can overcome a shyness that is both painful and embarrassing, and how to acquire poise and ease of manner. If you will help me, and I know you can, I'll appreciate it, oh, so much. And thanks, a lot!

With my very best wishes to you, and hoping you will write to me, I am

Sincerely yours,
POLLY M. KARR.

And Loretta's Reply

My Dear Polly Karr:

Thank you so much for the many nice things you say about me.

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I appreciate tremendously your sending me such a charming letter.

My best wishes to you.

Always sincerely,

LORETTA YOUNG.


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UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment SUPREME!
30 Stars of Screen and Radio
—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!
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★GLORIA STUART
★PHIL BAKER
★Paul Lukas
★Ethel Waters
★Chester Morris
★Alexander Woollcott
★Douglass Montgomery
★Binnie Barnes
★Roger Pryor
★Karloff
★Gene Austin
★Graham McNamee
★Bela Lugosi
★Alice White
★Ruth Etting
★June Knight
★Victor Moore
★Andy Devine
★Hugh O'Connell
★Gus Arnheim's Orchestra
★Sterling Holloway
★Henry Armetta
★Downey Sisters
★Beal Street Boys
★Douglas Fowley
★Wini Shaw
★Helen Vinson
★Candy and Coco
★Surprise Personality
HEAR THESE SONG HITS—
"Talking to Myself."
"Blue Sky Avenue."
"I Ain't Gonna Sin No More."
"Somebody Looks Good To Me."
"Don't Let This Waltz Mean Goodbye."
Directed by KARL FREUND
Screen play by RIAN JAMES
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



Pointed comment on cinema affairs and people

by

W. H. FAWCETT

Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine

The PUBLISHER'S PAGE

A Challenge to All Fans

THE INTELLIGENCE, THE moral fiber and the good sense of all screen fans is being challenged in the present wild and perniciously indiscriminate crusade against the moving picture industry.

We are even now being told what we may and may not see because it is alleged that we—the millions who regularly spend a few joyful hours in our favorite theatres—are such weak, impressionable mortals that we cannot see anything stronger than a Pollyanna story on the screen without breaking out in a rash of criminality and lechery. That is a base libel, and one that every self-respecting person will resent to the last breath he draws.

Any sane adult who accepts the dictation of *anybody* as to what he should or should not see is admitting his incapacity to manage his own life. Are we ready to admit that? No!

The moving picture industry has its faults, of course, and despite constant and successful efforts to make better and better pictures, some undesirable scenes and dialogue have crept in. What started as a simple, sincere and legitimate drive to quietly eliminate this matter was torn from the hands of its progenitors by a coterie of moral hoodlums who turned it into a orgy of hate and proceeded to hatchet the finest products of the camera. Witness the condemnation of such superb and utterly impeccable pictures as *Little Man, What Now?*, *All Men Are Enemies*, that masterpiece *It Happened One Night*, *Little Miss Marker*, *The Thin Man*, *Of Human Bondage*, *Queen Christina*, *This Man Is Mine*, *Twentieth Century*, *Viva Villa*, *As the Earth Turns* and others of like high caliber.

Can we have confidence in the good faith, good judgment and integrity of those who denounce such pictures? Will we submit to the humiliation of having them dictate our entertainment?

We who go to the theatre for pleasure, and find it, and want to *continue* to find it, have got to stand up on our hind legs and begin telling the world that we are *not* going to see our legitimate pleasure snatched from us to satisfy the passion of a few fanatics and professional reformers without a battle.

Write to your local theatre manager, tell him you're behind him, that you want to see the best pictures that can be produced, that you're not children still wet behind the ears, even if the purists seem to think so; write to the producers, shout your resentment of that implication from the housetops!



Marie Dressler

Vale, Marie

WHILE MANY ANOTHER star has found the latter years of existence filled with bitterness and disillusion, it was Marie Dressler's happy lot to achieve her greatest success in the evening of her life. Hers was a triumphant exit from this mortal stage with the deafening applause of millions ringing in her ears. Through late youth and middle age she battled against adversity and discouragement to win imperishable fame, never losing her sense of balance, never allowing the exigencies of the moment to curb her generous nature, always her own cheerful, kindly, lovable, loyal self with a heart as big as the earth. The screen's loss is irreparable, and with the late Warren G. Harding we say, the world is a better place because Marie Dressler lived. Vale.



Ann Harding

Ann's Ultimatum

ANN HARDING was driving around Los Angeles one day just after the release of *The Life of Vergie Winters* when she noticed a huge billboard advertising the picture—one of the billboards which, she remembered having been told, would dot the nation. She looked at it and could hardly believe her eyes. But it was true—there she was, dressed in an extremely low-cut gown, reclining in a man's lap—a scene that had nothing to do with the film. Ann, furious, drove immediately to the executive offices of her studio. And when she got there she delivered an ultimatum: Either those billboards would be obliterated overnight, or Ann Harding would never make another picture for that company. They *were* withdrawn, and Ann rates cheers for having the courage of her convictions.

A Garbo Coup?



Greta Garbo

REPORTERS WHO HAVE for years dogged the steps of the Great Garbo, seeking morsels of news to feed her gossip-hungry fans, bring to these attentive ears of ours tidings of strange things. It seems that when work started on her new picture, *The Painted Veil*, a less mysterious, more human Garbo began to emerge. She discarded her former hauteur and appeared cheerfully day after day for costume fittings, posed more willingly for "stills" and, what's more, was seen and heard mingling and talking with lowly extras! Perhaps it's just a queen's whim—this stepping down among the commoners. Or, perhaps, she's executing a clever coup to make seclusion *passé* and leave Hepburn high and dry. The queen will not be copied!

Danger Ahead!



Lupe Velez

THE LUPE VELEZ-JOHNNY WEISSMULLER marriage crash (that is, the latest one, as of this morning) was just another event in a deplorable series. Back in the era when Guadalupe started her cinema career opposite Doug Fairbanks in *The Gaucho*, the present Mexican wildcat was her own natural self. Everybody was for her and her future was bright. She soared sensationally in the talkies. Then she evidently decided that "temperament" was a short-cut to the gilded heights, and the fireworks began. Unless she reverts to type and again becomes the friendly, ambitious-to-get-ahead gal she was when Hollywood discovered her, her career is in jeopardy. Kidding the fans is poor business.

Janet Gaynor IN SERVANTS' ENTRANCE

ADVANCE VIEWS OF HER NEW PICTURE



Love in a motorboat. The little rich girl learning to be poor (Janet) out for a spin with her employer's chauffeur (Lew Ayres)



G. P. Huntley, Jr., who carved a name for himself in Little Man, What Now?; *Lew Ayres and Janet*



The kitchen may be a wreck, but thank heaven the pie's safe. Janet appears to be a little surprised about it all

Al Jolson tells

HOW RUBY KEELER HOLDS



That big Jolson grin is famous, and there's added reason for it in this picture for that's Ruby Keeler he's got his arm around. Cupid shot the Jolsons with an arrow that never came out

Al in a typical black-face rôle. This is the way you'll see him in his new picture, Go Into Your Dance*—if the watermelon holds out!*

Al Jolson admits it. "Ruby's still got me plumb off my ear. I tell you, I fall deeper in love with that girl every day."

And Al gives it a Jolson grin and continues, "Say, I wish everybody could know her like I do. (Pa-leeze, Mr. Jolson, don't we all?) She's marvelous—she's wonderful—she's got talent and youth and charm and she's sweet and unspoiled and she's—she's Ruby, that's all. She's *Ruby.* I tell you—"

Try to stop a guy named Jolson when he starts raving about a gal named Keeler. If you can do it you get the flannel medal and how! For there's one unique distinction Ruby's brought upon her husband that he's probably never dreamed of—she's made him the most adjective-minded male you'll ever meet. Says he, "I run out of words."

And he does. Which is sometimes a help, for now we can analyze how Ruby, wittingly or made-in-heavenly if you must, got for herself Al, a three-lettered prefix attached to her name and just about the most beautiful diamond-studded wedding ring you ever looked at. After all it's a great game—this getting and holding a man—with a thousand ways to win. And this story is about how little Ruby Keeler is playing it.

Approximately five seconds after somebody backstage of *The Sidewalks of New York* (which happened to be laid in Chicago that night) had mumbled, "Miss Keeler—Mr. Jolson," Ruby had Al thinking he was the most important man in the world.

"How do you do?" said Al. "You're great. I think you're wonderful!"

Quite a compliment, that, from a famous person. Quite a cue for that compliment to be returned. But what did Ruby answer? Nothing. She just looked at Al Jolson in the flesh for the first time and blushed from head to toe. Ruby, the then bit-player, said more nice things to Mr. Jolson the star with that one blush than all the pretty speeches going.

"She turned pink all over and I'll never forget the way she looked up at me. She looked up. . . ."

Thank you very much, Mr. Jolson. You've explained in three words perhaps the most valuable hold Ruby Keeler has on you. She looked up to you and she's kept on looking up ever since.

● Lots of things have happened to Ruby since a venerable old justice of the peace in San Francisco gave two newlyweds his blessing one day. She's risen to the peak in pictures while twice the fates have given Al a pretty nasty blow. But do you think, regardless of what happens, she'll ever let her husband stop believing he's a rung above her on the ladder of achievement? Not Ruby. Not any clever woman. If that's inevitable, then Ruby Keeler will quit pictures first. No career, she states, could ever take the place of her marriage to Al Jolson.

Gather around and listen, girls. Every woman who wants to keep a husband happy can learn something from the love secrets Al reveals

by MARY WATKINS REEVES

HER MAN

"Ruby's told me that a lot of times," says Al. "It makes me happy to know she feels that way about it."

Too, for Mrs. Jolson, Al's is the superior judgment in the family. Always Al's got to be consulted first.

The stage after her marriage? Well, not for three whole years. Al didn't want her to.

"Where will you two build?" friends queried when a permanent home was discussed. Four years after her wedding day Ruby was still enough in love to simply state, "Oh, we've decided on California—it's Al's preference."

"The yellow gown, madame, it is very chic!"

"I'll take the aquamarine, I think. Al likes me in blue."

"You ought to see us shopping together," Al beams. "She's got marvellous style and taste herself but she'll say, 'I want you to go along, darling. You have such perfectly grand ideas about clothes.'"

And party or no party, Ruby's got to be close to a loudspeaker whenever Al broadcasts, for the finest thing radio can offer her is her husband's voice, frequently a whole continent away. Then she telephones, unless he beats her to it.

"You were simply splendid tonight, Al" she invariably says in her sweetest manner.

"If there's anything about the broadcast she thinks I could improve upon she'll tell me," Jolson reveals. "But she always ends up with that, bless her heart."

So it goes. Those aren't the sort of things that makes husbands mad by any means.

● It all boils down to flattery, subtlety and consistently applied, genuine compliments that come as the unpremeditated outgrowth of a beautiful relationship. But they're a symphony to Al Jolson's ears! Deeply in love and sincerely adoring, flattery's just natural with Ruby Keeler—and maybe it is with you. But if it's not, here's an all-powerful feminine attribute easily cultivated if you will. It only takes a little constant enthusiasm, a little giving in. And after all it's not *how* you hold your man—it's *holding* him that counts!

Al will tell you:

"Ruby hates to be away from me as much as I hate to be away from her. When we're together we frequently just stay at home and are happy by ourselves. Or we fish and swim or play golf. She's always satisfied to enjoy with me the simplest things. Quiet evenings alone, maybe a few friends in, maybe a show. Funny—she's always been that way.

"And we never disagree."

If you could hear Al Jolson talk of his home life you'd believe that. Of course unceasing agreement is practically impossible, but if any adaptation of tastes has had to be made Ruby's done a woman's part which is much the greater portion.

Please turn to page forty-seven



It's a dead center cinch Ruby Keeler doesn't have to fish for compliments, so it must be fish she's fishin' for in this vur-r-ry attractive scene from Dames

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SHADOW of the "SNATCH" Hangs Over Bing



The threat against his eldest son has changed Bing Crosby's whole life . . . This article is a revelation of the searing torment that has raged in his soul, concealed until now under the trouper's mask

by ELZA SCHALLERT

NOW THAT BING CROSBY and his wife, Dixie Lee, are the proud and happy parents of twin boys—which brings their sturdy little family up to three sons—I feel free to tell something that I purposely have withheld until the present.

It is the story of the terrible mental agony that Bing and his wife have suffered ever since the hideous kidnaping threat against their pitifully helpless babe, Gary Evan, six months ago.

It is the story of the searing torment that has been raging in Bing Crosby's soul, and the everlasting impression of somberness that has been branded upon his personality by this threat.

It is the story of the terrifying thoughts and devastating emotions that seethed in the mind and heart of Dixie Lee Crosby during those black, bitter hours when cruel, vicious hands seemed ready to wrench her first-born from her arms, the while she once again awaited motherhood.

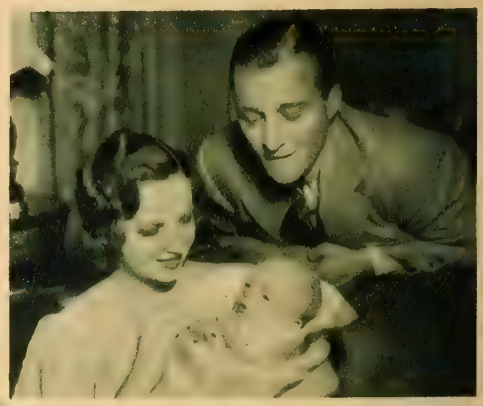
Bing and I have had numerous talks about the changes that have come into his life ever since that terrible day when little Gary Evan was threatened with "snatching."

And I have hesitated until now to divulge what was said during those conversations which revealed so much of the Bing the public little knows, because I thought Bing would feel that it might

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"From somewhere you get strength to tear the earth apart with your two hands," says Bing. "God help the kidnaper you could lay hands on at that time." Perhaps Bing was thinking of kidnapers while making this scene for She Loves Me Not *with Warren Hymer*



Dixie Lee and Bing gaze fondly at Gary Evan Crosby, their firstborn, soon after his advent. Recently Bing received threats that the child would be kidnaped. The birth of the twins added to his worries as well as his joy

The familiar Mae West of today, nonchalant and wise in Belle of the Nineties, *her newest picture*

WEST of Broadway

A REMINISCENCE OF MAE'S EARLY DAYS

by HARRY RICHMAN
as told to RUTH GERI





As Mae appeared in 1915, the period of which Harry Richman writes ⟶



Harry Richman when he was a virtually unknown vaudevillian appearing with Mae in a variety skit

"MISS WEST, may I present Mr. Harry Richman."

The speaker: James Timoney, New York theatrical attorney. The place: The office of the William K. Harris Music Publishing company. The time: 1915. All the details of my first meeting with Mae West are stamped indelibly in my mind, after all those years.

I had just returned from the Panama-Pacific exposition in San Francisco where, as a member of the Jewel City Trio, I had been appearing in fourteen shows a day. Take it from me, there are very few things you can do fourteen times a day without getting pretty tired of it all, and when I returned to New York, for once in my life I did not mind being out of work. Sleep seemed a lot more important than eating regularly. Before long, though, I began to think that perhaps eating fourteen times a day was something I wouldn't get tired of.

You can understand, then, why I wasted no time when I received a call from the Keith offices to get in touch with Mr. Timoney. He told me he had a client who was seeking a vaudeville partner, and we arranged a meeting in one of the Harris studios. I arrived right on the minute, and Timoney performed the introduction.

● It is hard to believe how like the Mae West of today the Mae West of 1915 appeared when I met her then. The same curves, bustles, curly blond hair, floppy picture hat and all. To see Miss West today one who knew her then might imagine that here was a present-day-female Rip Van Winkle, fresh from a twenty-year nap.

Her acknowledgment of Timoney's introduction was typical, and I must admit left me slightly ill at ease. She did not speak; did not even smile. Instead, her eyes swept me from head to foot, a long, appraising stare. I felt an

Please turn to page sixty-three

A revealing portrait by Mae's one-time piano player, now a noted stage star

THE LOVE STORY OF ONE WOMAN AND ONE MAN..

That mirrors the emotions of every woman and every man facing the turmoil of the world today.

FOX FILM Presents

THE WORLD MOVES ON

THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY



MADELEINE
CARROLL
FRANCHOT
TONE

•

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by John Ford
Author: Reginald Berkeley

FOX



Carole Lombard

• • • because she climbed from Mack Sennett comedies to the top of the screen ladder; because, in *Twentieth Century*, she gave one of the finest performances in her career—or anybody's career; because she scores again in *Now and Forever* with Gary Cooper; and because, on or off the screen, she is one of Hollywood's loveliest and most talented ladies



• • • because Clark and Joan thrilled movie fans everywhere with their first co-starring vehicle, *Dancing Lady;* because they're teamed again in another superb picture, *Chained;* and because each represents the ideal of millions of worshippers



• • • because Fredric has achieved phenomenal popularity in such widely diversified rôles as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Death* and the poet *Robert Browning;* because Anna, child of the steppes, electrified America as *Nana;* and because they are co-starred in *We Live Again*



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• • • because Herbert, the slightly melancholy Englishman, has that certain charm that devastates most women; because he is one of the most sought-after leading men in Hollywood, choice of the screen's greatest stars; because Greta, loftiest of all screen idols, has lately become less of a recluse; and because they will be seen together shortly in *The Painted Veil*



Herbert Marshall AND Greta Garbo

"I Want a Wife Who Works—"

Douglass Montgomery

A shining young Hollywood star gives his prescription for a happy marriage in a land where divorces and separations are frequent

by GRACE SIMPSON



"If You Have a wife in Hollywood, everybody's trying to separate you. But if you haven't one, everybody's trying to marry you off! So, what's a poor fellow to do?" grinned Douglass Montgomery, over his tomato cocktail and huge dish of corned beef and cabbage (Dinty Moore style). "It's a sad dilemma any way you look at it."

With my mouth full of shrimp salad, I nodded politely, but, not being a reincarnation of King Solomon's sister or anything like that, I couldn't suggest any bright solution.

"I guess the only thing to do," went on Doug, "is to keep moving along until Dan Cupid catches up with me and pumps me full of his choicest arrows! And then events will have to take care of themselves.

"Mind you, I'm not running away from love and I think girls are really swell company. As a matter of fact, I have my ideal girl pictured in my mind right this minute. She's very beautiful to look upon (I always did consider looks most essential). She's not, however, a duplicate of a magazine cover, for that's not my idea of beauty. I like high cheek bones, rather large mouth, dark hair—in short, sort of a glorified Hepburn type.

"I'm not actually in dire want of a wife at this moment, but when—and if—I do marry, I'll want her to be an actress."

"Yes? Maybe you have a name in mind?" I angled with alert eyes. But Douglass merely smiled and shook his head. He and Lois Moran (whom Winchell hinted might be secretly his—Doug's—bride) are just very good friends, he assured me, and Claudia Morgan, to whom he showed a bit of devotion, is now married to somebody else.

"My reasons for wishing to marry a professional?" echoed Douglass. "Well, I love folk of the theatre. I think they are the most charming people in the world and the kindest and nicest. Furthermore, I do not think a non-professional would understand the volatile moods of an actor, those little play-acting moments and such.

"Yes, and I would want my wife to be working, too! She should have her own career to think about and be financially independent."

"Why, Douglass!" I exclaimed in mock dismay. His face broke into a broad grin.

"I don't mean to give the impression that I would not support my own wife," he laughed. "But I do believe we'd have more in common and she'd be happier earning her own money and spending it as she liked. My idea is that much unhappiness including many petty quarrels—could be averted if the wife had her own income and her interest continued in her work.

"Personally, I have, I'm afraid, such extravagant tastes that many girls would be actually scared of me! For instance, besides a home in Hollywood, I'd love an apartment in New York, one in London, and a big old-fashioned rambling house in Wyoming, where I could spend my later years. Naturally, with such engrossing ambitions, I work like the very devil to get ahead. If it were not for the work, I'm afraid I'd get rather lonely. You know, a bachelor can get very lonely out here in Hollywood."

"Lonely?" I repeated, "and with all the beautiful little maidens gracing the Hollywood atmosphere!"

"Aha, that's the fly in the ointment!" quoth Douglass. "I know lots of girls—decidedly nice ones, too. Now, just for a moment, suppose I take one of them to a première or something like that. I like her. She seems to like me. Presently, if she doesn't happen to be a young lady of the films, she is apt to be embarrassed because of having her photograph snapped at the theatre, but—the next day the

Please turn to page fifty

The Merry...



Jeanette MacDonald was never more charming than in The Merry Widow



by JACK SMALLEY

It Must Be catching, this virus of love. Maybe Cupid uses a special germ instead of arrows, for he most certainly infected *The Merry Widow* with romance.

Love was in the air during the making of this gorgeous Lehar operetta, Hollywood's most colorful production of the year, musically speaking, and I don't know whether it was brought onto the set by that mischievous fellow Lubitsch, or whether to just blame it on the waltz.

At all events, sheer happiness and a love thy neighbor spirit made bouyant and joyous the entire production. Never has Ernst Lubitsch been in gayer mood. That romantic contagion of his spread to everyone in the cast.

First off, he announced that he was going to hold a grand and glorious wedding for Jeanette MacDonald and her fiancé, Robert Ritchie!

"When we finish the picture, I open my house," he proclaimed, his black eyes sparkling. He waved his cigar at astounded Jeanette. "You think it is not big enough? To prove it, I invite everybody in Hollywood to your wedding!"

Jeanette nearly swooned. In vain she pointed out that Mr. Ritchie had just returned from Europe; they had no definite marriage plans; but Lubitsch would not listen. What could be more delightful to celebrate the completion of his new home than a wedding? "I arrange everything," he tut-tutted. "Leave it all to me."

Just close your eyes a moment and visualize dynamic little Lubitsch. Wouldn't he make a dandy cupid, with that cigar cocked at an impish angle?

"But I am not ready for marriage," Jeanette told me earnestly. "When I marry, I wish to be able to settle down and make a career of it, and pictures are keeping me too busy to put on a domestic apron just now."

But she's in love — if you don't believe it, go see *The Merry Widow*, Jeanette never looked more lovely. Even so, the camera can never give you the full flavor of her exquisite beauty, the copperish tint of her blonde hair, the flawless complexion, the—did I say cupid's virus was catching? But you'd fall in love with her too.

And then there's something brighter about the Chevalier smile in this production, and it isn't all due to the comedy of the plot or the lilt of Franz Lehar's waltzes.

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MERRY WIDOW



Cupid Lubitsch

Gay operetta that it is, no wonder romance and merriment pervaded the set when *The Merry Widow* was made . . . You'll enjoy this unusual behind-the-scenes story



—*Allan*

This magnificent picture of the shooting of a* Merry Widow *scene shows three cameras trained on the players while Director Lubitsch (with cigar) watches Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier weave through the evolutions of Franz Lehar's romantic waltz

Una Merkel, Chevalier and George Barbier in the comical philandering sequence. Una is the queen and George the king





Just surrounded by loveliness, but the great Maurice seems to be a bit distraught in this scene



What a couple—Jeanette MacDonald and Chevalier in one of the picture's many romantic interludes

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"But I am not ready for marriage," Jeanette told me earnestly. "When I marry, I wish to be able to settle down and make a career of it, and pictures are keeping me too busy to put on a domestic apron just now."

But she's in love — if you don't believe it, go see *The Merry Widow*, Jeanette never looked more lovely. Even so, the camera can never give you the full flavor of her exquisite beauty, the copperish tint of her blonde hair, the flawless complexion, the—did I say cupid's virus was catching? But you'd fall in love with her too.

And then there's something brighter about the Chevalier smile in this production, and it isn't all due to the comedy of the plot or the lilt of Franz Lehar's waltzes.

Please turn to page sixty

MERRY WIDOW



Cupid Lubitsch

Gay operetta that it is, no wonder romance and merriment pervaded the set when *The Merry Widow* was made . . . You'll enjoy this unusual behind-the-scenes story



—*Allan*

This magnificent picture of the shooting of a* Merry Widow *scene shows three cameras trained on the players while Director Lubitsch (with cigar) watches Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier weave through the evolutions of Franz Lehar's romantic waltz

Una Merkel, Chevalier and George Barbier in the comical philandering sequence. Una is the queen and George the king





Just surrounded by loveliness, but the great Maurice seems to be a bit distraught in this scene



What a couple—Jeanette MacDonald and Chevalier in one of the picture's many romantic interludes

Roaming Around Movieland with the news

Loyalty's Rich Reward

While Millions the world over are mourning the passing of Marie Dressler—*Queen Marie* of the realm of make-believe—none is more deeply bowed in grief than is Mamie Cox, the colored maid who danced attendance on the beloved star for nearly twenty years.

It was to Mamie that Marie willed the bulk of her estate—wealth sufficient to keep this faithful servant and her husband who served as Marie's chauffeur, in luxury for the balance of their days.

Often in that period between the end of the world war and the start of her sensational climb to movie stardom, when Marie found herself penniless she tried to induce Mamie to seek other employment. But devotion to her mistress meant more to Mamie than weekly paychecks.

Six trained nurses were on duty at Marie's bedside on the million-dollar C. K. G. Billings place at Montecito where Marie breathed her last, yet the dominant figure in the sick chamber was Mamie, who knew every detail of the physicians' instructions and who ruled over the others with unflagging zeal.

Throughout Marie's last weeks, Mamie sat almost constantly holding the hands whose slightest gesture has caused theatre audiences to laugh or cry.

During her more than half a century behind the footlights and on the screen, Marie Dressler built several fortunes, only to part with them in aiding those less fortunate. The exact value of Mamie's inheritance will not be known until the Dressler mansion in Beverly Hills, securities stowed in safety vaults and Marie's various bank accounts have been appraised. However, there's plenty so that Mamie need never have any more financial worries!



—*Kling*

It may be* The Dragon Murder Case *in which Margaret Lindsay wears this bewitching outfit, but with us it's a case of love at first sight

His Lucky Day

Ten days before the stork arrived at Dixie Lee's bedside, Bing Crosby had definite assurance that the long-legged bird was bringing him twins. Yep, the modern X-ray is a miraculous contrivance.

What worried Bing after that, however, was the sex of the promised offspring. When the nurse finally brought the word that they were boys, Bing let loose a war-whoop.

"Gee, and they call Friday, the 13th, an unlucky day?"

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That Heated Love Affair—and it was real love, too—between Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy has been stored away in the cooler because marriage was not for them. Spencer still is the legal though estranged husband of Louise Treadwell. Both he and Loretta are devout Catholics, and divorce is not for one of their faith.

They're still friends, however, and they'll probably always remain that way, for Spencer is one of the truly sincere fellows in the talkie colony.

Coincidence, That's All!

Loretta Young was in the Los Angeles Queen of the Angels hospital, recuperating after a minor operation, when she and Spencer decided to call it off.

Hot FROM



—*Wide World*

When you're little and hungry and far from home, milk tastes so-o-o-o good even out of a tin cup, according to Shirley Temple, caught by the cameraman while on location at Lake Arrowhead

Romance

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EARLY IN THEIR courtship, Joan Crawford presented Franchot Tone with a Scotty pup with a pedigree longer than the trans-Atlantic cables. Franchot lives less than two blocks from Greta Garbo, and Greta, too, owns a Scotty. Daily Garbo's purp sneaks away from the Swede's estate and hot-foots down the street, where it holds a tryst with Tone's canine. Hollywood romances have started on less!

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Carole Lombard makes a sweet picture in an all-black silk bathing suit as she sits curled up in this very curlicue chair absorbing a bit of sun

HOLLYWOOD

Late news condensed and correlated for your convenience

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with the news sleuth



SCOOP! This advance shot from The Painted Veil *shows Herbert Marshall, Garbo and Jean Hersholt in action*

Rudolph Seiber is continuing his American sojourn, but that doesn't seem to interfere with Marlene's palship with Douglass Montgomery, Brian Aherne, Francis Lederer and Josef von Sternberg.

Marlene has been slipping out of side doors at the studio for mid-day meals with Brian because she doesn't want Hollywood to find out about them—and Hollywood probably hasn't! Douglass and Marlene have formed sort of a mutual society of artistic worship, praising or criticising one another's every movement on the screen. As for Joe—well, you know how Joe feels about his protegé.

Where There's Fire—

THE RUMOR THAT Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg are finished as a director-star team refuses to be downed despite Josef's strenuous denials.

Marlene, it seems, is wearying of Josef's professional domination, although she still enjoys his off-stage companionship—on occasion. Also, 'tis said, she feels that she has fully repaid her *discovery* debt to the megaphonist who brought her over from Germany through bringing him back to the Paramount fold after he had walked out on that company.

Cupid Smiles Again!

BETTE DAVIS' star was only in its ascendency when she slipped away and married Harmon O. Nelson, her childhood sweetheart. Then, as Bette neared the top of the ladder in her career, a breach developed between her and her bridegroom, and Harmon hied himself to New York.

When, last December, black clouds hovered over Bette's head and all indications were that Warner Brothers would drop her name from their roster, Harmon came back to comfort and aid her as best he could. His westward journey was announced as a two weeks' respite from his radio duties, but Harmon lingered on, encouraging and advising Bette.

Now Bette's on top again, her orb

Hot FROM HOLLYWOOD

that she's Mrs. Waldo Logan . . . Waldo is the scion of the founder of the rich stock market firm . . . Oil heiress Janet Snowden has Reno-ized her Prince and ankled it with William Gill, actors' agent, who used to be Rénée Adorée's mate . . .

Divorce

SLIM SUMMERVILLE, the lanky comedian, and Gertie have kissed and made up . . . but not until after Gert filed suit for separate maintenance . . . Lucy Doraine, who wed Jorgen von Dietz a few days after the latter had sued Doug Fairbanks, Jr., for alienating the first Mrs. Dietz's affections, had appealed to the tribunals for a decree, charging cruelty . . . the Dietz-Fairbanks matter was tossed out of court . . . Mary Hay, Richard Barthelmess' first, is trying to rid herself of the supposedly-rich Vivian Bath, London rubber merchant, via San Francisco legal alleys . . . Dudley Murphy may be a cracker-jack film director, but he was a flop as a husband, 21-year-old Josephine Murphy confided to a Los Angeles judge when she asked her freedom and restoration of her maiden name . . . Wheeler Oakman's frau is suing him for a decree with alimony . . . Wheeler's first wife was Priscilla Dean.

Births

SALLY EILERS and Harry Joe Brown are back from Honolulu to await the coming of their heir . . . the Kurt Neumanns (he's the megaphonist) are rejoicing 'cause it's a son . . . Fatherhood is a trying business, so Cameraman George Barnes is vacationing until Joan Blondell's nurse brings word as to whether it's a boy or a girl . . . The Jack Carringtons (Marie Quillan) have a son . . . Ethelyn Claire and Ernie Westmore, the makeup man, have placed an order for a crib for Christmas delivery . . . The Andy Devines are peering into layette shoppe windows . . . The William (Director) Wellmans are expectant . . . And, of course, the Bing Crosbys (Dixie Lee) increased the popul.tion by twin boys.

Deaths

ALEC FRANCIS, one of the really grand old men of the silversheet, has gone to his last reward . . . *I'll Tell the World* and *Alice in Wonderland* provided his final rôles . . . Director Harry Pollard who has been with the films since Hector was a pup, died at the height of his megaphoning career . . . born on a Kansas farm, he ran away from home to become a stock company actor, topping off his rise by directing Robert Montgomery in *Shipmates* and Jackie Cooper in *When a Feller Needs a Friend* . . . Victor Moore, Broadway comedian, was giving of his best in Columbia's *Romance in the Rain* when he was handed a wire inform-



—Apger

***If these are the co-eds—name the college and we'll all go back to school! A typical moment between scenes with some embryo Helen Morgans in the cast of Metro's* Student Tour**



—Richee

Beauteous Katherine DeMille at the pool on the estate of her father, the famous director, Cecil B. DeMille. She spurned a part in his spectacular* Cleopatra *to go it on her own in a major rôle in Mae West's new picture

shining brighter than ever before because of her stellar portrayal in *Of Human Bondage.*

With Hollywood divorce mills grinding overtime, the revival of the Bette-Harmon school day love affair comes as a sweet note in a sour symphony.

Lupe's Big Mistake?

LUPE VELEZ and Johnny Weissmuller had been battling for weeks—not one long-drawn-out fight, but too many of short duration because all of them found their way onto the front-pages of the dailies. The fan public was about filled up, and news of Lupe's legal proceedings against Johnny came as a relief to frayed nerves—of newspaper readers.

Johnny said his last farewells on a Tuesday night, and moved from Lupe's Beverly abode to bachelor quarters at the Hollywood Athletic Club. On Wednesday morning, Lupe filed her complaint with the Los Angeles courts, charging Johnny with mental cruelty, furniture-wrecking, morbidity and all the other things the average feminine star includes in such documents when she is mad clear through and love is dead.

But Thursday night found Lupe slipping into the Athletic Club and up to Johnny's apartment. Friday night saw them, hand-in-hand, at the Hollywood fights.



—Fryer

Bette Davis, whose sterling work in* Of Human Bondage *has been getting her plenty of plaudits, takes time out to romp with her dog

ing him of his wife's critical illness in New York . . . he couldn't get an eastbound plane until seven in the evening so he went on with his clowning until time to flee to the airfield . . . when his cloud-ship reached Chicago another wire was delivered to him . . . Mrs. Moore had passed on.

Please turn to page forty-nine

Did You Know That —

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, child sensation, has two brothers — one aged nine years, the other fifteen—and that neither of them ever have emoted before the grinding cameras?

Ain't Love Grand?

THE GLORIA SWANSON-HERBERT MARSHALL hearts continue to beat in unison despite the fact that Edna Best, Herbie's estranged frau, is due back in Hollywood almost any day now. Some of Herbert's English-born pals thought they had talked the soothing-voiced leading man out of la Swanson's life, but imagine their embarrassment when they read in their newspapers that Gloria and Herbie were week-end sunburning themselves aboard the palatial cruiser *Sobre re las Olas* off Catalina island . . . that they were previewing a talkie together in a Beverly theatre . . . that they joined forces to make whoopee t'other night at the King's club . . . that they—but why go on?

Heartaches for Janet

JANET GAYNOR hied herself off to Europe accompanied by the girl who dresses her hair when she is before the cameras.

Janet has had a little too much to endure of late. First, Winchell broadcast over the ether waves that she was the mother of a hidden child, the result of her union with Lydell Peck. Then came the marriage of Dr. Don Montgomery, handsome young Los Angeles dentist.

Janet and the tooth expert had been friends since before she rose to stardom in *Seventh Heaven.* He was Janet's real heart-throb before she switched her affections to Charlie Farrell, then to Lydell Peck.

Please turn to page fifty-eight

AN OPEN LETTER TO LYLE TALBOT

from
J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



—Fraker

Tell us who you're winking at, Lyle Talbot. That is a wink, isn't it?



—MacLean

Perhaps Wynne Gibson will be the girl you choose. Is she the one at whom you're winking?

DEAR LYLE:

Hitler and his Charlie Chaplin mustache, the New Deal and other events may hold the world's front pages but the question which is driving the ladies of the nation crazy is:

"Does Lyle Talbot intend to get married and if so, who, when and where?"

It's a serious question to the millions of girls who admire you on the screen, Lyle. They write me by the hundreds wanting to know. You started it all, you know, when you gave out that interview, saying that you wanted to find a bride and now it's up to you to make good or in the dog house you go as far as feminine America is concerned.

It isn't that the girls just want you to get married and out of circulation. It's because they know you are going to be hard to please when it comes to selecting a wife and they want to know who the fortunate girl is going to be. As a matter of fact, I imagine that the tears of the girls who will wish that they might have been Mrs. Lyle Talbot will reach the proportions of ole man river in flood.

I think you are a smart boy, Lyle. Hollywood marriage is no joke. It isn't something to be entered lightly or hurriedly into. You and I have seen too many of them go on the rocks with a dull, sickening thud, almost before the bride's permanent wave had set. Take your time, Lyle, but don't keep us waiting too long. Give us some action.

We're asking you Lyle — which of these beautiful ladies will you marry?



Perhaps it's Sally Blane

—*English*

Or is it Gail Patrick, looking so sweet in her* Wagon Wheels *costume?



Or, maybe, Claire Trevor



Is it, perchance, Jean Muir?



Tell us, is it devastating Alice Faye? You could not find anyone more beautiful

● There have been many girls in your life. I believe that Lottye, the beautiful young saxophone player from Texas, was the first to make a real impression on you. She was a cute little trick, no doubt, with a fascinating southern accent and you wanted badly to marry her but with all due respect to little Lottye, no doubt you are glad now that she refused. Just think, Lyle, she might have made a saxophone player out of you! And if she had, who, I ask you, would Warner Brothers have put in all those parts in which you play the young physician so beautifully?

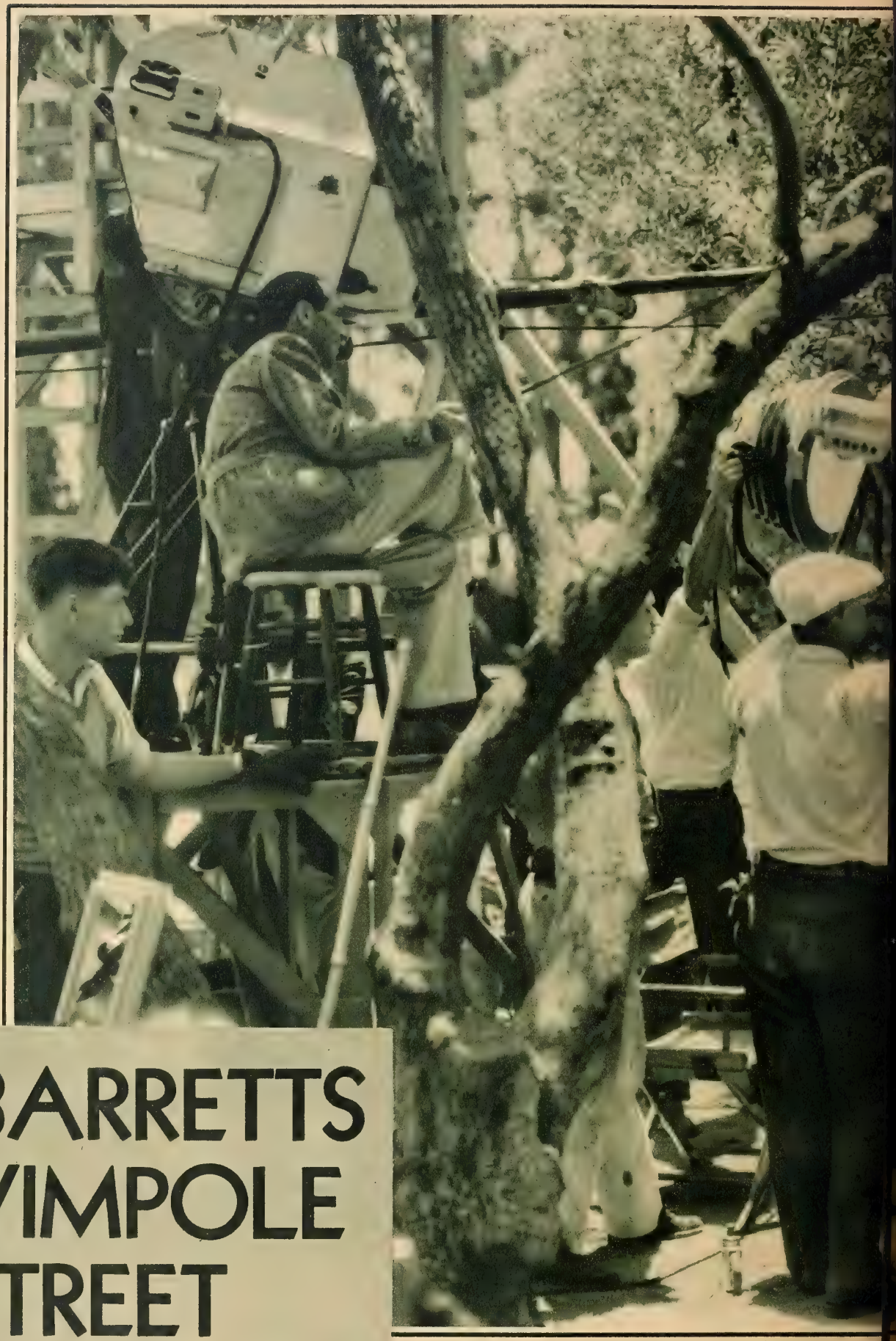
And then there was the one woman you married, Elaine Melchior. It only lasted a year, Lyle, but no doubt it was a beautiful romance. They say that the reason you do not marry is that you are still in love with her. Perhaps you can't forget that year of young love and the image of Elaine crowds out the thought of any other woman. Only *you* know about that.

No doubt, when you were a kid, traveling with the

Please turn to page fifty-one

Watch for Lyle Talbot's answers next month!

Right on the Set!



You're watching a scene of Norma Shearer's new picture being shot . . . so intimate you can almost touch Norma as she sits in her carriage

The BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET



—*Bull*

This exquisite photograph of Norma Shearer shows her in the quaint costume of* Elizabeth Barrett *in* The Barretts of Wimpole Street *in which she stars with Fredric March and Charles Laughton

When you see this scene on the screen, remember that you saw it being made! The camera is in the upper left hand corner with Director Sidney Franklin sitting beside it. In the foreground a "juicer" is adjusting the lights, while on the driver's seat of the carriage in which Norma is riding kneels an attache with a huge circular sunshade which he is holding over Norma's head. Directly in front of him is the microphone, shaped like a beehive and swinging at the end of a long boom

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HARRY CARR'S Shooting



Pungent paragraphs about the screen and its people by a noted film critic and commentator

I FEEL MORTIFIED ON behalf of my old friend, Lupe Velez.

She is getting a divorce from her beloved Johnny.

She says he threw the furniture around and the splinters hit her.

From having lived in her neighborhood, I should say that Lupe was a pretty able furniture thrower herself; I feel that she has lost the championship.

From historic precedent, I feel sure she will be back married to Johnny again before long. They've already started billing and cooing again.

In the next episode I strongly recommend the break-away furniture used in the comedies.

It is made of yucca with which you can throw better curves and hasn't a single splinter.

The Drunkard

THE miraculous hit of *The Drunkard* in a little play house tucked away on a back street on the edge of Hollywood has started the old P. T. Barnum melodrama going all over the country. It can never have the same success anywhere else because it will not have Hollywood for an audience.

On the night of the first anniversary of its run, for instance, we all sang *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* at the blushing Gloria Stuart; another love song at Joan Marsh—*Sweet Adaline*, and Joe Morrison sang *The Last Round-up*; and never sang it better.

Incidentally that foolish German kindergarten song *Schnitzelbank* has become a Hollywood fad. At every other Hollywood party you yodel in German



—*Acme*

Elissa Landi, celebrated as an author as well as an actress, autographs copies of her recent fourth novel,* The Ancestor, *in a Los Angeles store



—*International*

Virginia Pine and George Raft lunch at the Miramar hotel in Santa Monica. Although both deny them, rumors persist that they will marry sometime in the comparatively near future

Script

by Harry Carr

while the leader points at the figures on the screen.

Marie Dressler

THE DYING HOURS of Marie Dressler held a certain melancholy thrill. The old star fought to the last. Just as she made the world laugh with screen pictures made in the secret agony of cancer.

Her career was without precedent in the history of the stage or screen. A worn old lady in the sixties—unable to find parts—trying to make a living by selling real estate in Florida—she became almost overnight the greatest box office attraction in the history of theatricals. At her peak she could out-pull any other star in the world.

The Faith Of Frances

MISS DRESSLER'S big chance came in *Anna Christie*. And she got that part only by the tireless bombardment of the "front office" by Frances Marion, who wrote the script.

Even at that, her success was not assured. Her personality was so tremendous that no star wanted her around. Let her get one foot inside the door—and she owned the house. Without one selfish thought, Dressler was the greatest picture stealer ever to enter a Hollywood studio. The only solution to the problem was one that Metro was wise enough to embrace—to make her a star in her own pictures.

Hell For the Scotch

IT MAKES MY Scotch blood shudder to think of the amount of money Cecil B. De Mille will spend in filming the *Crusades*. But sober second judgment compels me to admit that he will get it all back—many fold.

In fact I think it is the greatest idea of De Mille's career. Such a picture will have everything—galloping hoofs, mystery, thrill, romance—and a great theme. Best of all, it will be a terrific retort from Hollywood to the peril of censorship.

On the other hand, I don't see how Cecil will ever get his newest opus *Cleopatra* past the censors. They are in no mood for Egyptian royal love nests. Cleopatra was no Elsie book heroine to say the least. It looks to me as though C. B. would have to paint skirts on Claudette Colbert.

How Come?

JUST why did the volunteer censors crack down *Little Man, What Now?*

No one can deny that it was a picture little short of superb. If it doesn't make Douglass Montgomery and Margaret Sullavan great stars, I shall give up. I have never seen a picture that was better acted or better directed—or had a more poignant story.

A Discovery

ALAN HALE won great praise in that picture; but was more than a little astonished to find himself greeted as a "discovery." He has been a tip-top director and capable actor in films almost since the Biograph days. Perhaps he is due for another Dressler belated triumph.

Please turn to page forty-six



Ah-ha! Mrs. Kelton's gal, Pert, is in again! And she just fits the title of her new picture,* Bachelor Bait, *if your eyes are as good as ours. Following her appearance as the great allure, you'll see her in* Wanted *with Russell Hardie and Victor Jory

—Miehle



Phillips Holmes, caught in the clutches of a stunning blonde. Mary Carlisle and Phillips were snapped romping a bit between scenes on the* Million Dollar Ransom *set

HARRY CARR'S Shooting Script

by Harry Carr



Pungent paragraphs about the screen and its people by a noted film critic and commentator

I FEEL MORTIFIED ON behalf of my old friend, Lupe Velez.

She is getting a divorce from her beloved Johnny.

She says he threw the furniture around and the splinters hit her.

From having lived in her neighborhood, I should say that Lupe was a pretty able furniture thrower herself; I feel that she has lost the championship.

From historic precedent, I feel sure she will be back married to Johnny again before long. They've already started billing and cooing again.

In the next episode I strongly recommend the break-away furniture used in the comedies.

It is made of yucca with which you can throw better curves and hasn't a single splinter.

The Drunkard

THE miraculous hit of *The Drunkard* in a little play house tucked away on a back street on the edge of Hollywood has started the old P. T. Barnum melodrama going all over the country. It can never have the same success anywhere else because it will not have Hollywood for an audience.

On the night of the first anniversary of its run, for instance, we all sang *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* at the blushing Gloria Stuart; another love song at Joan Marsh—*Sweet Adaline*, and Joe Morrison sang *The Last Round-up*; and never sang it better.

Incidentally that foolish German kindergarten song *Schnitzelbank* has become a Hollywood fad. At every other Hollywood party you yodel in German while the leader points at the figures on the screen.



—International

Virginia Pine and George Raft lunch at the Miramar hotel in Santa Monica. Although both deny them, rumors persist that they will marry sometime in the comparatively near future



—Acme

Elissa Landi, celebrated as an author as well as an actress, autographs copies of her recent fourth novel, The Ancestor, *in a Los Angeles store*

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Snap SHOTS

Hollywood personalities as seen through the lens of the candid camera

—*Wide World*

Pedestrians gave Roscoe Karns a wide berth when he appeared on the street with this six-months-old lion cub on a string!

***Lovely Claudette Colbert pauses for a minute between scenes for* Imitation of Life**



Doris Castanien, Dolly Newmire and Billy Seward display trophies won in an "it" contest held at the Ambassador Lido



When Gary Cooper sees a cameraman he rakes off his horn rims with one stroke, but he got caught at it this time!

—*Wide World*



Dick Powell seems to be telling a story with words and gestures, and a mighty interesting one at that, it would appear, judging from the rapt attention he's receiving from Margaret Lindsay, left, and Jean Muir as they stroll through the Warner lot

Mundin's Always Good For a Laugh



"Life isn't funny," says Herbert, the clever Cockney, "so my motto is: Bring laughs to chase away the clouds"

by MAUDE CHEATHAM

HERBERT MUNDIN, THE little English comic, whose cockneyisms since his outstanding portrayal of *Bridges* in *Cavalcade* have made him a favorite on the screen, came popping into the room all out of breath.

"Forgive me, *please*," he panted. "Sorry I'm late but I've had an awful night—cold, headache, eyes hurt. I'm very miserable. Funny thing, I always get sick when my wife leaves town. She went east yesterday for a week—hope she doesn't find Reno—and here I am paying and paying."

Later he spoke of his wife again and told me about his seventeen-year-old step-daughter, to whom he is devoted. But he couldn't keep his comedy flair down long.

"When I first went on the stage," he chuckled, "one of the older actors took me aside and pompously told me to steer clear of the ladies in the ensemble. He said to be polite but indifferent, and to say nothing to them except 'Good morning' and 'Good night.' And," he added, with a wink, "here's how I followed his advice—in less than three months I had married the sweetest girl in the company.

"Of course, I love comedy. But life isn't so funny. Really, I think it is very serious. That's the reason I try to cheer it up. You know, when you run into someone down in the dumps you want to make them forget it, make the situation so ludicrous they'll stop worrying. That's my motto! Bring laughs to chase away the clouds."

Mundin's stage fever was an aftermath of the world war, in which he served as a sailor under England's colors, securing his assignment as wireless operator in an amusing way.

"It was the day for the big review in London's famous Crystal palace," he told me. "I now bring the scales down to 140 pounds but at that time I weighed little more than my heavy rifle and in the parade, when we had to turn our eyes to the right, I lost my balance, dropped the rifle, tripped over it, fell and hurled several others to the floor. I just about messed up the doings. Next day they transferred me to the wireless division and put me to duty on a mine sweeper in the English channel. And I didn't enjoy a day of it. I didn't win any medals, either. Just caught pneumonia.

"I used to sing in our amateur theatricals so when the war was over I decided to become an actor. Sounded easy. just like that. Well, I landed in London one Saturday morning and looked up the publisher of my pet songs, a Mr. Charles Wilmott. He wasn't at all interested but I desperately made him hear me sing, watch me dance and do a bit of pantomime. Guess I didn't skip a thing on my repertoire. I was so insistent that to get rid of me he sent me to see a producer of small shows.

This fellow actually *liked* my stuff and sent me to France with a company to entertain the demobilization camps!"

Please turn to page fifty-five



***Mundin is blessed with the looks and the bubbling humor of the natural comedian, and his popularity is increasing by leaps and bounds, for the world needs laughs. At left—Herbert in the leading rôle of* Call It Luck**

STYLE

Patricia Ellis OFFERS A *Charming Frock*

This charming frock from the wardrobe of Patricia Ellis is an up-to-the-minute Hollywood style... You can easily make it . . . Send for the pattern today



Patricia Ellis wearing the dress which you may reproduce for your own wardrobe

A SMART, ALL-PURPOSE DRESS which you can slip into in the morning and wear through the entire day if you wish is the October selection for HOLLYWOOD'S pattern service—direct from the screen capital, the style center of America.

Patricia Ellis delved into her own chic wardrobe to give you this dress, which you can easily copy by using the pattern offered on this page. Patricia's dress is made of black crêpe marocain, trimmed with braid. The youthfully becoming neckline is accented by a collar of white satin crêpe. You'll find it exceptionally easy to make this dress, exactly as Patricia's is made, but, if you wish, the braid can be omitted, simplifying it a bit.

Designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36-, 38-, 40- and 42-inch bust. Use the coupon below, sending 15c for each pattern in stamps or coin. The large HOLLYWOOD fashion book is also 15c, or 10c if ordered with one or more patterns. Address your order to HOLLYWOOD Pattern Service, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



No. 870, a smart dress of black crêpe marocain with braid trim, copied from Patricia Ellis' wardrobe

HOLLYWOOD PATTERN DEPT.,
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.....send me Patricia Ellis dress pattern No. 870.

Size .....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.

HOLLYWOOD'S PATTERN SERVICE



Jean Muir as she came to Hollywood—her classic beauty "lost under the Dutch bob"



Make-up experts parted her hair in the middle



Above—Another make-up for another mood, mouth more curved, hair brushed softly back in loose, wide waves. . . . Right—For sophistication, very smooth hair brushed abruptly off the forehead



HOW "Make-up made" BEAUTY

Jean Muir

This modern Hollywood miracle will thrill you . . . and you can repeat it in your own home!

By MAX FACTOR

(Noted Studio Make-up Expert)

CHALK UP ANOTHER "modern miracle" for Hollywood. For once again a girl has found herself. Discovered how to make her personality definite, shining, distinct—all through make-up.

I've seen it happen thousands of times but it never ceases to give me a thrill—watching the transformation in girls. Young, hopeful, eager girls who were living only half of the time before, because they had not learned how to stress their own beauty. And no woman really lives until she has learned that. . . .

Jean Muir came to Hollywood as just another pretty girl. Today she is a star. She is an appealing, radiant beauty. How did all this wonderful change take place? Here is Jean's own story. . . .

● "I suppose there are millions of girls like I was. I took my face pretty much for granted. There didn't seem to be much I could do with it. Same old face, day in and day out. Every feature, every hair of the head, all too familiar. Or so I thought. As a matter of fact, we get so accustomed to seeing ourselves that after a while we don't see our real self at all!

"That is why a screen test is such a shock. . . . You're seeing yourself as others see you for the first time. I sat there in the projection room and looked at that girl on the silvered sheet in front of me as if she were a stranger. 'Jean Muir,' I thought, *'is it possible that's you?* Do you really walk like that and is the back of your hair that blousy?'

"It was the biggest experience of my life! The nearest a girl can come to seeing herself on the screen is to walk in front of a long mirror and study her different angles in a hand glass. Study them as if she were meeting a new person. That wakes her up!

"The first thing they did was to change my hair. I'd been wearing it in a plain Dutch bob that I considered quite all right. It wasn't! Funny what hair can do to you. Mine is that hard-to-control kind. The minute they sprayed brillox on it to give it a sheen and make it lie smooth, and brushed it behind my ears—well, I took a new lease on life. Different? I certainly was! It gave me an air I'd never suspected myself of! And strangely enough, I instinctively stood better, felt better and wore my clothes better! That's what a correct hair-dress will do for you. . . .

"For years I'd gone along believing that black mascara was the only thing to bring out blond eyelashes. Whenever I remembered to do it I put some on. But Hollywood startles you into consciousness about yourself. I

Please turn to page fifty-nine

HIGHLIGHTS OF A TRIUMPHANT LIFE

A FAREWELL TO MARIE DRESSLER

by E. R. MOAK



"A woman of your age can never attain much success on the screen," Hollywood told Marie Dressler, but Marie struggled on for recognition and became one of the brightest stars of film history

The rôle of Marthy *in* Anna Christie *started Marie's rise*



Her work in Min and Bill *with Wallace Beery brought her the Academy award as the best actress of 1931.*



This belligerent pose is from Emma, *one of her famous films*

WARREN G. HARDING had just been installed as the nation's chief executive, so Marie Dressler, loyal American she was, journeyed to Washington to pay her respects and pledge her support to the man who had assumed the post occupied by five earlier presidents who had been her intimate friends.

Arriving at the White House unannounced, she was greeted by Chief Usher Ike Hoover, whom she had known since the Cleveland administration, and was led to a seat in the ante-room while her card was carried in to George Christian, Harding's personal secretary.

In a moment, Christian was at Marie's side to escort her into the chief's office ahead of any of the throng of foreign diplomats, governmental officials and national political chieftains who had been waiting, some of them for hours.

"Mr. President," began the secretary once they reached his desk, "this is Miss . . . . ." The sentence went unfinished.

"Why," interrupted Harding, rising and extending his hand, "it is not necessary to introduce Marie Dressler to me!" Drawing up a chair for her, the president went on:

"I've seen every play you've ever done behind the footlights, I have heard about so many of your kind deeds in behalf of others less fortunate and I know of your unselfish, untiring service to our country throughout the late war. I am doubly pleased that you are here today, for it affords me an opportunity to tell you what I have long believed true—that the world is a better place because you have lived!"

The president inquired as to the object of Marie's visit to the capital.

"I came to deliver to you my felicitations on your inauguration, Mr. President," she replied, "and I am returning to New York on the next train."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" shot back Harding. "You're remaining at the White House with Mrs. Harding and myself for a few days, at least!"

Before the actress could protest, the

Please turn to page fifty-four

Read the surprising content of Marie Dressler's will in the "News Sleuth" on page 26

Reduce...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

..or it will cost you nothing!





In 10 Short Days You Can Be *YOUR SLIMMER SELF...*

WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS!

■ "I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE," writes Miss Jean Healy. "Without your girdle I am lost," says Mrs. Ouida Browne. "I reduced almost twenty pounds," writes Mrs. Noble. "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley. "I have not only reduced a number of pounds, but find my waistline several inches smaller," writes Mrs. Carolyn Jennings. "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Mrs. B. Brian. "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

These are only a few of hundreds of letters from women who have tested the Perfolastic Girdle!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

...TEST *the* PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE *at our expense!*

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce *you.* You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days...then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

Don't wait any longer...act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 710 New York, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Cross Examining THE STARS



Jack Holt and Jean Arthur, like other Hollywood stars, are ready to answer the questions you may ask

Ask the stars those interesting things you want to know about them and you'll have a personal reply on this page . . . Use the coupon below

BING CROSBY—What is your real name? Your nationality? And how old are you? What is your wife's real name and nationality? What is your birth month? How can I get a picture of you and your family together?

My real name is Harry Lillis Crosby and I am an American. I was born in 1904, which makes me just thirty. My wife's maiden name was Dixie Lee. Of course she's Mrs. Crosby now. She's American, too. My birthday is in May—May 2, to be exact. If you write to Paramount studios you may be able to obtain the picture you desire.

GENE RAYMOND—Do you really dislike girls? If you have an ideal girl in mind, describe her.

No man really dislikes girls. I have no special preferences, although I never could stand for the "red-hot mamma" type. The unaffected, old-fashioned type is much more to my liking.

BUSTER CRABBE—How may I get a photo of you? What are your favorite sports? Is it possible to obtain your home address so as to write to you direct?

You may get my photo through Paramount studios, 5451 Marathon street, Hollywood, Calif. My favorite sport is, of course, swimming. Because so many of my friends write to me, I find it impossible to handle my mail at home. However, you can always reach me through the Paramount studios.

BORIS KARLOFF—Is your favorite sport hunting? I do not believe that you would kill helpless animals.

No, I do not like either hunting or fishing because I can see no sport in killing innocent animals. Please do not judge me by my screen rôles.

MAE WEST—Who is your best boy friend in Hollywood, and are you married? If so, to whom? What are your favorite colors? Are your curves artificial?

My best boy-friend? Ummmmm. Lots of people would like to know that. I'm not married. My favorite colors are red and gold. The curves in question are mine—all mine. Do you like 'em?

The Question Editor,
HOLLYWOOD Magazine,
6605 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, California.

I should like to ask.....

.....

the following question.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

My name is .....

Address .....

It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page.

GINGER ROGERS—I have always admired your beautiful hair. Do you have a permanent or is it natural? Is it blonde or titian? Do you have it finger-waved?

My hair is usually called titian. It is naturally curly, and I never have it finger-waved. You see, I don't believe in trying to improve on Nature. Thank you for your sweet compliment.

FAY WRAY and JOEL McCREA—What are you real names? And, Joel, are you still going to be in the movies?

My maiden name was Fay Wray, although I am now Mrs. John Monk Saunders. Thank you for writing . . . And my real name is Joel McCrea. I am certainly going to remain in motion pictures. There is no life quite like it.

ALICE WHITE—Is your hair naturally blonde? How old are you? When and where were you born?

My hair has always been blonde and I never want to change it unless my part in a picture calls for it. I am just twenty-seven. Paterson, N. J. is my birthplace, and Aug. 28, is my birthday.

JANET GAYNOR—If you had a daughter would you advise her to become an actress?

That is a difficult question. If she showed talent for anything else at all, I think I would try to keep her away from a screen career. It is a hard life and takes the very best out of a person.

However, if she insisted on becoming an actress, I would not stand in her way. After all, she should have the privilege of living her own life.

DICK POWELL—Who are your most intimate friends in Hollywood? Can one believe all that is written about you in movie magazines and newspapers? Is there any way in which I could get one of your pictures?

My most intimate friends are Mary Brian, Mervyn LeRoy, Margaret Lindsay and Lloyd Bacon. Don't believe everything you read about me. I could never live up to all the things they say. You may obtain a picture of me through Warner Brothers-First National studio, Burbank, Calif.

GEORGE RAFT—Truthfully, would you rather be the movie star you are with your worries, or an unknown making possibly $2,000 a year?

Truthfully, I am glad that I am what I am. It's a tough life, full of bad breaks and disappointments, but I enjoy it. I don't believe that I would be interested in anything else now. Of course the money helps me to like it too, although I don't believe it counts so much as the fascination of the life.

◆



Title CHANGES

FREQUENT CHANGES IN the titles of movies often lead to confusion in identifying pictures which may be mentioned by one title one month and a new one the next. So consult this list before you go out to shoot the editor:

It Ain't No Sin (West) was changed successively to *St. Louis Woman, Gentlemen's Choice, The Belle of New Orleans* and, finally, *Belle of the Nineties.*

100% Pure (Harlow) became *Born to Be Kissed, It Pays to Be Good* and *Girl from Missouri.*

Four Walls (Tone-Morley) became *Straight Is the Way.*

What Women Dream (Barnes-Hamilton) became *What Ladies Dream* and then *Escapade.*

A Lady Surrenders (Muir-Brent) is now *Desirable.*

Undressed Parade (Gable-Crawford) became *Sacred and Profane Love* and then *Chained.*

Ladies First (Bancroft-Fuller) is *Elmer and Elsie.*

All Good Americans (Evans-Young) became *Paris Interlude.*

The Criminal Within (Cromwell-Judge) was changed to *What Price Scandal?* and then to *Name the Woman.*

Resurrection (Sten) became *We Live Again.*

AT STUDIO . . .



DINNER DANCE . . .



or BEACH



"Born to be Kissed"
M-G-M Production starring
Jean Harlow
with
Franchot Tone

Jean HARLOW'S *Beauty Is Always Fascinating*

JEAN HARLOW'S COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP



...Max Factor's Flesh Face Powder to blend with her fair skin.



...Max Factor's Flame Rouge to give a touch of harmonizing color.



...Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick to accent the lips.

Would YOU Like to Share Her MAKE-UP SECRET?

IN Hollywood, a genius created a new kind of make-up for the screen stars . . . and now for you. It is color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor.

POWDER... *You will note the difference in the caressing smoothness. You will see a satin-smooth effect like the beauty you see flashed on the screen. You will marvel how naturally the color harmony enlivens the beauty of your skin. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar.* **ROUGE...** *You will see how beautifully a color tone in rouge can harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. As you blend your rouge coloring, you'll note how soft and fine it is, like the most delicate skin-texture. Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents.* **LIPSTICK...** *Super-Indelible, for lipstick must be lasting in Hollywood, and you, too, will find it permanent and uniform in color. It is moisture-proof, too . . . so that you may be sure of a perfect lip make-up that will last for hours. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.*

Max Factor • Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR . . . HOLLYWOOD
JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-pg. illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . Free. 5-10-83

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	



PUT THE CANAPÉ ON WHEELS!

by

Ida Bailey Allen

Mrs. Allen, internationally known home economist, reveals another way the modern hostess makes her entertaining more casual and delightful



Karen Morley and a portable bar such as is used at the Roosevelt hotel in New York. This should suggest new uses for that neglected tea cart

Entertaining Has Steadily grown more casual and more enjoyable these past four years, probably because few homes employ servants, and stiff formality has become outmoded. One of the most delightful customs—that of serving appetizers and canapés in the living room preceding the meal—has steadily grown in popularity. Besides being most enjoyable it is of great assistance to the maidless hostess in carrying out smart service, and it bridges that awkward interval when the guests are arriving—for appetizers and canapés are served to the first two guests and then continually until all have come.

The method of service is very simple. If you own one of the new hostess wagons—a low narrow three-shelved counterpart of the old time tea cart—the plates of canapés and the appetizers, ice cubes, glasses and cocktail napkins are arranged upon it and wheeled into the living room. The host serves the appetizers—and often wheels the wagon about. Or the canapés may be arranged on one tray, the appetizer and glasses on a second, and they may be placed in the living room before the guests arrive, ready for service.

A hostess of my acquaintance, quite famous for the charming dinners she serves without the assistance of a maid, tells me that she likes this manner of serving a first course, because it gives her an opportunity to finish last minute preparations in the kitchen, and makes the service of the meal easier. She herself brings the tray of appetizers to the living room, but as soon as everyone has been served, she slips away to the kitchen to put the main course on the table. Then she returns to invite her guests to the dining room.

This first course is a simple one, designed to stimulate the appetite. Two centuries ago, in fact, appetizers were known as "whets". The foods should include one or a choice of beverages and an assortment of canapés. The beverages may be whatever you like—if you are serving wine, Dubonnet or dry sherry may be selected. In this case three-ounce flaring glasses are correct. Or you can serve scotch and soda, plain or as highballs. Cocktails are usually too sweet for appetizer service. If you wish to serve chilled fruit juice or tomato juice, wine glasses may be used, or four-ounce footed glasses may be chosen. The cocktail napkins should be of simple linen and they should be folded in triangular shape and rolled up like a diploma.

● The choice of canapés depends on the kind of appetizer. If wine is served, for instance, pickles have no place either in the canapé spread or as a garnish, for the flavor of pickles and wine do not harmonize. On the

other hand, if you are serving tomato juice, the flavor of pickles will prove harmonious. Canapés offer a real opportunity for originality; in fact, recipes for making them can be almost dictated by imagination. At all events they should be crisp, small and the covering should be spread not quite to the edge, for canapés are eaten from the fingers.

The contents of almost any refrigerator will suggest the ingredients for many interesting canapés—but if you are planning to keep special supplies on hand you should include anchovy, shrimp or lobster paste, stuffed and ripe olives, roquefort, snappy and pimiento cheese, caviar or crab flakes and mayonnaise. Smoked salmon or sturgeon and sliced Smithfield ham and Swiss cheese are often used.

In addition, crisp crackers (not sweet), rye toast, pumpernickel, white bread or rounds of flaky pastry will be needed to serve as a background.

In making canapés, be sure not to make the covering too moist—as it will soak into the crackers. It is a safe plan to first cover them lightly with plain or flavored butter, cream cheese or with mayonnaise by way of protection.

Let us suppose you are ready to begin the pleasant task of making canapés. The bread has been sliced thin and evenly (ready sliced bread is too thick to use) and has been shaped into triangles, squares or rounds, and freshly toasted or sautéd in butter or nut margarine. The wafers or pastry rounds have had a moment's reheating in the oven to insure perfect crispness. Delicious canapés could be created from the materials I have enumerated, plus a little parsley, some radishes or green pepper and a carrot or hard cooked egg as the basis of a garnish.

Let's start with the flavored butter—which can be kept in the refrigerator ready for use.

LEMON PIMIENTO BUTTER

Stir a half pound butter until creamy, gradually working in one tablespoon lemon juice, the grated rind of one-fourth lemon and two finely minced pimientoes.

PARSLEY BUTTER

Beat one-eighth pound butter until soft and creamy, working one and a half tablespoons lemon juice and two tablespoons very finely minced fresh parsley.

Either one of these two butters will form a delightful canapé background for an interesting decoration. The lemon pimiento butter is orange in tone. I

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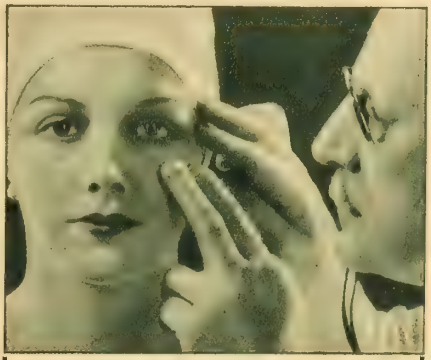


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would suggest that it be spread upon very crisp fresh crackers smoothly and evenly. The edges could be decorated with thin strips of green pepper and the centers with riced hard cooked egg yolk, or with carrot flowers. These "flowers" are made by peeling and slicing good-sized carrots into cross-wise rounds. These rounds are in turn notched to form four flower petals. The flowers are crisped an hour or so in ice water.

The Parsley butter is, of course, green in tone. I would suggest that this be spread upon whole wheat crackers with a golden brown edge. The centers could be decorated with tiny radish roses or with thin slices of hard cooked egg with a dot of pimiento in the center of each.

IF IT'S ANCHOVY paste you are using, I would suggest sturdy pumpernickel as a background. You will recollect that pumpernickel is dark brown in color and anchovy paste is a sort of old rose. I would suggest that the paste be blended smoothly with an equal amount of butter or cream cheese and that the pumpernickel be cut in finger length strips. On one half I would sprinkle dots of green pepper, on the other half place thin strips of pimiento; or if this seems too elaborate, finely mince some hard cooked egg and green pepper together and dip the canapés in this to form a coating.

For a lighter fish paste, as the lobster or shrimp which I suggested, crisp crackers are the best background. To make these canapés, combine the paste with a little finely minced green pepper and mayonnaise. Spread on the crackers making the covering rather thick. Garnish each with a slice of stuffed olive or a small sprig of parsley.

The various cheese canapés are especially good with tomato juice or highballs. For instance, there are roquefort turnovers. To make these, roll flaky pie crust a scant eighth-inch in thickness and cut into small rounds with the top of a small tumbler or by means of a cooky cutter. On each place a half teaspoon of finely crumpled roquefort cheese. Fold over in turn-over fashion. Press with the tines of a fork. Place on a baking pan. Brush with milk to make a shiny crust. Bake about ten minutes in an oven at 400 degrees F. and serve either hot or cold.

If you are using smoked salmon, sturgeon or ham, the canapés may take the form of *appetit brödchen* (little appetite breads) as they are called in Vienna, or they may be cut into two-tier fingers. In making the *appetit brödchen*, the crusts should be cut from the bread and the slices should not be more than an eighth of an inch in thickness. They may be shaped into stars, rounds, oblongs or squares. The bread is then spread lightly and evenly with plain butter beaten to a cream; or with a flavored butter. Smoothly over this is fitted the *brödchen* covering, sliced paper thin. These sandwiches can be decorated further with tiny stars of very stiff mayonnaise put on by means of a pastry bag and tube, or with a slice of pickle or stuffed olive.

◆

Harry Carr's Shooting Script

Continued from page thirty-five

Richard's Secretary

ANYHOW Richard Dix and his new bride, Virginia Webster, will not have to go through the usual painful process of getting acquainted. She has been his secretary for several years; and declares her intention of keeping on with the job—marriage or no.

Anna May Wong

ANNA MAY WONG is back to have one more try at Hollywood. When she was trying to break into the films, no one wanted her. She went to Europe to become a famous star; then they decided they wanted her after all. And after she crossed the ocean again they couldn't remember what it was they wanted her for. She is going to appear with George Raft in *Limehouse Nights*.

Little Minister

KATHARINE HEPBURN ought to be a gorgeous success in *Little Minister*. I shouldn't be surprised if she improved on Maude Adams. It is a part made to order for her—mysterious, eerie, whimsical, passionate.

I see they have called off her intended production of *Joan of Arc*. Putting on *Joan of Arc* is a pretty fine way to lose money with any star.

The trouble is that every member of every audience has his own mental vision of Joan of Arc; and no two agree. De Mille tried it once with Geraldine Farrar. She made me think of Field Marshal von Hindenburg in skirts.

Ralph Graves

DUE to no fault of his own, Ralph Graves has had some unfortunate matrimonial experiences. I can only hope that his latest marriage to a Los Angeles co-ed from one of the universities will result in complete happiness. Ralph is quite a remarkable young fellow—both in point of brains and character. He can write and he can act and direct. All he needs is a break.

Sheila's Frank

HOWEVER HERR ERNST feels about it, Sheila Manners has announced that Lubitsch is a fellow that any girl could love without any effort at all. And I agree with her. At least if he is as charming to girls as to men.

Peggy Joyce

AFTER all these years of trying to stampede into Hollywood, Peggy Joyce has evidently thrown up her hands. She has hinted at a new marriage—to add to her long list.

Pat Powers, usually the shrewdest of producers lost a young fortune trying to ram Peggy down the throats of the screen public. They wouldn't have her and they wouldn't have Texas Guinan.

How Ruby Keeler Holds Her Man

Continued from page fifteen

"She always wanted to learn to like the things I do—even Jewish food," says Al.

Not so much gadding for Ruby when Al's away.

"In the first place she doesn't like to go out a lot without me, she says. Pictures keep her pretty busy anyway. Of course I want her to feel free to do whatever she likes but it makes me feel swell to know whatever that is she'd rather do it with me.

Constancy. Ruby's a smart girl. And because she loves her husband it's as easy and natural as it is clever.

"Ruby's Ambition? A home and children. We're building the home now. As for the rest, give us time, will you?" Jolson continues.

"Another thing—she's so easy to please, Ruby is. 'What'll we do tonight, honey?' I often ask. And what do you think she'll say? 'Anything, Al. As long as you're around I'll have a grand evening.'

"And when Ruby's in Hollywood and I'm in New York I believe she spends half her time thinking up sweet nothings to tell me when I call her every night or to wire me just any time. Sometimes it's only, 'I love you I love you I love you—Ruby,' but boy that makes me grin!

"I wouldn't dare tell her, when we're separated, that I'd even stuck a splinter in my finger. She'd worry herself to death over it. If I'm hoarse she wants me to stay in bed and rub my chest and call her back in the morning so she can tell how the remedy is working. Say, I wish you could know Ruby like I do . . ."

Devotion. The little-boy element in every man needs it. Ruby Keeler's Irish intuition told her that a long time ago.

"Did you ever in your life see anybody as pretty as my wife " Al's enthusiasm is contagious. "I'm still looking at her in amazement. Twenty-four hours a day she's dainty and fresh looking and she's really talented about clothes."

Ruby Keeler's loveliness is very much to her own credit. She admits that when she was small she wasn't anybody's beautiful child. But she, even as nine women out of ten, had the fundamentals of beauty and she's made the most of every single one of them. She's danced since the toddling stage. She's taken fine care of her health and still does, according to Al.

"I'm glad she is," he says, "Because she's so healthy she's always full of life and pep and fun. I keep telling her that if she doesn't watch out she'll stay young that way just as sure as the world!"

And as for personality, that's part of her charm.

"She's full of it," Al declares, "and of course everybody that knows her loves her to death. When we were first married and Ruby wasn't doing any professional work she'd go out of her way a thousand times to welcome my friends, most of whom were strangers to her, and make them happy in our home. And that gives a fellow such a fine boost."

Ruby's personality accomplished that and the good it's done both her and Al Jolson can never be fully estimated. In other words, she's making her personality as much of an asset to her husband as she can. Try to find a man who doesn't "stay fallen" for that!



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Little Success Stories OF THE STARS

No. 3

BETTE DAVIS

In which she reveals how she finally "found herself"

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



Bette Davis in **Of Human Bondage**

"WHEN I CAME out to Hollywood, I didn't expect to last more than two months. I came from Broadway, but I was a shy, timid little thing, so nervous and frightened of Hollywood when I made *Bad Sister* and *Seed* that I just knew they wouldn't want me."

It was Bette Davis speaking, the little girl who had just electrified Hollywood by her amazing portrayal of Mildred, the little cockney slattern in *Of Human Bondage*. Critics who saw the preview pronounce it one of the really great performances of the screen and it is freely predicted that Warner Brothers, to whom she is under contract, intend to make her a full-fledged star.

Those who met Bette when she first came to Hollywood detected something of the electric sparkle which her timidity and bewilderment could only partly conceal. This came definitely to light when she was cast as the storekeeper's daughter in *Cabin In The Cotton* with Richard Barthelmess. Then followed a succession of rôles for Warner's which, while excellent, failed to bring Bette the distinction she coveted.

"An executive at Universal almost broke my spirit," smiles Bette, "when he told me that I had no more sex appeal than Slim Summerville. I cried for days. I think my trip with the Warner Brothers' *Forty-Second Street* special did more to give me the self-confidence I needed than anything else. I began to realize then, for the first time, that the public was interested in the picture, the final product, and not what went into the making of it. When I returned I decided to quit worrying about the trivial annoyances and whether or not the director and producer liked my work. I realized that if I pleased the public they would have to have me."

They will tell you that Bette faced screen oblivion at the time she was selected for the rôle in *Of Human Bondage*. When she walked out on Warners a few months ago in protest over what she termed "dumb dame" rôles and over being assigned a twelve line part as a secretary, the girl for the Leslie Howard picture had not been selected.

"I did many rôles I did not like," she admits, "and *Of Human Bondage* was made before *Housewife*, but it was not released and nobody knew that I would be a hit. It had been agreed that if I took a rôle in *Housewife*, which I thought was unsuited for me, I would be given something good for my next. There it was already filmed in the picture with Leslie Howard and nobody even suspected it, much less myself!"

Several girls turned down the rôle in *Of Human Bondage* and even Leslie Howard himself did not approve of Bette for the rôle but now, gentleman that he is, he frankly admits his mistake.

Another thing which Bette feels has helped give her self-confidence is her marriage to Harmon Nelson:

"It was all just a matter of learning not to subdue or conceal the person who was really me," she confided. "I am really very much like I am on the screen, but I was afraid that people would laugh and call me silly. My marriage has done wonders for me. It became a release for me. At home with Harmon, I began to let go, to let myself be myself, and he encouraged me. I really don't think of being a part of the picture business. I never drag my job into my home.

WATCH FOR ANOTHER LITTLE SUCCESS STORY NEXT MONTH

Hot From Hollywood

Continued from page twenty-nine

National

DOROTHY BURGESS is giving Hollywood the cold shoulder in favor of Broadway and a stage berth . . . The Pat O'Briens came down from Talkietown and adopted a baby born May 17 . . . and they've named it Margaret Mavourneen O'Brien . . . Tim McCoy is forgetting the films for a while to direct the annual round-up on his Wyoming ranch . . . Bob Armstrong and Frank McHugh have been auto-camping it all over the southwest . . . and such fun, they had . . . Pudgy Charles Laughton and his frau have been hiking through the Yosemite . . . and Charlie's ten pounds lighter as a result . . . Patricia Ziegfeld, the Billie Burke-Flo Ziegfeld offspring, is touring the east, lining up the old Ziegfeld stars for Universal's *The Great Ziegfeld* . . . Gilda Gray, Fannie Brice, Marilyn Miller already have been signed . . . Far out in the Pacific, where the Columbia-chartered S. S. *Ruth Alexander* was cruising about with *The Captain Hates the Sea* unit, star John Gilbert slid over the side of the vessel for a swim . . . John was having a swell time until the deck watch shouted "Shark, ho!" . . . and John broke speed records . . . The governor of Kentucky has commissioned tunnel-mouth Joe E. Brown as a colonel . . . and the situation is under control . . . Mary Pickford is trying to make up her mind whether she'll accept a Broadway starring offer, make another picture or devote her time to authoring . . . Henrietta Burnside, the paint heiress, has burned her New York and London social bridges behind her and signed a Paramount acting contract.

Fashions

JEANETTE MACDONALD has her own ideas about womanhood's new freedom . . . when she completes her rôle in *The Merry Widow*, she's going to burn the corsets she had to wear all through the task . . . Warren William loves the sea and its solitude . . . so he's had a pilot house built atop his San Fernando Valley ranch-house, with all the fixings including portholes for windows and the proper red and green lights . . . but the payoff is that you reach the marine den via a stairway that pulls up after you . . . all of which makes Warren a sort of a farmer Robinson Crusoe . . . Lupe Velez has suddenly become one of the colony's smart dressers . . . Dolores Del Rio has launched a new fad of carrying a big magnolia blossom . . . But Joan Crawford hasn't carried out her threat to replace her usual gardenia with a cactus leaf . . . Bebe Daniels appeared at the Biltmore Bowl in a black and white printed foulard topped by a swagger coat of black and white chiffon . . . Carole Lombard is appearing in a new silver and beaded ensemble with a three-quarters coat . . . Mrs. Eddie Cantor has a simply-made coral-caped gown touched off with a sable capelet . . . Patricia Ellis made her appearance the other night in a dinner gown of pink flowered crêpe topped by a pirate model black hat . . . I saw Nancy Carroll flitting about a late spot in a tight-fitting gown of ecru lace and a wide-brimmed leghorn hat.



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Gamble a stamp today. Mail coupon for a free copy of my new book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." It shows you from actual photos how I have developed my pupils to my own perfectly balanced proportions. Where shall I send your copy? Write your name and address plainly on the coupon. Mail it today to me personally.

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133 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of **Dynamic-Tension** will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body, and big muscle development. Send me your free book, **"Everlasting Health and Strength."**

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"I Want a Wife Who Works"

Continued from page twenty-three

embarrassment is much more apt to come my way when I learn by the papers that I am secretly engaged to her, that being the first intimation I had that I could get anywhere near asking her to marry me! Then, of course, (particularly if she gives me the 'gate' as is quite likely), I have a mighty nice opportunity to get real lonesome for her. That happened to me in the case of a charming Pasadena society girl. At least, the picture-taking part of it did.

"And before one realizes it, one has the enjoyable (?) reputation among his young lady friends of using them mostly for publicity purposes! Which isn't so good.

"Yes, my friend, there are a lot of arguments for marriage in Hollywood just the same as there are a lot against it. For one thing, a married couple have a wonderful home life out here. Living is cheap, rents are low, the climate couldn't be better, there's no tons of coal to think about for the winter—and there's lots of places to go and lots of friendly cliques in Hollywood, and members are nearly all married.

"On the other hand, if you are a bachelor (as I am)—see what you miss. And this is such a grand place, too, in which to bring up kiddies!" he grinned.

"You like children, eh?" I smiled.

"I'd like nothing better than a whole carload of 'em!" Doug replied.

"Then you'd better hurry and page that Cupid lad of your's!" I shot back.

"Maybe I will!" he laughed.

After A Moment or two he went on. "Of course, I love New York, too—in a way—just as much as Hollywood. But in New York one is generally always on the go, so to speak, whereas, here in Hollywood, one does have the opportunity to rest and relax upon occasion.

"You ask me about Hollywood parties? Well, the truth is I don't know so terribly much about them, for the girls never seem to invite me!"

Doug said this with a little chuckle, so I don't know whether he was "spoofing" me or not. If not—sez us—what's the matter with all you fair damsels of picture-town?

"I have set an ideal standard regarding pictures," he went on. "And, perhaps, that is why I was so discontented when I first started. I felt I was not good for the screen. I knew I was not good-looking enough.

"Now, on the stage, I could put on the right make-up and emerge looking fairly decent over the footlights, but the screen—ah—the make-up is different. Even now, it takes me very much longer for making-up than it does for the stage."

Possibly, You have noted Douglass Montgomery both on the screen and stage. He has been dividing his time between these since he was fourteen years of age. He was Kent Douglass for a brief time on the screen, but never cared much for that name. And so, *Little Women* and *Eight Girls in a Boat* found him billed as Douglass Montgomery once again.

He appeared both in New York and at the Pasadena Community Theatre in *Volpone*.

He has been on the radio with Katharine Hepburn in *Romeo and Juliet* and, most recently, had the lead in *Little Man, What Now?* with Margaret Sullavan.

And these are just a mere handful of his many triumphs.

His ambition is to become a really great actor and a very popular idol of the fans and, quite probably, these hopes will not be in vain.

He wants to marry sometime and live happily ever after.

"There's one thing I hate and that's divorce!" he told me. "Deliver me from that!"

If he finds the "right" maiden, methinks he will promptly wed and make some little girl one grand and handsome husband for the rest of her days.

But—don't forget—he wants a wife who works!



HOLLYWOOD extends its especial greetings to the stars who celebrate their birthdays in October:

Ted Healy 1st	Lowell Sherman 11th	Charlie Chase 20th
Warner Oland 3rd	Irene Rich 13th	Marian Nixon 20th
Alan Dinehart 3rd	Lillian Gish 14th	Robert Graves 22nd
Buster Keaton 4th	Pert Kelton 14th	Mitzi Green 22nd
Louise Dresser 5th	Mervyn LeRoy 15th	Frances Drake 22nd
Janet Gaynor 6th	Ina Claire 15th	Constance Bennett 22nd
Carole Lombard 6th	Lois January 15th	Sally O'Neil 23rd
Groucho Marx 6th	Rex Bell 16th	Jackie Coogan 26th
Andy Devine 7th	Jean Arthur 17th	John Boles 27th
Jack Mulhall 7th	Marian Marsh 17th	Hugh Trevor 28th
Raul Roulien 8th	Miriam Hopkins 18th	Douglass Montgomery....29th
Helen Hayes 10th	Bela Lugosi 20th	Sue Carol 30th
	Evelyn Brent 20th	

An Open Letter To Lyle Talbot

Continued from page thirty-one

repertoire troupes, there were other women, other girls; and since you came to Hollywood, what a swath you have cut. There is hardly an unattached girl in town that you have not squired at some time or other. Once you were quoted as saying that when you did marry, you would marry an actress, a girl of your own profession. Most of those with whom you have associated have been actresses but evidently you are cautious. You want your marriage to LAST and you have seen too much of marriages within the picture profession to take a chance.

I can understand why you want a wife and home, somebody to take the hair out of your comb and find your other bedroom slipper for you. Like myself, you never knew what a real home was, as a kid. We were both tossed from pillar to post and it made us appreciate home life. But you want a real home or you will remain a bachelor. It has its compensations, I'll admit, especially in Hollywood. Most of the marriages one observes here would not inspire a man to risk his freedom.

But you have been going around with some swell girls, Lyle, one of whom should make you a good wife. Let's take a look at some of them and see.

THERE, FOR INSTANCE, is Sally Blane. I don't know Sally but I do know her beautiful sister, Loretta Young, and if I were picking a wife in Hollywood, I wouldn't look much farther than Loretta. Sally must be very much like her, young, beautiful, sweet and talented. I believe that Sally is your favorite just now and I'd give her serious consideration for the job of being Mrs. Lyle Talbot.

Then there is Gail Patrick, another fine girl but of a different type. I don't believe she would be as much of a home girl as would Sally. I believe that Gail's career means much to her. She is tall, statuesque and dark and she has beautiful eyes. But I believe that Gail is ambitious and I think that she would insist upon following her chosen profession. Her ambition is to return to her native state and become governor or governess or whatever it is you call it and I don't think your temperament would care a lot for that.

But what about lovely Jean Muir? You used to see a lot of Jean, didn't you? From Jean's quiet, somewhat wistful face you'd think her an inconspicuous little person, afraid to speak her own mind. But she isn't. She never hesitates to say what she thinks, to prop boy or executive. Perhaps you'd admire that quality in Mrs. Lyle Talbot, I don't know.

Then there is beautiful and attractive Claire Trevor. A petite blonde with brown eyes that melt a masculine heart. I love to hear her laugh and her voice is one that wouldn't get on a man's nerves when he has his slippers on and his pipe going. She likes to dance and go to the fights, the tennis matches and the hockey games and at the same time, I imagine she could throw together a mean batch of biscuit if she wanted to. You might pause for a moment and review Claire's charms, Lyle, before making your decision.

Of course Alice Faye should be taken into consideration. That combination of German-Irish produces fine wives. She's a friendly little body and could keep up with your kidding and not get peeved; and a kidder like you has to take that into consideration. She came out of the chorus, but remember how many nice wives have. She doesn't like Hollywood very well but perhaps you could make her see it differently. She is just the right size, too, five feet two inches tall, and you'd make a striking couple.

DON'T FORGET WYNNE. Wynne Gibson, I mean. There's a swell gal for you. I spent the afternoon at her beach house, ten miles above Malibu, the other day. Wynne likes solitude and she certainly gets it up there. You never see her at the Hollywood night spots and parties but she has plenty of friends. Wynne is a girl who knows all the answers but she has a heart as big as a bucket and a fellow could be around a girl like her a lot without having a long face. I think she might go out among people more if she had a nice husband, but she wouldn't bore you with it. If you want a real home girl, Wynne is the answer to a home-maker's prayer.

If you can't oblige us with a flying trip to Yuma one of these days soon, please send us a post card. Or better, yet, write and tell us what YOU think about it all. We'll be looking for your reply next month.

Sincerely,

J. Eugene Chrisman



NO ANSWER FROM JOAN

● Busy making "Chained", her new picture with Clark Gable, Joan Crawford put off until "tomorrow" writing her answer to J. Eugene Chrisman's interesting open letter to her, which was published in HOLLYWOOD last month. But "tomorrow" just never came, as is so often the case, and it was with the deepest regret that we were forced to go to press without Joan's letter.—The Editors.

WHY BE FAT?



'LOST 68 POUNDS'

writes Wisconsin Lady

"I now wear the latest styles!"

● End humiliating fat and have a slender stylish figure! Mrs. Porter Tyler, Box 544, Crandon, Wis., writes: "I lost 68 lbs. with 2 packages of RE-DUCE-OIDS! My bust was reduced from 46 to 38 inches, my hips from 49 to 39 inches. I tried other methods but failed. I was always sick . . . just a little work and I was all tired out. Right after starting with RE-DUCE-OIDS I felt better. Now I never feel tired, and eat anything I wish. I can wear the new fashions and look fine in them."

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● Miss Louise Langham, Graduate Nurse, 1286 Treat Ave., San Francisco, Calif., writes: "My own experience with RE-DUCE-OIDS has been so satisfactory that I recommend them to others. I lost 27 lbs. and never felt better." Trust a Graduate Nurse to recognize the way to lose fat without weakening baths, harmful exercises, or starving.

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FEATURED UNIVERSAL PLAYER

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11 inch $3.75 pr.
14 inch $6.75 pr.
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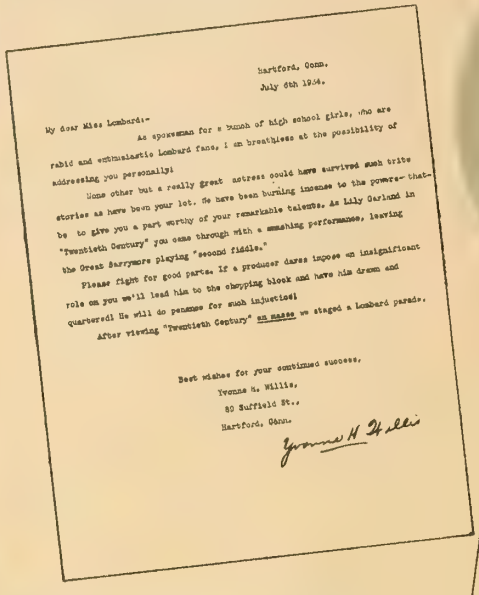

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Drop Me a Line

Continued from page ten



Hartford, Conn.
July 6th 1934.

My dear Miss Lombard:-

As spokesman for a bunch of high school girls, who are rabid and enthusiastic Lombard fans, I am breathless at the possibility of addressing you personally!

None other but a really great actress could have survived such trite stories as have been your lot. We have been burning incense to the powers- that- be to give you a part worthy of your remarkable talents. As Lily Garland in "Twentieth Century" you came through with a smashing performance, leaving the Great Barrymore playing "second fiddle."

Please fight for good parts. If a producer dares impose an insignificant role on you we'll lead him to the chopping block and have him drawn and quartered! He will do penance for such injustice!

After viewing "Twentieth Century" en masse we staged a Lombard parade.

Best wishes for your continued success.

Yvonne H. Willis,
89 Suffield St.,
Hartford, Conn.

Yvonne H Willis



Hollywood, California.
July 24, 1934.

Miss Yvonne H. Willis,
89 Suffield St.,
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Miss Willis:

Thank you for your very kind letter.

I'm so happy to know you liked "Twentieth Century". It was lots of fun to make and I enjoyed working with John Barrymore immensely.

My next picture is "Now and Forever" with Gary Cooper, little Shirley Temple and Sir Guy Standing. It is quite a change from the rôle in "Twentieth Century", but I think you will like the very difference in the characterization.

Please extend my very best wishes to the rest of the girls - and thank you again for writing.

Most cordially,

Carole Lombard

Yvonne H. Willis, 89 Suffield St., Hartford, Conn., wins $10 for this letter to Carole Lombard, whose reply appears at the right

What Yvonne Willis Wrote

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Best wishes for your continued success.

YVONNE H. WILLIS.

Carole Answers

Dear Miss Willis:

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Please extend my very best wishes to the rest of the girls—and thank you again for writing.

Most cordially,
CAROLE LOMBARD.

tures. I saw this done first in a serial when a shot of an airman who crashed in flames was utilized. Not very long afterwards I saw exactly the same thing in *The Eagle and the Hawk*. The latest is in the opening sequences of *Gallant Lady* when a newsreel shot of the De Pinedo crash is used. The fact that a filmgoer is fully aware of the real-life details of the crash, through having seen it in newsreels and newspapers, is hardly likely to make it entertaining to him on the dramatic screen.

($1.00 Letter) D. JENKINS,
26 Bedford Place, Brighton,
Sussex, England.

Hold It, Lupe!

WHAT'S all this talk about Lupe Velez? Is she really being changed from the devil-may-care way—to a lady? Oh please, Hollywood, don't make a lady of Lupe. You have lots of ladies but only one Lupe. She's the only woman in Hollywood who does and says what she likes and gets away with it. We like her stamping feet, snapping eyes, quick tongue and Mexican brogue. She's real; she's Lupe—but a lady! No, *never!* ($1.00 Letter)

MRS. CATHERINE CRISMAN,
R. F. D. No. 3, Crown Point, Ind.

Modern Mystery

WHEN WE HOLD hands in public, people politely snigger, whisper behind their hands and murmur, "How silly! Did you ever see anything so absurd?" But the same crowd, when they see movie stars in all stages of love-making, always comment, "How sweet! Divine!" Can you tell me how come?

BUDA BRONSON,
Box 475, Ronceverte, W. Va.

The Real Mae West

FOR those who like Mae West and those who don't and who are interested, let me say that the lady mentioned in *reel* and in *real* life could favorably be compared to the sun and moon respectively. We know the *reel* Mae as voluptuous. ostentatious and prepossessing. Shhh! The *real* Mae is diminutive, modest and unpretentious. Other celebs live in imposing mansions in secluded districts; Mae's home is an apartment, the same as yours or mine, and should you chance by while she is passing in or out of her domicile, speak to her and you'll get one of those flashing million dollar smiles, the only thing about her reel and real life which is the same. I know, because I live not far from her and have encountered her dozens of times.

($1.00 Letter)

MRS. PSYCHE C. PRUGH,
1121 South Lake St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Why Indecent?

FINISHING SCHOOL MAY have been branded as indecent by the purity campaigners, but I think it was an excellent preachment against snobbery. And Frances Dee in her "poor little rich girl" rôle actually had me weeping for her. And I, being one of the unemployed, am not given to wasting much sympathy on the poor rich!

($1.00 Letter)

MARY CLYMONTS,
334 Baker Avenue, Webster Groves, Mo.

Criticism Welcomed

EXPRESSED public opinion does much toward altering movie stars' idiosyncrasies. Joan Crawford can be cited as an outstanding example. For months we fans loudly protested against Joan's over-painted lips. We were aware that her mouth was none too small, and an aversion to her developed because she did not know enough to lay off the paint. Hollywood stars and officials are intelligent folks, however, who welcome well-placed criticism. As it is their policy to please the public, something was done in the case of Joan to smooth our ruffled feelings. In *Sadie McKee* Joan's lips were not thickly covered with lipstick. And, strangely, her mouth is really quite attractive in its more natural state. Yes, the stars eventually accept our well-meant criticism and give us what we call for.

($5.00 Letter) EDNA ELSASER,
Boonville, N. Y.

One or more stars will reply to the best letters received during the month. These will be reproduced on this page and $10 will be paid for each letter so published; $5 will be paid for the two next-best letters, and $1 each will be paid for the next five. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of a tie. The editors of HOLLYWOOD Magazine will be the sole judges and their decision will be final. No letters will be returned and the right to reproduce, either wholly or in part, any letters received is reserved. Address your letters to Drop Me a Line, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 529 South 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

STARS





WANTED





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be the radio stars of 1935? 1936? 1937? For the first time in their history, radio stations are faced by the necessity of fine-tooth-combing for talented unknowns who may become future stars. This critical situation is presented by Peter Dixon, author and producer of scores of radio programs. It's an article that may give YOU an idea . . . maybe a start to fame. It's in the big

OCTOBER

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Besides, Quink does what no other ink can do—cleans your pen—a Parker pen or any other—as it writes. For Quink contains a harmless, secret solvent that dissolves all sediment left by ordinary inks.

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Send demonstration bottle of Quink—

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(1) Romanza
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A single drop lasts a week!

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To pay for postage and handling send only 20c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. PAUL RIEGER, 272 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Highlights of a Triumphant Life

Continued from page forty

President had instructed his aide to notify Mrs. Harding of Marie's presence.

"And please, Mr. Christian," he said, "Miss Dressler is to have the same suite she has occupied on her visits to so many of my predecessors here. We want her to feel at home!"

MEN, REGARDLESS of their station, were like that to Leila Koerber, a self-styled "ugly duckling" born in utter poverty in Coburg, Canada, sixty-two years ago, who lifted herself by her own bootstraps to become Queen Marie, the idol of millions the world over.

Whether they were rulers of great republics, kings of vast empires, monarchs of finance or the overlords of the social register; whether they were the fellows in the streets, the white-overalled crews who shifted the scenery in her productions, the newsboys on the corners, the day laborers toiling with picks and shovels, one and all, they worshipped at the feet of Marie Dressler once they made her acquaintance.

Self-educated though she was, Marie had a truly brilliant mind—an unusual mind. She had an unbounded sense of humor. She had a heart of gold. And above all else, she had a creed. Part of it was:

"Honor God, but be yourself—always!"

Once you met Marie, you never forgot her—a fact best illustrated by an incident dating back some two score years ago, in an era when a high and broad wall divided those of the theatre from those of the money aristocracy.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, then the all-powerful ruler of New York's upper strata, had reached over the barrier, plucked off Marie and hoisted her into the circle of the elite. Because the great Mrs. Fish had placed her stamp of approval on the actress, society opened its portals to her.

A guest at a ball given by Mrs. Orme Wilson to mark the formal opening of the latter's then new home on Sixty-Fourth street, New York, Marie's hostess sought her out in the crowd.

"Come with me into the conservatory," said Mrs. Wilson, taking Marie's arm. "I want you to meet my brother, John Jacob Astor."

Introduced, Astor and Marie exchanged pleasantries, then the former bid her goodnight and took his departure.

One night two years later, Marie was leaving the Metropolitan after the opera. On the stairs she passed Astor without speaking, never thinking that he could have remembered her since the occasion at Mrs. Wilson's.

To her surprise, though, he called after her. He shook hands warmly.

"It is splendid to see you again, Miss Dressler," he said. "But what I really stopped you for was that I wanted you to meet Mrs. Astor. I've told her so much about you!"

Marie Dressler's numerous White House sojourns had their inception while Grover Cleveland was president. She was next invited there by President William G. McKinley.

When Theodore Roosevelt succeeded to the post following McKinley's assassination, Mrs. Roosevelt wrote her, bidding her welcome.

Marie's first meeting with T. R. remained indelibly fixed in her memory.

"There were several persons in one of the upstairs sitting rooms, and before I realized it, President Roosevelt had slipped in and was moving from one to another with his famous 'De-lighted—de-lighted'," she once told me. "I was overwhelmed with interest in him, but I could not keep my eyes off the strong neck that was being inclined here and there at different points about the room. He did everything so quickly and thoroughly and was through with it. I watched him with both amazement and curiosity, and after a time he came up to me.

"'Well, Miss Dressler,' he beamed, 'we meet at last! What do you think of me?'

"'I think you have the most wonderful neck I ever saw!' I answered, and he laughed as only T. R. could laugh.

"'That beats any answer I ever had,' he admitted, pleased that I had told him my real thought."

MARIE'S INITIAL CHAT with President William Howard Taft lingered with her because it resulted in slight embarrassment for both. Marie had been ushered into the executive office, and as Taft started to rise from his desk to greet her, she said:

"Please don't get up, Mr. President, for I have a most comfortable feeling when you are in that chair. Everything seems so calm and sweet!"

"I don't know just how to take that," retorted the President, chuckling.

"There was always a bond of sympathy between President Taft and myself," Marie told me, "because of our size. I admired his courage, because, defying ridicule, he always purchased two seats for himself when attending an entertainment where he wished to be comfortable. I have often wondered how he felt one night when he reached a theatre and discovered his two seats were divided by an aisle!

"Mr. Wilson," Marie went on, "was more serious than any of the other presidents I knew."

However, the star was closer to the throne-room of the nation during the Wilson regime than ever before or since.

Because of her war work, in which she toured the land from one corner to another at her own expense as a liberty loan speaker, making as many as 130 speeches in a single month, Marie had open access to the White House. She was one of the very few who could enter the grounds or building during those trying days without a pass.

The Calvin Coolidges and the Herbert Hoovers frequently, during their respective tenancies of the White House, invited Marie there for brief stays.

LESS THAN TWO weeks after Franklin D. Roosevelt moved into the historic mansion, Marie received a note from Mrs. Roosevelt, inviting her to Washington for a visit. F. D. R. and Marie had become warm friends in the hectic days of the European conflict when he was assistant secretary of the navy and Marie was devoting herself to treasury department needs.

President Roosevelt appointed her as

a member of the code authority to bring the talkie industry under the NRA.

Marie once insisted to me that she alone had frightened General Pershing out of the presidential race.

The leader of the A. E. F. had returned to the states a national hero, and he was bending his every effort toward the success of the Victory loan. Marie was sent along with him on a country-wide tour in behalf of the bond issue.

"Sometimes my speeches were written for me by celebrated persons, but mostly they were impromptu things," she declared. "Sometimes I scolded. Sometimes I coaxed. My methods varied according to the audience.

"If it seemed to meet the situation to crawl out from under a table at General Pershing's side at a banquet, I did just that."

MARIE DRESSLER was married twice, but she admitted—to use her own words—"many, many amours. Love was a chronic disease with me—and I hope it continues that way!"

She was only fourteen when she suffered her initial heart pangs. She had bestowed her affections on the leading man of the troupe in which she was a $4 a week chorine, then awakened to discover that he had decamped overnight, never to be heard from again.

Marie's name was enblazoned in electric lights along Broadway when Cupid again clipped her with an arrow. Aboard a liner en route to Europe she met the good-looking, witty John H. Dalton, of the Back Bay Boston Daltons.

A year after their marriage, he fell victim to a malady that left him a hopeless invalid and robbed him of his mirth and carefree attitude. He became morose and cranky, even with his wife. Marie, however, never appeared to notice his changed attitude. During the seventeen years he lived she showered him with affection, attention and every luxury.

It was cancer, complicated with heart disease and other ailments, that finally caused Queen Marie's death.

Few persons know that Marie was first stricken with this malignant malady more than twenty years ago, because, there was one plank in her platform of life that read, "Don't carry sore throats and sore corns into other people's lives."

It was while she was in Denver with *Tillie's Nightmare*, most profitable to her of all her footlight starring offerings, that she was first stricken. She was placed aboard a special train and rushed to New York, where she underwent an operation.

Three years ago she was operated on again down at Santa Barbara. The third attempt to check the malignant growth was made in New York in February.

Four months have elapsed since Marie went back to the Santa Barbara hospital in a final effort to regain her lost health. So ill was she that for weeks even her closest companions and advisors were not permitted to see her.

When the doctors finally decided that the end of her glorious career was approaching and that she was beyond medical assistance, she was removed to the million-dollar estate of C. K. G. Billings at Montecito, just outside Santa Barbara. It was there she died July 28.

C. K. G. Billings was Marie's friend in youth. He remained her friend as death stole up.

Men were always that way to Marie Dressler!

Mundin's Always Good for a Laugh

Continued from page thirty-seven

FORTUNE'S REAL SMILE on the little chuckle-maker came when the head comedian turned tempermental just before a performance and Mundin was rushed into his place. On that very night Andre Charlot, in need of a comedian, visited the show. Before he left he had signed Mundin for his famous *Charlot's Revue*, convinced he had discovered one of the finest pantomimists in all England. Mundin proved a sensation and for seven years held a featured spot in these revues.

Having made four English films, Tommy—as everyone calls Mundin— decided to take a flier in Hollywood.

It took him seven long months to land his first job. "But," he grinned, "I'd have stayed seven years to get my chawnce. I wouldn't be licked."

When the call did come for him to play the rôle of the taxi driver in *The Silent Witness*, Mundin was down to his very last dollar, his money tied up in frozen securities. For a week he walked to the studio, several miles distant, and went without luncheon until his first pay check arrived.

OTHER PICTURES FOLLOWED but it was *Cavalcade*, that gave him the big boost. Since then he's been about the busiest comedian in Hollywood.

"Just so I work. that's what I like," he told me. "Naturally, I prefer a variety of rôles. I wore the same butler's livery in five consecutive films and the pants got in the habit of meeting me at the studio gate each morning.

"You have to learn to do everything in these Hollywood pictures. In one I had to ride a horse. I'd never even been on one. I made the scene—an actor always does what the script calls for—but I didn't sit down again for a week. You see, I read the scenario but I guess the horse didn't.

MUNDIN IS As hilarious off the screen as on. He's always punning, always pulling fast ones. When you hear a burst of laughter on the studio lot you will find him tucked in somewhere. He's great fun at parties and in demand as a dinner guest. He can be as dapper as Menjou, as rowdy as Wally Beery.

With glee he tells how he received a cable from an English producer who once turned him down flat, asking his price for a London picture. Mundin cabled back, "Why this idle curiosity?"

"I like America. I like Hollywood. I like the spirit of efficiency that governs the studios," he told me. "I like the sunshine. And say, we have our first real home and a garden, too. We have dozens of roses, some this big," and his slender hand outlined a mammoth circle.

"Anyway," he added, "I want to stay in Hollywood."

He'll stay. He's captured the film public. He's blessed with the looks and the bubbling humor of the natural comedian and the world needs laughs!

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Shadow of the Snatch Hangs Over Bing

Continued from page sixteen

sound like a play for sympathy on his part. And he is too much of a man to encourage that sort of thing. As he has often said to me, "Every one has his own griefs, troubles and periods of great trial. I don't see why mine should be magnified. But I do think that no one could ever overstress the courage and spirit of Dixie, my wife, during all of this time. She proved herself a great soldier. She had a hard and lonely battle to fight and win—a battle for calmness, self-preservation, to keep herself from going to pieces—because three lives depended upon it. The babies' and her own. It was the sort of battle that we men don't know much about. But all mothers do."

THE CROSBY HOUSEHOLD has become a joyous place, indeed, with the arrival of the twin sons, who incidentally were incubator infants, owing to their diminutive size—less than four pounds each, they weighed. However, a shadow hovers over the home notwithstanding, and probably always will. It is the menacing shadow of clutching hands.

I am convinced after my talks with Bing and other stars whose children have been likewise threatened by kidnapers that the ugly scar of this horror can never be removed from the heart and inner consciousness.

Certainly, it has wrought changes in Bing personally—not Bing, the professional singer and "crooner" that radio and film fans know. But Bing, the father, the man. He seems to be another person. He appears suddenly to have grown years older, deep within himself, and his prevailing mood is one of seriousness, of introspection. His friends, his family and his co-workers have commented upon the great change that has swept over him. Almost any stranger could detect that underneath his surface calm there is a turbulence ravaging his inner self.

There has also been talk about Bing's intention to quit the screen. Various reasons have been given for this. Bing himself has dodged the issue. He has fooled even the interviewers who have sought his purposes.

Few persons realize just what a smart person this Bing is. He doesn't tell everything he knows or thinks, ordinarily. It is characteristic for him to agree with writers and allow them to draw their own conclusions.

Gossip has been making the rounds that he is going to retire very soon to a ranch and become a gentleman farmer. He is sick of pictures and longs for the peace of the countryside, 'tis said.

I believe from my talks with Bing that he honestly wants to quit the screen, and the sooner the better. But I don't think the reasons advanced by gossip and surmise are the real ones. I believe the true and way down deep reason why Bing wants eventually to leave the film business is because of this kidnaping threat.

I believe that in it he has had a fulsome taste of the "magnificent rewards of Hollywood fame," and that he is completely fed up with the entire business of spotlighted glory and its heartbreaking aftermath of desolation and despair. I think after his recent new contract expires he will definitely retire from the screen—and possibly even before.

IN OUR LAST talk, just prior to the advent of the twins, he said:

"After all, it's an ironic climax to a film celebrity to have one's child, or children, forever faced by criminal threats. It makes all of the effort and the success of a career seem flat, useless. Every man works ultimately for one thing, and that's to build up the unit of the home with children. When you direct all of your effort toward that goal, and reach it to find that your home is threatened with destruction because of some peculiar trick of fame, of the spotlight, which throws everything out of proportion—well, you just feel you want to pack up your family, and take them away some place where you can stand guard over them yourself.

"That's why I've bought this typical old-time California ranch down in San Diego county, near the border. It almost adjoins Douglas Fairbanks' Rancho Santa Fe. I want a permanent home for my wife and children—a simple, beautiful, natural country place where the youngsters will have plenty of space to move around—and where we all will be isolated from too much spotlight stuff.

"That's the trouble with Hollywood. Everything is distorted by the limelight. We're all supposed to be millionaires and billionaires! And that's why we are always threatened with kidnaping and extortion.

"You know, if only the truth—the real truth—were told about film salaries, I believe the crime wave directed against Hollywood would stop. And we could enjoy life and our children and our homes, with the same peace and happiness that Heaven intended.

"With disturbed economic conditions in the country—men out of work, families losing their homes, children not getting enough to eat in many instances—it's understandable why bitterness fills the hearts of men who read about the

Do You Know—

1. In what show was Ruby Keeler playing when she met Al Jolson?
2. For what present famous star did Harry Richman, now a famous entertainer himself, once play the piano in a vaudeville skit?
3. To whom does Marie Dressler's will leave the bulk of her estate?
4. What couple are planning to circle the world on their honeymoon in a 125-foot cruiser?
5. Who refused a part in Cecil B. DeMille's *Cleopatra* when it was offered to her?

(*Answers on page* 65)



Yes, sir! It's Eddie Cantor himself, and that blues singer Ethel Merman in Eddie's new picture,* Kid Millions. *This first still will give you an idea. . . .

other fellow making a fabulous fortune when they have nothing themselves. I'd probably feel that way too, if conditions were reversed.

"But the terrible pay-off on all of this is that the phoney and highly colored figures about Hollywood incomes are printed, and not the correct ones. Articles never tell what we have left after the bills are paid!

"To begin with, the income tax automatically cuts our salaries right in half. Then there are commissions to be paid —not one commission of 10%, but usually two or three. After that come living expenses and all the hundred and one incidentals directly connected with our jobs and the peculiar position in which they place us. By the time everything in the way of absolutely necessary deductions is taken out of the gross income, it will be discovered in black and white that most of us in the Hollywood limelight today—with very few exceptions—are far from being rich. In my own instance, I feel if I can save around ten per cent of my yearly income I am lucky."

I Have Always admired Bing Crosby's intelligent action when he received the threat against his child. He went immediately to the police and department of justice officials, and laid his troubles in their willing and helpful hands. He didn't put on the big act of bravado and try to handle matters his own way

I wondered how the thought of having his helpless little son ruthlessly torn away from him and his wife affected Bing. I also wondered whether this embittered him against the world, or shook his faith in God.

As pointed out elsewhere, Bing is a more or less taciturn chap. He is given to action rather than words. I think it is a conscious gesture on his part, this matter of trying to keep his deep feelings to himself. And that is why I feel his free and unrestrained answers to my personal questioning have especial significance. They follow:

"Well. . . . the first thing that happens to you after a kidnaping threat against your child is that an icy fear lays firm hold on your heart. You're stricken numb by the shock. And then the reaction sets in almost immediately. You become a fighter. The fierce and cruel injustice of the thing enrages you and from somewhere you get enough strength to tear the earth apart with your two hands. God help the kidnaper that you could lay hands on at that time, provided it was a man to man fight, minus guns!

"And then after those primal emotions have passed, and reaction sets in, you reach out hungrily for your religion and philosophy and you pray. You pray for your child's safety. . . . for strength for your wife. . . . . and yourself, so that you can carry on your daily work and protect your home. Your faith in God isn't shaken in that kind of a dark hour —it becomes a stronger and mightier force. That just about tells it, I guess."

I Asked Bing if his routine of life had been changed.

"Yes, your routine of life does change, and so does your psychology. For one thing, your freedom is cut off with one sharp blow. You no longer slap a hat on the back of your head and hop into your car to go where you please. You pack a gun on your hip and a bodyguard follows along. Your home is protected by armed guards day and night. You are constantly surrounded by a little arsenal.

"The thing is that you suddenly, and perhaps forever, live under a shadow. It's been hard for me to get used to such a new condition of living and new psychology, because I have been completely free all of my life.

"You go along in a happy, care-free manner year after year—the sky is serene, and the world a wonderful place to live in. And then one day, without any warning, a black curtain drops, shutting you off from the world you thought was so marvelous, and you find yourself isolated and very much alone. Things don't look quite so good as they once did, and you feel a little soured on the world of men!"

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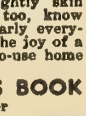
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With the News Sleuth

Continued from page twenty-nine

An Orchid to Virginia

No HOLLYWOOD ex-wife ever assumed a more gracious and conciliatory attitude toward a former husband than has Virginia Bruce in her utterances about John Gilbert. Virginia, once more under contract to Metro at $450 a week, isn't going to permit anyone to drag John's name in the dust.

"I should like very much to use the name Gilbert in my screen *comeback*, but I am told by my studio that I cannot —that it is not good business!" she said the other day. "I am told to go ahead and carve a great career—as great as Jack's—on my own. But I don't see how I ever can do that. Jack was and still is one of the greatest actors of them all. No one, least of all I, could ever parallel his brilliant life."

And, while her producers may insist that she is Virginia Bruce in the cast list, her own private life is going to be her own. If you need proof, phone her home and ask for Miss Bruce. You'll quickly learn that there's no such person in real life, but that there *is* a Mrs. John Gilbert!

John Starts Over

MEANWHILE John, himself, isn't doing so badly, despite all his sputtering — via the courts — over the one-sided deal he was getting from Metro after Greta Garbo had won him a comeback opportunity in her *Queen Christina*. The former great lover of the flickers has been given his release by Metro and has signed a long-termer with Columbia. Of course John isn't drawing down $250,000 per picture as he did in the old days, but even the $25,000 he's receiving looks good to him in these trying times. You'll soon be seeing John and Wynne Gibson together in Columbia's *The Captain Hates the Sea*.

Mary Brian Engaged!

MARY BRIAN, now on a personal tour in the east, is flashing a platinum ring containing three circlets of diamonds and sapphires on the proper finger of her left hand.

Now the average first guess would be that Dick Powell slipped the bauble on Mary's finger, but we Hollywoodians know that can't be true, because Dick wouldn't be showering all that attention on Margaret Lindsay if he were engaged to Mary.

Quizzing Mary gets the news scribblers nowhere. for Mary's one girl who can keep a secret when it comes to matter pertaining to her heart!

The Tailor Profits

THE other afternoon, Clark Gable motored out to Los Angeles' Grand Central airport to see some friends off for New York. Gaining admission to the terminal was easy, but when Clark turned to depart, that was something else again. He was all dolled up in a costly new white flannel suit consisting of double-breasted coat and English slacks. Before he reached his motor, however, women autograph hounds had most of the trousers!

Sun Shines for Rudy

THERE ARE some big Hollywood moments looming for our old friend, Rudy Vallée, now that his erstwhile wife, Fay Webb, has affixed her signature to a legal armistice and the Warner Brothers have given him a talkie contract, plus the fact that Fox has big things in mind for his heart-beat and protegé, blonde Alice Faye.

Rudy won't have to appear in court in connection with his divorce battle for several months because of his new understanding with Fay, so he's accepted the Warner offer of a long-termer calling for one vehicle a year, the first to be made at once. They're calling it *Sweet Music*.

And as for Alice, just back from a visit to Rudy in New York, it's all settled out at Westwood that she's to have some of the fat parts originally intended for Lilian Harvey, whose peeve at the Fox chieftains is causing her to flee back to Europe.

Georgie Redecorates

GEORGIE RAFT'S red-and-white dressing room at Paramount brought down on his head so much kidding that he's had it all down over in super-masculine fashion. The interior has been entirely revolutionized, with pictures of pugilists, speed boats and pilots and famous horses and jockeys supplying the added touch.

It's Different Now!

METRO INVEIGLED Grace Moore away from the operatic stage long enough to come to Hollywood two years ago and star in *Jenny Lind*, but Grace didn't jell well in the talkies, and Hollywood had the same effect on the beautiful Grace. so both studio and songster agreed that it was a draw. Then Columbia, baby of the major producing organizations, got ambitious and induced Grace to try again.

The cream de la cream of Hollywood's inner circle turned out the other night for the preview of Grace's new vehicle, *One Night of Love*, and hardly a personage left the theatre without planting a congratulatory kiss on the singer's cheek.

Norma Shearer, Maurice Chevalier, Gloria Swanson, Herbert Marshall and more than a hundred other top-notchers were on hand to cheer Moore's new success.

Hepburn Is Safe!

KATHARINE HEPBURN — Katie, they call her now—isn't going to have to worry about pin money for the next two years at least.

All this sputtering you've heard going on between Katie and Radio, where she began her talkie career, has resulted in a new contract for Hepburn that provides that she will make six pictures for that concern within the next two years at a salary of $50,000 each. Katie's first under the new agreement calls for her occupying the stellar rôle in *The Little Minister*.

Make-Up "Made" Jean Muir

Continued from page thirty-nine

learned that *brown* eyelash make-up was infinitely more effective. And more artistic. It didn't give that artificial look that hardens a face so.

"Finding out the facts about eye shadow was an experience too. Lovely, pearly gray eye shadow that seems to melt away into the skin. I had always objected to it on the grounds that it made you look 'false.' But, I discovered, there are eye shadows *and* eye shadows! And the kind I speak of helps to give your face that vitally interesting moulded contour.

"I've never liked exotic effects. Especially on blondes like myself. But I learned there's such a thing as being too simple in makeup as well as too exotic . . . Powder bases, for instance, meant nothing to me at all. A bit of powder, a dab of rouge—and the trick was done so far as I was concerned, until I came west.

"Here, they put a foundation cream on me for the first time. I didn't pay much attention to what they were doing until I looked at myself in the mirror. Now I'd seen girls around the studio and at the restaurants with that 'glowing' look. And I'd envied them madly. They were just blessed with a super sort of skin, I explained it to myself But when I looked in the mirror that time I knew they hadn't left the 'super' skin to nature alone! Mine was glowing too. *I* had that velvety look and my powder and rouge were smooth as silk.



Here's John Gilbert in his rôle of a fast-talking reporter in* The Captain Hates the Sea. *He hopes you like it!

"Foundation cream takes away that pasty look from a blonde and gives her face an even, golden glow. And there are certain shades that make a brunette seem like something out of Venus' own book.

"Another thing—these creams I've learned to use, foundation, melting cleansing, and tissue, are made of oils that tone in with the natural oils of the skin.

"I owe a lot to Hollywood. But most of all I'm grateful that it has made me *define my own personality.* . . . "

And what Jean Muir has done, you can do for yourself.

She is a classic type but that was entirely lost under the Dutch bob she speaks of, when she first appeared. The slightest over-accent in make-up could coarsen her. But she had gone to the other extreme. She wore none. Consequently she had that negligible look. So as soon as we contrived a new hairline for her, we began defining her features. We gave her a definite eyebrow line with a brown eyebrow pencil. We gave her a definite mouth by making the shape of the lips distinct, clear-cut. This added a touch of sophistication.

It's astounding to note the difference between that early picture of Jean and the one that was taken not so many months later. The hair of course had a lot to do with it. By parting it in the middle and drawing it severely to each temple, it gave her features a sculptured aspect. The ends of the hair were drawn in at the sides in a close wave and flat curls. Then we extended her eyebrow line to coincide with the hair line on the forehead, and made her mouth distinctly full. Notice too, Jean's added poise, her new assurance. That comes with beauty, with the feeling of being correctly groomed. . . . Her eyes, you'll observe, look twice as large and lovely with the delicate shadowing and with the fine line drawn under the lower lashes.

Moods—and lights. These govern the modern woman's appearance. She never thinks of wearing the same make-up for evening as she does during the day.

With a girlish black lace frock and an open-work black dinner hat, Jean wisely softens her hair. She brushes out the curls of her long bob so that they fluff out in back. Her lipstick is bright. She uses a natural powder that gives her skin a creamy substance.

For formal evening wear her entire make-up is accented. And this time her hair is dressed close to her head in loose waves that end in a cluster of curls.

Nothing gives one quite the sophisticated air as very smooth hair brushed abruptly off the forehead and dressed with a diagonal tailored wave. Jean describes it as a "happy complement to the new fall black satin gowns."

But a different day, a different mood, brings another Jean to light. A Jean of classic simplicity who goes in for capes and cavalier cuffs. Her mouth, in this instance, is more curved. It is arched higher in the center. Her hair is brushed softly back and the waves are very loose, very wide.

Jean Muir is no longer just another pretty girl. She has learned to dress and make-up her own personality. *To be an individual.* So, too, can you. . . .

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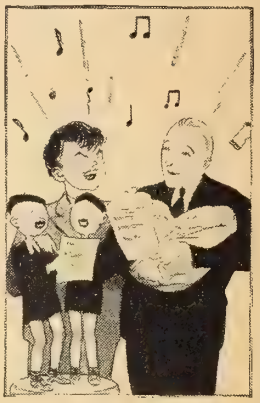
STRANGE Movie FACTS



THERE must be a ruling that actors have to sing for twins in Hollywood, for the only two actors to rate 'em are the two most popular singers—Lawrence Tibbett and Bing Crosby.

Shirley Temple thinks pictures are just swell because all the clothes Paramount had made for her to wear in *Now and Forever* were given to her after the picture was finished.

Dawn O'Day, chosen to play the coveted rôle of *Ann Shirley* in *Ann of Green Gables*, is going to use Ann Shirley as her own screen name from now on.



Marlene Dietrich is spending a small fortune to have iron bars placed in all the windows of Colleen Moore's home, which she has just leased.

When Alice White entertains at dinner she furnishes her guests with the music of a complete symphony orchestra . . . you see, Alice's home is on a hilltop overlooking the Hollywood bowl and she only entertains on the nights of symphony concerts.

An Australian admirer has sent Irene Dunne a nugget of gold valued at $75 for her to autograph by etching.

Ivan Lebedeff controls his monocle so perfectly because he's had it notched all around the edge.

Buck Jones, the western hero, has more than 300 birds in his aviary.

It wasn't much trouble to secure 500 genuine Hindus when Paramount started to film *Lives of a Bengal Lancer.* Five hundred olive pickers were brought in from the Imperial valley, which is the largest Hindu colony in America.

The Merry, Merry Widow

Continued from page twenty-four

The picture was hardly underway when he caught it too. After seeing Kay Francis for years, suddenly the Chevalier eyes opened, and those who watched nodded sagely and said: "It's love!"

Oh, they all deny it. That's what adds zest to Hollywood romances; you're just good pals, always. Take out a marriage license and you're just being good pals. Get a divorce—still pals.

"Loff? Oh-h-h-h no!" grins Chevalier. "You should give me a chance to enjoy life before you take me to the altar again, no? I was such a long time married! As soon as I finish this picture, pouf, I am off. I go to Cannes for three months, then maybe a picture in England."

Meanwhile he and Kay Francis are seen everywhere together, raven tresses close to the boyish haircut of Maurice.

And Lubitsch was having the time of his life playing cupid, cut-up, and comedian, with a bit of directing thrown in sort of incidently. He was always up to some new mischief.

He had the time of his life "ribbing" the pretty girls in the lavish scene picturing the interior of Maxim's. These girls were to gather at the door and welcome Chevalier, ending up by lifting him above their heads while he laughs: "Oh, girls, it's great to be in loff!" Lubitsch had them lifting Chevalier until their arms ached. Did they get back at him? Wait.

Then he aimed a "rib" at Marcel Achard, famed French author who handles the dialog in the French version of the picture. The two versions are made simultaneously; the English cast steps aside and the French cast steps in for each "take," with Chevalier and Miss MacDonald changing from English to French for the two versions.

A great dane, Prince, plays an important part in the picture, and it was necessary to register the dog's bark. This was shot. Then Lubitsch called back the dog and his trainer.

"Now we have the dog bark with a French accent," he announced, glancing sideways at Achard. The Frenchman swallowed hard. He said he did not understand.

"For the French version, I insist the dog bark in French," Lubitsch said. Then he could no longer keep a straight face. And for that, the director was fated to be repaid.

Next he singled out Bela Loblov, who was imported to play a solo on that priceless violin of his. The Gypsy violinist was summoned for the take. Lubitsch went to elaborate lengths to get silence. He made an announcement; this was to be the highlight of the picture, nothing must prevent Bela from recording the solo perfectly. Cameras started; unforgettable music poured from the violin.

"Now we play it back," Lubitsch said. The order for a play-back flashed to the sound room. In a moment the recording

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of the melody came through the loudspeaker; hauntingly beautiful. But what was that? A sour note? Impossible! Then another! And then, ye gods, what a cacophony of discord!

Poor Bela Loblov, a crazed gleam in his eye, tore his hair. He reached for the violin that had betrayed its master, to do violence. Lubitsch laughed and Bela halted. Then he understood—Lubitsch had arranged a fake playback, with some one else playing the melody.

CHEVALIER WAS next on the list of victims. He was talking earnestly with Irving Thalberg when the director sent a boy over to the French star.

"Lubitsch says cut out the gossip; you're wanted on the set," was the message.

"What do you mean?" demanded Chevalier. "Cannot you see I am talking with Mr. Thalberg?"

"Never mind that, come along," said the boy. Then, to escape massacre, he confessed that Lubitsch had put him up to it.

And now for our vengeance. Herr Cupid had things coming to him, and they came.

When the girls in the welcome scene finished lifting Chevalier thirty times, they crept off to conspire. All smeared their lips with all the lipstick they could, inches of it, and ambushed the director. With fiendish cries they sprang, bore him to the ground, and simply covered him with lipstick!

Marcel Achard did not witness it, but he too was avenged. Absent from illness, Lubitsch took his place. The French cast assayed a scene with Lubitsch directing in French. It was a noble effort, but the French that Lubitsch used was like nothing ever heard in Paris. All confused, they halted. Lubitsch glared.

Chevalier stepped up and tapped the maestro gently.

"I did not know, pahdon me," he said, "but are we also making a Chinese version?"

Maurice grinned. He, too, had gotten even. Remained the outraged violinist, and this is what he arranged. Fate played into his hands.

During the picture, Lubitsch is in the habit of passing the time between scenes by playing the piano. He loves to improvise, rambling along on the keys. Sometimes Miss MacDonald sings with him. Bela saw his chance and had the mike swung over the piano getting a recording of Lubitsch.

Time came for the orchestra to record the beautiful Merry Widow waltz. When it was finished, Lubitsch asked for a play-back. A moment of silence, and then the aimless strumming of the maestro at the keyboard greeted him!

Don't get the impression that Lubitsch was neglecting the rôle of cupid. Each day he had some new plan for Miss MacDonald's wedding, each more outlandish than the last.

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in brilliant costumes; Madame Albertina Rasch must direct her throng of dancers through a loudspeaker; the fifty piece orchestra seems lost in so large a crowd. All available make-up girls in Hollywood are on hand. The ambassador's ball will give you a thrill if nothing else can. Talk about hard work—for the first time Lubitsch looks harrassed. Players waltz perspiring under hot lights, Chevalier and Miss MacDonald stand on the garden balcony, forced to do their scene over and over because noises will crop up with so many on the set.

And here, comfortably relaxed with his feet on a stool, reclines the ambassador himself, Edward Everett Horton. He isn't in the scene.

"I'm the only one enjoying my party," he observes, "which is quite as it should be."

At last we cornered Jeanette.

"Making the crying scenes was terribly difficult," she said, "but the rest has been great fun. You know, I had to cry for one solid week? I would go home feeling miserable, and wake up the same way. Crying seems to give me a melancholy hangover.

"Then it tightens the cords in your throat so that singing is almost impossible. I'm glad that is over. Now all I have to worry about is next week, when I spend four days in jail.

"These songs always make me feel like crying," she said: "*Songs My Mother Taught Me, Trees,* and a little French piece called *Tes Yeux.* None have any sad associations; they just make me feel sad."

The *Merry Widow* is the third production of that name, but there the resemblance to its predecessors ends. Twenty-three years ago Oliver Marsh cranked the camera on a one reel production featuring Wallace Reid and Alma Rubens. Again, in 1925, he filmed the Von Stroheim version with John Gilbert and Mae Murray, and now he is behind the camera for this picture.

No Other Picture has attracted so many visitors to the Metro lot, to view the spectacular settings and listen to the music. Clark Gable sauntered by.

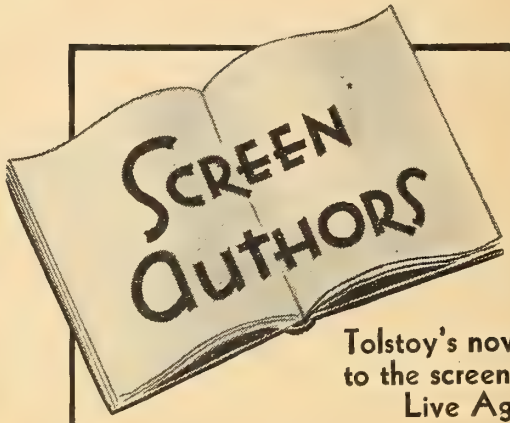
"Believe it or not," grinned Gable, "I got my start in pictures in *The Merry Widow.* Von Stroheim let me carry a spear as an extra in his production."

But I stray from the love theme. As I said, romance seemed to be in the air during the production.

Finally, who should catch the infection but the director, himself!

The girl is Sheila Manners, and it's romance with a capital R between her and Lubitsch. They met professionally a year and a half ago, but it wasn't until *The Merry Widow* brought them together that casual acquaintance blossomed into love. She admits the fact frankly, but Lubitsch clings to Hollywood's conventional "just pals" statement.

At all events, the atmosphere on stage 15 was quite definitely amorous. Maybe it was the music. Maybe Chevalier started the epidemic with his romance with Miss Francis—or possibly we should blame Miss MacDonald, who welcomed home her fiancé with such fervor. Lubitsch himself may have brought the germ onto the set—who knows?



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Count Leo Tolstoy



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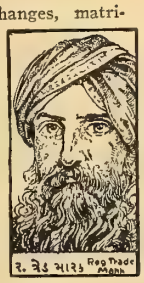


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attack of fidgets coming on. Then she spoke.

"Are you versatile?" she demanded in a low, crooning monotone, with a trace of what seemed to be skepticism in her intonation.

By this time my case of fidgets had passed the incipient stage. I felt like a schoolboy in the principal's office. But I did want that job! I replied with all the *savoir faire* (I didn't call it that at the time) that I could summon.

"That all depends on what you call versatile."

"Well, I need a piano player good enough to do specialty numbers while I change my clothes, and keep the suckers on the jump," she explained. "You've gotta be able to put over a song. You've gotta be a swell actor—able to feed lines and take 'em. You've gotta look like a million bucks on the stage, even on an empty stomach, and you've gotta be able to wear clothes.

"But above all," she concluded, "you've gotta have a certain something."

LISTENING TO MISS WEST I concluded that her requirements called for a combination of Barrymore, Mansfield and Booth, combining the best features of each. But I did want that job! It struck me forcibly that Miss West might not be a particularly indulgent employer, but at the same time it occurred to me that my landlady was not a particularly indulgent landlady. So I summoned all my optimism to reply.

"As far as everything except the 'certain something' goes, Miss West, I'm pretty sure I can fill the bill," I boasted. "And as for the 'certain something,' you'll have to judge that for yourself."

Miss West, typically, wanted to be shown. She asked me to play the piano. I did, and waited hopefully for her comment.

"M-m-m-m-m-m-mmmm," was all that came. She trilled it. You know how I mean. You've heard her. I hadn't—until then. She asked me to sing.

"M-m-m-m-m-m-mmmm," once more. Then a long silence. My fidgets returned.

"I'll have the script tomorrow and you can run through your lines," she said at length with a gesture of dismissal. The next day I returned, ran through the script and was hired. Two minutes later came our first difficulty. Miss West wanted the act called *Mae West & Co.* while I held out for *Mae West & Harry Richman.* I pointed out that, after all, I had been a featured act in vaudeville, and finally won Miss West over. That little difference settled in my mind that Mae West was a square shooter and a sportsman; always willing to give the other fellow a break—even if she did make him fight for it.

We agreed on $500 for the act; $200 for me and the rest for Miss West. At the tryout it was a sensational success.

But how the manager howled! The act was raw, he complained. It was suggestive! He wouldn't stand for it in *his* house. Remember, this was 1915, and although the routine of *The Gladiator* was little different from Miss West's performances in *Diamond Lil, She Done Him Wrong* and her other subsequent brilliant successes, the inhibitions of 1915 and of the '30's were widely divergent. Par-

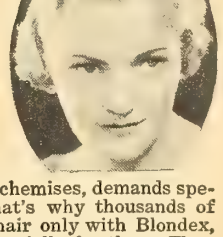


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ticularly did the manager object to the shimmy with which Miss West accompanied her rendition of *Frankie and Johnny,* although the audiences howled gleeful appreciation. From each place we played a bitter complaint went to the Keith offices.

Finally Edward F. Albee, the Keith general manager, called us in and told us of the unfavorable comment our act was provoking. Miss West became highly indignant. She denied that there was the slightest basis for the complaints. The managers were evil minded, she told Mr. Albee, and to prove it she offered to do the act and let him be the judge himself.

Early the next morning we went to an empty theater—Mr. Albee, Miss West and myself. I was so nervous I could scarcely speak, for I knew Mr. Albee would throw up his hands in holy horror when he saw the act. But before we began, Miss West winked at me reassuringly and told me just to go ahead with my routine as usual. Then she put on one of the most remarkable performances I have ever seen.

Using the same lines, but altering a gesture here, eliminating another there, she made the act seem lily white. No one could conceivably have objected to any part of it. When she sang *Frankie and Johnny* and came to the line "If you don't like my peaches, why do you shake my tree," instead of the sly wiggle, she raised her arm like an operatic prima donna and her face assumed a perfectly angelic expression. The listener might have supposed she was singing a paen to the beauties and joys of Mother Nature.

Mr. Albee was sold. He expressed indignation at the complaining managers and assured us that henceforth he would refuse to listen to such tommyrot. The next day we were engaged at Proctor's Fifth Avenue with an audience composed for the most part of travelling men. Miss West put in everything she had omitted for Mr. Albee and added a few extra bits for good measure. The audience was in an uproar. We stopped the show. Then the manager stopped us. He insisted we tone the whole thing down. He said he just wouldn't have it.

"Now just a minute. Just a minute," Miss West interrupted. "Neither you nor I have any right to change this act. But if Mr. Albee wants it changed, of course that's different. Then I'll change it. Why don't you call him?"

The manager fell for it. He telephoned Mr. Albee. Before he could finish what he had to say, Mr. Albee interrupted him. "I don't want to listen to such silly talk as that," he roared. "I've seen that act, and it's perfectly all right. It stays the way it is, understand!" And the Keith headman angrily hung up.

Free From Such managerial interference, the act was a tremendous success. We stopped the show everywhere we played, but the trouble was that we didn't play many places. Miss West insisted on $500, and she wouldn't take $499, either. It was $500 or nothing, with the result that most of the time, it was nothing. During the fifteen months we were together we played a total of five weeks and my share for the fifteen months was a thousand dollars—a little more than $16 a week. I could make more than that selling dresses.

Miss West's consuming passion was to earn more than $500 a week. She felt

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that she would then be a success. Time and again she refused flatly to compromise on price. Often we would walk out of a booking agent's office after she had haughtily turned down $400 for a week and in the corridor, she would whisper, "Say, Harry, lend me a coupla bucks, will you?" One time, the telephone in her apartment in Jersey City was disconnected because the bill hadn't been paid. I learned of a chance for a week's engagement and tried to reach her. No luck. I called Timoney, and he couldn't locate her either. By the time I finally got hold of her it was too late.

I was considering leaving her when she wrote a play. She felt sure that if we put it on it would mean fame and fortune for all of us. So Timoney and I "angeled" the show, if you could imagine two people as broke as we were "angeling" anything of greater magnitude than a cup of coffee. We begged and borrowed scenery and costumes. We cajoled electricians and stage hands. We talked actors and actresses into working on "spec." I was so nervous during those frenzied preparations and that hectic opening that to this day I can't for the life of me remember the name of that play. But I do remember that when we opened in Greenwich Village the show laid an egg that any ostrich would be proud to crow about.

I surveyed the wreckage and recalled the solemn promises I had made to scenery and costume people to obtain credit. I visualized my irate landlady; noted my decreasing waist-line.

"Mae," I said, "I admire you greatly. Your act is a wow. Your show should have been a hit and I cannot understand why it wasn't. But I must eat more regularly. This life is beginning to tell on me." We parted the best of friends and have remained so to this day.

I landed a short engagement with the Dolly sisters which ended when they went to Europe. I found myself "resting," as they call it in front of the Palace, once again. So for the next eight months I made a comfortable, if unexciting living selling dresses, and I might have been doing that still had not a good friend engaged me for a featured act at the Orpheum.

Miss West, brave, undaunted, her spirit unbroken despite all her reverses, carried on. She always said that someday she would hit; someday the public would appreciate her.

You know how her courage has been rewarded.

Answers

To Questions on Page 56

1. *Sidewalks of New York.*
   See story on Page 14.
2. Mae West.
   See story on Page 17.
3. Mamie Cox, her colored maid.
   See "With the News Sleuth" Page 26.
4. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.
   See "Hot from Hollywood" Page 27.
5. His own daughter, Katherine.
   See "With the News Sleuth" Page 29.

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Carole Lombard, Shirley Temple and Gary Cooper, a happy family—for awhile—in **Now and Forever**

Additional reviews will be found on page 6



Helen Twelvetrees and Donald Woods in a scene from **She Was a Lady.** *The cast includes Ralph Morgan*

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● ● ● — SCARLET LETTER — Hawthorne's masterpiece well done by Colleen Moore, Henry B. Walthall and others.—*Majestic.*

● ● ●—SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS—A fast-stepping navy comedy with Lew Ayres and Alice Faye.—*Fox.*

● ● ● ●—SHE LOVES ME NOT—Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins in a fun-fest about chorus cuties and collitch boys.—*Paramount.*

● ●—STRAIGHT IS THE WAY—George Brent inspired by Ann Dvorak to win business success.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET—The old love story of the poet, Robert Browning, and Elizabeth Barrett beautifully presented by Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Charles Laughton.—*Metro.*

● ●—THEIR BIG MOMENT—A new and entertaining ZaSu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedy.—*Radio.*

● ●—THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Jean Arthur, Donald Cook, Richard Cromwell, Anita Louise in a love story of two generations.—*Columbia.*

● ● ●—THE OLD FASHIONED WAY—W. C. Fields gives a great two hours of entertainment.—*Paramount.*

● ● ● ●THE WORLD MOVES ON—Franchot Tone and Madeleine Carroll in a strong war drama.—*Fox.*

● ● ●—WHOM THE GODS DESTROY—Walter Connolly in a fine story about a theatrical producer, disgraced by cowardice, who lives the rest of his life in atonement. With Robert Young, Doris Kenyon.—*Columbia.*

NEIGHBORHOOD SHOWINGS

● ● ● ●—CALL IT LUCK—Herbert Mundin as a London cabby who wins a sweepstakes fortune. Hilarious.—*Fox.*

● ● ● ●—EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—A sure-fire laugh getter. A story of practical jokers with Chester Morris, Marian Nixon, Alan Mowbray.—*Universal.*

● ● ●—LET'S TALK IT OVER—Chester Morris as a gob who loves Mae Clarke and tries to educate himself up to her standards.—*Universal.*

● ● ● ●—MADAME DU BARRY—Dolores Del Rio plays the title rôle in one of the season's outstanding pictures.—*Warners.*

● ● ●—SHOOT THE WORKS—Ben Bernie and all the lads in their screen debut. It looks as if Ben's good in the movies, too.—*Paramount.*

● ● ●—MIDNIGHT ALIBI—A different sort of gangster picture with lots of pathos and human interest. Dick Barthelmess, Ann Dvorak.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—ONE NIGHT OF LOVE—Grace Moore, the Metropolitan opera prima donna; Lyle Talbot and Tulio Carminati in one of the most delightful films ever offered.—*Columbia.*

● ● ●—ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Neil Hamilton scores a decided hit as the rounder who marries Marian Nixon to avoid summons in a divorce case.—*Hoffman.*

● ● ●—THE KEY—William Powell in a story dealing with the Sinn Fein rebellion in Ireland in 1920. With Edna Best and Colin Clive.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS—Ann Harding scores in a powerful picturization of Bromfield's book. With John Boles.—*Radio.*

● ● ● ●—THE MERRY FRINKS—A great comedy with Aline MacMahon the mother of a mad family. With Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins.—*Warners.*

● ● ● ●—THE THIN MAN—Dashiell Hammett's great detective story ably translated to the screen with William Powell and Myrna Loy.—*Metro.*



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